

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1068] NEW SERIES. Vol. XII. No. 17. THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1913. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A NEW series of suffragist outrages, culminating in the attempt to blow up Mr. Lloyd George's new country house at Walton Heath, Epsom, has once more drawn attention to the women's movement. We have Mrs. Drummond giving the attempt her approval, and Mrs. Pankhurst not merely approving but also expressing her willingness to assume responsibility and threatening to "hunger strike" if she is sent to gaol. We will, therefore, take this opportunity of supplementing our remarks on the woman's movement which appeared in *THE NEW AGE* of August 22 and 29 of last year. In those Notes we showed, and showed conclusively, we think, to any person whose mind was open to reasonable conviction, that the movement was largely a movement of fallacies, that the ends pursued by the agitators were obscure, even to themselves, and that those obscure ends were being pursued by improper means, that the movement bore no relation to the Labour movement, that the attempts to burn theatres and to break windows were as disagreeable to the agents as to the sufferers; and that, in short, the women thus engaged were suffering from such nervous disorders that their actions were quite beyond their control. The treatment for such disorders, as we pointed out, was a sanatorium or a hydro rather than a prison.

* * *

So far as the women's movement in its relation to Labour and to society is concerned, we have nothing to add to or retract from what we wrote in *THE NEW AGE* six months ago; and our remarks this week may be taken as having reference to the Government even more

than to the suffragists. We do not so much intend to criticise recent aspects of the women's movement as endeavour to show the futility of force, whether exercised on the part of the suffragists against the Government, or on the part of the Government against the suffragists and against strikers. We have already had occasion to condemn Mr. McKenna's forceful methods of treating a form of disease as if it were a form of crime; and the events of the intervening period since August last have certainly not encouraged us to expect greater intelligence from the Home Secretary's Department. Militant outrages have increased with increased sentences and heavier fines; though it is satisfactory to note that the actual number of so-called militants would appear to have decreased. Our observations of the movement during the past six months, however, have convinced us that the agitation is more than ever a form of nervous trouble; and that it is, with every successive outrage, becoming more pathological. All the more ridiculous, therefore, is the ill-conceived plan of fine and imprisonment adopted by the Government for dealing with it. If a doctor, in the course of his ordinary practice, is called in to prescribe for a woman who shows signs of incipient neuritis or hysteria, it would never occur to him that she should be bundled off to a solitary cell and fed there forcibly with a rubber tube. He would be more likely to order immediate change of air, of diet, and of companionship, the latter being by no means the least important.

* * *

When we say that the militant women are simply suffering from a form of neuropathy, and that they should be dealt with by a neurologist rather than by magistrates, policemen, and warders, we are not making an offensive accusation; we are merely stating a scientific fact. Our assertion will be upheld by any experienced observer who has witnessed recent women's demonstrations at close hand and noted the characteristics of the female participants—the strained, glaring eyes, the quick gasps of excitement, the spasmodic throbbing and convulsion of every visible nerve and muscle, the quivering, high-strung voices, and, worst of all, perhaps, that occasional peculiar giggling of the neuropathic patient which at once sets the medical attendant on the alert. In lending their countenance to forms of agitation which necessarily encourage and develop these symptoms, it seems to us that the elderly leaders of the women's suffrage movement are incurring a responsibility, the full extent and grave character of which they do not appear to have realised. If the veterans of the Socialistic movement were to insist on

their younger followers drinking a gallon of bad gin and smoking a hundred cheap cigarettes and half a pound of opium a day, we do not see that they would be giving any more deleterious encouragement to the physical and mental qualities of their supporters than the encouragement now being given by the older leaders of the women's movement to the young women who are, in a very definite sense, under their control and in their charge. We sum up the most serious tactical defect of the women's agitation when we assert, as we do, that the non-catamenial women in it do not make anything like sufficient allowance for the neuropathic effects of the campaign on their weaker followers; and with these words we leave this purely scientific aspect of the movement to other pens.

* * *

What, however, are we to say of the attitude of the Government? It is useless to speak seriously of the employment of "force" in connection with the feminine agitation for votes. No class in England, no sex, ever had a "right" to the vote, as all classes have in France, and as all classes and a large proportion of the female sex have in the United States. Here the vote has invariably been conceded as a privilege by those above to those below; and there are still some five or six million adult men in England waiting for the favour. Emphatically we act up to Bluntschli's dictum: "The elector derives his right to vote, not from nature, but from the State." To think that the women can secure this favour by breaking windows and exploding bombs is grotesque; not even the Russian revolutionaries, who know their business much better than the women know theirs, have made any progress in that way, as we have pointed out once or twice before. Strength for strength, woman is hopelessly inferior to man; and, as things are at present, the forces at the disposal of the State are easily capable of dealing with the suffragists, even if every one of them became a militant to-morrow. But this very fact, we apprehend, does not mean that the Government is at liberty to employ the powerful forces of the State to combat the puny forces of the suffragists; we have not yet begun to use steam-hammers to crack nuts. We said six months ago that militant methods were a profound mistake; but Mr. McKenna's stupidity in dealing with them is, if anything, even more reprehensible. For he is, after all, a member of the ruling forces of the country, and, since he is such, it is his duty to set an intellectual and spiritual example in dealing with disorders that demand intellectual and spiritual treatment.

* * *

Such an example on the part of the Government is all the more necessary, in view of the brutal and barbaric notions of punishment still prevailing among the lower intellectual orders of the populace. We do not, let it be noted, refer to the working classes, who are much more tolerant and better endowed with a sense of the humorous than the middle and lower-middle classes. It is people belonging to the two latter classes who have written to the newspapers during the week, suggesting that militant suffragists should be imprisoned and left to starve if they did not take their food, or that they should have their heads shaved. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Francis Burnand, and other nonentities, brought into prominence for a single flashlight moment by the "Weekly Dispatch" as persons competent to give an opinion on the matter, recommend deportation—a typical bourgeois view, this—Sir Arthur Markham would "let them die," and so on. A perusal of the correspondence in the newspapers is sufficient to show that the most cruel and loathsome suggestions of punishment—such as head-shaving—come from the average married woman of the middle classes; the next most cruel plans, of course, coming from clergymen. When all these facts are taken into consideration, we cannot lay too much emphasis on the assertion that, in this particular case, the Cabinet exists above all for the purpose of putting average opinion entirely aside, and should be guided, in turn guiding the nation, by the best minds available. We are confronted with a pro-

blem that demands a spiritual solution; and it is useless as well as dangerous to try to solve it by an appeal to force or to the crude, second-rate opinions of the average man and woman. Indeed, the irresponsible dolts who recommend such plans as the ducking-stool for militant women and transportation for labour "agitators," would be the last to venture to put into practice the very remedies they suggest, if they were ever called upon to do so. We must have intelligence, and not stupidity.

* * *

Here, however, we leave the women's movement and enter upon a broader field. Our complaint against the members of the Cabinet, individually and collectively, is that they have never yet shown any signs of being able to deal with unrest, no matter whence it sprang, in a properly spiritual way. Murder has been met with hanging, exactly as the hunger strike has been met with forcible feeding; and both forms of treatment merely differ in degree of barbaric severity and inefficacy. Similarly, Labour unrest has been met with the truncheons of policemen, and, where the truncheons of policemen did not suffice, with the loaded rifles of the regular Army. Time after time we have had occasion to complain of the intellectual bankruptcy of the Cabinet. Almost exactly a year ago, for example, in *THE NEW AGE* of February 29, 1912, we found it necessary to criticise Sir Edward Grey's bland assurance that the three enemies which the country had to combat—old age, accident, and sickness—had been conquered respectively by old age pensions, the Workmen's Compensation Act, and national insurance. And just as Sir Edward Grey could not see, or professed not to see, that Poverty was the real enemy, the enemy that brought these minor evils in its train, so to-day we have to complain of the spiritual ineptitude of a Cabinet that supports the Insurance Act, still punishes murder by hanging, and still regards the rubber tube as adequate treatment for neuricity turned sour. We thought, and still maintain, that the women's demands were fantastic, useless, and unnecessary; but we are willing to admit at once that, in the earlier stages of the campaign, they were put forward with some show of argument in many books, periodicals, pamphlets, and speeches. The arguments were usually silly, the logic defective, and the analogies strained to the breaking-point; but the mere extension of the suffrage campaign, if nothing else, indicated that they were at least sufficiently plausible to deserve an adequate reply. That reply was provided by Sir Almroth Wright's now celebrated letter in the "Times," and by the Notes in the two issues of *THE NEW AGE* already referred to; but the most diligent inquiry on our part has failed to discover any other spiritual counter-arguments in the Press or on the platform; and certainly least of all in Cabinet Ministers' speeches.

* * *

Exactly the same remark applies to the demands of Labour. Economist after economist, even Mr. Chiozza Money himself, pointed out time and again that real wages had been steadily falling for the last fifteen years, and that the Labour unrest was not so much a movement to secure increased wages as to raise wages to their former level, low enough though that level was. What reply did the Cabinet make to statements like these, put forward as they were by responsible speakers, and writers, by men so widely diverse as Mr. Bonar Law himself and the hacks on the "Daily News"? None. We said that real wages were falling, which was a carefully-prepared argument; the Chancellor of the Exchequer retorted with "ninepence for fourpence," which was a carefully prepared lie. Mr. Lloyd George, elaborating his theme in tones as suave as those of the spider putting an invitation to the fly, told us of the blessings of his Insurance Act, a task in which he was ably assisted by all the Dodsons and Foggs of the Liberal Front Bench. That was all; that and a few vague references to further instalments of relief by doles, with an occasional pious mention of the Kingdom of God. No Cabinet

Minister of our time appears to have been gifted with the ability to see industrial and social problems steadily and to see them whole. At any rate, no attempt was made to give reasoned answers to the various arguments put forward on behalf of Labour—the most important subject of all—woman's suffrage, a non-compulsory Insurance Act, or any of the other problems which have arisen since 1906. The Cabinet has very unwisely chosen to treat reason with contempt and to rely upon force, and force alone.

It is almost superfluous, let us hope, for us to point out how grave a system this is, and what a speedy return to barbarism it means unless it is checked. Force—which Machiavelli described as a means of contending “proper to beasts”—is a treacherous servant. Even the most cruel men in history have hesitated to resort to it; for its consequences are at best lamentable and usually disastrous. If, however, force is to be employed at all in extreme circumstances, consistency demands that it should be employed in accordance with those rules which Machiavelli has expressed most clearly and briefly—it should be logically employed in such a way that the object on which it is exercised is stamped out for good and all. When, for example, a woman sentenced to two or three months' imprisonment is fed forcibly for a few weeks and then discharged, the use of force has utterly failed. Either it should not be employed at all, or it should be employed to the last extremity. Again, the Labour unrest is not settled merely when a demonstration on Tower Hill is dispersed by a baton charge. Irritation is caused all around, and no result is attained. Give us the means placed by the great capitalists at the disposal of our kept Government, and we will undertake to crush the present Labour unrest in such a way that it will never again raise its head. It is true that, in such circumstances, postulating drastic action, England would never again raise her head, either, and that the British Empire would crumble to pieces; but the capitalists, if current indications are any guide to us, care for none of these things if only their profits, and their opportunities of adding to them, are left undisturbed.

