

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1059] NEW SERIES. Vol. XII. No. 8. THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1912. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	169	"PLAY-ACTING." By Robert Nichols	183
CURRENT CANT	172	VIEWS AND REVIEWS. By A. E. R.	183
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	172	LUCIEN II. By E. Agnes R. Haigh	184
MILITARY NOTES. By Romney	173	REVIEWS	185
THE COLLAPSE OF THE COMMONS. By Kosimo Wilkinson	174	PASTICHE. By Morgan Tud, Arthur F. Thorn, Effe, Blanche Watson, W. Y. D.	187
THE FUTURE OF ISLAM. By Marmaduke Pickthall	175	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from D. O. Robertson, Pierce Loftus, Son of Belial, E. Wenders, R. B. Kerr, Joseph Finn, Anthony M. Ludovici, Lascelles Abercrombie, T. K. L.	188
SOCIALISM IN AMERICA. By Adolphe Smith	176		
L'ACTION FRANCAISE. By Ernest A. Boyd	177		
NOTES ON THE PRESENT KALPA. By J. M. Kennedy	179		
PRESENT DAY CRITICISM	180		
THE NIETZSCHE MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.—II. By Dr. Oscar Levy	181		

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE should have less sympathy than we have with Mr. Bonar Law if his domestic critics had a better policy to recommend for his party than he himself recommended at Ashton. His own policy, it is true, is as inconsistent as it is incomprehensible, and as weak as it would prove disastrous. To declare in a single speech that he will and will not, may and may not, impose food duties is bad; to pledge his successors or even himself that under no circumstances would food duties, once imposed, be raised, is worse; but to leave the whole matter to the decision of the Colonies, as if they and not this country, were the proper arbiters of our internal economy, is from every point of view the worst proposal Mr. Bonar Law could make. The centre of gravity has shifted a good deal since our late American Colonies went to war with us for imposing food duties on them; but it has not shifted so much that our present Colonies may tax our food without our protest, and still less at our invitation. And, to do them justice, they have no desire as yet to begin this redress of the balance of the Old World. A proud smile, nevertheless, must have greeted the sun in its travels round the Empire on the morning following Mr. Law's offer to the Colonies of governing England. The cod fishers of Newfoundland, the farmers of Canada, the sheep ranchers and fruit growers of Australia and New Zealand, the miners of South Africa, at their breakfast tables, heard with astonishment, no doubt, that a prospective English Prime Minister solicited their casting vote in a matter of primary concern to England alone. The opinion in England, however, on Mr. Bonar Law's altogether too magnanimous offer may be regarded by the Colonies as decisively hostile.

* * *

On the other hand, as we say, Mr. Law's severest critics—the "Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Spectator"—have less right to denounce him for this particular folly than even the smallest of his political enemies. They, more than anybody else, are responsible for the wild inflated Colonial hero-worship in this country; a cult as ridiculous and superstitious, in view of the facts, as any cult ever known. If he has offered England on Colonial altars, it is they who have built the altars and called on us to bend the knee. Mr. Law has merely taken them at their word. And, again, what, we should like to know, is the alternative policy that

these critics would have announced in Mr. Bonar Law's place on Monday last? The "Spectator," we know, would have advocated the Referendum, regardless of the ruin wrought thereby to the representative system in its anxiety to roast its pig. The "Times" and the "Daily Mail," however, have not even this amount of "constructiveness." Neither journal has the beginnings of a policy, or is likely under present circumstances to discover one. But it is manifestly treacherous of friends to offer criticism without at the same time offering advice. Criticism without advice a party leader may obtain of his enemies; but of his professed friends Mr. Bonar Law has a right to expect advice first and criticism with advice afterwards, but never criticism alone. Unfortunately, however, for him, for the Unionist Party, and even for us (an alternative Government being indispensable to freedom under the party system), his most powerful friends are at the same time his most powerful enemies. Their criticism is all the more effective coming from professed friends, and they are as barren of advice as his professed enemies are naturally economical of it. In short, if Mr. Bonar Law should denounce his friends as a disloyal crew and resign his thorny leadership, we not only should not be surprised, but everybody with any courtesy left would agree that his desertion would serve his followers right.

* * *

For, in comparison with most of his friends and self-appointed advisers, Mr. Bonar Law is an honest man. There is no doubt whatever that in accepting the Unionist Leadership he did so in the full and sincere belief that his party would follow him on a subject he and his secretary regarded as a religion: the subject of Tariff Reform. There is equally no doubt that on other questions, such as the Insurance Bill, Mr. Bonar Law's opinion was unambiguously and personally hostile to Mr. Lloyd George. Had he been allowed his own way, indeed, on the latter subject, we firmly believe that his party would now be in office. Think of the openings for attack which the Insurance Bill and Act has offered; and think of the prevaricating, half-hearted use that has been made of them. At this very moment things are taking place in connection with the Act that would destroy any Ministry whose opposition contained a man of ability and sincerity. Such a man is Mr. Bonar Law. Why, then, is he muzzled? The reply is that Mr. Bonar Law, from his advent to office to the present day, has been surrounded with the stupidest, the most cowardly, and the most treacherous counsellors that any party leader was ever cursed with. Save for two or three independent journalist-statesmen (and there are such, though Harmsworth and there-

fore the "world" hears little of them), the advisers of the Unionist leader have been turncoats like Mr. Garvin, who, we could well believe, is still an Irish Fenian in his most dangerous disguise; incompletely converted Liberals, like Lord Lansdowne, with lingering Liberal sympathies; disappointed wire-pullers like Mr. Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, both weakly capable of greasing the stairs, or seeing them greased, for his descent; the crackbrains of Tariff Reform; and the even more perilous lunatics, because well-meaning and ignorant, of Unionist Social Reform. The rabble of counsellors here described, consisting of a nice mixture of Babel and Bedlam, forms the party council charged with advising Mr. Bonar Law; and so well have they succeeded in their several ends that no common end has been attained, the party is more divided than ever, and Mr. Bonar Law, a naturally truthful and courageous man, has been made to appear in public as a breaker of pledges and a sycophant of the Imperial provinces.

* * *

In discussing in the following notes the policy which a friendly and wise counsel would urge upon Mr. Bonar Law, we need not protest our indifference to the Unionist party as a party. It is only as an alternative to the present Government, which from the fact that it contains Mr. Lloyd George ought to be destroyed, that we care for the Unionist party at all. The nation's government must be carried on, and when Stork is in power, Log, we naturally think, would be better. The problem is therefore to devise a policy which is both good (or at least not bad) for the nation, and at the same time electorally good for the party adopting it. Such a policy, it is obvious, has been sought more or less diligently, with more or less intelligence, by the various groups of Mr. Bonar Law's advisers whom we have named; but it is also obvious that the search has so far been in vain, for, as we have said, the party is still at sixes and sevens, and threatens permanently to divide its popular supporters after the same pattern of confusion. In none of the intestinally competing policies, moreover, do we detect any element that is at once differentiated from Liberalism and likely to be popular with Unionist electors. On the contrary, what is new in the programme-lets of the Unionist groups is absurd; and what is not new is Liberal. Take, for example, the mouthful of policy enunciated on behalf of one of the groups by that friend of Saleebites and Eugenists, Mr. Garvin: "Tariff Reform, Social Reform, Land Reform." The new element in this is Tariff Reform, and it is absurd because, in the first place, nobody understands it, and, in the second place, no elector in his senses would entrust a tariff to party politicians. The remaining two incomprehensibles of the trinity, so far as they are comprehensible, are indissolubly confounded with the same phrases in the Liberal programme. The Liberals, indeed, have all the advantages in these respects, both of recent record and of immediate promise. Of Social Reform it would be difficult for anybody not a Guild Socialist to name an item that is not already inscribed somewhere or other on the Liberal party's banner. The Unionist Social Reform Committee, in any case, cannot, combined, hold a candle to Mr. Lloyd George in the matter of "many inventions" in Social Reform; and everyone of this committee's proposals, up-to-date, is so old that Fabian tracts have been written and forgotten about them. In Land Reform the Unionists are equally behind the times. If Liberals can be accused of stealing Labour's thunder, a similar charge can be sustained against the Unionists for stealing Liberal thunder. For not until Mr. Lloyd George announced his "land campaign" have the Unionists remembered the political existence of their old Cassandra, Mr. Jesse Collings. And now, when it is too late to be original, they are disputing with a past-master of opportunism the privilege of launching Land Reform.

* * *

It is clear from the consideration of these three items, which practically summarise the Unionist programmes,

that in none of them, nor in all of them together, is there anything that offers an attractive, popular alternative to Liberalism. With these, therefore, for their ensign the Unionists will not only fail to retain power, but they will never obtain power. On the other hand, it is difficult to discover within the ambit of the existing social and industrial system any new grievance that may be employed to hoist the Unionists into office without opening up reforms of a revolutionary character. That such reforms are taboo to Unionists no less than to Liberals we can easily imagine. They form, in fact, the task reserved for a Socialist Party when one is formed. But the question may be plainly put, why, under these circumstances, the Unionists should promise any reforms, particularly social and land reforms, at all? For historical reasons the Tory Party is not credited with any great hunger for social reform. Social reforms, we may say, are not expected of it, and are therefore (by the way) more easily carried by it without preliminary discussion and under misleading names. For reasons already given, the Unionists are similarly debarred from originality, or at least priority, in any Social Reforms they can invent. As fast as they could invent them—and much faster—the Liberals can not only claim them, but, since they are still in office, proceed to adopt them. The last reason we shall give for urging No Programme whatever on the Unionists is the surfeit of Social Reform from which the nation is already suffering and the consequent popularity of a promise that no more at present would be stuffed into it. Of a certainty we have got a bellyful of Social Reform, whether of wind or nutritive substance the digestion of a few years will determine. If it prove to be wind, as we, at least, are certain it will, the smaller the addition now made to it the sooner we shall recover. And if even it should prove to be meat no great harm will be done by a post-prandial rest. The Insurance Act, the Land-tax, the Franchise, the Feeble Minded Bill, the White Slave Bill, Arbitration and Conciliation Bills galore and still to come—if these are not reforms enough for the most greedy office-seekers to be going on with, even their capacities will be temporarily strained before the present Government finally retires. Under these circumstances we say, why should the Unionists undertake to continue the treatment as before? Why should they promise, and burst themselves in the process, to blow their programme to the dimensions and beyond of the present Cabinet's, and at a time when everybody who is not a reformaniac has had enough of performance as well as promise? With the exception of Old Age Pensions and Mr. Burns' Housing Bill no single Social Reform measure of the present Government has been popular. On no one of them—save these two—would the present Government poll a decisive majority of the electorate. Strange as it may seem, in fact, the Government retains its remnant of support in the country and all its support in Parliament, not for its social reforms, but for its political measures. Yet it is in Social Reforms particularly that the Unionists are talking of competing with it in the auction of popular power!

* * *

But it may be said that an empty-handed party cannot possibly win at the polls. Empty-handed, however, does not necessarily mean empty-headed. Without ideas it is certain that the Unionists cannot win and ought not to win; but with ideas even without promises it is quite possible to win. Nay, at the coming General Election (postponed by Mr. Bonar Law for two years), ideas without promises stand a better chance of winning than promises without ideas. Of the latter the Liberal party will be, as usual, lavish. They ought to be met by a party with only the former to their name. In the first place, there is a great deal of public criticism to be done by a party seeking to succeed the present Cabinet; criticism, too, of which so far the public has heard nothing in Parliament though much in every pub. The party criticism of the Government's Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bills and of its pro-

cedure in the House of Commons leaves the public cold. None of these subjects touches the lives of the vast majority of the people, or ever will. They are not on that account, however, without interest, but they are certainly on that account without passion. Votes in quantities will not be affected by them one way or the other. On the other hand, nothing is easier to arouse even amongst electors usually Liberal, than passionate disgust at one or other or all of the Government's measures of Social Reform. In a by no means narrow experience we have yet to meet one single individual who approves of the Children's Act, for instance, or the indeterminate sentence, or any of the social measures we have named, including even the Insurance Act. To give voice to this universal private criticism alone would ensure for a party a handsome gratitude at the coming polls. But it stands to reason that the criticism thus represented and expressed must be thorough, consistent, and rooted in simple articles of common faith. It need not be "constructive"; that is, it need not offer alternative solutions to the problems under discussion; but it must be destructive in the sense that it exposes the hollowness of the reforms, traces their origin to simple causes, and promises to repeal, amend, or at least not to repeat them. We shall not attempt at this moment to name the particular causes of recent social legislation. They differ in detail in a range from particular persons to general principles. Several Bills, for example, can be named that owe their existence to the influence of one or other tiny group of reforming fanatics, the teetotallers, the C.O.S., the Vigilance Society. Others received their life from interests vested or investing—the Insurance Act, the Conciliation Boards, etc. Still others have been passed or are about to be passed in consequence of the action of a group of persons operating on what is called public opinion. The Budget was largely of this character. The coming Land and Franchise campaigns will give us more examples. But in their totality it is clear that the social measures of the Government have for their professed object the mitigation but not the reduction of the inequalities of wealth.

* * *

What a field is here for the party critic and, above all, for the purely destructive party critic! Constructive criticism might very well be dangerous if it were definite and would be of doubtful value in any case. For every economist knows that the alternative to ameliorative economic reforms, namely, raising real wages, is impossible to Parliament under the present system. We are Socialists as well as economists, and our word may be taken that wages generally cannot be raised by Act of Parliament while the present competitive system endures, not though the writers of THE NEW AGE were made the Cabinet and given a Parliamentary majority of the docility of the Labour Party. But since the raising of wages, as Mr. Bonar Law continually repeats, is the one desire of the proletariat, and that desire is impossible of fulfilment by Parliament as things are, it follows that every mockery of this satisfaction attempted by Parliament must needs be unpopular either or both in its inception or in practice. Mr. Bonar Law, therefore, may not be able to promise higher wages for everybody; at least without a revolution it can only be a promise; but he can, at any rate, prove that amelioration is more costly to the poor even than their poverty. It only needs to enumerate the Army Corps of well paid bureaucrats added to the burden of the poor on account of recent Social Reforms to *prove* that the hungry dog is dining off its own tail. And, since the attitude necessarily adopted for this refreshment prevents progress, the analogy holds of society in the case of liberty. The more ameliorative legislation the less liberty.

* * *

We cannot suppose, however, that the Unionist Party, even if it might return to power by criticism alone. Something would have to be done if only it were the minimum. Lord Salisbury used to assure his party

that they had quite sufficient work in keeping things as they are; and in view of the character of recent legislation, the debauch we have had of it, the economic certainty that neither it nor anything like it will do the nation any good, the urgency of administering it so that it may do the least damage, and, finally, of the need of a period for recuperation with leisure for forethought, Lord Salisbury's advice is probably the best that could be offered and taken by the Unionist Party to-day. It is not a brave-looking programme that we offer to Mr. Bonar Law; the shopwindow is not as well dressed as the Welsh shopwalking genius will be sure to have his; but we are convinced that it is not only in itself a brave programme, but after two more years of public experience of window-dressing the very absence of showy goods at reduced prices will prove attractive to the electorate. To absorb what we have, to estimate its real value, to reckon our losses, and to devise ways and means of cutting or recovering them—we repeat that these are the occupations for which leisure will be thankfully received. It is not that progress has been too fast for the nation. Progress cannot be too fast. It is that we have been spun round and round until we are sick and dizzy. A rest from the wheel of the Parliamentary machine! Call in the dancing Derivishes whose motion turns it—the idiot, bigot, inhuman reformers, the busybodies whose lives being empty seek to empty the lives of others, the sham eugenists, the floggers, the purity eunuchs and perverts, the Nonconformist humbugs, above all, the cheapjacks who offer in any form ninepence for fourpence or riches to the poor without poverty to the rich. These are the vermin that swarm when society is diseased and their mere removal would assist the patient to recover. For a programme of Social Reform for the coming Election the model is the chapter on snakes in Iceland: there is no Programme.

* * *

We referred also to the need of leisure for forethought; and this leisure must be spent in supplementing criticism by preparation for subsequent legislation. Otherwise, what would happen to a party returned for leisure to think but to be dismissed when the desire for leisure was satisfied? Within the scope of the present century, and perhaps of the present half-century, are two classes of reform of which few people (and none of the recognised reformers) have as yet any clear idea. One is the Land problem; the other is the Industrial problem. With the usual solutions of these problems we are, of course, familiar, but nobody who devotes as much time and care as we do to their study can be deluded into believing that any of the recognised solutions is adequate. It is hard to say which of the problems is the more difficult, or the solution of which it would be the more laborious to explain or the more easy to *begin to apply*. The factors, however, of both problems are now pretty well known, and their enumeration, we believe, is a first long step to the future revolution. As our national decadence has proceeded by the disintegration of natural social groups, so it would appear to follow that our national renaissance must proceed by the reintegration of social groups. In industry we have the trade unions on whose future, we believe, depends the future of national industry. If we were Mr. Bonar Law we should set our economists to work to cast the horoscope of trade unions and shape the State's industrial life accordingly. The significant factor of the industry of the future is the trade union. Of agriculture, on the other hand, the dominant factor is not now, never has been, and never will be, the trade union. Socialists bred under city conditions make a great mistake in attempting to envisage agriculture with industry. They are incomparable in every theoretical no less than in every practical respect. The factor in the problem of the agriculture of the future is not the trade union, nor is it the great landlord; it is the Parish, the Parish Council, and the Parish Meeting. If we were Mr. Bonar Law we should appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Parish Councils Act.

Current Cant.

"My efforts will not cease until the nation's food is pure."—Mr. SANDOW.