It is sufficient to realise the logical outcome of force to know that it can never be a satisfactory solution of our social and industrial problems, and that, in consequence, the best minds among us strongly deprecate recourse to it. So far as the women's movement is concerned, we recommended last August that the Government should encourage men like Sir Almroth Wright, whose single letter in the “Times” gave a greater intellectual setback to the movement than all the fines and sentences of imprisonment before it or since. The reason, surely, is clear enough. No movement that is based on the slightest scrap of intellect, no matter how small and poor a scrap it may, can be vanquished by mere force. That the women's movement was based on such a scrap of intellect at the beginning we have already stated. But the Labour movement is more to the point; for here the use of force is not merely useless, but highly dangerous.

Thoughtless and capricious dismissal is as absurd as the shooting down of strikers. For not adhering to the regulations and “endangering the safety of the public,” as it was alleged, Driver Knox was summarily dismissed. Because—if the Press in its unanimity is correct—because he did adhere to the regulations and refused to endanger the safety of the public, Guard Richardson is also summarily dismissed. The two cases would appear to present a complete contrast, and yet the methods of the directors do not vary. If a man offends, rightly or wrongly, send him away; such seems to be the axiom. But we rejoice to think that, despite occasional symptoms to the contrary, the better classes of British workmen still retain certain qualities of their fathers. Like the men who followed Watt Tyler, they are “not to be schooled by the cudgel, scarce to be cowed by the sword.” In the

case of Richardson, as in the case of Knox, nothing has been more striking than the unanimity with which the workers supported comrades whom they looked upon as having been harshly dealt with. It was on this very factor, as we have often said, that we set our hopes for the emancipation of Labour from capitalism; but we have ceaselessly reiterated that all such Labour movements, to be effective, must be based upon an untrammelled Trade Unionism. In other words, the men must in case of necessity be able to come out on strike, and they must be free to make their own terms with the masters before returning to work. But it is precisely this freedom to which the masters object; and, in spite of all the lies which have been told, and swallowed, by Conservatives, Liberals, and Labour people regarding the Insurance Act, we repeat that the Act will in time inevitably rob the workmen of the precious possession of freedom of contract. Sickness insurance applies universally; unemployment insurance applies to “insured trades” covering one-third of the adult males in the country; and the list of insured trades will be extended as time, funds, and opportunities permit. We do not wish to repeat our old arguments as to the effect of this widespread insurance system on the trade unions. When their financial resources are depleted, and when every railwayman is paying unemployment insurance contributions, we shall see with what rapidity Section 87 of the infamous Act will be brought into operation: “A workman who loses employment through misconduct or who voluntarily leaves his employment without just cause shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit for a period of six weeks from the date when he so lost employment”; “A workman who has lost employment by reason of a stoppage of work which was due to a trade dispute at the factory, workshop, or other premises at which he was employed, shall be disqualified for receiving unemployment benefit so long as the stoppage of work continues.” As all the workmen of this country (if the Cabinet has its way) are destined to come under this clause sooner or later, we think it is the duty of trade union leaders, and especially of Labour M.P.'s, to impress upon the men the nature of this particular clause, which delivers the workman definitely into the hands of the master. We cannot recollect a single instance where a Labour Member has laid proper emphasis on this section of the Act; and to say that is to condemn the Labour Party root and branch.

A BALLADE OF BALLADES.

I.

I saw a ballade on a printed page,
And fainted at the too familiar sight.
When sense returned I hardly could assuage
My grief. And then I moaned, “What fiendish sprite
Inspired this crop of ballades?” And that night
I made this prayer:—“O ye kindly bards,
Write whatsoever else you wish to write,
But please don't give us any more ballades!

II.

“Why don't you, quickened by Graysonian rage,
Write hymns, inciting Labour men to fight?
Or sonnets—to a Miner in a Cage,
Or to a Journalist, Bereft of Sight?
Why not an ode in praise of Alfred Beit?
Or virile verse, upholding beer and cards?
All these we might endure (I say we *might*),
But please don't give us any more ballades!

III.

“Some blank verse all about the Minimum Wage
Would, by comparison, seem fairly bright;
An epic on the Great Ones of the Age
We live in I am sure would be all right;
I even think we might enjoy a slight
Return to reeking tubes and iron shards
And lesser breeds, and such-like blatherskite,
But please don't give us any more ballades!”

ENVOY.

Prince, in this present too-enlightened age
(The Age of Masfield) we get yards and yards
Of verse hurled at us monthly, I'll engage!
But please don't give us any more ballades!

J. F. HERRIN.

Current Cant.

"If any real progress is to be made the "Express" is the strong supporter of better conditions for the whole land and all its people. We do not turn our coat. We do not shrink from the truth. . . . These are, in brief, the reasons for the popularity of the "Express," which carries it to the breakfast tables of Mayfair and to the factories in the dinner hour."—"Daily Express."

"One of the most cheering signs of the times of late has been the entirely undivided front presented by all forms of Christianity in our country with respect to the White Slave Traffic."—Rt. Rev. HERBERT BURY.

"The British manufacturer has been deeply imbued with Puritanism. He knows the right way to produce an honest article, and nothing will induce him to depart from the ways of righteousness."—"Morning Post."

"It seems to us that Mr. Maxse is in the position of a defendant who has no evidence to give. The public cannot be expected to believe him."—The "Star."

"I represent all women of all classes. I represent the home. . . . Among other items of particular interest I am giving a powerful serial story dealing with what is known as the 'White Slave Traffic.' Buy 'Mary Bull,' and tell me if you do not think I have prepared you a dainty and satisfying meal."—"Mrs. Bull."

"Mayfair is not the part of London where you look for novelists' residences. . . . Yet it was at her own house near Park Lane that I met Mrs. Elinor Glyn, in a drawing room where colours rioted in bright defiance of winter in park and street. Pink and red azaleas bloomed in pots near a bookshelf full of carefully chosen volumes bound in hues of varying significance. Elsewhere, yellow chrysanthemums scattered their suggestions of sunlight. Warm and rich were the tints of furniture, declaring a taste quite Eastern. . . . Mrs. Glyn sat on a chesterfield, heaped high with brilliant cushions, a grey Russian kitten on her lap. Her red hair made a magnificent note in the colour scheme. . . ."—WILKINSON SHERREN in "T.P.'s Weekly."

"It is the certainty of punishment that deters the careless from taking unjustifiable risks."—"Daily Mail."

"Don't get lost in the slough of mediocrity, little power and small salaries. Boldly face the summit and mount the hill of success."—Pelman advertisement.

"It is an open secret that Queen Mary's reputation as a typical British mother is a sore point with Queen Alexandra."—"London Mail."

"The ballot is the weapon that men use in defending their rights. It is the voice with which men express their opinions."—"London Budget."

"Years ago, when Sunday clothes were really Sunday clothes, and sacred to that day, it was found that the world behaved better when it had its Sunday garments on."—BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Seldom has so powerful an imaginative element been added to human life as that which the motor car has brought. . . . Without it the streets would lose half their attraction. . . . It exhaults the rider and the driver. It gives them a sense of power and of independence of material things, such as they never imagined that they could possess."—GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"The first principle of the present State policy is Property is Robbery, especially property in land, houses, railways, and ships."—VANOC.

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"One of the largest Baptist churches in Nottingham, the Tabernacle, has been let to a cinematograph company for a picture theatre on week-days, while on Sunday services will be as usual."—"News of the World."

COMPULSORY COPULATION.

"If marriage could be compulsorily imposed it would certainly solve the problem of the Suffragettes."—A Doctor in the "Daily Mirror."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THERE was no necessity for the lyricism of the Liberal Press. The German Naval Minister, Admiral von Tirpitz, has made it clear that he was "speaking for himself and not for the Chancellor," and his official organs have since reminded us that he "reckons in squadrons of so-and-so many ships each, while Mr. Churchill reckons in units." All these statements, including the definite German announcements that the Admiral's remarks have been entirely misunderstood here, are beside the point. All of us who possess memories will recollect that on each successive occasion the German Navy was augmented, a solemn pronouncement was made beforehand by some person in authority that the Government meant to do nothing of the sort. In any case, no diplomatist will take particular notice of this incident. Admiral von Tirpitz's speech was a "feeler"; it was, so to speak, directed to the Liberal Press of this country; and it was disavowed by the official German Press when it had served its purpose.

The increase in the German Army is a much more important matter, though the problem of the Fleet is largely dependent upon it. I think I can make the position quite clear by expressing it thus: The British Navy is, as all political parties admit, absolutely essential for the safety of this country. Whatever views we may hold about the strength of the Army, the employment of the Territorials, or conscription, we are all agreed about the Navy. A strong Navy is the bones and blood of British prestige, British international strength, and the British Empire. Well, what the Navy is to us, the Army is to Germany. We must never forget that for nearly two centuries modern Germany, inspired by Prussia, had to fight for her life. Prussia herself had a hard struggle for existence; so had Germany during the Napoleonic invasions. What Germany possesses to-day—strength, renown, prestige, influence—she owes to her Army. Germany's power is typified in her soldiers; and, in view of the events of the past, the army is not merely respected, but almost venerated by the people. I say this despite the scandals which come to our notice from time to time, and the stories of severity and ill-treatment which are freely circulated. These are exceptional cases; and the truth of the general statement remains.

Unfortunately for peaceful folk, the French Army means all this to the French people. Until recently every German did not serve in the Army; but Frenchmen have always had to do so since universal service was introduced. With a longer tradition behind it than the German Army, the French Army is even more popular. It is not so much respected as loved; not so much venerated as treated like a friend. I think nearly every correspondent or adjutant who has attended the French manoeuvres will vouch for the accuracy of this assertion. Here again we have the good qualities of the nation typified in the Army—impetuosity combined with discipline; daring, reckless bravery tempered by coolness at critical moments; courage of a very high quality; initiative and intelligence in all ranks. The German soldier, as we know, is, on the contrary, rather slow, and, although he readily responds to discipline, he is not sufficiently bold in acting on his own initiative.

These two great nations, as I and other writers have frequently said, are inevitably destined to contest the supremacy of the western part of the Continent of Europe. The struggle was foreseen years ago, as far back, indeed, as the time of Bismarck. The German preparations were methodical enough: Denmark first, Austria next, and France next. But allowance had not been made for the extraordinary recuperative powers of the French people or for their unusual financial reserves. The Chancellor himself complained that he "had not bled them enough" after he had secured one of the largest indemnities in history. It was agreed—not in

public documentism, of course—that France should subsequently devote herself to developing and obtaining colonies, while Germany was to regulate her own internal affairs. It took the Third Republic some time to find its feet; and in the course of doing so it trod on the toes of England, Italy, Spain, Siam, the Indian Government and England. The year 1900 saw France so strong at home and abroad that Germany became alarmed, and forthwith, acting with her customary thoroughness, she made preparations for a decisive campaign. That year saw the first extension of the German Fleet.