"Loyalty and Patriotism in the vital things are common to Downing Street and Fleet Street."—"Daily Express."

"The British Press has traditions higher than those of any other Press in the world, and it retains its utter and complete independence of all Governments."—COLONEL SEELY.

"The Commissioner's report to the Home Office that Driver Knox was 'not drunk in the police-court sense' is at any rate a happy parallel in thorough accord with the spirit of equity that tempers the justice of English Law."—"Daily Mail."

"Power has changed. It is now in the hands of the working classes. . . ."—BONAR LAW.

"The Municipal Reformers have drifted too long, they have stamped out Socialist Sunday Schools, but Socialism is more rampant than ever."—"ANTI-SOCIALIST" in the "Morning Post."

"From first to last the essential element of respectability has been absent from the Seamen's Union."—"Fair-play."

"The Government may cloak their real intentions by presenting their proposals in new forms, but it is obvious that their intentions are of the most revolutionary and Socialistic type."—COLONEL DENNIS F. BOLES, M.P.

"Punishment is the fruit that ripens unsuspected within the flower of the fruit which conceals it."—The DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

"Mr. Galsworthy's unkindness to the curate may be passed over, but its effect, deliberate or unintentional, is to stay the work of the Church; and that is wrong."—"CONSERVATIVE NONCONFORMIST" in the "Standard."

"The prosperity of the wage-earning classes has been increasing steadily. . . ."—"The Oil and Colour Trades Journal."

"Already the fear of the flogging provisions of the Act is providing a wholesome deterrent."—"Nottingham Daily Express."

"The Railway Strike was a gross offence against the North-Eastern Railway Company and against the British Public."—"Liverpool Courier."

"China is in the melting-pot, and if we do nothing now to evangelise that country we shall be handing down to our children a materialistic China."—The REV. J. H. RITSON.

"We have ceased to be citizens of earth's polluted cities; we are citizens of the New Jerusalem. . . ."—DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

"With much thankfulness to God we record the passing of the new law for the suppression of the White Slave Traffic. It has been a hard fight; but the national conscience would take no denial."—"The Christian."

"What with painting pictures and writing books, the Stock Exchange has long ago redeemed the reputation of the city in its relation to Art."—"Daily Express."

CURRENT CRIME.

"The Port of London Authority has been summoned at the instance of His Majesty's Inspector of Factories, for failing to have the hatchway on a steamship properly secured, whereby one Richard Griffin was killed."—The "Star."

CURRENT CATCH-PHRASE.

"If you want to get on get under."—"Daily Mail."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN common with the most rabid Imperialist, I recognise the importance of Canada's offer of three Dreadnoughts and the impulse that lies behind it. We may make the necessary discounts, recollecting that this offer will probably lead to the establishment of naval training stations and various kinds of posts for Canadian officers and civil officials; but we must nevertheless admit that the offer is spontaneous and genuine and apparently approved of by the Canadian people. Even the French-Canadians seem to admit, in principle, that Canada must contribute to the naval defence of the Empire in some substantial form. We know the difference between the proposals—that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on behalf of the French-Canadian Opposition, suggests a purely Canadian Fleet, largely built and manned by Canadians and retained in Canadian waters, the ships to be handed over to the British Government for use in emergencies; and that Mr. R. L. Borden, on the other hand, proposes to make over the vessels to the British Government at once.

From the practical point of view, Mr. Borden's is the better proposal. A fleet solely confined to Canadian waters would be almost useless, and, furthermore, the experiment made with the two warships lent to Canada shows that we cannot expect the Canadians to provide crews. We must still look to England for men, even if we look to the Colonies for ships.

It has been stated in the Editorial Notes that the fear of a German invasion may now be disregarded, for it will be impossible for the German Government to think of competing with England, plus the British colonies, in the matter of ships. With the justice of this observation I am in agreement, though I have heard it questioned for a reason which shall appear in the very next sentence. I have heard the argument put forward that the Austrian and Italian fleets are at the disposal of Germany if their services are ever found necessary for the common safety of the Triple Alliance. Germany, it has been said to me, can very well build against England alone, leaving Austria and Italy to swamp the Colonial ships plus France. This is, however, hardly a correct balancing of the groups. France is to-day more than equal to Austria and Italy on the sea. True, the French fleet is not so efficient as it was several months ago, shortly after M. Delcassé took over the Naval Ministry, and many of its units are old; but here again the Austrian and Italian Fleets are no better off. New Zealand, Canada, the Malay States, Australia, even South Africa—no; not even the Triple Alliance can hope to compete with that! I mean, of course, where ships are concerned. But the men?

There has never been anything precisely like the British Empire. Asoka, Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal—these great commanders conquered lands and subjugated nations; and the case of the Roman Empire typifies them all. As soon as there was trouble at the heart the outer members fell away and became independent—there were few real Romans among their varied populations. The rule of Augustus extended far and wide, but the stately edifice reared by himself and his predecessors crumbled to pieces in a few decades. Prestige fell with territory. The exhausted Romans might sweep all before them to the borders of the Euxine; but they could not guard the heart of the Empire against the Goths.

The case of our own Empire is radically different. In our colonies properly so called (for no one seems inclined to call them dominions or commonwealths) we have not conquered strange nations as the Romans conquered the Greeks or the Carthaginians. We hardly know that aborigines exist in Australia or Maoris in New Zealand. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, are peopled for the most part by our own

flesh and blood, the descendants of English emigrants, or emigrants of the present generation. The heart of the Empire was threatened by a foreign foe; and the limbs, instead of falling away, came to its assistance. Even if we admit the presence of non-British elements in the colonies, such as the French-Canadians or the Boers, we must recognise that the ruling colonial classes must be favourable to the mother country. Even our once bitterest enemy, General Botha, has emphasised this fact by word and deed; even Sir Wilfrid Laurier, as we have seen, recognises a principle which is repugnant to many thousands of his followers.

Ships, yes; but men? No colony can provide us with men now; no colony looks like being able to provide us with men for at least three or four generations. We cannot expect the modern emigrant or the modern colonial to work for a relatively low sum on ships of war when he has a chance of making more money on shore, with the added possibility of making a fortune. The desertions from the two warships sent to Canada, and the extraordinary difficulties experienced in raising a few recruits, would have been sufficient to prove this, even if we had not had the glaring example of the United States Navy. For men, then, we must look to England; and it is precisely this aspect of the question that makes me wish Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proposal could be accepted.

If this remark appears to betray a parochial spirit, I cannot help it. It is not merely that the Birmingham caucus has made me feel "fed up" with "Empire" (why do these people drop the "the"?); there is at least one deeper reason. Several months ago a NEW AGE contributor (I cannot place my finger on the reference at the moment) complained that the administration of our colonies had robbed the home country of more talent than it could afford in these days, and that, in consequence, poetry, painting, and the fine arts generally were languishing. I realise, with many other people, the justice of this complaint. There are innumerable social questions at home awaiting solution, ideas, action; but the greater number of the men who are alone qualified to furnish such ideas and action are scattered over the globe. They are administering vast tracts of India and giving advice to Maharajas in other districts which they do not administer directly; they keep "dirty scoundrels" in order in some far-off Pacific islands, drill "niggers" in the West Indies, and give an attentive ear to the groans of the Egyptian fellaheen. And all the while England herself sinks more deeply into the mire of wage-slavery and "liberty of the subject" comes to be looked upon as a curious, out-of-date phrase.

As if all this were not enough, we are now threatened with the loss of a further proportion of our artisans and our yeomanry. For, whether or not the colonies give ships to us or build ships solely for their own use, it appears to be taken for granted that England will man them to the extent of making good any colonial deficiencies. Strange anomaly! We will hound unfortunate labourers off the land, and drive them into colonial warships, rather than make an attempt once more to grow our own wheat! "Our food supply," somebody murmurs; "our trade routes . . ."

I fear it is trade, trade, trade, wealth, plutocracy, and the accumulation of gold, rather than our food supply. We worship the screws of Birmingham rather than the ears of corn ripening in the field. I have often wondered how many small holdings could be bought for the price of a Dreadnought.

So, although I appreciate Canada's gift of warships, I look at this gift with mixed feelings. And when I think of the rawness of the average colonial, I shudder.

About two years ago there was another Editorial Note with which I also agree.

It was to the effect that not all the colonies are worth one English county.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

IT is difficult to draw correct deductions from the events of any campaign, if only because men's evidence of what they saw and did in the heat of battle is always peculiarly unreliable, and, untrustworthy as it may be at the start, is invariably "cooked" still further by the official historians for military and political reasons. It is a fact that nearly twenty years elapsed before anyone outside the inner circles of the Prussian staff became acquainted with the truth about the conduct of the German infantry in the earlier battles of 1870, and a dependable account of that campaign has only seen the light within the last few years, and with the publication of the French official history. As for the Prussian official history, it is a perfect marvel of mendacity, and one is entitled to shudder when one reflects that upon it were based the whole of our tactical theories, such as they were, for a quarter of a century or more. Many know the truth about various puzzling incidents in South Africa, but are prevented from publishing them out of consideration for the feelings of still living persons, and barriers of language and the natural secrecy of the Asiatics will not improbably prevent our ever obtaining more than a very rough idea of what happened in Manchuria and what is happening in the Near East. It is the subsequent publication of diaries, memoirs, of personal and regimental accounts, which brings the real truth to light; but if these are ever forthcoming in the Near Eastern and Far Eastern campaigns, it is improbable that it will ever pay to publish them in English.

* * *

"Lessons" of the two campaigns must accordingly be taken with reserve. Nevertheless, in arming and organising our own forces, we cannot afford to wait, and must act upon the best information obtainable at the moment. We have no choice in the matter. If the business is difficult, we can console ourselves with the reflection that any really important fact will probably stand out so conspicuously as to be recognisable even in the scrappy and mutilated accounts which have reached us to date.

* * *

Now, everyone has noticed the peculiar superiority of the Allies' artillery, especially the Servian artillery. A lot can be deducted from the glowing accounts of the bravery of this arm; gunners simply cannot seek refuge in flight with the same facility as infantry, for they are tied to their guns, and the hotter the enemy's fire, the harder it is to limber up and make off. But however that may be, judged by results, the Allies' superiority in artillery has been obviously overwhelming. For what cause?

* * *

Doubtless to some extent to better armament. The French Schneider-Creusot gun is a faster firing weapon than the German Krupp; but war was not necessary to find that out, and there is a great deal to say for the German weapon when all is said and done. The literal annihilation of the Ottoman artillery upon several occasions—notably at Kumanovo—must be attributed to inferior handling as much as to inferior weapons. If the Turkish shrapnel failed to burst, it may have been because the German contractor provided faulty fuses or filled the shells with salt, but it is much more likely to have been because the ill-trained Turkish gunners

set the fuses incorrectly. Again, the position of the abandoned guns at the last-named battle showed pretty plainly that the Turks did not know the proper use of indirect fire. Had they possessed French instead of German armament, their results would have been little less deplorable.

* * *

Again it is far too early for us to start making deductions about the comparative values of French and German organisations. The Turks were probably beaten, not because they possessed a German organisation, but because they possessed no organisation at all. It is not, for instance, a principle of German organisation that a commander-in-chief should be without communication by wire with his subordinates, yet such we have heard on good authority was Nazim Pasha's situation. In the Manchurian war, the Japanese, who, if anything, used German organisation and German methods, proved measurably superior to the Russians, who favoured French ways. The truth is that the value of organisation, like that of armament, can be over-estimated. An army must have it, in the same way that an army must have rifles and guns, and anyone who sets out into war with an organisation markedly inferior (like the French in 1870) will be almost as horribly beaten as if he had set out without rifles and guns. But all these things are subject to a kind of "law of diminishing returns." Beyond a certain point it becomes unremunerative to expend further trouble on them, and, as all European rifles are practically so equal that even such a marked theoretical superiority as that of the Chassepot in 1870 has often small influence on the result of the campaign, so all military organisations of Western Europe are so good that there is little to choose between them. Provided always that no marked difference appears between any two Powers in this respect, what decides the next great war will prove to be not organisation or armament, but national morale—the thing that gives energy to leaders and dash to men, the steam that makes the engine work.

* * *

One thing, however, is certain. This and the Manchurian campaign have given the coup de grâce to the South African nonsense of over-extension, indecisive methods, reliance upon "skill with the rifle," and so forth. Victories of a decisive character have been won by infantry advancing in dense lines under cover of artillery fire. Battalions, running short of ammunition at 300 paces from the enemy, have immediately and successfully assaulted with the bayonet. These men were resolved to kill their enemies, and accordingly got up and went for them, instead of crawling on the earth. As a result, they seem to have brought the killing off.

* * *

On good authority I hear that this is now being recognised by the British Staff College, and that there is a chance of our scrapping some of that elaborate and useless education of the Redskin school of fighting, which may be all very well to use against Boers or Redskins, but which would go by the board in the mass fighting of European war. We can't train one army for a dozen things. The greatest danger lies in Europe. Let us therefore train it for Europe, and risk its proving unsuitable for odd jobs overseas.

* * *

Finally, I should like to point out that these very truths, which are recognised to-day owing to the logic of facts, were being proclaimed ten and twenty years ago (when they were by no means generally recognised) by a small, select band whose only guide was the study of history and the "light of nature"—theory, in short. In fact, the deplorable argument of "practice, not theory," was the main one used against us. Let us hope that when the "practical men" have come to realise what fools they made of themselves, they may be less inclined to despise mere theory in future.

* * *

But, then, do "practical men" ever realise anything?

The Collapse of the Commons.

AN amusing jeu d'esprit some little time ago described the stages by which the Westminster talking shop became first a skating rink and then a bicycle school. In the present age of surprises beyond precedent and unrehearsed revolutionary effects, who will be bold enough to say that St. Stephen's final transformation scene may not be witnessed long before Macaulay's New Zealander—or rather, that personage's original, brought out in 1791, and even then, perhaps not first created by Volney in his essay of the Revolution of Empires—stations himself, sketch book in hand, on a broken arch of London, or should it not be Westminster, Bridge? The smug "Spectator," with its secondhand opinions, echoes of reminiscences for the most part of lips long silent, or of pens whose last drop of ink had dried before the twentieth century began, keeps up its weekly parrot cry against the curse of single chamber government. Such a thing was, as a fact, never further off than now.

For all practical purposes the Lords' prerogative of delaying a measure through two years is not less effective than the power of summarily burking it. In recent time the peers—witness a whole series of Reform Bills, Irish Land Bills, and the Irish Church—have never put their backs to the wall against measures whose authors have had public opinion behind them. The biennial interval provided by the Parliament Act between the Upper House's rejection and the Lower House's reconsideration is as long a space as the hereditary chamber with any advantage itself could use for engineering popular indifference to any controversial legislative project. The really organic changes have always been brought about with a rush, or under the suddenly intensified pressure of feelings which have long existed, but have not become generally articulate. The fixing of the two years' limit will operate as an inducement to the titled obstructions to whip up, not only their own men, but all their hangers-on and toadies in every hole and corner of the country. They will now have a motive, such as they have so far wanted for not dawdling. They will thus be placed on their guard against their fatally besetting sin. This has always been the tendency to an optimistic fatalism, a feeling that any time will do, and the laying to their souls of the flattering unction that whatever happens could not have been prevented, and will at least be the same a hundred years hence. In these days an agitation against a specific act of policy will accomplish itself if at all just as well in two years as in half a dozen.

And all these considerations are deepened by the fact that the Upper House can appeal to the nation, and pose before it as the victim of foul play. So far, therefore, from the popular chamber being placed in a stronger position by the latest constitutional changes, it has only ensured the offer of a premium to its enemies, if they can only strike sharply, quickly, and strongly enough. No man, said the lexicographic father of Fleet Street philosophers, can be written down except by himself. There is some truth in the well-worn platitude about the men who go to break Parliaments being broken themselves. But the rise, progress, and fall of the French tiers état in 1789, and the series of incidents which less than 150 years earlier had led up to the administration of Pride's Purge in 1648, illustrate the fatal facility with which representative assemblies can talk out their credit and their power. No body of men can indefinitely preserve its authority, even its existence through a constant repetition of episodes resulting, as did the scenes of a week or two ago from an equal display of sharp practice on both sides. The Government paid a fresh instalment of their share in the penalty at the Bolton election. As a question of political ethics the golden bridge provided by the Speaker for the Prime Minister recalls exactly the Collier and the Ewelme incidents of the first great Gladstonian administration. In the former of these

cases, to qualify him for the judicial committee of the privy council, Sir Robert Collier, the attorney-general, was hurried through the Court of Common Pleas. As regards the other matter, to make a Cambridge man technically eligible for an Oxonian rectory, the Rev. W. W. Harvey was manufactured into a member of Convocation. These were the two chief causes of the sudden decline of Gladstone's popularity in 1871-2. The crash did not come till another two years, but, though after these incidents temporarily delayed, it was as sure as if the blow had already fallen.

To pass from the leaders to the chamber over which they preside. About that the true opinion is not to be gathered from the say of honourable and right honourable gentlemen about their noble selves. Their predecessors won popular favour in the seventeenth century, because they took up the cause of the people against a justly unpopular court, one that was not merely oppressive, but selfishly and cynically wasteful. As John Forster showed long ago in his book about the five members and his monographs on Eliot, Hampden, and Pym, ship money and interference with debate had much less to do with the monarchy's downfall than the mortally fine taste of the king in art matters, the enrichment of his palace with pictures that are to-day the people's boast, and the insatiable passion of the queen for rare gems, costly ornaments, and extravagant equipages, all charged on the taxpayer at a time when a succession of bad seasons and the disquieting consequences of domestic commotion had spread distress throughout the land, not only among the poor, but among the classes a little above them.

The rise of the Commons to ascendancy was thus a social accident, rather than a political event. For many years after the transactions now recalled, "good man Burgess," and a large percentage of the shire knights remained what they had been on their first assemblage, during the fourteenth century in the Chapter House, many reigns before Thomas Cromwell's hammering of the monks led to Edward VI. allotting to them St. Stephen's Chapel. During the whole periods, to be a member of the Commons affixed something like a stigma. At last the elective legislators got their petitions to the king presented in the shape of Bills. But whenever there came a trial of strength of Commoners with peers it was the M.P.'s who got the worst of it. The whole body was saved from contempt or degradation by the few scores of men of genius who relieved the dullness and cast an oratorical glamour over the mediocrities or the shady characters composing the mass. If Good Templarism had been as universal then as the faculty and fashion are conspiring to make it now this would not have happened. For then the highest inspiration of the best speakers was largely vinous. Pitt had primed himself with port wine in tumblers before making his famous speech on the slave trade, with its simile drawn from the rising sun as the golden dawn, after an all-night sitting, shot its rays through the window panes. Sheridan, an impartial judge of his own exploits, dramatic or political, was only quite satisfied with one speech he had made after having a little while previously polished off one of Bellamy's best Madeira. Always loyal to the House, Gladstone maintained its standard at the highest point ever known, in the year of his final failure to carry Home Rule. The public at large judges differently, sees in its debates a dreary expanse of verbiage, and in its antics outrages whose occurrence the police ought to prevent. The majority of intelligent citizens take their opinions, not from Parliamentary echoes, but from the Press. Only the other day the "Times" electrified not only England, but Europe, by plainly proclaiming that, if only the comity of nations wishes peace with freedom from the alarms of war, it can have both by acquainting sovereigns and statesmen with its decision. Plainly instructive speaking of that kind is not forthcoming in Parliament, though greatly desired. It will now be looked for more and more, and be increasingly found in the Press.

KOSMO WILKINSON.

The Future of Islam.

(A Letter to the Thinkers of the Moslem World.)

GUARDIANS OF THE HOPE OF EL ISLAM,

AS an Englishman devoted to the cause of Moslem progress, I desire to express to you my grief at the defeat which the Turks have sustained, as the result of calculated and unfair attacks delivered in the moment of their weakness; and also my disappointment at the lack of any action in their favour by the Western Powers. That grief and disappointment have been shared by multitudes of Englishmen and Christians. We have seen with horror and disgust a colour of religion given to a war which had its origin in base, un-Christian motives. You know well how the ignorant in any land run mad for a religious cry, though falsely raised. In the city of Assiût, in Upper Egypt, one fine day, a Greek had tried to rob a Copt. The Copt protested. The Greek cried out: "Ya Muslimin!" A crowd of poor Mohammedans ran up, supposing that their Faith had been insulted, and the Copt was almost killed before they realised that the dispute was not religious, but simply the imposture of a cunning rogue. Well, something of that kind has happened here in England in connection with the Turkish war. A section of the British Press and public, knowing nothing of your Faith or history, became—or seemed—fanatical in favour of the Balkan States. They believed every word of news and information which came to them from Greece or from Bulgaria, and would not listen to the protests of the Turkish sympathisers. Consequently, since the information they received was poisoned at the fountain-head with falsehood, they displayed in their speeches and their writings a degree of ignorance nearly equal to that of their crusading ancestors, who believed that you—the great iconoclasts and pure monotheists of the world—were mere idolators; who knew nothing of your generosity towards the conquered Christians, the protection you accorded to their churches and the Holy Sepulchre, an example of magnanimity hardly to be conceived in Europe in the Middle Ages. Such foolish and misguided statements, if they have been brought to your notice, must have wounded and incensed you. Do not for one moment imagine them to be representative of English feeling towards Mohammedans. They only represent the ignorance of persons who, having no first-hand knowledge of a subject, depend for information upon people interested to pervert the truth. Already the misguided ones are growing conscious of their error. Their diatribes against the Turks diminish in proportion as correct descriptions of the Bulgarian and Servian mode of warfare come to hand. In a week or two, when all the details of this cruel war are known, I believe that there will hardly be a man in England who does not share our feelings with regard to it.

The Western Powers, which should have intervened upon behalf of Turkey, have been prevented by their mutual jealousies, the fear of a tremendous conflagration of all Europe, from doing what must seem to you their bounden duty. Do not, in your anger, confuse the Governments of Western Europe with the peoples, nor connect their conduct with the Faith of Christianity. The Governments are entirely animated by self-interest, the desire to retain each one its own possessions, and avoid a war. It is to their interest to support the Turks in the possession of all they have retained by force of arms, and also to secure them from attacks in future. Let us hope that they will do so. Believe me, you have no real cause to feel discouraged. The Turks have made a brave and honourable fight, though taken at a cruel disadvantage. A wave of sympathy for them is rising over Western Europe, which cannot fail to have its influence upon the Governments. Turkey will emerge the brighter from this slight eclipse, please God, and will pursue the course of true Islamic progress and enlightenment, in which her steps were set when thievish enemies assailed her. Henceforth we trust that she will have the firm support of

Europe; but her true hope is in her own faith-guided efforts backed by you.

Of old, as I have mentioned, El Islâm, as conqueror and ruler, gave a light to Europe; was far in advance of other creeds and nations in her magnanimity. The intercourse which the Crusaders held with you in times of truce first gave the impetus of progress to the Western world. The best thing which that progress has evolved—the principle of religious toleration—originated in that ancient intercourse with you. In those days El Islâm was far more tolerant than Christendom. That is the lustre that surrounds your dignity in early history. Now a few bigots here in Europe say that El Islâm has lost that generous quality; for lack of that, they say, the Moslems must be driven out.

They lie, or do not understand plain facts presented to them. It is not true. Their aim in the assertion is to hinder true Islamic progress, which they dread. It is not a century ago that Jews and Roman Catholics in England were in the same position as the Christian "Rajahs" in the Turkish Empire emancipation. And there was opposition to the bills for them. Yet England called herself at that time a progressive and enlightened country, as she does to-day. Russia is not renowned for tolerance, yet she has made the loudest outcry in the past over the conditions of the Christian subjects of the Porte. The proof of the hypocrisy of all the clamour ever made by European Governments concerning Ottoman Christians is this: When Turkey did emancipate her Christian subjects she at once became the subject of attacks by certain of the Powers of Europe, more cruel and persistent than she had ever in her history endured before. What is the sense of that? It seems disheartening, brutal, altogether wicked. Yet in it I discern a message of high hope for you. Your enemies are frightened of Islamic progress far more than they have ever been of what they call "fanaticism." When the Young Turks gave out their famous edict, and Christians and Mohammedans embraced as kinsfolk of one house, there rose at once a fear in envious hearts lest Turkey should grow strong enough to laugh at Europe, lest she should make her Christian subjects not only contented, but the envy of the subjects of the neighbouring Powers. Thus would all pretext for the interference of the Powers of Europe be eliminated, the capitulations abolished, and Turkey would commence on equal terms with other Powers. Her enemies snatched what they could while she was weak from revolution, her country all disorganised, her folk bewildered. When at last a strong Government emerged, capable of undertaking the reforms in earnest, and repairing the damage done to army and administration by the weakness and divisions of the Young Turk party, the Balkan States said: "Now, or never, we must strike." They knew that in a year's time they would stand no chance against reformed, enlightened Turkey. They struck with all their might—four well armed nations—taking Turkey at a disadvantage; and yet the Turk has not been driven out of Europe. Have no fear. Europe has had a lesson. The attacks on Turkey will be discontinued, for a time at any rate, and in that time the Turks, please God, will make such progress that attacks will cease for ever.

Reading your past history, with a knowledge of your present struggles, of your faith and aspirations, I am sure that you will evolve a civilisation as "modern" as that of Europe but much nobler. Only continue to advance; be not discouraged. Your sympathisers in the West are millions; never doubt it! Above all hold together, be united, and do not let a faction run too far ahead of the main body. That was the ruin of the Young Turk party. The steed that quarrels with its own hind legs invites a fall. Follow education but with judgment, assimilating what is good in Western thought, rejecting what is evil. Do but persevere in the good path on which your feet are set, and we, your English sympathisers, are quite sure that El Islâm will rise again to be the admiration of the world.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

The Progress of Socialism in the United States.

By Adolphe Smith.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 18, 1912.

WHAT is now known as the Socialist Party of America—a modern development of the older Socialist Labour Party—was founded in 1900, and then obtained, at the Presidential election, 96,631 votes for its candidate. Two years later, for the election of members to Congress, 223,494 Socialist votes were recorded. Then came the Presidential election of 1904, when the vote was nearly doubled, for it amounted to 402,321. There now ensued four years of depression. Very slow progress was made; the vote for the Presidential election in 1908 only increased to 420,973. But once again the movement was going to spring forward with leaps and bounds. For Congress, in 1910, no less than 607,674 Socialist votes were recorded, and there ensued wild anticipations as to what would happen at the next Presidential election. The exact figures are not yet known, and will not be fully ascertained for a week or two, but this does not affect the general result. It is now quite clear that the Socialist vote has once more been doubled in the four years, for it will be more than 800,000.

Such statistical record is, however, very far from being the only or even the best evidence of the progress accomplished of recent years in the United States by the advocates of Socialism. The vote of great masses of people is an unstable foundation for the building up of a Party. There is but little chance of stability unless the intellectual development is equal to the increase of votes recorded. In this respect the foundation in 1905 and the rapid growth of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society are at least as encouraging as the support given to the Socialist candidate for the Presidency. At first this organisation attracted but little attention, but now it possesses some thousand members and is an active body. Resembling somewhat the Fabians of England it does not, however, tolerate the dilution of its Socialist doctrines. This Society holds debates, organises meetings, spreads literature, and is doing a great educational work. Indeed, it is only necessary to glance at the periodical literature to see how rapidly Socialism is spreading among the intellectual classes.

Since the Laurence strike two purely commercial magazines, the "Metropolitan" and "Pearson's" have come out for the Socialist ticket. All the other periodicals and newspapers have published innumerable articles on Socialism. Under the influence of Lincoln Stephens, author of the "Shame of Our Cities," the New York "Globe" has been filled with discussions on Socialism and Syndicalism. Of the many intellectuals who have recently joined the movement, there is the chief of the "muckrakers," Charles Edward Russell and such men as David Grave Phillips, recently shot by a lunatic. He used to preach that Karl Marx's "Capital" is the greatest book on earth. Mrs. Florence Kelley and other prominent Settlement workers are now taking an active part in the Socialist movement, many of them having undoubtedly been influenced by the writings of G. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. Leroy Scott and Ernest Poole had joined the Party before the preceding Presidential election. As a result of the ladies' waist makers' strike, the Women Trade Union League became a prominent body, and, though neutral in politics, it is obvious that a considerable portion of its members are Socialists.

In regard to the Socialist press itself, it has not failed to profit by the general prosperity of the Party. Four years ago the "Chicago Daily Socialist" had 20,000 readers. It has now been converted into the "Chicago World," and has 225,000 readers. The Party also has a weekly paper in Pittsburg called "Justice," which claims to have 40,000 readers. The "International Socialist Review" was re-organised two years

ago, and its sale increased from 5,000 to 45,000. Two or three years ago the "Coming Nation," with C. E. Russell as editor, was founded and now it has 40,000 readers. Then there is a paper called the "Masses." It is essentially a literary, artistic, illustrated paper, and thoroughly revolutionary, but has not yet secured a large sale. At the beginning of next year it is proposed to issue yet another Socialist magazine to be called the "New Review," and £2,000 capital has already been subscribed for this venture. The Polish colony at Chicago, the Hungarian colony at New York have each got a daily Socialist paper in their own language. There is also a popular paper in Italian, but that is a Syndicalist organ. Altogether there are five English and eight foreign dailies. The more or less Socialist weeklies in the English language amount to 262, while those in foreign languages only number 36. Then there are ten English and only two foreign monthlies.

Equally startling is the increased number of regularly enrolled and paying members of the Socialist Party. The earliest records are for the year 1903, and they then numbered 15,975. When the Presidential election of 1904 was held, there were not more than 20,763 members of the Party, but this figure had doubled at the next election of 1908, for it rose to 41,751. Last year the membership had once more doubled and the names of 84,716 Socialists figure on the books. It is during the present year, however, that the greatest leap forward has been made, for after the first three months of 1912 there were no fewer than 125,826 paying members of the Socialist Party.

From the other side of politics evidence can also be found as to the increase of Socialism. The Roman Catholic Church has been quick to perceive the rising tide. Therefore it now publishes both a weekly and a monthly paper or magazine devoted exclusively to combatting Socialism. Their line is to paint even mild reformists as dangerous revolutionists, something after the style of the Tory publications in England, which endeavour to demonstrate that Mr. Lloyd George is a red-hot Socialist. Then, again, four years ago in the political campaign for the election of a President, the leading politicians made hardly any allusion to Socialism. To-day it has become the leading topic of discussion with all the Parties. In their very last declarations before going to the poll, both Mr. Woodrow Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt deplored that there should be anything like a class struggle.

If we examine the details regarding the Socialist vote at the last election it will be noted that the cause has made some progress in agricultural districts. In Oklahoma and Texas there had been an exceptional movement which has ceased. Also in the Eastern States the vote this year was much the same as that recorded for the Congressional elections of 1910. This comparative stagnation in the ranks of Socialism may be explained by the fact that Mr. Samuel Gompers and the American Federation of Labour were allied with Mr. Wilson and the Democratic Party. Then there was also the energetic and hostile action of the Roman Catholic Church. A large portion of the more ignorant Roman Catholic immigrants stop in the Eastern States for a few years before going West. To compensate the unfavourable returns from these parts of the States, there is an enormous increase in the Socialist vote in the central and western cities and in the mining districts. In some of the latter places the Socialist vote has augmented, within the last four years, in the proportion of three to four hundred per cent. Thus at Chicago, Pittsburg, and Cleveland the vote has doubled in the last two years. Still more rapid is the progress in the mining districts of West Virginia and Montana, where the increase equals five hundred per cent. in four years.

Mr. Roosevelt, in forming his new Progressive Party, took several planks from the Socialist platform and consequently there is no doubt that some middle-

class and other electors who look forward to immediate measures of social reform have voted for Mr. Roosevelt. But for the advanced social reform programme of the Progressives they would have voted for the Socialist candidate in preference to such reactionists and Conservatives as Mr. Taft or Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Thus the Socialist Party might have had even more votes than it actually obtained, but these would have been votes against the old Parties rather than in favour of Socialism. Mr. Samuel Gompers also has prevented a number of skilled artisans from supporting the Socialists, but now that the Party he bade them elect has won, it will be curious to see what follows. Will capitalism surrender to Mr. Samuel Gompers; and, if not, what will his followers say? Will the President, the Federal Government, and the State Legislatures carry out the programme Mr. Samuel Gompers says Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the President-elect, accepted? If so, will a programme so readily endorsed really affect the rate of wages and the cost of living? Doubtless some favoured unions may reap advantages, but the nation, as a whole, will not be benefited. The disappointment that must ensue ensures still further increase of the Socialist Party.

L'Action Française.

By Ernest A. Boyd.

It was in 1899 that the movement known as "L'Action Française" was founded to spread the doctrine of "nationalisme intégral," a vague phrase which has been interpreted to imply the abolition of the parliamentary system and the restoration of the monarchy. Its beginnings, however, are of somewhat earlier date. Admirers of Jules Lemaitre will remember with regret that shortly after his election to the Academy in 1896 the charmingly sceptical critic of "Les Contemporains" practically forsook literature for politics. Previously, in "Le Député Leveau," he had called for a man "who would form a group of the dissatisfied and found a party of honest men, a really national party." Now, after an interval of seven years, he set himself to realise this dream. He wrote for the "Figaro" the famous series of articles entitled "Opinions à Répandre," which revealed to what extent the delicate disciple of Renan had denied his master. The ironical detachment which distinguished his critical writings was completely lacking. "We have three classes of citizens whose moral level has remained singularly honourable—the University, the clergy, and the Army." Such a phrase in the very midst of the Dreyfus scandal indicated a singular absence of any sense of reality. The result of this propaganda was to rally to Lemaitre's side a number of enthusiasts, including Brunetière, Coppée, and Barrès, and shortly afterwards the League of La Patrie Française was founded. The incredible military and clerical corruption which the Dreyfus case brought to light had the paradoxical effect of securing the blind enthusiasm of La Patrie Française for these institutions. At the elections, however, the country failed to endorse this view, and La Patrie Française collapsed, but not before it had sown the seeds from which a more violently anti-semitic, ultra-Catholic, and essentially reactionary body was to spring.

About that time Charles Maurras was writing in the "Gazette de France" demonstrating the ineffectiveness of republican nationalism, the uselessness of the Parliamentary régime, and propounding the doctrine of "nationalisme intégral" which has since become the basis of L'Action Française. In 1900 he published "L'Enquête sur la Monarchie," raising the question of the necessity of a "decentralised, anti-parliamentary, and traditional monarchy." A number of persons from various parties responded, and Maurras discussed their replies. Amongst these was a letter from the Duke of Orleans, who wrote a letter denouncing Jewish and Masonic cosmopolitanism. Since then the Pretender has completely identified himself with this new phase

of the French loyalist movement. In a short time Maurras was surrounded by a group of royalists of all shades of opinion.