The German Navy Law, it may not be generally known, was introduced only after efforts had been made to induce Lord Salisbury's Government to enter into an alliance with Germany analogous to the alliance that bound Russia and France. It was not the first attempt of the kind that had been made; but it was as unsuccessful. The German ruling classes then realised that an Anglo-French entente was inevitable; so, when they drew up the Navy Law, they inserted the significant preamble to the effect that the German Fleet was not intended for aggressive purposes, but was designed to be of such strength as to make the strongest naval Power hesitate before attacking Germany.

No doubt the meaning of this proviso is now clear. When a war breaks out between France and Germany, the German Fleet must be so strong that England will "hesitate" before helping France at sea. Freed from the fear of the German Fleet, and relying on the inefficiency of the French Fleet, the Germans hope to be able to master their enemy decisively on land. To this end the German Government is now active in developing the Army. The peace strength is to be raised from about 550,000 to 850,000 men. This gigantic scheme must absorb an enormous sum of money, and must take time. Hence the anxiety of the Chancellor to gain a little time to breathe so far as the Navy is concerned. The Wilhelmstrasse would be very glad to slacken the pace for, say, a couple of years if Downing Street would do so.

Just as the sudden development of the German Navy was followed by a corresponding increase in ours, so is the wholly unexpected increase in the German Army to be followed by counter-measures in France. It is true that the population of Germany is nearly double that of her Western enemy; but it should be remembered that Germany must protect herself on at least two frontiers, the French and the Russian. If France, however, threw all her Army Corps on her eastern frontier, diplomatic inquiries would naturally be made, as the step would be regarded as provocative. The French Government will probably get over the difficulty by a thirty months' or three years' period of training instead of two years, as at present. I observe that several papers, chiefly Liberal, blame France for taking such counter-measures. To these critics let me repeat that the Army is to France what the Navy is to us.

I must add that no immediate war is regarded as probable. The German Government reckons on the inactivity of Russia, who usually takes six weeks to mobilise. Russia, however, is now under arms in view of trouble with Austria, and Germany is not likely to provoke trouble. But, in the present state of French opinion, it is just possible—barely—that a "now or never" campaign may sweep the country. If Russia disarms, six weeks is too long to wait for help. Modern campaigns are short and sharp. Look at the Balkan campaign. Look at the last war between France and Germany. War was declared on July 15, 1870; Gravelotte, which practically decided the campaign in favour of the German arms, was fought on August 18, Sedan on September 1. Six memorable weeks: and what a lesson for us!

M. Delcassé, whose powers of organisation are well known, has been sent as French Ambassador to St. Petersburg in view of the threatening international situation. He is to keep an eye on the efficiency of the Russian army.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

FIGHTING, like many other occupations, is the finest thing in the world at the moment when you want to fight. Unfortunately that particular devil whom the powers that be have told off to see that we do not enjoy anything too much (lest we should fall in love with this life and become pagans) has seen to it by arrangement with the remaining rulers of the darkness of this world that we are always called upon to fight at uncongenial moments—moments when we want to sleep, or love, or listen to music, or tell a tale about a dog. Hence the need for military discipline; but that is another story. It is my point at the moment that upon an occasion when I very much want to do something else I am compelled to enter into a tough and unsatisfactory controversy with Mr. Brette Morgan, who criticised some of my observations last week. However, here's up and a set to, and let us hope that we shall warm to it a little as time goes on.

The trouble about this controversy is that nobody can really settle it. Given a hundred men whom you know, and their answer to the question, "Why did they enlist?" must depend to an enormous extent upon your personal equation. It does not really settle the matter to ask them to say point-blank, because the strongest motives amongst rude and uneducated men are those of which they are generally unconscious; besides, deliberately or unintentionally, people will tell you in casual conversation what they think you want to hear. A somewhat depressing person like Mr. Brette Morgan—and I think I may say without offence that Mr. Morgan would be scarcely the man to inspire the private soldier to reveal the secret military aspirations of his heart, even if he possessed them—will receive depressing answers, whilst a cheery optimist will find a hundred others like himself. One man will see white where another will see black. I have no reason to doubt the honesty and the literal correctness of what Mr. Morgan tells us. No doubt fifty out of every hundred private soldiers did inform him that they enlisted as the result of hunger, unemployment, and despair. If he depressed them as much as he has depressed me, I wonder that they did not tell him they enlisted at the express instigation of an active and personal devil. I can only reply by quoting in refutation certain equally indisputable facts which I see in the world about us, and which point and must point to a totally different conclusion. The reader can put the two sets of facts together, and reconcile them as best he may.

Mr. Morgan allows me thirty per cent. of enlistments to cover the number of those who join:—

- (1) From dissatisfaction with civil life.
- (2) In the hope of a "career."
- (3) From sheer love of adventure.

I shall claim the thirty per cent. made up by these classes as admittedly influenced by what I called the "love of adventure," by which I do not mean that the unfortunate and deluded creatures in question consciously went to the recruiting sergeant under the impression that they were going to be shipped off straight away to Schleswig-Holstein to shoot Germans, or to Hindustan to shoot tigers, but they had been seized by the glamour of military things which at one period or another seizes all men, though a good many of them (especially readers of this paper) would rather die than acknowledge it. Superficially this appeals to different persons in different ways: to one through the music and the uniforms, to another through the exhilaration of riding on horses, to a third through something else; but that it is the same to all at bottom is shown by an exceedingly curious fact. It has been the custom to terminate all foreign manoeuvres by the "decisive attack"—a sort of combined spectacular advance and charge of tens of thousands of men, covered by the fire of hundreds of guns.

Now, it is a well-known fact that the excitement and exhilaration caused by the simultaneous onset of these vast masses of men is such that the conscript will cheerfully endure the preliminary weeks of marching and

fasting in the expectation of it, and it is significant that the few occasions upon which the same piece of stage management has been indulged in during manœuvres in England are invariably remembered in detail by all who took part in them. As Colonel Maude remarks in one of his works concerning an attack of this description carried out at Aldershot in the 'eighties—everywhere, up and down the country, one is meeting commissioners and policemen who remember the occasion, and will talk to you about it gleefully and for any length of time.

That there exists some widespread instinct of this description which requires to be satisfied, if only by exciting incidents of this kind, during mock warfare on manœuvres, is shown by the long-continued existence of our Volunteer and Territorial forces. Not even the bile of Mr. Morgan will misrepresent to him that the Territorial enlists in the home-defence army out of "hunger, unemployment, and despair"; yet he enlists, and does a considerable amount of very hard work, with no pecuniary emolument to show for it. The why and the wherefore of all this are perfectly well known to anyone who has accompanied such troops upon some exciting and adventurous proceeding on manœuvres—say, for example, a night attack. The hushed expectancy of the men, the increasing tension as the point for action approaches, the shiver of excitement which runs down the ranks at every suspicious sound—every one of these things tells its own tale. People soldier because they feel a natural interest in soldiering—some more, some less, some for a long time, some for a short, but all in some degree.

That hunger is often the proximate cause of enlistment may be true. I will repeat in greater detail what I said before. There are a certain number of men born into every English class afflicted with a certain restlessness—what Germans call the Wanderlust, and what Kipling has depicted in a fine poem, the "Sestina of the Tramp Royal":—

"Therefore, from job to job I've moved along,
Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done;
For something in my 'ead upset me all,
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good
An' out at sea, be'eld the dock lights die,
An' met my mate—the wind that tramps the world."

This frame of mind is peculiarly unfitted for the exigencies of modern industrial existence, and most such men have proved an industrial failure before twenty. They have taken like fishes to water, to the many avenues of casual employment open to youth, offering at first better pay and a more variegated existence than the slow learning of a permanent trade. Hence they drift naturally into the Army, hunger perhaps spurring them to the final step. But in the majority of cases, from what I know of such men, I don't think that a great amount of spurring was required. Like moths to a candle men fly to what is perhaps the merely external glitter of military life. Pity it is that so many of them singe their wings.

As regards Mr. Morgan's scheme for allowing or compelling soldiers to use their leisure hours in practising a trade after, say, their first year of service, it may interest him to know that a similar system operated in the old Prussian army before Jena. For reasons of economy, a large proportion of the troops were dismissed to live in the town for nine or ten months in the year, only the recruits and a small number of trained men being kept in barracks.

It worked well enough then, and should do so now; it would have the additional advantage that it would give the men something to use their wits upon and prevent them rusting and degenerating, as they are apt to do mentally amid the monotony of barrack life. Any such plan, however, would probably go to pieces upon the opposition of the half-educated schoolmasters and dissenting parsons who run the "forces of labour" in this country, and who advertise the depth of their democratic feeling by a rooted aversion to that military spirit which is one of the strongest instincts in popular life.

The Root of All Evil.

SOME years ago I suggested, during a lecture on our financial system, a means by which the industrial community might escape from the clutches of the usurers and money-lenders—a class that owe their success and security primarily to our present banking and currency laws. That suggestion was on somewhat similar lines to the proposals made by the editor of THE NEW AGE in his recent articles on the Finance of Guild Socialism.

I suggested that all those engaged in the same industries should organise their own banks so that each special industry would have its own banking system and these banks could in turn organise a general credit clearing house. It is gratifying to find so able a writer, and so original a thinker as the editor of THE NEW AGE, endorsing this scheme.

In article No. 8 on Guild Socialism (which appears in the November 28 issue of THE NEW AGE) the Editor intimates that it would be necessary to maintain what is called the "gold standard" for the purpose of securing our foreign trade. This does not appear to me to be at all necessary. When the United States was carrying on her civil war and for some time afterwards, she maintained and even extended her foreign trade, although her currency and money unit differed from that of all other nations. The values of goods were expressed in dollars, and the dollar meant merely a monetary unit which materialised only in the form of the inconvertible greenback. These greenbacks bore certain relations to gold at all times, and although these relations varied from time to time, it did not seriously interfere with the foreign trade of the country. Indeed, the greenbacks served, in a measure, to indicate the fluctuations in gold itself.

There is a very general and erroneous impression abroad that nations engaged in foreign trade must necessarily have the same commodity system as a "measure of value" to enable them to exchange goods with each other. This idea became very pronounced during the celebrated silver discussion in the United States. It was said by many writers that the United States could not adopt a bi-metallic system without a general agreement among all nations. There is no more reason why nations should have the same monetary or value unit, than that they should have the same unit of length or capacity. This country, the Colonies and the United States, have all managed to conduct their industries and manufactures quite satisfactorily by using the yard stick as a measure of length, whilst France, Germany, and the Latin countries have adopted the metric system, and millions of pounds' worth of goods made in these countries under their respective systems have been sent abroad generally without occasioning any trouble whatever.