At first a small review was the only vehicle of propaganda, but at present the periodical and other literature inspired by "L'Action Française" is considerable. "La Revue Mensuelle d'Action Française," "La Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres," and the daily paper "L'Action Française" are the official publications of the movement, while amongst others may be mentioned "Les Cahiers du Cercle Prudhon," "Les Guêpes," and "Le Coup de Fonet." In Paris there is also an Institute where lectures are given on political, religious, and social questions. A publishing house now forms part of the royalist equipment. La Nouvelle Librairie Nationale issues almost all the literature of "L'Action Française;" recent works of interest are "L'Homme qui Vient," by Georges Valois; "Kile et Tanger" and "La République Française devant l'Europe," by Charles Maurras. The latter seems to have an inexhaustible source of royalist copy, but the title of a recently re-published work, "Trois Idées Politiques," indicates concisely all the ideas inspiring this movement. Anti-semitism, militarism, and clericalism are the only three tangible ideas which "L'Action Française" has made peculiarly its own. Wisely enough, however, it does not rely upon reason. A league exists to unite the royalist groups throughout France, the most active members of which are the notorious Camelots du Roi. Where words are of no avail these Camelots supply deeds. Their exploits have obtained notoriety outside France, and receive the fullest sanction from "L'Action Française." During the Rousseau bicentenary celebrations they distinguished themselves by rowdy manifestations at the Sorbonne and the Pantheon. Last year, it will be remembered, they prevented Bernstein from getting a hearing at the Comédie Française. "Après Moi" may or may not have been worthy of the "traditions" of the theatre—recollections of certain recent successes prevent us from being dogmatic on the subject—but there can be no justification for the rowdiness of these anti-semitic hooligans. Nevertheless, the Editor of "L'Action Française" recognises this disorder as an integral part of his "integral nationalism," and actually refers to the Bernstein affair as a "grave crisis."

The true mentality of "L'Action Française" is reflected in its journalists. Their daily paper is simply literary hooliganism, and worthy of the acts which it inspires in the "Camelots du Roi." The front page of "L'Action Française" is rightly adorned by a calendar of the Dreyfus affair, for the journal has its roots in and draws its sap from the anti-semitic Chauvinism which characterised that period. Every day it publishes the text of the article of the code under which Dreyfus was acquitted, and reiterates its stupid quibble as to the interpretation of the words, accusing the judges of having falsified the code in order to release a "traitor." The Jews are shown to be responsible for every political and social evil that exists in France. Even the declining birthrate is the work of a "traître Juif," because Vaquet's divorce law was introduced by a Jew! On the grounds of nationality Heine is treated with contempt, while even the royalist editor of the "Gaulois" does not escape. Whatever crimes the Jews have left undone have been perpetrated by the Germans instead! Germany, it appears, is buying up all the mines of France, displacing French workmen and occupying all the points of strategic importance in the country. A short while ago a culminating horror was revealed in the shape of a girls' school where German engravings were given as prizes. Let us bow our heads in shame, we traitors to England who prefer Chopin and Wagner to Balfe or Wallace! France for the French is evidently the motto of "integral nationalism." These people even object to foreigners making a living in France by writing about French literature! If the literatures of Greece and Rome are admitted it must only be in deference to traditional prejudice, the only force which "L'Action Française"

recognises. Even with the classics a delightful touch must be noted. Not long ago a reference was made to the "Clouds" by Aristophanes and Maurice Pujo. This confusion of identity is inevitable in a movement whose thoughts and ideas belong so irrevocably to the past! In the absence of ideas the articles which appear in their paper provide the readers with an extensive vocabulary of abuse. It is usual to misspell facetiously the names of opponents or to give them a series of Homeric adjectives. M. Briand is described as "l'horrible souteneur," M. Fallières as "l'ami de Soleiland," while Frédéric Masson is known as the "graphomaniac," or "le sombre maboul." Such epithets as "crapule," "crétin," or "abcès de loge maçonnique" are also freely distributed.

Turning from the journalism of "L'Action Française" to the more serious exposition of its doctrines, we find the same poverty of ideas. The chief objection to the Republic seems to be that it is governed by political parties, who can never be independent of the people, therefore corruption is inevitable. In the eyes of royalists nothing could be more fatal to public welfare than an entire nation concerned in politics. Discord is sown between individuals, cliques and cabals flourish, party succeeds party, and a general sense of opportunism and insecurity prevails throughout the country. What Maurras prefers is a people which will leave its interests entirely in the hands of a monarch. When there are no parties national interests will no longer be pawns in a game where every man seeks his own advantage. The devoted and all-wise sovereign will look after his subjects while they quietly go about their own business. The royalist is prepared to tolerate a régime which has "a great respect for the voice of the people," but is "independent of its suggestions." The reign of political parties in France has been "ruinous," the republic must be abandoned, and the monarchy restored. The financial prosperity of the country during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is, of course, obvious to Charles Maurras; most other people will fail to see it. They will recollect the corruption, intrigue, and appalling misery which prevailed at the very apotheosis of the French monarchy, and hesitate to bring about a return to those conditions. "If you wish to restore France you must restore her king," cries Maurras; "all our periods of prolonged unity have been periods of royalty." "Under a king our parties would be unified and form one body." The work of union must begin with the expulsion of the "internal enemies," the Jews, Protestants, and Freemasons, who constitute a "foreign body" within the State and are the backbone of the republican system. This point of view is hardly surprising in a writer who holds that the Reformation, the Revolution, and the Romantic Movement are the three great "retrograde" movements of modern history. He has no definite constructive proposals. We must be content with vague phrases about "professional federalism," "local federalism, etc. All the people have to do is to place themselves entirely at the mercy of an oligarchy. All will be well when Monseigneur le duc d'Orléans is crowned Philippe VIII. Internal dissension will disappear, presumably with the extirpation of the Jews and Protestants, all discussion will be stifled, and France will enjoy the peace of an absolute despotism. In spite of recent Spanish-American history, a republic, we are told, can have no effective foreign policy, but under a king France will once more lead the nations, and a new province will be the prize of every war she wages. Such is the alluring prospect held out by M. Maurras and his friends. Their method of reasoning is delightfully simple. They ignore the past and wilfully misinterpret the present. The vices of the republic are compared with the virtues of an ideal monarchy, a sort of benevolent despotism which does not exist, never will exist, and never has existed anywhere, and least of all in France. When "L'Action Française" succeeds in persuading the French people that they are worse off now than under the "ancien régime," the movement may be taken seriously.

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(5.) Hierarchy.

AT the end of my last article I said that we should know more about the problem of permanence by considering the three races which have always had a standard of faith, even though they may not always have reached it. These three races—the Hindus, the Chinese, and the Jews—include, and have included, the best minds of Asia, and consequently of the world. They “represent” Asia, so to speak, even in mere numbers. Centuries ago—a bewildering number of years before the beginning of what we now call the historical period—the district roughly corresponding to the modern Persia and Asia Minor was burgeoning forth the first shoots of Asiatic wisdom. When millennium after millennium had passed, two races, Semitic and Aryan, began to stand out prominently; and after a further lapse of time—we now almost approach the beginning of the historical period—the Jews stand out above the other Semites as the Hindus do above the other Aryans. And, coincidentally with this development, we notice a development in the faith-tenets of the two races. The Hindus were polytheists—they were at a later stage to become pantheists—and the Semites became monotheists, though with an ever-recurring tendency to worship strange gods and to set up idols. This tendency I think I can explain in a subsequent article.

Common to the faiths of these three races is one salient characteristic, a characteristic which is entirely lacking in any European religion. This characteristic is a definitely fixed hierarchy, a hierarchy which, although developed to its fullest extent, and more definitely, among the Hindus, is, nevertheless, sufficiently evident among the Jews (the Semites generally, in fact) and the Chinese. In the early development of the races a man's duties were prescribed in accordance with his abilities; and his power became a factor strong in proportion to his duties, and no more. How, the European may well ask himself, did it come about that the wealthy merchant and the proud rajput found themselves subjected to a higher rule? Why, more particularly, did they accept such rule as a matter of course?

We know, of course, what wealth can do now. The merchant has merely to take advantage of “democratic” institutions to secure the election to parliaments of “representatives” who will look after his “interests”: that is the ultimate story of every representative institution that ever existed. In consequence, all power passes into the hands of the trading classes eventually; and both the landowners and the common people find themselves in the hands of the plutocrats. It is true that the “karma” of the entire nation—of an entire continent—must have been “bad” before such a state of affairs came about: we cannot lay the sole blame on Christianity or democracy, for Christianity and democracy are themselves merely symptoms of a more deep-seated disease. It is more useful for our immediate purpose to ascertain, if possible, why it is only in so-called “absolute” or “despotic” countries that the rights of the nation as a whole are safeguarded.

We have to speculate to some extent on the origin and development of the Indian caste system; but our speculations need not be very vague or cloudy. The Laws of Manu show us the system in full operation; and the Rig-Veda and the earlier Upanishads enable us to conceive how it originated. The invaders who

poured over the Pamir plateau into Northern India some sixty or seventy thousand years ago were above all agriculturists and fighters; but from the descriptions we have of their household utensils and their primitive methods of sacrifice we must come to the conclusion that they were among the most highly civilised tribes of their period; and the manner in which they have ever since preserved their race, faith, and customs is a sufficient indication of the strength of their character.

The nucleus of an intellectual Indian class was formed in two ways. It resulted, first, from the natural tendency of the Oriental mind to meditation, and, secondly, from environmental conditions, such as abundance of food and agreeable surroundings. The clear skies, the luxuriant vegetation, the vast mountains and plains, the Holy Ganges, and the varied animal life, all appealed powerfully to the imagination. “Work,” as we know it, was unnecessary. The time had not yet come for even the lowest caste to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow—this time, indeed, did not arrive until Europeans settled in India and established factories, in which the working hours are still ten or twelve a day and the wages trifling.

In ancient India, then, the thinker had opportunities which are denied him in the modern Western World. His intelligence soon found its task. The wanderings of the Aryans came to an end; the aboriginal inhabitants had been subdued; the invaders settled down, and village communities and towns began to arise. With them arose problems of government, and with the problems of government came the necessity for an adequate theory of the State. It was looked upon as quite natural that the men who had been devoting themselves to meditation and religious practices should lay down the law on this abstruse subject. This they did. It was clear that there were three sections of society: first, the village chiefs, the heads of tribes, the princes, the leaders—those who might generally be summed up as the ruling classes; secondly, the agricultural classes and the craftsmen; and, thirdly, the inferior classes: not the “working” classes as we know them to-day; for the Hindus would have shuddered to see human beings in such a state of degradation; but simply those who acted as the servants of the rulers and the agriculturists.

The philosophers realised that it was one thing to lay down the principles of government and law, and quite another to carry them into effect. They realised that contact with what is inferior (“ugly”) is degrading, even to ever so small an extent. They knew that, as the greater includes the lesser, their abilities would have enabled them to administer the law if this had been necessary; but they recognised that actual administration would bring them into contact with men of inferior calibre and that their own intelligence would suffer in consequence. But they realised also, what has been overlooked in Europe since the days of the Reformation, that the greatest power in the world is the power of ideas, the power of the creative mind. However it may appear to be subjugated from time to time, thought invariably triumphs in the end; and he who can wield this weapon is merely encumbered if, in addition, he is called upon to handle the sword or the spear. As priests, then, the philosophers gave their instructions, which were carried into effect by the class immediately below them. Hence there gradually developed that wonderful fabric of Indian society: the brahmins, the kshatriyas (now better known as the rajput class), the vaishyas, and the sudras—in other words, the priests, the ruling classes (kings, soldiers, judges, chieftains), the agriculturists and the craftsmen: and finally the servants.

This short summary represents the developments of thousands of years; and it is too short to include the subdivisions of the castes and the hierarchy of the family itself within the castes. But short though this summary is, I feel sure the reader will do well to bear it in mind when considering the influence of hierarchy on the development of a race.

Present-Day Criticism.

AN article by Mr. James Douglas in the "Daily News," December 17, helps us to answer the question of a correspondent: Why should we spend our energies on teaching journalists their business? From the special view of literary criticism there appears no reason; from the view of every day existence, there is a reason, and we may be able to show, therefore, a reason from the universal view of literary criticism.

It is convenient for our present purpose to speak of a special view of criticism; by this it is intended to mark off arbitrarily all consideration of technique, although, truly, a work of art cannot be considered apart from technique. By the universal view of criticism we intend that view which regards the "application of ideas to life." To get the best ideas applied to every-day life is half of the business of a critic; he must influence the "current of ideas" amidst which artists must work, and according as the current is of noble or ignoble ideas, artists are enabled to hand down from their generation works of permanent and universal value, or they are doomed to slight works. In a time when ideas are mean, the major artist becomes a satirist, the minor artists are altogether silent or themselves set the sordid fashions of a low community. In times of doubt, when criticism is struggling to maintain the standard of the best ideas, the artist himself often turns critic. Dryden, Goethe, and Arnold are examples of this metamorphosis. In times of doubt, the artist must turn critic out of his nature which is towards the standard of perfection; for doubt means that suspicion and fear are abroad, that the hearts of men are uncourageous and their minds in danger of panic; and when things are like this, good men commonly hesitate to act for fear of precipitating a calamity, but the wickedest men in a nation take power. The artist cannot work in such an atmosphere, and when he happens to be born into it, his creative energy turns to recreate the life he needs, instead of the symbols of that life for the instruction and delight of posterity.

When Arnold died the present struggle of the working-classes for better life had fairly begun. Arnold seems not to have had over much faith that the English masses would go any better way to work for civilisation than the French did; he had no hope at all in the rich; he seems to have feared a futile and self-destroying revolution: "We are all going into the dark." He saw the debasement of criticism and of the arts and of Liberalism, and below all this corruption of educated men, he saw the beginning of the influence of the cheap journals exciting sensational appetites amongst ignorant men whose one need was to forget their foolish preferences for riot and horseplay, the which made them the sport of soldiers and demagogues, and to acquire calm amid a host of cunning and powerful enemies. Possibly Arnold under-estimated the strength of the artisan; and no wonder if he did, since the artisan himself seems to doubt its effectiveness. We may avoid yet a revolution by bloodshed; if the artisan realise his communal strength we shall have a revolution by law, and one wholly to the good for civilisation. But he is a long time realising this strength, and it may happen that his master shall risk and provoke civil war, relying on the military to beat civilians, much as the Jews risked and provoked the South African war.

It was the business of the cheap Press to assist the artisan in his revolution by law, to instruct him in the art of humanism, which is the art of noble living, to discourage in him, and help him to discourage in himself, apathies, follies, and brutalities like those which kept the Roman populace enslaved to State charity, bread and circuses. The cheap Press worked treacherously. It fed its public, so naturally buying and devouring a commodity which seemed to belong to them and to be regardful of them, on sensationalism. The Press called on the masses to war, to man-hunts, to amusements which lulled their awakening minds and emptied their pockets; and while the strong men were enlisting for

war, their women were being drawn into the factories; while half the nation was man-hunting, the other half was inventing new crimes and new penalties; while the music-halls and the picture palaces were being boomed, the servile State was being armoured by Acts against the true liberty and the rights of citizens. The cheap Press has done its worst against the working-class. How is it, then, that the people who clearly do not know food from poison, have not forfeited their strength? We are, of course, not yet out of the wood; but this much may hopefully be said—that in the very strongholds of the enemy there also are the friends of the common people: "Wherever dragons be, there, too, are the redressors of wrong."

And here we come to Mr. James Douglas. He is one of a not very numerous, but effective, band of critical journalists, whose heads, indeed, have been bought by the cheap Press, but their hearts never. There is no doubt that much credit for maintaining order and courage among the people is due to these men. We, personally, have a standing quarrel with Mr. Douglas because he will aspire to being thought a critic of literature, the which he never may be. A critic of literature is as rare a genius as a major artist. There is not in England to-day one such alive and writing. There are a few writers, who really should be about other business, who make critical notes for the sole purpose of keeping in view the standard of literary criticism as it has been handed down, unchanged in its main demands through all time. The present writer adopts this humble position of "warming-pan" against the arrival of the next great critic. We cannot mind such business as we should be minding because of the absence of a critic of literature, and because of the astounding revolt in his absence of the critics of manners and all that manners includes, against that state into which it has pleased Providence to call them. These critics ought (taking the canon from their superiors, the major critics of literature as this symbolises universal humanity) to have devoted their strength towards conserving the best ideas of social conduct, these which are never old or new, being based on human affections and, in their main demands, also, constant as the waking day. Mr. Douglas is one of these critics, a propagandist of the eternal humanities. In a steadier time he would never have dreamed of setting up for a critic of literature. He might have become a parson, a politician, a policeman, an anybody whose assumed business it is to induce people to go straight. We will not wonder how and why he ventured towards acclaiming new masterpieces in literature every other week. Our interest is in noting how, despite whatsoever temptation, he has found himself at intervals neglecting literature and hurling against wrong social manners in a mood quite proper to a social critic who sees his immediate society dangerously acting against its own best nature and interests, but not at all in the mood of a critic of literature who has the knowledge of his absolutely impregnable standard.

His article entitled "Spirits in Prison," is written in this mood; and to his aid rush all the gifts of the sound heart, the inward sight, definite judgment, pity, persuasion, and eloquence, weighted by the subject simply. Here is employed with the least possible loss that fiery vocabulary from which he has so often rubbed mere literary sparks, flashing, but lost in a moment. Here the fire is so appropriate that one scarcely notices the flame but only feels the heat. But let us quote.

Mr. Douglas, with the Ilford Choir, lately visited Pentonville Prison. In the chapel the prisoners were gathered for service:—

"For a moment they swam dimly in our vision, like a great flock of brooding ghosts. We had not seen them coming in. They were there, as if they had started from rows of spaced graves, and at rigid intervals there rose out of their dun-coloured ranks dark, stern sentinels, warders in gloomy livery, men with impassive faces and ever-vigilant eyes. They, too, looked like ghosts, tall ghosts, black ghosts, with sadness clothing them. As we sat down before the humble

little altar we strove to regain our hold upon reality, and to persuade ourselves that these figures were not phantoms. Bashfully and furtively we looked at the front row, a yard away. But they and we were afraid to meet each other's eyes. We were like animals who cannot endure the direct gaze of the human eye. The sense of separation was so tragic that we could scarcely keep back our tears.