Precisely the same condition exists between countries exchanging goods where their monetary systems differ from each other, and whilst there may be some slight convenience in having the same unit, it is not a necessity.

There is, however, a very grave reason why each nation should have its own monetary system distinct and apart from that of every other country. Money is the tool of exchange, and its field of operation is confined entirely to the country under whose laws it has been created. The English sovereign circulates as money in the United Kingdom because of the British Coinage Laws. It does not circulate in France, in Germany, or in any other country, because it ceases to be money as soon as it has left the country of its origin. If it is taken abroad it is taken as a commodity, and may either be sent back for goods purchased, in exchange for foreign moneys, or it can be melted down and made into foreign coins. Money is like a Monarch. Although Monarch in its own country, the moment it crosses its frontier it loses its sovereignty.

In all countries the quantity of money is strictly limited, with the view of course, of maintaining its

value. Practically all nations to-day have adopted the free coinage of gold—through the special laws passed by the world's financiers—but this free and unlimited coinage of gold would cease almost instantly upon news of any vast and hitherto unexpected gold discoveries. The repeal of the Silver Coinage Laws in most countries was occasioned by the great silver discoveries in the Western States of America, because financiers found that they would not be able to control the supply, and therefore money would become a much cheaper commodity than it is, and serve to reduce the necessity of purchasing bankers' credit.

Money, having been made compulsorily a scarce article, it would appear to any intelligent person that any system which tended to the exportation of the money-material must be injurious to home trade, whilst one under which money could not travel and lose its nationality, would be the most satisfactory. In the kingdom of the inanimate there is no greater coward or traitor than gold! The moment danger is scented it runs away!

In this country particularly, the industrial community is taxed millions of pounds annually for the sole purpose of keeping our money patriotic! The truly ridiculous legislation which provided foreigners with a free gold market in London—the only one in existence—has cost this country an untold amount of wealth. This has been one of the causes of our past trade disturbances and industrial depressions—which furnished Mr. Chamberlain ammunition for starting his agitation in favour of Tariff Reform. If the people of this country had understood the A B C of finance, Mr. Chamberlain would have been unable to find a dozen converts to his wild and unscientific theories.

Money has become an important thing only because of the restrictive legislation which has prevented it from sinking to its natural level in the economic world. John Stuart Mill was perfectly correct when he spoke of money as the most insignificant thing in the economy of society—except as a means of saving time. But just as a law limiting the production of any necessity, say shoes, or hats, or salt, to an amount far below that actually needed to supply the wants of the people, would give an undue and preponderating importance to the possession of such commodities, so by confining money to a rare metal and making it the only legal tender, the possession of money has become the most important object in the lives of the vast majority of the world's inhabitants. Legal tender and coinage laws have created the money thirst which Governments have never attempted to assuage.

If the new industrial system is to escape from the tyranny of monopoly, it will have to abandon every law that could possibly lead to the individual control of any thing necessary to society. The limit to the creation of currency should be the needs of trade and commerce, and its volume should expand automatically with the growth of trade. From the rational standpoint, money *par se* should—nay, *must*—be a valueless token—like a cheque, or stamp, or ticket. If it is to register honestly the variations in the prices of commodities it must necessarily be neutral, *i.e.*, valueless.

It does not seem to me at all necessary, in relegating gold to the level to which it naturally belongs, and abandoning it as the money metal to alter our monetary symbols. We might still go on using the terms pounds, shillings and pence even though the pound did not represent, as it is supposed to do to-day, a certain weight of gold. As a matter of fact, the pound has never represented a certain mass of gold. The pound may be said to be a composite, representing so much gold and so much paper, for it is certain that the value of a sovereign is affected by the amount of credit circulating, such as the fiduciary issue of the Bank of England. The fatal error made by Sir Robert Peel when he introduced his famous Bank Charter Act, was in confounding the *weight* of gold in the sovereign with its *value*. When he asked his famous question: "What is a pound?" he gave an answer which an ordinary schoolboy would have laughed at. Instead

of defining it as the *value* of so many grains of gold, he actually defined it as the *weight* of the gold itself, which is about as rational a statement as to define the unit of length as the weight of box-wood of which the yard stick is made. Between these two definitions there is all the difference in the world, the results of which have been of tragic importance to the industrial world. If a pound necessarily meant a certain mass of gold, then every debtor could be compelled to pay his debts on the demand of his creditor in gold and in nothing else, and this is really what has happened.

Our legal tender laws have placed the bulk of the world's wealth producers at the mercy of those with legal claim against them—claims for gold which can never be redeemed. And so a perpetual stream of wealth in the form of interest on irredeemable loans, is taken annually from the pockets of the producers and placed to the credit of the money-lending class.

How false this definition of a pound is, may be seen the moment we come to estimate any large amount of wealth. For instance, accepting Sir Robert Peel's definition, what sense is there in speaking of the wealth of Great Britain as equal to twenty thousand million pounds? This sum represents an amount of gold that has never existed, and if it did exist would make the statement of the amount of Britain's wealth ridiculous! It is estimated that the amount of gold existing for coinage purposes throughout the world is under two thousand millions of pounds, that is, one-tenth of the wealth of Great Britain, and the wealth of Great Britain is estimated at its present amount in sovereigns merely because of the comparatively small amount of gold that exists. In other words, the wealth of Great Britain is not equivalent to twenty thousand million pounds, but to twenty thousand million times the present value of one sovereign!

Had any member of Sir Robert Peel's Government been capable of thinking rationally on this subject of expressing values, and paying debts, he might perhaps have prevented the enactment of this egregious fallacy. Moreover, he would have had to go further.

Our unit of length is, for all practical purposes, invariable, because it is conditioned by those things which tend to make it variable. The legal unit of length is the distance between certain two points on a metal bar which is kept by the Government; but since metals vary in length by temperature, the scientists who were given charge of establishing the unit, fixed a certain temperature at which the distance was to be measured as the standard. Similarly with the unit of weight. This was made invariable by fixing the altitude at which it was to be taken. Common sense would have led any intelligent person who had given the subject serious thought, to see that "a standard of value" to have any meaning or utility, would have to be invariable, or as nearly so as human ingenuity could make it.

The adoption of such a unit reduces money from the level of commodities to that of a valueless token—a position similar to that of a promissory note, a theatre or railway ticket. This is money in its scientific aspect. The necessity which at present exists for arbitrarily restricting the quantity of money regardless of the demands of trade—is solely for the purpose of maintaining the value of the unit.

Nations to-day find themselves in this dilemma. If they attempt to supply the naturally increasing demands of trade by greatly increasing the currency, how are they to avoid depreciating the standard? As I have shown elsewhere, a commodity "standard of value" is a legal fiction. Values being ideal creations—not concrete magnitudes—can only be expressed in terms of the ideal—numbers. And yet this so-called "gold standard" is the pivot upon which to-day the entire capitalistic system revolves! It is the basis of usury, and the most insidious swindle for enslaving mankind ever conceived! It all seems so plausible! Morality and science are both harnessed to impose this monstrous system. The student is first taught that it is essential to have a "measure of value," and for this purpose we must select a commodity which is stable

and embodies great "value" in small bulk. Then he is taught that honesty demands a just standard for deferred payments. What can be better than to adopt a comparatively rare commodity which fluctuates the least, as the measure of economic justice between man and man? Finally it is asserted that gold is the ideal commodity and evidently created by an all wise Providence for this very purpose. Thus, under the guise of justice, morality, and science, we have imposed the gold standard and currency system!

Having enacted the necessary legislation, the trap is set. The spider doesn't have to entice the fly with any dulcet tones. It must enter the web whether it likes it or not. The usurer needs no hounds or beaters to drive in the game. The law performs this service for him free of cost. By making debts and taxes compulsorily payable in gold (or bank credit) every business man must become a client of the usurer—or be broken!

Now, there are only two legal sources for liquidating debt—one is gold mining, and the other banking. Every debt must be paid in legal tender (gold) or by cheque. Every debt created by a loan exceeds the amount loaned by the amount of interest charged. No loan is ever sufficient to pay the debt it creates, and hence the mountain of debt must continue to grow year by year! For it is certain that the production of gold will never be allowed—even if it could—to seriously affect the demand for loans. Hence there is but one alternative to the perpetual enslavement of the masses, and that is Repudiation! To talk of buying the railways and other great national industries—as the Labour Party does—is the sheerest nonsense!

It is as though our postal laws limited the sale of postage stamps to one-half the number required to meet the public demand, which would leave piles of letters undelivered through lack of postage stamps. Although our statesmen have never degenerated to this stage of idiocy in postal regulations, they have never risen above it in regard to the currency.

It is small wonder that the history of British commerce and industry is but a recital of misery, distress, panic, and industrial unrest, the horrors of which have hardly ever been exceeded in the history of warfare!

Failure to see this as the root cause of labour troubles has led to a series of extravagant and futile remedies. Karl Marx, who understood a good many things, did not understand the science of money, and he saw no remedy for industrial unrest save the State ownership of all industries and the establishment of the Servile State. Mr. Henry George could see no evil in society save what the private ownership of land produces, and even went so far as to justify interest, the very existence of which depends upon the legal restrictions regarding the issuing of money.

Among the various reformers of the past century, one name stands pre-eminent as having unerringly pointed at the root of social misery. P. J. Proudhon, the great French philosopher, saw that the basis of monopoly was in the world's monetary systems, and fought desperately to overthrow them. All his efforts were at last concentrated on this one important reform, and whilst Karl Marx was receiving the plaudits of mankind as the discoverer of the only way by which labour could extricate itself from modern capitalism, Proudhon was neglected and almost forgotten.

The last few years, however, have shown clearly that the more intelligent among the Socialists are realising that the salvation of mankind cannot be effected by any system of State Bureaucracy, and that the Marxian remedy would prove worse than the disease. After all, what is the fundamental criticism of modern capitalism except that it is a legalised system under which the few are permitted to take from the masses all their surplus wealth under the method of rent, interest, and profits? And what other means are there for overthrowing the system than by repealing the laws which maintain these legal claims? This is what Proudhon aimed at, and it is the only way in which industrial peace will be finally secured.

ARTHUR KITSON.

Impregnable Capital.

I HAVE previously assumed the possibility of converting a majority of the proletariat to Socialism. It is now time to deal with that assumption, and to discuss, whether such a conversion is possible on physical and psychological grounds. Let us examine the forces working for conversion, and those against it.

On the side of Capital there are the schools, which are zealously watched by the ruling classes, that no revolutionary ideas shall penetrate there. The child's mind is so developed, that the existing system of society appears to it as right and proper. Riches, poverty, high class, low class, wages, profits, interest, buying, selling, landlords, tenants, masters, and workmen, are as natural to it as food, air, grass, etc. When the child grows up, and hears of Socialistic ideas, they strike him as extraordinarily wild and unnatural. Abstract reasoning is powerless to uproot acquired notions, in the majority of human beings. New truths can supplant acquired and apparent truths only in a certain class of persons, as will be shown later on. The truths of Socialism are not as apparent to the average person as they are to the born revolutionist. The majority of people cannot understand real truths, when they contradict apparent truths. This can be illustrated by examples:—The real truth is, that the more the rich consume of the national income, the less there is left for the poor; but, the apparent truth tells a different tale. The average man knows from experience, that when the rich people spend a lot, then the workers engaged in the production of luxuries have plenty of work and good pay, the tradespeople gather a good harvest, and indirectly some crumbs fall even to those workers who are not directly engaged in producing luxuries. On the other hand, when the rich at certain seasons go abroad, i.e., when instead of eating up the good things in England, they go to eat up the good things of other countries; then England experiences a depression of trade. What effect will the abstract truth (namely, that the less Capital takes in profit, rent, and interest, the more remains in wages for the workers) have on the masses against the apparent truth mentioned above. The stock argument amongst the masses against a Liberal Government is:—That under a Conservative Government the rich spend more.

Here is another example:—The real truth teaches us that the working classes provide the capitalistic classes with a living; but the apparent truth contradicts it. The average worker knows from experience, that when he cannot find a capitalist to give him work, he and his family suffer hunger, but when he does find a master, the wolf is kept away from his door. Which truth will be more convincing to him, the real or the apparent? To take a last example from Astronomy:—the real truth teaches us that the Earth is a globe, that it rotates on its own axis, and travels around the Sun. But, apparently the Earth is flat, and the Sun moves from one end of the sky to the other. If the rich were as interested in hiding from the masses the real truth about Astronomy, as they are interested in hiding the real Socialistic truths; and, if it were left to a small number of idealists with their slender means, to convert the majority of people to the real truths about the Earth and the Sun; how many people would to-day believe in the theories of Galileo and Copernicus?

The second capitalistic force against Socialism is the Church. Although she is losing her influence over the proletariat, on the one hand, and on the other, some members of the Church here and there are coquetting with Socialism; nevertheless, as an institution it is still a powerful weapon in the hands of the propertied classes against Socialism. It is hardly necessary to labour the point, as most Socialists admit it. The third weapon is the Press. The most sanguine Socialist will not attempt to underrate its power against Socialism. Last, but not least, is "Life" itself. The life which the majority of workers live, is not conducive to abstract reasoning. When can the average working man think out the Socialist theories? When can

he read through the necessary literature? Not in the morning when he hurries off to work. Not during the working hours, when the foreman's watchful eye is on him. Not when he comes home tired, and has got to think about domestic matters.

To all the aforesaid, Socialists may retort with the question: "Have not hundreds of thousands of workers become Socialists in spite of all the difficulties mentioned, and why may we not hope that the thousands will in time become millions?" In that very question is hidden the great illusion of the Socialistic propagandist. He assumes that every workingman is a candidate for Socialism, and that his conversion is only a matter of enlightenment. Unfortunately, facts are against such an assumption. The conversion of a person to a new idea does not depend on his reasoning capacities, nor on the logic of the new idea. It depends principally on the temperament of the person. Nature creates Socialists and Conservatives, Freethinkers and Salvationists, just as it creates passionate and phlegmatic, fierce and mild, generous and parsimonious people. When the natural disposition of a person is "Conservative," no amount of logical arguments will turn him into a revolutionist. On the other hand, if one is born a revolutionist, he will develop into one, though his upbringing and environment be conservative. We have enough examples of that in the Socialist movement. We have also examples of persons brought up in a Socialistic atmosphere, who turned out Conservatives.

The above leads us to the conclusion, that in every country, and in every age, Nature turns out a certain number of persons susceptible to new ideas. Such persons when brought in contact with the magnetism of Socialistic principles, will become electrified; but no others. Hence, the belief that the number of Socialists will increase in proportion to the extension of the propaganda, until the majority are converted, is without a scientific foundation. The intelligent Socialist who is not too intoxicated with his ideal, who recognises his very slender means for converting the proletariat, bases his hopes for ultimate victory on the class war between Capital and Labour, and the growing hatred and antagonism which the workers manifest towards their employers, as well as their growing discontent with their present lot. It is, however, a great mistake to regard the class war as an enlightened and class-conscious awakening.

The idealist reader is now asked to gird his loins for the last shock which the writer is reluctantly obliged to give him. After many years of study, observation, and propaganda in the Socialist movement, the writer arrived at the following astonishing conclusion: That, even if it were possible to convert the majority of the workers to Socialism, it would prove neither desirable nor necessary. The workers do not desire Socialism, therefore they do not deserve it. Plainly speaking, Socialism is too good for them. They would be contented with a less expensive article. They do not want Liberty and Equality. The liberty they want is quite a different article from the one we have been offering them. They do not want the abolition of the master class, nor do they want the full fruits of their labour. What they do want is:—A fair day's pay for a fair day's labour; constant employment; a holiday now and then; no sweating and speeding up; no harsh, vindictive, pin-pricking treatment by the employers and their managers. This being the case, where is the necessity for Socialism? If you invite a man to have a drink with you, and he calls for a "mild and bitter," why should you persist in persuading him to have a champagne, when he tells you that he prefers a "mild and bitter"?

The intelligent Socialist tells us that he offers Socialism to the workers, not only because it is better than anything else, but because nothing else can cure the evils from which they suffer. If that were really so, then the argument would be conclusive. But the writer differs from them on this point. He will try to convince the reader in the succeeding articles that the gravest evils of Capitalism will be cured by Capitalism, when

it has reached the zenith of its evolution. To show the world in which direction industrial evolution is moving, and how to help on that evolution is the real aim of these articles. The destructive character of the four articles was necessary.

JOSEPH FINN.

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XIV.—A Question of Taste.

NIETZSCHE was not the first to make the distinction between the "big sagacity" and the "little sagacity," though he was probably the first European to express this distinction in terms which, though symbolical, were intelligible. "Behind thy feelings and thy thoughts, O my brother, is to be found a powerful master, an unknown sage—he is called 'self.' He lives in thy body; he is thy body." This "powerful master" is the complete man, mind and body; not mind alone, as modern pseudo-philosophers would have him; not body alone, as he would appeal to barbarians; but both in combination. This "big sagacity" is opposed to the "little sagacity," or reasoning powers—a precious but imperfect instrument of the mind; a purely secondary affair. When Nietzsche is thundering against dialectics and reasoning and emphasising the importance of instinct, he is once more merely contrasting the two "sagacities," and when he assures us over and over again that nothing noble, nothing of value, can be proved, he is simply showing, in his own way, that mind plus body must act in harmony, which is not the case when the mere power of reasoning in one man "convinces" the mere power of reasoning in some one else. This being Nietzsche's view, both instinctive and deliberate, it is not surprising that his works form a complete history of his soul. Of no other philosopher, not even of Plato, can this be said to the same extent. For the nearest parallel we must go, perhaps, to one of Nietzsche's own favourite authors, Thucydides, a writer whom Nietzsche loved because he was "so rich in unuttered thoughts."

Consciously or unconsciously, however, Nietzsche was merely following an Indian standard in taking up this attitude towards the body and the reasoning powers. His "big sagacity" corresponds almost in detail to the Indian "atman," *i.e.*, breath, spirit, non-ego; just as his "little sagacity" corresponds to "jiva," *i.e.*, the non-ego, or rather the ego "when affected by illusion." Hence, the man whose "sensitivity," in the older and better sense of the word, is perfect, or nearly so, will never have occasion to argue or to ask himself questions before making up his mind. If, for instance, I read a poem by Mr. Masfield, say, or Mr. Abercrombie, and instantly feel a sinking of the stomach and a buzzing about the brain, I know at once that I am in the presence of something ugly and unclean. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his acolytes advance a thousand and one "reasons" to show why the Insurance Act is beneficial, we may listen; but these "reasons" will count for nothing if we hear a single workman say that the Act makes him "fair sick," as so many workmen, with varying degrees of emphasis, have already indicated. In a word, great emotions are never matters of the intellect alone. A great emotion must affect the whole body spontaneously. If it does not, it is simply an imposture, a sham.

It is unfortunate that the amateur, seasick-looking libertines and inexperienced demireps who turn out the average specimens of modern poetry that come to The New Age office for review, should have degraded the meaning of the word "body" into something merely unclean and ruttish; the Greeks meant something very different from this when they laid stress on the word. When we say that our "body" appreciates, judges, harmonises, and experiences love, hate, or fear, we simply mean by the word what Nietzsche meant when he said "big sagacity," or what the Indian writers meant when they spoke of "atman." This "body"

of ours is composed of two things; the "body" proper and the mind; but these two cannot be separated in practice. The soul is something detached from and beyond either.

In a cultural society—a society of Brahmins, for instance—we should not be called upon to "explain" anything or to give reasons. We cannot really "explain," for instance, why we should be irritated by Masefield and charmed by Theocritus. At best we can simply pick out certain cultural qualities and say: "These please me; they are to be found in Theocritus and not in Masefield." But in a society of Brahmins we cannot even assume that the question as to our predilections would be asked. The curious reader would glance at the "Widow," let us say, and remark: "This does not please me; it runs counter to my instincts," and everybody would understand what was meant. We cannot explain our emotions any more than we can explain pain or pleasure; we can merely and often with difficulty, describe the sensation, the symptoms. That is why poets and painters cannot "reason" and "theorise" about their respective arts, as a rule; or "reason" about them only very badly. A poet "feels" that his instincts are right—or rather he does not realise that he has instincts at all; he simply poetises. A poet or painter who can even attempt to describe—not explain—his art is quite an exceptional character. Leonardo da Vinci is possibly the best instance.

This does not by any means suggest that artists must not attempt to use their judgment; for they must do so perpetually. In other words, the artist is confronted with a chaotic jumble of facts, incidents, and scenes from which he must select; and it is his judgment in their adequate selection that will make or mar his work. The Egyptian artists in their statues, the artists of China in their drawings, and the Renaissance artists in their paintings (though to a lesser extent) carried the principle of selection to its greatest degree of development. Rembrandt is also a noteworthy example, and Velasquez, and Whistler; Beethoven in music. A degenerate form of art leads us to the opposite extreme. Before the period of convalescence that led to the Renaissance neither painters nor poets exercised the principle of selection to any great extent; and the Post-Impressionists, who deliberately endeavour to represent "everything" on canvas have departed most of all from classic tradition, classic form, and classic inspiration. Wagner is an example of this degeneracy in music, exactly as the Masefield-Abercrombie school is an example of it in poetry. The more we hear artists demanding the "right" to express "everything" on paper, on canvas, or in marble, the more we may realise that the artistic cancer is spreading. The only thing on which we can congratulate ourselves is that cancer, in the end, spreads so far that it kills the person on whom it has fastened itself; and posterity is consequently not called upon to trouble itself with the works of zymotic scribblers.