"The high, grey windows were heavily barred, and here and there was a poor splash of colour—bits of stained glass that struggled to lisp a word of charity. I think it was the stained glass that blinded us with tears, and thereafter we saw the mirage of woe through a film of pity, while the voices of the choir pierced us like swords. If the hymns and the sacred songs hurt us like that, how they must have hurt those mysterious hearts beating behind their numbered discs and their branded broad arrows and their shameful, clumsy garments that looked so like and yet so unlike the khaki worn by the soldiers of the King. Just as trees in a wood merge into each other, so these shadowy forms grew blurred, and we could not see the misty faces in the background, but in the twilight distance there was a gallery, and there we could descry more of them, drab wraiths clustering round tall warders.

* * *

"But perhaps we could have endured their misery if they had not been allowed to sing. How could we endure the shock of hearing eleven hundred silent phantoms suddenly standing up and singing 'Sun of my Soul?' It was too much for us, for they sang as if they were men possessed. They knew the tune, and this meant that once they had been boys and men with kindly human homes and gracious human ways. And if it was heart-breaking to hear them singing, it was still more heart-breaking to see them smiling, for there is nothing so sad as the smile that creeps over the face of despair. One of our soloists had finished his solo, and while backing to his chair had sat down on the floor. They smiled, but it was a trembling smile that fled as quickly as it came, as if it shuddered to find itself on their lips.

"We went out as we came in—leaving the flock of silent ghosts sitting over their graves. Their pallid faces and burning eyes will haunt us for ever. Let no man say that our prisons are humane; they are hells. We have seen men in hell. Like Dante, we have been in hell. We know. In the teeth of all the criminologists and penologists in the world, we say that a system which makes living men look like tormented ghosts is—not right."

It says a good deal for the "Daily News" that we should not look for such an article as this in the "Daily Mail." In these columns of brass, humanism, when it does appear, appears bizarre, almost derisive. We remember an article by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, which fairly typified his journal, an article also about a prison, the opening of the Camp Hill, now the abode of despairing men, the scene of horror run mad. What a pretty picture was made of that awful "hostel." But, as one read, one saw that no common human sense was in the writer. He reassured the public which was rightly afraid of the indeterminate sentence. All was arranged for the speediest reformation of the prisoners. This fool in morality heard and passed on, without a twinge, the news that this splendid palace of salvation was not available except for men already long familiar with prisons. One guessed, then, what sort of keys would lock the pretty cells, how the offer of toys would scorfify men who thoroughly understood the maddening effect of prison even with a definite day of liberty ahead. It was the business of the social critic to make these things feelingly understood by his readers, and to correct the cruel absurdity of offering them a decorated cell in exchange for a red-letter day of release; he should have advised the public to suffer from these men some part of the trouble it had ignorantly inflicted upon them, to ease the soul-destroying routine of the common gaol, and if it would be bestowing decorations to

bestow them upon the new offender. But Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is not a social critic, nor is there one such on the "Daily Mail." We expect the wrong thing in the "Daily Mail," the unscrupulous writing, the shriek of parrots, the bay of hounds, the simper of sentimentality, and the guffaw of brutality. We expect, here, a presentation of social conduct inimical to the artist who works best when the morale of existence is understood by the people. And this is why we concern ourselves with journalists—because their duty is to help the application of the best ideas to life. Out of a happy people will spring the perfect artist. Who knows but that, at his advent, the gods may not be reconciled with humanity?

The Nietzsche Movement in England:

A Retrospect, a Confession, and a Prospect.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

II.

"THIS is a difficult country to move, my friend, a difficult country indeed," said the aged Disraeli once to the young and enthusiastic Socialist Mr. Hyndman; and if anyone besides Disraeli has ever experienced the truth of this saying it is we who have brought this edition to a successful conclusion. The stoical "ataraxia" of the Anglo-Saxon world is—to put it mildly—something terrible; but why put it mildly? That in matters of the intellect England is a real brick wall there is not the slightest doubt, as some almost ineffaceable bruises on the heads of my fellow-workers and myself will for ever demonstrate to any unbeliever. In saying this I, of course, in no way desire to utter any specially adverse criticism—on the contrary, I rather admire this characteristic in an otherwise unprincipled world, in a world which only too often pretends to be tolerant of all ideas, because it has no original ideas of its own. Such open-minded people are the last for whom Nietzsche wrote, and the early active acceptance of Nietzsche by just such people was and is still our greatest danger—a much greater danger than the passive resistance of the said brick wall. No, if I am to have any choice in the matter, let me deal with the British brick wall: at least it is no yielding softness, at least there is firmness in that stupidity, and once it is conquered you can with certainty rely and build upon a brick wall, however obstinate the resistance may have proved. . . . But I do not wish to dwell any longer upon the resistance we encountered, lest it might be thought that this is only done for the purpose of glorifying, or of exalting our pluck in overcoming obstacles. It is for a much more modest reason that I have to draw the reader's attention to the conditions under which Nietzsche has been introduced into England; it is in order to excuse us, the Nietzscheans, for the manner in which it was accomplished.

This manner of our campaign has very often been blamed in private conversations as well as in public utterances, and, let me say it at once, not without some shadow of justice. Our publications have been very loud, our lectures aggressive, our conversation "conceited." I myself have openly indulged in sneers and sarcasms of a most hearty calibre, as the preface to this very edition and all the prefaces I wrote to the books of my friends will prove. I have likewise, I confess, encouraged some of my contributors to indulge in a similar language—a language which is both jarring and discomfiting to the ordinary inhabitant of this island, accustomed as he is to have the more polite forms of parliamentary discussion preserved even in

his literature. I know it, and I confess it, but, let me say at once, I do not at all regret it. The reason for all this extraordinary behaviour is only too plain: we were an insignificant minority in a state of war with a vast majority, whose arrows, as the Persian ambassador once upon a time said to the Spartans, would well have been able to darken the sun.

We were a hopelessly small garrison in the midst of alarmingly hostile surroundings. Everybody was against us: not openly, to be sure, but, what is worse, silently, sullenly, instinctively. In front of us stood a most powerful phalanx composed of everything that directs the intellect of this country—a phalanx of priests and professors, politicians and petticoats. One might have thought that some outsiders, a few of the independent thinkers, or some of the literary celebrities of modern England would have come to our rescue; but, apart from a misunderstanding of our cause and a private and secret encouragement, not a soul stirred, not a mouth opened, not a finger was moved in our favour. Add to this that we were really a beaten crew, that England had stated before she would have nothing to do with Nietzsche. Remember that we were likewise a terribly decimated crew. Of the older Nietzscheans, of those who stood sponsor for the first edition, only two, Mr. Thomas Common and Mr. William Haussmann, have remained faithful to the cause. Some have left the flag, others have disappeared, one has become a Catholic. John Davidson, a true Nietzschean likewise, though one more intoxicated rather than inspired by Nietzsche, has even taken his own life. What wonder! The battlefield of thought has its dead, its wounded, and its deserters as well as any other—and only the comfortable citizen who has no idea of what this higher warfare is like will shrug his shoulders at those who come to grief during their noble but dangerous enterprise.

In other words: it was a case of "now or never," and of at least one of our army I know for a certainty that he would not have survived a "never." One fights well with broken bridges behind one's back, one fights rather ruthlessly, one is consequently not very particular about the means. "Je n'aime pas la guerre à l'épau de rose," as Napoleon used to say. "If moral support will not do, we must give immoral support to Greece," as Bismarck once remarked. And we have certainly helped our cause by all possible means, open or secret, lawful or unlawful, moral or immoral—there is no doubt about it, I openly confess it and I even say it with pride. For our doing was not without danger to ourselves, and our want of caution proves at least one thing: that we had a real purpose, a real aim in view—an aim that made us forget the ordinary laws of prudence and circumspection otherwise so dear to the literary world.

But though we have no doubt used immoral means, let no one think that we have used them for an immoral end. I know that the popular opinion is still to the contrary; I know that Nietzsche's teaching is still considered as that of a pitiless monster, or as that of a weak man trying to pose as a strong one, or, at its best, as the dream of a romantic and feverish brain. No one, I fear, except myself, has ever pointed out the deep piety and religious feeling underlying his cause. And now, after the long years during which my thought has occupied itself with his work, this opinion of mine that Nietzsche's doctrine is not, as it appears to be, the negation of Christianity, but rather its perfectly logical outcome, has grown within me to an almost invincible conviction.

To state it as shortly as possible: Nietzsche's attack on Judaism and Christianity is caused by his honest intellectuality. But where, it may be asked, does this honesty originate—this intellectual honesty which forbids itself not only the belief in the Supernatural, but also, what is much more important, the belief in the current Christian values of good and evil? By what means have we found out that good and evil are not different moral shades, like black and white, but that

all good qualities are in reality refined evil ones, that evil is the root of all good, and that he who cuts up the root will thereby destroy the fruit? Who has ultimately taught us that all is egotism, that all must be egotism, that one must be "evil," that one must take root, that one must be firm on one's legs to be "good," and that the goodness of the non-evil man is merely weakness, if not a cautious request from others to be good to him? Who brought this truth home to us; by what extraordinary power did we moderns obtain an insight into the very nature of things? Did Nietzsche's much vaunted pagans have any idea of this profound psychology? No, they did not—Nietzsche himself is obliged to ask: "What did the Greeks know of the soul?" But who, then, I beg to ask again, made us a gift of this extraordinary insight, which no doubt constitutes the most important discovery the world has ever made?

The answer is a very simple one: it is a gift from the chosen race, it is the Semitic idea itself, it is the Christian conscience, which has allowed us to see the root of our very being, which has lit up the abyss within us—an abyss that no pagan searchlight could ever have illuminated. It is the Judæo-Christian doctrine of sin that has forced every one of us to turn his eyes towards himself, to descend into himself, to scrutinise himself, to get to know himself, and that with a discipline growing more severe from generation to generation. And, in fact, we have learned to know ourselves, and to know ourselves to such an extent that we cannot believe any longer in these Semitic ideas, that we cannot believe any more in sin and in the wickedness of egotism, that we cannot believe any more in the Jewish distinction between good and evil. And not only have we got to know ourselves, but we have likewise gained knowledge of others, our eyes have been opened to the human origin of all history and religion, so that the only interesting question about any religion for us now is this: "Cui bono? For whose advantage, for the benefit of what type of man, was this religion invented?" All this has been taught to us by the Judæo-Christian conscience; but the same conscience and the same conscientiousness which made us search and find out our innermost heart, now, after the discovery of the real state of things, force us into discarding this very conscience with all its errors and wrong conclusions. In other words: it is our religion which forbids us any further belief in our religion, it is our morality which gave the death-blow to our morality.

We cannot help ourselves. We must dismiss this old morality; we must try to find another, a higher, a more natural form of morality, but, let me repeat it, out of morality, out of piety, out of honesty. We cannot pretend to be altruists any longer! We cannot be liars! Our parents have been decent, law-abiding, religious people—and we have inherited their sense of honour and truthfulness, we have it in our blood! Away with lies, away with the babble of brotherhood, away with all the poisonous hypocrisy of to-day!

"One sees what has really gained the victory over the Christian God—Christian morality itself, the conception of veracity taken ever more strictly, the confessional subtlety of the Christian conscience, translated and sublimated to the scientific conscience, to intellectual purity at any price," says Nietzsche himself in the "Joyful Wisdom" (Aph. 357). . . . Are these the words of an irreligious person? Is this the voice of a real immoralist, the speech of a despairing anarchist? Is this, then, the much-dreaded and self-styled Antichrist? Why, if there ever was a true son of the Semitic idea, a noble defender of that ancient faith and its Christian supplement, it is Friedrich Nietzsche. If there ever was a true Christian, it was he. Not only is he not the Antichrist; he is the very opposite of it, he is what Goethe said of Spinoza: Christianissimus. It is his enemies' faith, the faith of those people in whom the religious conscience has not yet blossomed out into the intellectual conscience, that ought to be questioned; it is they who, compared with him, are only wavering sceptics and cowardly idealists, or at best backward

Christians, undeveloped Christians, Christians on a lower plane. Ah—what a carnival of shame will seize upon modern Europe when the full significance of Friedrich Nietzsche's thoughts dawns upon her, when she realises at last what a noble, brave, and truly religious character has been exposed by her to neglect, misunderstanding, and ridicule!

But I am carried away by my subject, and I did not wish to be carried away; I wished to be gentle and "dignified" at this important juncture of the Nietzschean propaganda. Let me therefore fall back upon a less intense and more literary note and say a few calmer words to those for whom Nietzsche, though perhaps they do not yet know it, will soon become an indispensable friend and guide. And I would mention here—amongst the first—the artists, though I have my doubts whether my recommendation of Nietzsche to them is not superfluous. For artists were the first to welcome Nietzsche and have even honoured him with the flattering name of "our philosopher," while, on the other hand, it may safely be predicted that scholars, schoolmasters, and clergymen will be the last to do homage to him—and that for the simple reason that the latter have an easy and the former a difficult life to live. It will be seen that by "artist" here is meant a man who, in whatever direction, has to break new ground, has to create new values, to destroy old errors, and to pay the bill for such daring—that is to say, to live a lonely life, and such men, by nature healthier, prouder, braver than others (for otherwise they would not have undertaken a great task) are likewise more sensitive and vulnerable (for otherwise they would not see new things) and therefore urgently require the cheerfulness, the joyful wisdom, the honest optimism, that speaks out of the pages of our philosopher.

They must likewise learn from Nietzsche, what every leader ought to learn, but what is most difficult to sensuous artists, and that is a certain simple, nay ascetic, way of living, not for the benefit of their souls like the Christian, not out of poverty of spirit and body like the Philistine, but for the benefit of their object, their art, their aim, their aspirations and desires. It was a hard life that Nietzsche lived himself, it is a hard life that he commends to his followers. And as ideas to the contrary still prevail in England, and as (to my great regret) the name of Nietzsche now threatens to become popular, all-too-popular, I would only mention as a warning to would-be disciples, and as a proof of my statement, the case of Mr. Ernest Horneffer. Mr. Horneffer, one of the foremost German Nietzscheans, of late openly proclaimed his conversion to monism (in England best known as the naturalistic philosophy of Ernest Haeckel), giving as his reason for doing so that Nietzsche "expected too much from human beings." That was at least right and honest: "n'est pas diable qui veut," as the French say—and n'est pas Nietzsche non plus qui veut. Let unholy hands keep aloof from inspired writings, let the laity believe in their old religions and their new philosophies, and let Nietzsche only be the philosopher for those who have to stand alone, but who for this very reason need an example and perhaps a guide more than any other.

(To be concluded.)

"PLAY-ACTING."

(Debased Essex dialect.)

There's a jolly lot o' laughter
If yar gaw inter the barn.
They're playin' there und uctin'
An owld an' merry yarn.

A big mun loves a wuman
Whom a fool loves—an' nan dafter—
An' the big mun kicks the fool aht
An' the audience rack wi' laughter.

Yar go in and yar watch it,
And may yar laugh ter see.
But Oi will wark the lang road—
It's a bit too true for me.

ROBERT NICHOLS.

Views and Reviews.*

AN American proverb tells us that "a good lie never dies," and the truth of the aphorism receives a strange confirmation from the nature of intellectual disputes. Huxley, for example, told us that "Materialism and Idealism, Theism and Atheism, the doctrine of the soul and its mortality or immortality—appear in the history of philosophy like the shades of Scandinavian heroes, eternally slaying one another and eternally coming to life again in a metaphysical 'Nifelheim.' It is getting on for twenty-five centuries, at least, since mankind began seriously to give their minds to these topics. Generation after generation, philosophy has been doomed to roll the stone uphill; and, just as all the world swore it was at the top, down it has rolled to the bottom again." A controversy that seems to be doomed to an equal immortality of indecision is that concerning the origin of species. It is generally true that, when intelligent men wrangle for a considerable length of time, the misunderstanding arises from lax definition of the terms used: the same words do not convey the same meaning to the opponents. If we only knew what a species was, the problem of its origin would be correspondingly modified; but, at the outset, confusion reigns. In "The Origin of Species," Darwin wrote: "Certainly no clear line of demarcation has as yet been drawn between species and sub-species—that is, the forms which in the opinion of some naturalists come very near to, but do not quite arrive at, the rank of species; or again, between sub-species and well-marked varieties, or between lesser varieties and individual differences. These differences blend into each other in an insensible series; and a series impresses the mind with the idea of an actual passage."

It was natural that Darwin, who was arguing in favour of the mutability of species by selection, should introduce the evolutionary argument even when discussing the meaning of the word "species"; but we may accept his testimony to the main fact that species of animals, at least, cannot be precisely defined. A further quotation will prove that Darwin really agrees with Professor Lloyd that "species" are not real but conventional divisions. "From these remarks it will be seen that I look at the term species as one arbitrarily given for the sake of convenience to a set of individuals closely resembling each other, and that it does not essentially differ from the term variety, which is given to less distinct and more fluctuating forms. The term variety, again, in comparison with mere individual differences, is also applied arbitrarily, and for mere convenience' sake." But if the term "species" cannot be precisely defined, if, as Professor Lloyd proves at some length, the taxonomist behaves as Darwin said the young naturalist would, and manifests a "tendency to make many species," the origin of species is obviously due to artificial, not to natural, selection. It is clear that we are dealing with a phrase, and not with a fact; with a figure of speech, and not with a force of nature. Professor Lloyd's researches among the rats of India, and his quotation of Mr. W. L. Tower's researches among the potato-beetles of America, can neither confirm nor contradict the general proposition that the origin of species is by means of Natural Selection; for, as we have seen, the phrase means nothing.

The intent of Professor Lloyd's book is to support the Mutation Theory, and so far as it goes, it does so. The use of the word "group" simplifies the matter to some extent, for it does not signify as great a number or as wide a distribution as the word "species" implies. Moreover, the suggestion of permanence that is implied, perhaps improperly, by the word "species" is not conveyed by the word "group"; and anyhow the use of the word "group" enables Professor Lloyd to talk about a few dozen rats killed in India. He argues that a more precise definition is necessary if taxonomy is to be a

* "The Growth of Groups in the Animal Kingdom."
By R. E. Lloyd. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

useful science; and, certainly, if the intellectual value of definition is equal to the knowledge of geographical distribution, which was the aim of the older systematists, there is no doubt that definition will thrive. "Characters, more especially obtrusive ones, are used by taxonomists as the identification marks of species," he says. "The taxonomist holds that every individual animal is of one species or of another. If this is true to-day it was no less true in prehistoric times. If it is false it is time some one exposed the fallacy. It is often ignored, but never called in question. Some persons who are unacquainted with the subject regard taxonomy as a vague and unsatisfactory branch of biology. It is vague only because the word 'species' has been brought into it, and various workers use the term differently. The characters are not vague, they are present or absent. If the principles of taxonomy are true, namely, that every individual belongs to a group and that each group has its group marks, how can the groups undergo change except by the addition and subtraction of the characters which are their marks?"

But suppose, for example, that the characters which are the marks of a group do not change, yet the group itself changes, what will that prove? Will it not prove that taxonomy, except it attain to an impossible perfection in noting characters, is useless as an aid to the understanding of natural phenomena? Professor Lloyd quotes such a case. "Tower found among the offspring of some of the mother beetles which had been treated artificially, a number of insects which appeared outwardly to be normal but were abnormal in their life-history, for they hibernated in the fifth generation, not as usual in the second. They behaved in this unusual manner for three successive years, until the whole race was destroyed by an accident. To allow time, so to speak, for the five generations to be produced within the year, the period of hibernation was curtailed. They went to ground a month late and rose early in January, nearly five months before their proper time. Moreover, as though with a purpose, they spent their winter sleep close to the surface instead of going deep, a circumstance that would have been fatal to them under nature, unless perhaps they had occurred in a humid, tropical climate. If such a race had appeared in nature, and found itself on an equal footing in other respects, in the rate at which it was being thinned by foes, and the number of young produced by the females in every generation, it follows that the parent species would have been ousted from its food plant. Since the outward appearance of the new race would be the same as that of the old, an entomologist might wonder how it was that *L. decemlineata* had thus changed its habit in the course of a few years, being unconscious of the fact that *L. decemlineata* was extinct and some variety of it occupying its place."

It is clear, then, that taxonomy, like any other science that is not universal in its scope, is useful for all practical purposes. It explains nothing, and it affords no surety even to a poor unsuspecting entomologist. But it is really late in the day for Professor Lloyd to hint at these things. I have shown that Darwin did not know what a species was; and have drawn the deduction that he could not, therefore, explain its origin. Professor Lloyd's tilting at the theory of Natural Selection and at the word "species" is a little belated. In the same degree, his hint that taxonomy is not really an exact science is also belated. "I fear the same fault lies in their science," said Emerson of the English, "since they have known how to make it repulsive, and bereave nature of its charm. The eye of the naturalist must have a scope like nature itself, a susceptibility to all impressions, alive to the heart as well as to the logic of creation. But English science puts humanity to the door. It wants the connection which is the test of genius. The science is false by not being poetic. It isolates the reptile or mollusc it assumes to explain; while reptile or mollusc exists only in system, in relation." A. E. R.

Lucian.

By E. Agnes R. Haigh.

II.

"WHAT is your profession?"* asks Philosophy of Lucian in the "Fisher." "I profess hatred of imposture and pretension, lying and pride," is the reply. "However, I do not neglect the complementary branch, wherein love takes the place of hate; it includes love of truth and beauty, simplicity, and all that is akin to love. But the subjects of this branch of the profession are sadly few." This somewhat sententious exposition of his moral outlook, however true in itself, was an evasion of Philosophy's question—from which it would appear that Lucian was aware of the difficulty of naming his calling suitably. The titles of "sophist" and "satirist" are applied to him indifferently, but either is a makeshift. There is nothing of the righteous indignation, the burning militancy, of the true satirist in his calmly dispassionate temperament—frequently as he wrote satire. He had even less in common with the learned exponents of the various philosophical systems, or with the hundred and one "scribblers on paper!" who followed in their wake; nothing, perhaps, but the facility of expression and mental adroitness that he, too, had acquired in the schools of rhetoric. The ancient world had no appropriate name for Lucian; he was the first of a new order, a journalist. He was pre-eminently a leader of public opinion, a writer whose genius lay in the skilful treatment of current topics, which he represented as they impressed him and as he wished them to impress the public. Cultured and well-informed, ingenious and apt, critical, and humorous, he had the temperament, the poise, and the self-assurance that belong to his profession, a tendency to superficiality which his air of omniscience does not always conceal. Finally, as a true journalist, he was not above occasional pot-boiling. In humorous apology for a slight essay on "How to write History," he compares himself to Diogenes, who took to rolling his tub lest he should seem the only idler when all Corinth was busying itself for war. "I too," he says, "am reluctant to be the only dumb man at so vociferous a season. I do not like to walk across the stage like a super in gaping silence, so I decided to roll my cask as best I could."

It may seem an affectation to talk of a journalist fifteen centuries before the publication of the first periodical, but the paradox is only verbal. The existence of a newspaper is a detail, an accident dependent upon the art of printing. All the conditions of journalism were present in the Alexandrian age, and even before it, great political and social activity, and an educated public eager for facts and anxious to have a lead given to it in the formation of its opinions. The author of a recent book† on comparative literature, speaking of the ancient comedians, has said, "Attic comedies might almost be called dramatised newspapers. They were organs of political parties. The choral odes are often passionate discussions of political topics; the parabases resemble leading articles; the dramatic scenes are acted cartoons." and Lucian, we should remember, was the immediate follower of Aristophanes and Menander in the direct line of literary succession.

Konstant Martha, in his work "les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romaine," has called Lucian "the first of the moderns." This does not mean that Lucian was the first to record circumstances which find an analogy with the events of to-day, for Alexandrian literature is full of such parallels. The modern like the Classic is a matter of temperament or genius rather than chronology. As the Classic writer aims at portraying the eternal laws that govern the universe and dictate men's actions, so the skill of the modern consists in representing the permanent features of human life in a faithful

* This and most of the following quotations are from the translations by A. H. and F. W. Fowler.

† "World Literature," by H. L. Moulton.

picture of contemporary manners. The famous fifteenth Idyll of Theocritus is admitted to be the best single piece of modern writing in ancient times, and the distinguishing merit of the "Adoneia" is also the chief characteristic of Lucian throughout. The interest of his writings lies in their appeal to the universal feelings of mankind, not to the mere erudite instinct of the antiquarian. His allusions to contemporary happenings explain themselves to a reader of any century, his humour requires no commentary.

Lucian was a journalist, but he never succumbed to the specific temptations that beset the path of the writer of periodical literature. His versatility never beset the path of the writer for writing's sake, and his facility never degenerates into a newspaper style. The "Lexiphanas" shows him to us as one of the most fastidious of purists, and he ranked justly as the leading representative of literary culture of his day. Above all, Lucian was in earnest—profoundly in earnest. The critics who have belittled him in modern times, and who, while praising the artist, have condemned the man, are those who have confused his method with his purpose, and found in him nothing but the ill-natured cynic. His mockery was but the legitimate weapon of his scepticism; the warfare in which he engaged was the detection and exposure of error, superstition, and insincerity.

The State-revival of paganism, which began under Hadrian and the Antonines, supplies the motive for some of Lucian's best dialogues. In his attitude to the official religion he plays a similar rôle to that played by Voltaire—whose prose dialogues show Lucian's influence unmistakably—that of champion of the laity against the tyranny of the State-Church. "With a satire the more deadly because of its unrudded good-humour, Lucian seizes upon all the most absurd points in popular legend and treats them with profound earnestness. Homer had shown his gods as intensely human: Lucian represents his as trivial and domestic." No amount of higher criticism or envenomed abuse could have damaged the popular creed half so effectively as did this simple ridicule.

The story of the clever burlesque, "Zeus Tragoidos" will illustrate the manner of Lucian's attack on the official religion.

At the beginning Zeus is found pacing up and down, muttering, with a pale face and his skin "the colour of a philosopher's." Hermes and Athene question him in great bewilderment; Hera suspects a new love-intrigue, but the truth comes out at last. The speculations of rationalist philosophers as to the existence or non-existence of the gods have penetrated to Olympus. Too much upset to explain himself in sober speech, Zeus addresses Athene in tragic verse, consisting largely of tags from Euripides. This is a question which concerns the honour and status of the whole court of heaven, and a council of the immortals must be convened. Hearing this, Hermes, in the excitement of the moment, issues a curt and urgent summons. Zeus, however, is not too much preoccupied to remember the dignity of the occasion, and insists on something more impressive, something "with a bit of poetical grandeur in it," so Hermes has to set to work and improvise. After some effort he achieves a very fair parody, in pompous style, of Homer. Zeus expresses his approval and the meeting assembles. The order is given that the gods shall seat themselves in rank, according to the value of the material of which their statues were made. There is a great deal of squabbling on the subject, and Aphrodite, in particular, is much aggrieved that her marble statue only entitles her to a place in the third rank, whereas Homer himself had called her golden. The appearance of the Colossus of Rhodes introduces a fresh dispute, for, in addition to "blocking the meeting," he demands a place in the best seats, on the ground that the outlay on his bronze statue would have furnished a dozen ordinary-sized gods of gold. Even Zeus is disconcerted by this problem, but solves the difficulty by bidding them seat themselves anyhow, and promises to go into the question of precedence

another day. Zeus opens the debate with a thinly disguised adaptation of Demosthenes, and describes how he heard a rascally philosopher, Damis, disputing with Timocles the Stoic, and practically denying the existence of the gods. Timocles was plainly getting the worst of it. To heighten the burlesque, it is Momus, the jester of Olympus, who gets up to reply, and he rates them all soundly for neglect of duties. Poseidon then speaks, and suggests that the impious Damis had better be silenced by lightning, but Zeus dissents on the ground that it would be like an admission that they had no fair argument to offer. Apollo complains that Timocles is really to blame for not stating the case for the gods more clearly, whereupon Momus improves the occasion by a waggish comment upon Apollo's own oracular utterances, and invites him to give them a specimen of his skill—"Which of the two disputants will win the day?" Apollo excuses himself, saying that he has none of his appliances at hand, and could not do the thing in such style as at Colophon or Delphi. At last, however, urged by Zeus to vindicate his art, he delivers an utterly incomprehensible oracle which excites the ribald mirth of Momus. After much discussion, Zeus decides to hear the disputants themselves, but in the end he is driven to admit that he does not know with whom the victory lies!

The "Gods in Council" is a dialogue written in a very similar strain. The object of this meeting is to institute a scrutiny into the rights and titles of the new gods. Momus again is chief spokesman. In the end a solemn decree is drawn up: "Whereas divers aliens, not only Greeks, but also barbarians, who are in nowise entitled to the freedom of our community, have got themselves enrolled as gods, and so crowded heaven that it has become a mere disorderly mob of all nations and languages: and whereas thereby the nectar and ambrosia runs short, so that the latter is now four guineas a pint: and whereas these new-comers, in their impudence, claim precedence for themselves, it seemed good to the Senate and Commons of Olympus to hold a High Court and to elect as Commissioners of Privileges seven of the greater gods—three from the ancient council of the reign of Saturn and four from the twelve gods, of whom Zeus to be one. The business of the meeting is to be the examination of all claims to a seat in Olympus. Those who cannot make good their claims are to be sent back to the tombs of their fathers." Zeus had been intending to put the decree to the vote; but, foreseeing that a great many present would vote against it, he took the safer course of issuing it upon his own authority.

Lord Lyttelton, in his "Dialogues of the Dead," makes Lucian himself explain the presence of Momus in the Pagan Olympus to the questioning Rabelais: "I think our priests admitted Momus into our Heaven, as the Indians are said to worship the devil, through fear. They had a mind to keep fair with him. For we may talk of the giants as we will, but to our gods there can be no enemy as formidable as he. Ridicule is the terror of all false religions."

REVIEWS.

The Censor and the Theatres. By John Palmer. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

This is an elaborate inquiry into the origin and history of the English censorship of plays, and a critical examination of the evidence given before the Joint Select Committee. Mr. Palmer proves that the only argument adduced for the retention of the Censor that has any validity is the one that really condemns the censorship; for if the Lord Chamberlain's licence is, in effect, an insurance policy against common law prosecution, obviously the censorship does not protect the public morals or manners from corruption. Unfortunately, though the case against the censorship is so partisan, based as it is on the rejection of a few plays that are avowedly Puritanical in intent, but little public support can be expected for

the proposed abolition of the office. It may be true, although Mr. Arnold Bennett said it, that the best plays are not written because authors know that they would be refused a licence, but the public cannot be expected to wax enthusiastic on the behalf of plays that have never been written. The logic of the case is undoubtedly with the abolitionists, and Mr. Palmer's proposals that the common law should apply to plays as to the Press, that theatres should be licensed precisely as public-houses are licensed, in the interests of public order and safety, that a play convicted of an offence against the common law on the application of the Public Prosecutor should be prohibited for not more than ten years, that the theatre license should be endorsed on conviction of an offence, and that three endorsements on the license of a single manager should be a ground of confiscation, are all reasonable enough. But we cannot profess very much enthusiasm for the cause of abolition when it is safe to say that not one work of art has been denied a license. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "The Secret Woman," "The Breaking Point," "Waste," "Bethlehem," even Shelley's "Cenci," who would feel fired to resistance against the tyranny that prevented managers from performing these plays for profit? For, be it noted, no censorship applies to plays that are not produced for profit; and if the whole discussion has shown that managers regard censorship as insurance against prosecution, it has also shown that dramatic authors regard it as theft of property when it operates against them. In spite of the clap-trap about art with which they embellish their case, the real reason is that they are not allowed to make money by stage performances of what they protest are not plays, but tracts for the times. The agitation is not artistic in its origin, but mercenary. Shaw, Barker, Housman, Phillpotts, Garnett, and the rest are not artists denied the opportunity of adding a new beauty to drama; they are literary tradesmen denied the opportunity of making money by moral exhibitions of the sins of society. Art is now, as ever, free.

Political Economy. By S. J. Chapman. Home University Library. (Williams & Norgate. 1s. net.)

It is not necessary in England, as it is in America, for the wealthy classes to pay professors to write their political economy. Such is the snobbery of English professors that nine out of ten of them are prepared to black the boots of the possessing classes gratuitously. Professor Chapman is no exception to the rule. In mock-simple but barbarously technical language he contrives to conceal (even, we suspect, from himself) the main facts of real economics, namely, the possession by a few of *all* the instruments of production, including labour. We should like to know how, except in being cheaper, the wage-slave of to day differs from the chattel slave; or, except in being dearer, from horses and cattle, or from any raw material. He simply does not, and it is therefore ridiculous in a text book of real, as distinct from ideal, economics, to consider him separately from the rest of his animate and inanimate fellows. Professor Chapman, however, has not the courage to treat economics realistically, and in consequence he blunders between reality, sentimentality, and politics. On the subject of money he is merely incompetent. We should have thought that his own statement about the legal fixation of the price of gold would have warned him that gold is not susceptible of inclusion under the general law of value. Nevertheless, he attempts to prove that the price of gold is determined by the same laws that determine other prices. On the subject of the effect of trade union action on wages, his views are as nebulous as they appear to be orthodoxly Liberal. The workers are warned that there is a limit beyond which a forced rise of wages would result in the reduction of capital and employing capacity. This is intended to repeat the words of the parrot that trade unionists run the risk of killing the

goose that lays them golden eggs. But if the instruments of production that now take rent, interest, and profits do so not for services rendered (for these are paid in wages), but as taxes for the use of monopolies, it is absurd to conclude that the elimination of these taxes and their absorption into wages would kill any goose but the present competitive wage-slave. "Paradoxical as it may appear," Professor Chapman sentimentiously adds, "a brighter future for labour . . . is bound up with action which will augment capital." The statement is no paradox as it stands, but a simple fact. It is only a paradox if capital is taken, as Professor Chapman has taken it, to mean private capitalists.

Seasonal Trades. By Various Writers. With an Introduction by Sidney Webb. Edited by Sidney Webb and Arnold Freeman. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

The seasonality of trades would have been a more accurate description of the contents of this fascicle of social studies. It is generally known that many trades have a maximum busy time and a minimum slack time, and the object of the present writers has been to discuss precisely when these respective periods occur in a selected number of trades. By no means is it the case that the "season" or "out of season" periods of trades occur simultaneously. On the contrary, as Mr. Webb says in his Introduction, there is no month of the year in which some great industry is not at its best and another at its worst. The volume of trade, in short, is fairly constant the months round. While this is an interesting enough fact in morbid social anatomy, we do not see that it carries us very far. The writers here bound together have enabled Mr. Webb to generalise interestingly but—*cui bono?* The deduction we draw, however, for future use is that the slack periods of trade, so far as they occur naturally, may be utilised by the forthcoming guilds as holidays. A month's holiday every year would be no bad economy.