Our instincts are born with us and cannot be radically altered; but they can always be developed by being perpetually brought into contact with what is noble. If, early in life, when he is most susceptible to outward impressions, a man of noble nature is constantly confronted with the mean and the sordid, his instincts may run the risk of being influenced for the worse. Our modern age, where examples of physical and spiritual degeneracy meet us at every street corner, in every picture-gallery, in every theatre, book, and concert-room, is therefore particularly dangerous to artists. In the almost hopeless, though not quite hopeless, endeavour to meet with beauty and nobility, they are often overwhelmed by what is ugly and unwholesome. No wonder Nietzsche remarked that few artists could survive in the present age, but that those who could do so were as strong as the devil. No wonder, either, that the Jesuits sought to train boys only during the first seven years of their lives. After that, as they well realised, their character would be as firm as a rock.

The Chronicles of Palmerstown.

By Peter Fanning.

II.

My own observations had convinced me that much of the property in Palmerstown was thoroughly rotten and greatly overcrowded; but I was not prepared for the actual state of affairs as disclosed by the Census of 1901. I publish the bald facts here and let them speak for themselves.

Out of a total of 6,777 houses in Palmerstown, no fewer than 2,649 are of one or two rooms and were occupied as follows:—

ONE ROOM HOUSES.		TWO ROOM HOUSES.	
63 occupied by 1 person each		40 occupied by 1 person each	
113	" " 2 persons	295	" " 2 persons
102	" " 3 " "	396	" " 3 " "
70	" " 4 " "	412	" " 4 " "
30	" " 5 " "	356	" " 5 " "
13	" " 6 " "	280	" " 6 " "
1	" " 7 " "	33	" " 7 " "
2	" " 8 " "	137	" " 8 " "
1	" " 9 " "	77	" " 9 " "
		33	" " 10 " "
		10	" " 11 " "
		5	" " 12 or more

On applying the census standard of overcrowding to the whole town I discovered our condition worked out thus: 846 persons were overcrowded in one room, 7,180 in two rooms, 3,465 in three rooms, and 1,056 in four rooms, making a total of 12,546 overcrowded persons in a population of thirty odd thousand.

To illustrate the value of the one and two-roomed house property I quote the following account of a property sale from the local Press:—"Alderman Harris offered for sale by auction last night several lots of leasehold property. The sale resulted as follows: 'Tenemented dwelling houses of seven rooms each, 28 and 30, Shakespeare Street, leased for ninety-nine years from 1864 and having an annual rental of £50 14s., sold £232.'"

It is an eloquent testimony to the state of this tenemented property, one occupied by four families and the other by five, that in the open market with near sixty years of the lease to run it would only fetch eight and a half years' purchase. I shall return to this and similar property when I deal with its rating.

It was about this time that information was given to me of the terrible conditions many of the people were living under. I received it in the following rather unusual manner. I was about to close my shop door at 10.30 when an old woman, a customer of mine, addressed me. "Arrah Peadar, agra, have ye any pieces of auld iron you can give me?"

"Old iron is it—and what the devil do you want with old iron at this time of night?"

"Sure, there's Mick Leyant just home from work from the furnaces. Whilst I was getting his supper ready he threw himself on the bed when, bad luck to it, if the four foots did'n't go down through the flure and the people below are in mortal terror that the whole place is falling down."

"And what have you done?"

"Mick and meself have raised the bed up again and I have the blazer under one foot and the tidy under the other, and me two dinner plates under the others."

I got some metal advertisement cards, and whilst doubling them up into four I asked the old woman: "Who's your landlord, Mary?"

"Ould Ratty the sanitary inspector, the ould scut."

"Have you complained to him about the house?"

"Complained is it. Faith I've done nothing but complain for this last two years, but its always the same put offs: 'You'll get attended to in your turn.'"

"What does he mean by that?"

"He means that the lad he employs for an hour of an evening to cogh and patch his rotten ould property will attend to me when he's nothing else to do."

I called the attention of the public to this case, and Mary got a bran new floor the next Saturday morning,

but she never suspected how it had been brought about. A few weeks after the above case more information regarding our housing conditions was given to me in the following manner: "Give me another stone of flour, Mister. The one I got this morning is utterly spoiled."

"Spoiled, mam—how do you mean spoiled?"

"Spoiled with bugs and things, Mister."

"How did that occur, mam? It sounds extraordinary to hear of flour being spoiled by bugs."

"Well, it's this way, Mister. My son has been working at the Tube works for this last four months, and last week he took a house and sent for me and his wife and children. We arrived from Birmingham on Tuesday with our own furniture and took possession of the house, and very nice it looked. The walls newly papered, the ceiling newly white-washed, and the wash-house repaired. This morning my daughter-in-law says: 'Mother, I think I'll bake to-day.' 'Alright, girl,' said I, 'and I'll take advantage of the fire to do a bit of washing.' So we made up a good fire, Mister, and I came over here and got the flour. When I got back my daughter set the flour, and when it had risen she drew the short legged chair which we keep for the purpose into the middle of the floor and placed the crock jowl upon it and began to knead the dough. Now and again she went to the fireplace and stirred up the fire. And then on returning once to her kneading she noticed a dark spot on the dough. She thought nothing of it at the time and went on with her work. But after she'd been at the fire again and returned to the dough, she found it covered with black spots. And then she thought she saw one move. Looking closer she found it was a bug. In fact every spot was a bug, Mister. When she looked up at the ceiling to see where they were coming from she found the ceiling was swarming with them. She called me out of the wash-house into the kitchen, and I shall never forget the sight I saw. The bugs were so thick by this time that they were knocking each other off by hundreds. The big fire had brought them out of the walls, and they had climbed up over the top of the wall paper and swarmed on to the ceiling. Of course we couldn't eat bread knowing it was full of bugs. So I'll take another stone of flour, as the neighbour next door has promised to bake it for us."

"Who's your landlord, mam?"

"Mr. Ratty, the Sanitary Inspector, Sir."

Later on I heard that Ratty was going to prosecute five women and a man for creating a nuisance, so I attended the police court to watch the proceedings. I am not likely to forget what I heard or saw on this occasion. When I entered the court I found that the Bench was composed of three property-owners, two of whom were members of the town council, and, therefore, on the sanitary committee of the town. Ratty stepped into the witness-box. "Your worships, acting on information received, my assistant and I paid a visit to Back Curry Street. There, your worships, we discovered an awful nuisance which had been created by the six defendants. In the yard of the house occupied by these people there are two earth closets, your worships. The door of one closet had been stolen, and the other closet had been used to such an extent that the excrement had flowed over into the back lane. It is a very bad case, your worships, and I hope you will deal with the defendants in a sharp manner."

Ratty stood down and his assistant entered the box and merely said ditto to his superior. And then occurred an incident which is, I hope, unique in English courts of law. Without any invitation from the Bench or intimation to it, Ratty sprung into the witness-box, and turning to one of the defendants, the second in the line of six, said:—

"Now, you old woman, tell the gentlemen what you told me last night."

The Old Woman: "Go long, you dirty old robber; do you think you are going to make an informer of me?"

Presiding Magistrate: "Stand down, Mr. Ratty,

stand down." Then to the first defendant: "Have you anything to say, mam?"

First Defendant: "Faith, I have that. May be you have a wife and daughters of your own, Sir?"

Magistrate: "Yes, I have a wife and daughters of my own."

Defendant: "Well, Sir, how do you think your wife and daughters would like to use a closet that looked into a back lane and it having no door to it?"

Magistrate: "Not at all, I'm sure they wouldn't."

Defendant: "Well, Sir, I'm as good a woman as any wife or daughter ever you had, and I like it no more than they would; that's what I have to say."

Magistrate to second defendant (an old woman): "Now, old woman, what have you to say about this nuisance?"

Old Woman: "Nuisance, Sir, how could I create any nuisance? I cross to Howden by the first ferry every morning. I am there all day earning my living by washing bottles, and I don't come back again till the last ferry at night. How, then, could I make any nuisance? I never was in the place in my life."

Magistrate, to third defendant: "Have you anything to say?"

Third Defendant: "Yes, Sir, I have a few remarks to make, and the first is: I should like to ask why I'm standing here. Why, Sir, am I not in the witness-box giving evidence against old Ratty? Isn't it a queer thing that in a small town like this two sanitary inspectors could never discover this nuisance for themselves, although the door has been off the closet for seven months. How do they put their time in, and what do they do for their money? There are other things I could say, but perhaps that's plenty."

The magistrate evidently thought the same. The case in fact was getting uncomfortable for the Bench and Ratty. None of the other defendants was questioned. The magistrate closed the case sharply, with: "Two and six fine and two and six costs."

After the lapse of a minute or so, when the defendants were leaving the court, the magistrate called Ratty and in a half serious, half jesting manner remarked: "Now, Mr. Ratty, I hope we shall have no more of these cases coming into court. Very serious statements have been made here this morning, and should it occur again, we may be forced to take notice of them."

Of course Ratty and the Bench belonged to the same gang. The reply to the woman's question: "How does he put his time in?" is as follows:—At 9.30 on a Monday morning he would stroll down to the Town Hall. At ten he began to collect his rents, devoting the whole day to that purpose in Palmerstown. Tuesday and Wednesday he spent collecting his rents in adjoining communities. The remainder of the week he worked as property valuer to a building society. At one monthly meeting of the council a member was inconsiderate enough to mention the word sanitation. Ratty dropped dead on the chamber floor.

To finish with the housing question for the present. For a time, after the passing of the Town Planning Act, property was inspected and repaired. But when the gang discovered that John Burns didn't mean business they soon stopped. The present condition of affairs was revealed at the last December meeting of the council.

Councillor Callaghan stated "At the present rate of inspection it would take another seven years to finish the town. The present system was that if a member complained about a house, that house was visited while the house next door, which might be just as bad, was not inspected. But to show the necessity for inspection he would quote the death rate in the different wards for the past year. North Ward, 20.16; Central Ward, 18.8; East Ward, 18.1; West Ward, 16.8; South Ward, 15; and Grange Ward, 12.8."

North Ward, 20.16; Grange Ward, 12.8.

Those figures tell their own tale, and cry shame on those who are responsible for them.

(To be continued.)

Letters from Italy.

III. Rome: First Days.

"SIR!" said Dr. Johnson, "The best thing a Roman ever sees is the road that leads to Paris."

[Hush! gentlemanly, educated critics; even the vulgar contributor to THE NEW AGE knows Boswell. Dr. Johnson said "Scotland."—Ha! Quel esprit!]

But I cursed like an eighteenth-century satirist as I was bumped and jerked down the Via Nazionale in one of these four and five times accursed fiacres. From the mediæval peace of Florence I was pushed into an imitative modernity. Ah, the jolly little Italians. How gaily they spit. How the tin trams sing "Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting!" all down the road. (This is too much like Whitman.) And down the cocchiere hauled me through a tunnel of white tiles beneath the King's garden, and finally hauled up his panting steed in the Piazza di Spagna. "Damnation," was all I could say. I loathed the first day or two in Rome.