Divorce and Morality. By C. S. Brenner. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (Frank Palmer. 1s. net.)

The wise policy, says Sir A. Conan Doyle in his preface, "the wise policy of a State which has a dwindling birth-rate is to make marriage easy." And the way, it appears, to make marriage easy is to make divorce easy. We are by no means certain, however, that this will prove the case; and one, certainly, of the demands of the divorce-law reformers will make marriage less desirable—to men, at least—than ever. It is that the identical grounds for divorcing a wife should serve for divorcing a husband as well. Since it is undeniable that at this moment the decline in marriage is due more to men than to women, the proposal to take from man one of his "privileges" does not strike us as a wise policy. If a husband is to have not only a critic, but a possibly litigant critic, on the hearth, he will think thrice for his present twice before entering into marriage. The reformers of the divorce laws had better, therefore, be prepared to argue their case on its merits, apart from the consequences, good or bad, of their proposals on marriage itself. Mr. Brenner is what may be called a whole-hogger in the matter of divorce. Like most ardent propagandists, he has apparently not begun to think of the real objections that may be raised to his propaganda. It is enough for him that the current of articulate objections raised in the Press should be polished off. But nobody relies upon them, or is moved by their refutation. We commend to the notice of sex reformers of all kinds a work recently published by Methuen—"The Malthusian Limit," by Edward Isaacson.

The Maxims of De La Rochefoucauld. (Methuen. 2s. net.)

A second edition (the first was in 1903) of the excellent reprint of the unsurpassed translation attributed to Dean Stanhope, and first published in 1706.

The Malthusian Limit. By Edward Isaacson.
(Methuen. 3s. 6d.)

In his preface Mr. Isaacson disclaims any intention of initiating propaganda, but towards the close of his work he modestly suggests that perhaps he has given an impulse to the Back to the Land movement. Indeed he has, and incidentally he has thrown light upon most of the movements of our day. It would be difficult, in fact, to praise too highly, a work which is at once modest, original, illuminating, and practical. Mr. Isaacson takes as his theory the rational conjecture that sooner or later the population of the world in accordance with Malthus' law will be equal to the world's food supply. Already it is evident that in food-importing countries this condition has been locally reached, and we have only to anticipate the time when countries now food-exporting will no longer be able to spare a surplus, to conceive the world as peopled up to its economic capacity (and in some districts beyond it). The problem will then arise of maintaining population at its maximum food-level. In other words, in place of the kinetic condition of to-day, the Statesmen of the future will have to devise means of maintaining a State condition. Where already, locally, population exceeds local food-supply, this problem, according to Mr. Isaacson, is at present being agitated. It is to be seen, for example, in the Back to the Land movement; a movement primarily instinctive from the over-balance of city to the under-balance of country life. It is to be seen again in the Woman's movement, the existence of which, we are told, is a proof that the country is near its static condition. As means of maintaining the static condition, Mr. Isaacson analyses very acutely the drift of the attempts blindly being made in England to-day to discover the balance between food and population. He sees arising a double class of persons, the fecund class mainly composed of yeomen and rooted in the country, and a surplus sterile class carrying on trades and professions in the cities. These two classes, it is plain, will require in most respects two different sets of legislation and consideration. For the fecund yeoman class the preservation of the family, life and all its conventions is a necessity; the family, in fact, is the true social unit in the rural districts. But in the cities, when *ex hypothesi* no children will be bred or will live, the unit is the individual, and marriage, etc., become practically private matters. To those who would scoff at the suggestion as ridiculous, Mr. Isaacson can point to many evidences as proof of this drift of things. All our social legislation splits for the present on the rock of incompatibility. For instance, our marriage laws, now based on the belief in the universality and desirability of fruitful marriage, are met by the growing objection of city people to regulations inapplicable to childless partnerships. Similarly, in Mr. Isaacson's opinion, proposals to socialise ownership and production, while suitable for adults and cities, are unsuited to agriculture and the village family life. What is therefore needed is a recognition of the two complementary characteristics of rural and urban life, and the adaptation of legislation to their respective needs. The foregoing outline of Mr. Isaacson's thesis fails to convey, however, the variety of subjects on which his analysis throws new light. It is a book that no student should on any account miss.

Constab Ballads. By Claude McKay. (Watts. 1s. 6d. net.)

Lively verses, mostly in lingo, written by a coloured native of Jamaica, formerly a constable, but "lef" on account of having too much sympathy! A hundred side-lights on West India street life may herein be seen by the curious. In one or two of these ballads, love of Nature is shown in simple and very correct language.

An Idyll. By H. E. Moore. (Melrose. 2s.)

We should have said that this writer might comfortably spend eternity turning out trite and polite verses, except for a sign here and there of the restlessness of moral indignation. His metres are correct, but his diction is poetically inadequate.

Pastiche.

IN BETHLEHEM.

Mr. G. B. SHAW: Glory to God in the Highest! What putrescent blasphemy! The Shepherds have seen a Great Light! Who are these pettifogging shepherds? Can any good thing come out of low-born carles? No, my dear Sir. Guild-Socialism is nothing more than State-Socialism. I have proved that long ago. This benighted country of yours never sees its great men even in lamb's wool. I suspect that like all your befogged countrymen you never knew of my brilliant discovery. Let me repeat the old, old tale:

Guild Socialism is Guild Association.

Guild-Socialism is the Association of Guilds,
i.e., The Association of Guild with Guild,
i.e., The Association of all Guilds with all Guilds,
i.e., The Association of all Guilds with The State,
i.e., State Affiliation,
i.e., State Socialism.

Q. E. D.

Nothing is simpler, nothing more profound. That is the paradox. And I have always preached it. But Guild Socialism! The New Messiah? Pshaw!!

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD: What's all this noise about? A New Babe! Don't talk to me of babes. We Parliamentarians have no time to be nursery maids. Refer to my Secretary for my views on the subject. I am too busy. Good day!

Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN: I say, tell me, is this all quite, quite true? Goodness gracious! Who would have thought it? And there's no mistake? It's a living growing thing? Sure? Great Campbell! What a message for the *Commonwealth*. I must scratch it off at once.

Mr. H. G. WELLS: Guild-Socialism! The New Birth! Pooh! It's as old as the moon. I knew all about it long ago. In fact I have always told of its coming. It's nothing new. You shouldn't neglect the classics, young man. Don't you read the "Daily Mail"? Haven't you heard of me? My idea? I always preach it. Now, listen.

We who are rich should help the Poor,

... The rich should help the Poor,

... The rich unions should help the poor unions,
i.e., Unionism.

Now Unionism is what I always preach. I don't know why they call me Socialist. A Socialist is a man who helps himself. I believe in helping others. I am a Unionist till I bust. And Unionism is nothing more than Union Socialism. "Guild" is only the Greek for "union," but I must say I prefer a good old English word to any of these new foreign ones.

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB: Collectivism, my dear Sir, is as irrefutable as a Blue Book, or as an ukase of the Tsar. The Laws of the Roman Empire can never fail. Is your Christ above the Law? But where are these Wise Men of whom you speak? I would fain commune with them.

THE ANGEL HOST: Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Goodwill towards Men.

Let him who reads, rejoice!

MORGAN TUD.

HOW TO ADVERTISE A MODERN PLAY.

"The Youngest Daughter."

We do not for a moment hesitate to express the opinion that were Shakespeare himself to pay a ghostly visit to "The Youngest Daughter" (now enjoying so phenomenal a success at the "Quicksand" Theatre) he would be agreeably surprised to find an entertainment so intensely human winning the applause of large and appreciative audiences. Things in the dramatic line have indeed progressed since the "immortal William" gave his "moody Dane" to the histrionic firmament, and the celebrated author of "The Youngest Daughter," Mr. Boysgall, would have no cause to feel small were the "immortal William" to take him by the hand (as doubtless he would), murmuring in his delicious old English: "You've done it this time, young feller me lad, and no mistake." Yes, there can be no doubt about it whatever, Mr. Boysgall has done it! He is, to-day, one of the few really literary playwrights whom we can claim to possess.

From a strictly vegetarian point of view, we can quite appreciate the statement of Mr. Euston Miles that "the play cannot be said to be faultless." But we must insist that it is an excellent thing for the great play-going public to realise that in our great families to-day such astounding immoralities (we can conceive no other word strong enough) as happened, say ten or twenty years ago (in the period of Mr. Boysgall's play), are in our own en-

lightened times absolutely non-existent. At the same time, however, the Socialist agitator (that wayward child of Mr. Bernard Shaw) will doubtless welcome the play as a marvellously realistic and vivid piece of propaganda, showing how absurd class-distinctions really are, and also how very necessary to the safety of the Empire. The Tory, no less than the satellite of Mr. Lloyd George, will find abundant material in the play to interest them and hold their undivided attention. From the rise of the curtain to its fall upon the extraordinary anti-climax they will greedily absorb the thrilling denouement and applaud vociferously. The characters are drawn with a fidelity to life rivalled only by the "immortal William."

We recommend this production to those who are suffering from an excess of uric acid or flatulence. A list of plays suitable for various other maladies will be found on page 3.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

DEMOS.

Demos! I give thee a cross for thy brow
Fashioned of steel and pointed with flame,
See! How it writhes in thy grasp—even now
It trembles and quivers at the sound of thy name.
Look on it long, perchance thou shalt see
A vision of Souls, doomed, pitiful, sad,
Shattered and dead. Souls that if free
Would have sung of the Sun and the Sky and the Sea—
And for me. . . .
I give thee the pain of my unwept tears
Thou slayer and tomb of my silent years.

EFFEE.

THE DREAM.

He thought to lift his land—by one swift stroke—
From tyranny, from chains, from the oppressor's yoke.

Beneath the blackness of the Volga's night,
As black a dungeon holds from human sight.

Him who abandoned all—for liberty;
Him who Heaven's sunshine nevermore shall see.

And night and day submerged in one—they drag—
The heavy hours—and his senses flag,

Beneath the load that crushes out the man,
Till't leaves him, stricken, where his race began,

In savagery's domain. On stone-cold floor
He lies enchained. And through the golden door

Of God's own sleep, a vision comes to him,
As pure and fresh as Eden was—ere Sin

Fell on the world, and Grief, and Cold, and Night—
A vision of his boyhood's lost delight.

By the fair streamlet's brink, that, near his home
Wandered and rippled, did his young steps roam.

And flowers in countless beauty round him sprang;
And trills of birds from all the branches rang.

And, on his brow, Heaven's breezes went and came,
And hark!—his mother's voice—calling his name.

A change—the spell is broken in his brain—
His keeper's step—the rattle of his chain—

It was a dream.

BLANCHE ADELINE WATSON.

CUI BONO?

(Lines to a Lady's Picture.)
What is fortune? What is fame?
But mere prizes in a game.
What is life and what is death?
But the rise and fall of breath.
What availeth? What's worth while?
Answer, Lady of the Smile.

W. Y. D.

FROM MY STUDY WINDOW.

Odd bits of sacking; half-burned bones,
Some tin cans beside heaps of stones,
Empty bottles and broken glass—
These are the sights my eyesight has
For contemplation when it looks
Up from the leaves of sordid books.

W. Y. D.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DISCREDITING THE CAUCUS.

Sir,—Amongst other things I am ignorant of the mass of foreign politics, and part of my nescience consists in not knowing whether the power of the Caucus is as absolute in France as in England. If it is, then please contrast the following passages, both from THE NEW AGE of December 5:—

"The best thing the working classes can do in politics is to refrain from voting. . . . If at the next election the polls went down to fifty per cent. of the electorate, the Caucus would be morally defeated. . . . But while the Caucus can rely on polling ninety per cent. of the electorate for any set of candidates it chooses, its power is absolute."—"Miscellaneous Notes on Guild-Socialism."

"They [the French people] mistrust all politicians to such an extent that at times of general elections only from one-third to one-half of the people take the trouble to go to the poll."—"S. Verdad in 'Foreign Affairs.'" An obvious deduction from the former quotation is that when the Caucus cannot rely on ninety per cent. of the electorate, its power will not be absolute. But if Mr. Verdad's figures are correct; and if France is governed by a Caucus; then the theory of the writer of "Miscellaneous Notes on Guild-Socialism" is not supported by the facts—at least in France.

I think it would be as well to have this point cleared up—if only to sustain the faith of one reader in the generally unimpeachable character of the arguments advanced by the first above-quoted writer.

D. O. ROBERTSON.

[There does not appear to us any contradiction between the two statements. The writer of the "Notes" predicts the discrediting of the Caucus as a consequence of absentions from the polls. Mr. S. Verdad concludes from the French abstentions that in France the Caucus is discredited. As a further proof our correspondent may be reminded that a compulsory Insurance Act failed in operation in France.—Ed. N. A.]

* * *

THE BLACK PERIL.

Sir,—Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, in his letter in your issue of September 28, states: "It has never been to the interest of European capital to maintain the Turk." Surely an astonishing observation in view of the history of such men as the late Baron Hirsch. Men of his stamp to-day—concessionaires, monopoly-hunters, and all the gang of financiers must be lamenting the fall of the Turk, for both under Abdul Hamid and the Young Turk, these gentry used to fill the Pera hotels hunting for concessions, and with well-lined purses for bribery of officials.

Mr. Pickthall may admit that under the old régime Turkey was the happy hunting ground of the shady capitalist—but that under the new all was changed. Are figs of thistles or grapes of thorns, and from the Masonic Lodges of Salonica are we to expect financial purity?

It surely must be patent to all that the Bulgarian Government is not likely to be so complaisant to capitalists—its officials will not be so easy to bribe, and therefore when last August Bulgaria tried to raise a small loan of £300,000, the whole financial power of Europe was used to prevent her. Why did the capitalists of Europe unite in trying to prevent the war if they had no desire to maintain the Turk?

But apart from concession hunters and such; it was and is to the interest of the ordinary capitalist—the English cotton-spinner or Scotch distiller—to maintain the Turk because he was (financially speaking) their servant. The very customs duties (an absurd uniform tariff of 12½ per cent) were regulated and formed by the foreign financial interests—so that one found the astonishing result that whisky in Constantinople was about half the price at which it is sold in Scotland. Now it is certain Bulgaria and the others will exercise full customs control over the occupied territories, and presently we shall hear protests from all the Chambers of Commerce.

As to the general question, I agree with Mr. Ezra Pound that judged by results, Turkish government has been an appalling failure. One had only to cross the Turco-Bulgarian frontier to see—on one side decay, on the other well-planned towns and well-kept farms; on one side miserable-looking, cowed peasants—on the other sturdy, independent-looking yeomen.

PIERSE LOFTUS.

THE "WHITE SLAVE" BILL.

Sir,—Mrs. Hastings' scepticism as to White Slave stories seems to me by no means superfluous. It was officially stated that the number of girls and women of all ages reported to the London police as missing, and untraced, was, for the preceding twelve months, 152. These figures are, of course, vital to the case for the Bill, yet in a representative assortment of literature issued by the Pass-the-Bill Committee I found not a single reference to them, except in one pamphlet, which states that the number of those under twenty-one was 54 for the last twelve weeks. The quiet assumption that every one of these cases was due to the White Slave traffic is perhaps not worth remarking on.

Another leaflet from the same source gives as an instance of the need for strengthening the law, a third-hand anecdote about a flashy man who was going to take a servant girl out to lunch.

At the Kingsway meeting the only specific instance given was the case of a girl who had disappeared from a cab two years ago, nothing whatever being known as to how or whither. On the same occasion Dr. Mary Murdock horrified us by revealing the fact that, in the case of juvenile theatrical troupes, any member of the audience taking a fancy to one of the girls or boys has only to send a note with remittance to the manager for a sale to be effected on the spot. At this the young women round me cried "Shame!" and "It is quite true."

It does not seem so long since the suffragettes were saying unkind and accusing things about the police, but now who so eager to laud them as woman's guardian angels, totally incapable of abusing omnipotence? I was once moved to follow two such protectors who were dragging a girl through the streets for creating a scene about a ticket at a booking office. At the police station my protests and proffered evidence were met with hardly veiled threats, studied insolence and the conclusive argument, "She is a prostitute."

Mrs. Hastings asks for particulars about "rescue homes." Does she not know that any outrage upon liberty is holy work if done in the name of "morality"? When I was a student there came once to my rooms a fellow-undergraduate asking for subscriptions to an organisation for keeping unofficial detectives to watch girls in the town, and if their behaviour justified it, follow them and force their mothers to send them to "homes." Illuminating, indeed, was the sincerely pained amazement of that undergraduate when I suggested that such proceedings might possibly be not wholly admirable.

As with liberty and justice, so with truth. How many a girl has sunk to a life of vice because she believed that a single indiscretion had stamped her as "ruined" for life? Yet the superstition is deliberately fostered "in the interests of morality."

In deference to Mrs. Fawcett, I sign myself,
SON OF BELIAL.

* * *

Sir,—May I ask what good purpose Mrs. Hastings thinks to serve by making such remarks as those about the feeding of infants? Does she want to set women against feeding their children? She runs a risk of doing so. And may I query whether she would really feel as bad about the seduction of a boy as the forcible abduction of a girl? Surely the two are not comparable.

E. WENDERS.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: I should not say such things to my own mother, but then my mother simply did the feeding and would have looked quaintly at these modern souls who gush about the holiness of feeding one's own child. Miss Wenders should read a few of the disgustingly sensual books on babies and maternity which have been published since the "rise" of women; she might hate them, might even turn the hose of ridicule on them.]

When I wrote about the seduction of a boy, I had in mind the teaching of unnatural vice, which may conceivably turn out more disastrously than even a forcible seduction.]

* * *

DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—Twenty years ago Oscar Wilde wrote with profound insight: "High hopes were once formed of democracy; but democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people." These words, apparently so paradoxical when they were written, have turned out to be sober truth. England has now had a powerful Labour Party for seven years. It was elected to endeavour to abolish poverty, and it has done little else than assail liberty. It has said very little about sweated

trades, but has been loud in denunciation of well-paid trades like that of barmaid. It has revived flogging, and made English public-houses more cheerless than they were before. It has been unfriendly to music halls, and inclined to promote Sunday observance. In short, it has made England a little less merry, but left it as poor as ever.

In the United States we see a more advanced stage of the same thing. There you have democracy carried almost to its limit—initiative, referendum, election and recall of judges, and Heaven knows what besides. There are very few Labour members, but an enormous proportion of American politicians have been working men, and have the same essential type of thought as the English Labour member. The result is that liberty has been bludgeoned there as it has not yet been in any European country. At this moment the United States Government is prosecuting a hundred and seventy-three doctors for supplying Neo-Malthusian information such as can be obtained anywhere in England. The newspapers say that all Neo-Malthusian devices must be entirely "stamped out." I do not know what the sentences will be, but the last Neo-Malthusian doctor got ten years' penal servitude, and a fine of two thousand pounds. You can imagine England having "imprisonment for fornicators and death for adulterous lovers." America has these already. All over the Union men and women are in gaol for simple fornication. Death for adultery has not yet been legalised, but it is perfectly understood that any person who kills an adulterer will escape without punishment, provided he is not more distant than tenth cousin to some of the persons concerned. This is known as "the unwritten law," and is illustrated every week. Some years ago a man and woman lived together in Kentucky without being married. A mob collected and set fire to their house. The man tried to escape, but was shot dead. The woman was burned to death in the house.

In the United States society is covered with a network of spies and delators, which has never been equalled since the days of Tiberius and Nero. An army of women are continually kept in the pay of the Post Office, writing decoy letters to doctors and all kinds of reformers, to try and get them to send some incriminating matter through the mails. When a prisoner is consulting with his lawyer the police listen at the key-hole, or place a dictograph where it will receive and report the whole conversation. All seaside resorts, public parks, and other places of amusement, swarm with detectives, male and female, watching for cases of fornication. A woman will approach you on the beach, smile, and say "How do you do?" You reply, and she at once arrests you for insulting her. This identical case lately occurred in Vancouver, but there are so many English people there that public opinion would not stand it. In the United States it is an everyday occurrence. The United States Post Office has just made a rule that no unmarried woman can receive letters at a Poste Restante unless she furnishes a satisfactory explanation to the authorities.

All this has the enthusiastic support of American Socialists and Labourites, except that they are angry when the spy system is applied to themselves. No American Socialist paper has ever, to my knowledge, said a word for liberty. Milwaukee is the only constituency which has ever elected a Socialist to Congress. Some time ago the Socialist paper of that town said that adultery would be punished under Socialism more severely than at present.

I need hardly say that there is far less liberty of the Press in the United States than in any European country. Innumerable books which circulate freely in England would bring many years of imprisonment on any man who tried to circulate them in the United States. The editor of the principal Socialist paper has just committed suicide because of the ferocity with which he was hounded by the Government.

It is easy to see why Labour and Socialist Members are just the kind of tools that are needed to bring about such tyranny. Such men have no largeness or liberality of thought. They are reared in the narrow creed of some Nonconformist chapel, and they never receive any kind of education which tends to broaden the mind. They never hear any question discussed by men of intellect of opposite opinions. By a tremendous effort of thought such a man may become a Socialist or Syndicalist, but after his conversion he is as narrow a man as he was before. If a Socialist, he loathes an Anarchist or Syndicalist. As a rule, he is dominated to the end by the teaching he learnt at his mother's knee, and even his Socialism is only a thin veneer. His mother told him that "vice" was an infinitely more terrible thing than poverty, and he believes it to the end. A man like Bernard Shaw can see that it is better to be a prostitute than to work

in a white lead factory, but Will Crooks would never really believe that. To him a procureur is a thousand times worse than a sweater. Such a man is a steady tool for Nonconformist sweaters. He is a better bulwark for the middle class than any middle class man could be.

There is no hope for democracy or Socialism so long as people imagine that the election of ignorant men will do any good. One Hyndman or Cunninghame Graham is worth more than forty Labour Members. Better elect nobody than elect mere tools. A campaign of intellectual enlightenment is more needed by the masses than the election of anybody.

R. B. KERR.

THE CREATION OF MATTER.

Sir,—To argue and reason with a man who takes it for granted that 10,000 years of belief in an absurdity (that Essence is quite apart from Existence) is a proof that such a belief is sound and reasonable; make me hesitate whether it is worth while occupying the valuable space of THE NEW AGE for the continuation of the discussion. However, since some of my personal friends evinced an interest in the subject, it might please them if I will continue it, though I cannot hope to convince M. B. Oxon. He is perhaps aware that for several thousand years people believed in the supernatural power of idols and fetishes, images, and saints, "despite the march of science."

"When in twenty years time 'matter' has been observed to non-exist, they will be found to have changed their position again." I am really perplexed, and do not know what to reply to such an observation! Since, if in twenty years' time matter will be found to be non-existent, then there will be none left to observe anything and none to change positions. We will do better to leave none to change positions. We will do better to leave such twaddle alone, and to try and see if we cannot come to terms about the main question.

M. B. Oxon seems to be somewhat reconciled to my process of reasoning. He, however, objects to my "cannots." Well, perhaps I am a little too definite in my phraseology. It is certainly safer, and more in accordance with modern writing to be circumlocutious, never to call a spade a spade. If one were to be asked whether twice two can be five, or whether there can be a round square, he could safely answer, it "cannot," although it could be pointed out to him, that his judgment is only based on experience, and that a time *might* come when it *will* be discovered how to make a round square.

To hope for a time when the general belief in the indestructibility of matter will be proven false, is analogous to the example of the round square.

M. B. Oxon, in expanding his original statement, exposes more the absurdity of his argument. He says: "Either matter (1) created itself (by some thinkable process, which is nonsense, or (2) by a transcendental (un-thinkable) process, or (3) it was created from outside (which is really thinkable). If the materialists insist on a thinkable process they are limited to (1) or (3)—one being rational, the other absurd."

To all the above quotations I can only reply: Firstly, that (3) is as absurd as (1). The mind which can imagine (3) as a *thinkable* process, is more than human; because human thought cannot conceive the bringing into existence of the universe, from a state of non-existence, whether by an outside or inside power. Secondly, we so-called materialists do not at all insist on any thinkable or unthinkable process as regards the creation of matter. Being only human, our minds stop at that point, just as they stop at the point of the limit of "Space" or the beginning of "Time"; we leave such problems to the *believers*. We only know this: That matter exists. That it is indestructible. From those two facts our minds logically lead us to the conclusion. That since we cannot conceive matter as non-existing, we cannot therefore conceive a *beginning* of matter.

When you cannot conceive a beginning of something, you are obliged to attribute to it *ever-existence* or *ever-lasting*; though it may appear to M. B. Oxon as "poaching on transcendental grounds." In my humble opinion, the real poachers are the *believers*, who now and then crawl out from the precincts of "Faith" into the sphere of "Reason."

JOSEPH FINN.

COINCIDENCE.

Sir,—I am happier than I can say to learn that Mr. Arthur Ransome and I have apparently arrived at one or two, or three or four similar conclusions by perfectly independent paths. Such confirmation is most gratifying. No one courts it more than I do. Let me, however, assure Mr. Ransome quite sincerely that in the letter I wrote to THE NEW AGE of the 12th inst. I was much more anxious to protest on my own behalf against a suspicion that very

naturally arose in the minds of my friends than to make dark suggestions against any one. In fact, I was much more desirous of asking a question than of making any accusation.

And alas! in Mr. Ransome's letter of the 19th what do I find? I find that if my friends had been suspecting me all the while of publishing my opinions after Mr. Ransome's had appeared, at least, in the matter of Kant's relationship to the aesthetes of the latter part of the 19th century, there would have been some grounds for their suspicions. Mr. Ransome says that in a book published early this year, and in articles published still earlier, this relationship had been stated by him as an observed fact. Now I confess that though the idea had been long in my mind, it was actually written for THE NEW AGE only in August, 1912.

How do I know but what the phrase which I had been nursing these last three years for the title of my next book, the phrase "Art for Life's Sake," which appeared first in my book "Nietzsche and Art" in 1911 (delivered in lecture form in 1910), and subsequently in THE NEW AGE of August 8th, 1912, the argument concerning the fact that the creation of a work of art involves the collaboration of two artists, the producer and spectator, first published in this phraseology in THE NEW AGE on September 19th, 1912—the attitude assumed against the concentration upon technique (Nietzsche and Art, 1911)—the statement that art is life itself, first written in THE NEW AGE in July, 1912, and in my preface to Van Gogh's letters two or three months later—and one or two peculiarly characteristic developments (not mere restatements) of Nietzsche's fundamental and valuable analysis of the "conflict of values" in art, published in my "Nietzsche and Art"—who knows, I say, but what all these things may not have found an earlier and, perhaps, better exponent in Mr. Ransome's writings?

It only remains for me to repeat that my letter was a question, not a suggestion, and to express my genuine delight at the thought that another thinker, starting apparently from the same original source (Nietzsche's philosophy) with myself, has arrived at many conclusions similar to my own. For I am not a deep reader of modern writers, and I may say with equal candour (and perhaps more regret) of Mr. Ransome's works, what he says of my own: that I have no knowledge of them. I also had no knowledge of the fact that Mr. James Creed Meredith had noticed the similarity of ideas held by Wilde, Whistler, and Kant.

The coincidences I mention are all the more striking owing to the fundamental nature of the doctrines involved, and they leave me in no doubt that, if ever I had the pleasure of discussing these matters with Mr. Ransome, he and I would discover that, unknown to each other, we had traversed much the same ground.

This new cry "Art for Life's Sake," which, of course, I qualify by describing the *kind* of life for which Art must struggle, is one by which I lay such great store, that those who support it cannot be too many in number, or too vehement in their pleading. Meanwhile, until this cry is taken up by others, I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that Mr. Ransome, this solitary sharer of my views, will bear me no grudge for my "cleverly-worded" question, and that he will accept my assurance that I absolutely repudiate any adherence whatever to the unsavoury suggestions which it may be thought to have contained.

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

* * *

Sir,—A charge of plagiarism, however frivolous, is always damaging; and since I am able to clear Mr. Ransome of the ingenious accusation which Mr. Ludovici has brought against him, it seems to be my duty to do so. In the first place, Mr. Ransome has been discoursing to me for a good many years now on æsthetic theory; and the article of which Mr. Ludovici complains is, as I can see quite clearly, the perfectly natural and inevitable result of a long process of individual speculation. The substance of the article was implicit in Mr. Ransome's mind, and had become explicit in his conversation, long before we had either of us heard of Mr. Ludovici. Mr. Ludovici's work is not in the least required to explain the occurrence of anything in Mr. Ransome's article. And, in the second place, I happen to know that Mr. Ransome has not read Mr. Ludovici's book. Mr. Ransome never buys a book if he can borrow it. I advised him to read Mr. Ludovici's book, and he at once proposed to borrow it; but for some reason or other he did not do so, and he has not done so yet. If he had read the book, I know quite well he would have borrowed my copy and kept it. But it is still on my shelves. I must ask Mr. Ludovici to accept these statements.

However, there is very little in Mr. Ludovici's accu-

sation. To talk of Mr. Ransome "paraphrasing" his work is simply nonsense; and it can only be a rather childish vanity which suspiciously sees in this "English Review" article and in Mr. Ludovici's own writing a "series of parallel passages." The fact is, that serious æsthetic theory can only go one way nowadays; but I see no particular reason why Mr. Ludovici should be allowed to pose as cock of that walk. I certainly read Mr. Ludovici's book with a great deal of admiration; though, I am afraid, the parts of it which I remember most clearly are its absurdities. But the reason why I admired it was only because it gave lucid and vigorous expression to opinions which Mr. Ransome and I (and doubtless some others) had often discussed. I do not remember being annoyed by the "coincidence." I was only annoyed that such excellent stuff as the book contained should be mixed with unimportant vapourings. If ever I write a book on æsthetic theory, it is probable that I shall steal from Mr. Ludovici; having read him, I am fortunately able to steal from him. If I happen to remember that I am stealing, I shall acknowledge the theft. But I shall be more concerned with a right valuation of art, and with my endeavours to knock some sense into the heads of a few English readers, than with notions of private property in ideas.

But Mr. Ludovici's accusation is so fantastic and so pointless that there must be some obscure reason for it. I wonder if I have hit on this. I remember, one day, when arguing this "Art for Life's Sake" theory with Mr. Ransome in the parlour of a public-house, a very sinister-looking person, who was drinking hop-bitters, appeared to take an intense interest in our discussion. Can this person have been Mr. Ludovici? And did he rush back to London, with that bitter drink in his stomach and our fine words in his brain, and set to at once on "Nietzsche and Art"? And, having plagiarised from us, does he now seek to hide his guilt by accusing Mr. Ransome of plagiarising from him? Yes, I see now what I should have done, when that stimulating book of Mr. Ludovici's appeared. I should have written at once to the papers, accusing him of listening to our private conversation, and of dealing out its substance, mixed with the vapours of hop-bitters, to a University College audience.

At any rate, if I had made that accusation, it would have been just about as sensible as Mr. Ludovici's.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

* * *

A SPORTING OFFER.

Sir,—I hate waste. It bores me to see my valued colleague, the writer of "Present-Day Criticism," wasting himself on a man who does stunts for the "Evening News." What has Mr. Arthur Machen got to do with literature or literary criticism? Oh, Sir, let me make you a proposition. Give me your Machens and things to rub over. I will do you a beautiful column, "Pegs and Persons," washing 'em out clean and hanging 'em up to dry, no chemicals used and faithful delivery promised. Then my gifted friend may cease to concern himself with journalists. A small specimen of my style and matter may induce you towards a favourable decision.

"We hear from unimpeachable quarters that our esteemed contemporary, 'The Oxford and Cambridge Review,' is about to change its name to 'The British Review,' and to come down to elevenpence three-farthings, for the avowed purpose of competing with 'The English Review.' We shouldn't put success absolutely past it.

"'Rhythm' has announced its intention of publishing a Literary Supplement to its ordinary contents. It needs one badly."

There, Sir, that's the sort of thing, cackle and clichés, and quite good enough for a bunch of nobodies and their nothings.

T. K. L.

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

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

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

DRAWING AND PAINTING. — SICKERT AND GOSSE, Rowlandson House, 140, Hampstead Road, N.W. Re-opened Oct. 21.

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

YOUNG "NEW AGE" READER (24) seeks Employment, any capacity. Good draughtsman.—E. HARROLD, 8, Forest Road, Cardiff.

You must Read Our 1912-13 Annual The African Times and Orient Review

A Literary Production which is not an Advertising Sheet.

OVER 100 PAGES of LITERATURE
28 Full-Page ART ILLUSTRATIONS
Five Quaint Full-Page Drawings illustrating Six
Quatrains of Omar Khayyám.

An Annual differing from all other Annuals.

CONTENTS.

THE COLERIDGE-TAYLOR MEMORIAL FUND
KATEBET THE PRIESTESS. By Duse Mohamed
A KISS. By Charles Rosher
INTER-IMPERIAL GOODWILL. By Jas. C. Smith
THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY IN JAPAN. By "J."
THE CHILD OF THE NIGHT. By Walter Everett Hawkins
BAGHDAD: BAZAARS AND BEGGARS. By Ellis Schaap
IN A TIME OF FLOWERS. By Sarojini Naidu
THE NEGRO SOCIETY FOR HISTORICAL RESEARCH, YONKERS,
NEW YORK. By David B. Fulton, Librarian
WE TWO IN BRITTANY. By Kathleen Fraser
THE EVENING AFTERGLOW. By His Majesty the late
Emperor of Japan, trans. by J. Ingram Bryan
SARBAH: THE AFRICAN SAVANT. By W. F. Hutchinson
A HEART-CALL: TO "MEN OF COLOUR." By Chas. D. Clem,
Chanute, Kansas (U.S.A.)
BRITISH MUSEUM TYPES. By Delta
RANDOM NOTES ON THE TURKS. By Charles Rosher
WE IN INDIA. By Sundara Raja
BLACK AND WHITE IN AFRICA. By Bagan Dozhi
THE POETRY OF WALTER EVERETT HAWKINS
ST. SOPHIA: CATHEDRAL AND MOSQUE. By Charles Rosher
WANDERINGS AND RECOLLECTIONS. By Dr. W. MacGregor
Reid.
PERSIAN POETS. By Syed. H. R. Abdul Majid, LL.D.
AN HOUR WITH HARRIET TUBMAN. By James B. Clark
BIOGRAPHIES IN BRIEF
ABDUL. By Duse Mohamed
OUR FESTIVE MENU
"WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE——"
MEDLEY: A KASHMIRI SONG. By Mrs. Sarojini Naidu

PRICE 1/- NET. ORDER AT ONCE.

Published at 158, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

A Half-crown Review at Sixpence!

THE AFRICAN TIMES AND ORIENT REVIEW

Edited by Duse Mohamed.

POLITICS :: ART :: LITERATURE :: COMMERCE

IS A UNIQUE MONTHLY
devoted to the highest interests
of the Darker Races of Mankind

You cannot be well informed unless you read
"The African Times and Orient Review."

PRICE 6d. net. 6s. per annum.



LORD BURNHAM