After a while the feebleness of the modern mob ceases to irritate, and day by day some one eternal thing shows you its beauty and its use. "Colossal vulgarity," quoth I, observing the Colosseo for the first time; but now I find it very soothing o' mornings to sit on a piece of Flavius' marble and smoke my matutinal pipe. I watch the sunlight, which is clear and sweet like that of our English April; the barbarians from New York, and so on, pass before me, and I blink and smile and love the warmth. I congratulate Flavius on his amphitheatre; it is an admirable place to smoke in. (I could have avoided that ultimate preposition.)

"Quæ cum ita sint" (it's about time I quoted some Latin tag or other), I treat Rome irreverently. I'll tell you right now that the late Cinquecento and Seicento art in the churches is as vulgar as a French bourgeois and as ugly as Hammerstein's Opera House. There is a kirk in the Via Quirinale (St. Andrea al Quirinale, I think) which the guida tells you was built by Bernini. I wish they had strangled him first. Baroque, flamboyant, rococo, are words too peaceful and delicate to describe this coagulation of daubed vulgarities. "This picture," snarls the guide in his foul droning Italian, "is by El Greco, e questa di Somebody-else" (forget his name). As much by El Greco and Somebody else as by Mr. Strachey, or some other celebrity.

I had a strange attack of lying in St. Andrea, etc. "Il Signore è pittore?" dixit guida. "Si, si," said I; which was a horrid lie. And then he dragged me past years of unspeakably bad Seicento paintings in the sort of convent back of the church. And that costs four soldi—the price of my breakfast. God damn culture.

It is difficult for a foreigner to say much of a people's characteristics right away. But here is a tip to the poverty-stricken. Learn Italian directly you get there; if they think you're English, they swindle you—very properly. At the Baptistery of St. Giovanni Laterano and at Santa Maria della Pace I gave the old verger fellow three soldi, which is one more than is necessary. Howls of rage—a franc at least from an Inglese. Three soldi was "poco." Then the magnificent Inglese swings his cloak and says slowly but fluently: "Perché? Sempre dieci centesimi alle tutte chiese!" "Ha! Il Signore parla Italiano?" "Si, si, si!" "Buon giorno, Signore, buon giorno!"

I don't want to talk about the statues in the museums here, because I still cling to the hope that the most august and excellent gentlemanly excellencies of the exceedingly excellent etcetera, will grant me a "permesso." In which case I can go round in a lordly way and find some good "out-of-the-way" things, instead of running through like an American.

There are one or two Greek things here. The Latins are stupid; politicians, money-makers, amateurs, Philistines—but the Greeks—some of them—are delicate, æsthetic, subtle-sensed, and exquisite in taste, kind as that pleasant fellow of Nazareth whose name they now

take in vain. Go down into the Forum. Well, there are the Arch of Septimus Severus, and the frieze on the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and the three columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux. I would give all that rubble and heaps of earnest ostentation for some Greek fictile thing—a vase for water or oil, painted by some uneducated boy who knew more of beauty than he realised. "Beautiful Daphnis," or some such name, those vase-painters wrote on the bases of their clay vessels. And Aphrodite and Zeus and Peleus are all marked out for us in odd sprawling letters lest the clear figures, drawn with a few sparse lines, should be unfamiliar. There is a beautifully-shaped stone urn at Barracco's Museum here. It was for the ashes of some dead youth, and he is carved, badly enough, saying farewell to his mother and a girl.

This is all a hopeless digression from the characteristics of Roman people to-day, of which I meant to say something. They are very nice to me, and on the two occasions when I have told inquiring people in cafés that I was a "poeta Inglese," they were immediately kindly and seemed to understand why one loved the arts with the love passing that of women. They don't know English poetry though, by Zeus, or they wouldn't be so nice; suppose they read the trash that the noble youths of the intellectual palaestra turn out to-day!

The man in the café where I have breakfast is a pleasant fellow—he calls me "Signorino," which I take to be a compliment. He has a very pretty wife, who is a devil of a shrew. He pays heavily for his æsthetic taste. Like most people, they have too many children. An old man comes to the same café. He talks Italian, German, English, and Portuguese. He is eighty-six, and was in London when the Prince Consort (husband of a forgotten monarch, Victoria) died. "You don't speak French," said I, "why not?" "Tout le monde parle Français!" "Well, you see," said he, "there was—is—a peculiar family circumstance. My father—he was sculptor of Dresden, and he come to Rome to study under Canova. Then he fought 'gainst Napoleon, and he hate the French and would not teach his children the language." Sacred God! I thought that was a pretty odd "link with the past" if the old man spoke the truth. He said he had known Eastlake as a boy, and had his "likeness." There was no reason why he should have lied to me; I haven't got any money to give him.

Two Italian peasants came in one day to execute some legal document—signing a letter or something of that sort. They spat four times in three minutes. I left my "pannino" unfinished.

Ecco! for propagande; Forward l'Age Nouveau! Allons, camerados! They whack their horses and mules, and kick them and ill-treat them, and over-load them, until a mere English urchin like myself is enraged beyond words. I would pull their noses for them. So subscribe, all good people, to S.P.C.A., Piazza di Spagna, Rome, for they do excellent work. And in all seriousness the cruelty is disgusting.

More propagande! When I pay two soldi for a rotten little box of matches and exorbitant prices for chocolat Menier (my great delight) I sigh for the glories of Free Trade. I pay that dam tax, not the French chocolate makers, not the match-producers. Tax my chocolat Menier? Dahn wif'er bloomin' Gover'ment, dahn wif'er bloomin' taxes on us pore blokes! Tax my 'bacca? Dahn wif ev'ryfing! (That's how I feel!)

Still more propagande! Militarism! O bilge, O sentiment! O ecstasies over darky soldiers from Lybia, O mush of heroism! Every gamin welts at a toy drum or blows a screeching whistle; every "vigilanza," or whatever they call the gens d'armes, jostles you insolently; every jack-a-napes of a lieutenant goes clad in exquisite cloak and shining raiment; while the poverty about one hurts like watching cruelty. And for what? To protect the "dono infelice di bellezza?" Put a tax on English tourists then. They have nothing here worth stealing by force of arms except the Discobolus.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Roma.

Present-Day Criticism.

A KINDLY correspondent addresses the present writer with a warning not to be too playful in describing these "notes." "There are always 'fools coming,'" he writes, "who will belittle you for your own modesty." His letter is extremely well-intentioned; yet we have no answer but courteous persistence. To paraphrase Borrow: "No man would call his critical exploits notes if he could call them anything else." Would to earth that we possessed the insolence of some of her sons; what Icarian wings to sunny fame might we not then construct for ourselves! Deprived of insolence, helplessly modest we needs must be; our ignorance crushes us.

None realises better than we how fine it must feel to fancy oneself a great critic—to dare challenge the mighty comparison. Who would not, if he dared, imitate the boldness of Mr. Frank Harris, for instance, and seizing and plastering together a thousand and one contradictory details, offer them in a volume as the last word on Shakespeare; or, like Mr. Darrel Figgis, mincing and cooking with oleaginous additions all that all fools and wise unitedly have ever said about the high dramatist, puffily offer that as the last word on Shakespeare? A moderately ambitious man must envy even such authors as Messrs. Seccombe, Ransome, MacCarthy, and Mrs. Tynan, who are making quite a little trust in mutual criticism, and who actually go half round the world as a sort of literary co-operative shop, naming each other everywhere as the greatest critics, and positively discovering and re-discovering themselves to all sorts of de-civilised islands and unsuspecting provincial markets. And if these audacious figures do not set one gaping to be such a nobody—who might contemplate without self-distrust, the legions of vast Fleet Street authorities, so many and so many, who have all said the very last word about something or other? But we know that we could not, even if we dared, make wings of wax for ourselves out of Shakespeare's death-mask; we simply could not read Mrs. Tynan even in the hope of her bestowing whatsoever laurel; and our nature would defy us to smile at Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, although he could uplift us into the very throne of the Philistines. We lack whatever it is in all these self-styled critics which makes for the grand name without the grand thing, and so our death in obscurity is no way to be avoided. Our cowardice is, of course, immeasurable. We are so feeble as to fear even Posterity, to dread lest men of taste, true critics, should always be borne unto the end of our national decadence; and we do not want to gain one of those famous little immortalities such as you may see instanced throughout the dictionary of Lemprière: "—, a pretentious critic, ridiculed by — in his comedy—." No! let us find amusement across the Styx, but not at our own expense. Enough if we claim only to be saying nothing new in literary criticism, nothing that long-sighted tradition has not already taken into account. It is no use starting up and being over-proud, pretentious, or boastful, since if one's title were to be questioned by any person of high merit, from that moment one would again be nobody.

No doubt that the traditional things we are so constantly repeating sound very new indeed in this time of unprecedented progress. People seem never to have heard of our most venerable literary canon. (Can it be that the "fools always coming" are really alarmed at our *novelty*? Do they, perhaps, scent ruin in our example, so new even when compared with their latest brand-new Philistinism? But what a choice situation to be in—accused of forging too madly ahead with some old rule from the Hindus, some prohibition from Horace, some behest from Cicero, a few long-meditated hints from the world's literature. The jest, too good, must be untrue. Yet, this is a fact about one at least of our great and acknowledged modern critics and makers of belles-lettres, Mr. Arnold Bennett, that we could write him a literary article which he could only suppose us to have invented; and we should not be testing his impertinent self-confessed ignorance further back than

about twice his own age.) People have lost tradition. They call this an age of reason, though it seems nothing but an age of debate without reason, an age of mere opinion. Opinion may scarcely go lower from tradition than we have seen it. "We must be ourselves," cry the self-intoxicated ones, and they drop away from tradition like those paltry glass beads from the magic string in the Indian story. An instance: The Philistine playwrights have a new notion to make heroic plays in prose, disregarding therein the examples of all past dramatists, those trammelled Greeks and Latins, helpless Elizabethans, and the whole French order, those that from the dawn of great drama to the very edge of our benighted time have created the heroic play in verse only. Verse is the sublime, merciful, and just veil of tragedy. One has only to hear actors striving in vain to save the severe parts of the new Ibsen play from sounding like most unbeautiful rant to recognise fully why the poet-dramatists defended tragedy with verse. But "we who must be ourselves," will lay everything stark, even though thereby the object is lost, and the spectator goes away cynical and disgusted. You remember this veil again drawn across the face of grief by the noble Greek sculptor. There is a final mystery of suffering not to be pried into with safety to one's soul. Tradition has drawn the veil, and only the fool would tamper with it.

But this an age of reason! Away with such old superstitions! Let us *see*! One hears with a hideous shock the phrase—"Christ crucified on the bioscope." The debaters are not shocked. "Why not?" they ask, "if we may read about the crucifixion, why not see it?" "Good taste defend us!" we reply. "Taste—never mind about taste. What reason is there against the display?" And one can only turn aside, knowing that for people without good taste, let alone a sense for God, no reason exists against displaying God on the bioscope.

The working classes are now enjoying the novelty of reading daily papers professedly devoted to their interests; but that journal which professes loudest and most often, appears to be far enough below the best traditions of the working-class—steadiness, taciturnity, sobriety in deed and speech. In welcoming Mr. G. K. Chesterton to its ranks, the "Daily Herald" blustered like a cocksure boy. Servility is one thing—humility is another. The "Daily Herald" seems not to know that respect well directed is real self-respect. No self-respecting artisan would have blared like that ridiculous head-line—"Chesterton Fed Up." It is ridiculous to give satisfaction to one's opponents, and the reception of their late colleague must have been unction itself to the "Daily News" people. Silly American back-slang does not represent the British workman at his best. The "Herald's" would-be smartness becomes even odious. "Mown down by Motor" is the title for the report of an accident. "Three Kiddies Killed" alliteratively describes the poignant tragedy of the Grahams.

Of course, they do these things much worse in America, and with no excuse, since the best newspapers there, such as the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" are models of good sense and refined taste. But glance, as we often do, at the "New York Times Book Review," what wild woodsman's editing belittles the contributions, some few of these of noble intent and execution. The titles are often scarcely more literary than college yells. "George Bernard Shaw—His French Translator Calls Him the Molière of the Twentieth Century." "Magazine Writers—What Luck Would Yesterday's Masterpieces Have To-day?" "Seeing Anatole France—Mrs. John Lane Describes a Visit to and Her Impression of 'The Greatest Living Master of Style.'" Fancy the great stylist to be reading that! Compare the French "Journal des Débats" on Mr. Shaw: "M. Augustin Hamon a cru devoir intituler le Molière du vingtième siècle un cours qu'il a fait naguère sur M. Bernard Shaw et son théâtre, mais ce titre est singulièrement peu justifié. Molière est un comique de génie. M. Bernard Shaw n'est qu'un auteur satirique non dépourvu de talent." This writing, it

must be said, tolerates a yelling headline somewhat less than that of the American critic. But much better Americans than Mr. Brock (whose "This Breton, Augustin Hamon, says, etc.," is simply vile), are belittled by descriptions, the tradition of which we rest content to be unable to trace. An American informs us that the style is a raffination of "corner-boys' literature"; and we, personally, should feel as though our literary pocket had been picked if some American editor were to despoil an article of ours with one of those impertinent headlines. The thing is creeping into England, though our worst fears do not apprehend its establishment in literary journals. Tradition is still a pretty good Englishman.

We should like to go on discussing this tradition—to suggest its part in saving the franchise, and in deafening English ears to the charms of the New Spellers, and in several other contests against promiscuous vulgarity. But we make notes, and no more; the "fools always coming" must go elsewhere for the last word on the subject.

Modern Polish Poetry.

By P. Selver.

IV.

ABOUT the year 1890 a new movement took place in Polish literature. It was the first manifestation of that unrest which German critics vaguely define as "die Moderne," but for which no very precise term can be found. The brilliant reactionary philosophy of Nietzsche revealed a wealth of new ideas; the French symbolists and decadents with their delicate poetical technique supplied a fitting medium in which to present them. This movement was not without its dangers for the Slavonic literatures, on all of which it has left very considerable traces. It tended to blur the sharply defined national characteristics, without which the poetry of the Poles, the Bohemians, and the Southern Slavs becomes a mere artificial product, written by *littérateurs* for *littérateurs*. And this, unfortunately, has to some extent actually taken place. It has resulted in an aristocratic exclusiveness, a haughty reserve which can serve no good purpose. It has resulted in a search for morbid and perverse themes and aimless eccentricity of style, which, however, does not conceal the lamentable poverty of ideas. The very appearance of these books betrays their folly and impotence—the immoderate use of zig-zag lines, regiments of idle dots, paucity of contents, yellowish, fluffy paper—these are some of the danger-signals.

The earliest Polish recruits to this campaign were led by Stanislaw Przybyszewski (b. 1868), a literary figure akin to Dehmel and Strindberg in temperament, a facile bilingual author who had promulgated his ideas in German before he became the guide of young Poland. His early medical training supplied him with ample material for his purpose. He wrote novels and dramas, the subjects of which might well have been left in the pathological treatises where he found them. Stanislaw Wyspianski (1869-1907), painter, dramatist, and poet, worked on more wholesome principles, and especially in his dramas showed more regard for purely national matters than other members of this group.

The agitation was not without its good results. It led to a more obvious striving after perfection of style, both in prose and poetry. In Warsaw the movement centred round the journal "Chimera," conducted by Zenon Przesmycki (b. 1861), who writes under the name Miriam. The introduction to his translation of Maeterlinck's plays, published in 1894, marks the beginning of a new era in the history of Polish criticism. Przesmycki, whose original poetry is not very extensive, and is more striking for its form than its matter, is a symbolist. He absorbed the principles of symbolism, not merely by the study of the French poets who prac-

tised it, but by intercourse with the men themselves. He also mixed with the leading literary personalities in Vienna. (The Czech satirist J. S. Machar, who resides in Vienna, has dedicated a vivacious sonnet to Przesmycki, dealing with his sojourn there.) A further service of Przesmycki lies in his interpretation of modern Czech poetry—particularly of Vrchlicky and Brezina. His essay on Vrchlicky was translated into Czech, and serves now as the standard introduction even for native Bohemian readers.

Antoni Lange (b. 1863) is another poet whose chief concern is cultivation of form, which he has displayed in translations from Shelley, Poe, and Baudelaire. By the employment of such types of verse as pantoums and villanelles he serves more as a model for others rather than a poet of great original individuality.

V.

Of the remaining Polish poets less than a dozen call for special notice. What their relation may be to the new movement is not always clear, nor is it very profitable to discuss. It is better to appreciate than to speculate, and in the work of these men there is much to appreciate merely as poetry, apart from literature. One of the most vigorous of these personalities is Jan Kasproicz (b. 1860), whose peasant origin is revealed in his bluff and uncompromising attitude to life:—

What is life worth without ecstasy's hours,
Void of those frenzies that men in their coldness
Christen transgression and overboldness?
Such life is an autumn-tide sodden with showers.
But life is like unto spring-tide, when love
And suffering both in its ken it enfolds,
When it plucks at the stars in the azure above. . . .

Kasproicz himself has "plucked at the stars" to some purpose. In his earlier poems he shows a fierce realisation of social injustice, of the misery of the people with which his younger days made him familiar. His invectives do not even shrink from what orthodox souls would be sorely tempted to call blasphemy. He reproaches the Creator for causing man's distress. But this is only a phase; later he turns from this view of the existing order of things, and finds that man himself is the source of all human sorrow. Kasproicz, like Asnyk, gains consolation in nature, in the magic of the pine-clad peaks:—

The wind whips the orphaned pines,
And rain at my window beats;
In peaceful mood my soul
To misty pathways fleets.
It flows to the flame-lit crags,
To the chasm-crowning ways,
Where the sight of the secrets of God
Is before us in tumult ablaze.
It speeds to the eddies of light
That coil from the sun's gold beams
Where by the shoreless spaces
Yearning in solitude dreams.
The wind whips the orphaned pines,
Mists in the rain unroll.
O, mountains, eternal mountains,
O yearning of my soul!

Kasproicz is also the author of numerous translations from foreign poets, including Browning. (The Slav nations, whose linguistic attainments must be considered remarkable, are, as a result, very fortunate in their poetical translations. This is specially noteworthy among the Bohemians.)

The melancholy, from which no Polish poet seems entirely free, is the chief feature of the work of Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer (b. 1865). In his case it is closely associated with his surroundings, the craggy slopes of the Tatra (Carpathians), of which he sings with a never-failing freshness. Of himself he says:—

Unto my cradle from the Tatra flew
The wind unloosed on eagles' wings, and blew
Past pines that view each other on the height;

It roared above my cradle in its flight.
And in my heart a longing it has brought
For endless eagle freedom; moody thought
It carried from the pines, that in the waste
Rock, by a mighty stillness held embraced.

Here he is at home; his spirit is in harmony with these vast expanses of rock and boulder, and with the grim and sullen tribe who dwell there. Some of his poems are written in their dialect, and in his novels and short stories he deals with their life. He is a mountaineer :—

Ho! ne'er let me meet my doom
Down upon the lea,
Nor may I find on earth a tomb,
Death's laughing-stock to be!

For all his melancholy he craves little from life :—

Where'er I turn my face, 'tis one to me—
If to the north or to the south I fare,
Shade from the scorching sun, a spring await
Me everywhere.

Out of the ever-shifting colours, lights and shadows on the mountains, he weaves the most delightful fancies, as in the "Song of the Night Mists," from which a few stanzas are quoted :—

Softly, softly, let us wake not streams that in the valley
sleep,
Let us with the wind dance gently o'er the spaces wide
and deep.

Let us quaff the roar of torrents that are merged into
the lake,
And the gentle noise of pines and of the fir-trees in the
brake.
Balmy scent of blossoms blooming on the hill-side let us
drink,
Filled with music, fragrance, colour, let us rise to
heaven's brink.

With the milky down, the filmy coat of darkness let us
play,
With the plumage of the night-owls, wheeling upwards
and away.

Let us flit from peak to peak, like to gently swaying
bridges,
By the shafts of star-light fastened to the corners of the
ridges.

In less peaceful moods he calls on the tempest :—

O tempest, tempest! Pluck this soul of mine
Out of my body into airy spaces,
As Tatra's bird that lags in lowly places,
I, too, in lowly places chafe and pine.

Whither thou wilt, there waft it frenziedly,
Let it to some lone spot, far, far be hurled.
I would forget that I am of the world,
And not a spirit, winged, untrammelled, free!

One more quotation to show yet another phase of his phantasy. It is entitled "On the Lonely Road" :—

On my spirit's strings thy fingers,
Thou, O tempest, lay.
The dream that 'mid deep water lingers
'Mid bright dawning play.

Play the strains from pastures streaming,
From the drowsy pines.
Play what in misty chasm dreaming
Round the rainbow twines.

What most calm, most hid, has vanished
To some secret lair,
Tempest, what is farthest banished
To my spirit bear.

Here is a poet whose inspiration is direct and unfeigned, not detached from his daily life, but forming an integral part of it.

Lucyan Rydel (b. 1870) is another noteworthy figure among the more recent Polish poets. Most of his work is marked by a simplicity of style that harmonises well with its popular tendencies. His love-poems are rendered effective by this very unaffected tone, free

from all the frothy humours of some of his contemporaries. Thus the song-cycle "Hania" begins thus :—

My ditty soars away on pinions
Unto the verge of earth's dominions
Thro' forest gloom,
O'er sheen of fields, o'er streams' blue traces
To some far land beyond the places
Where hill-tops loom.

Singing, it speeds with swallow's flight
Amid expanses gold-bedight
Of shimmering ways—
Until my soaring ditty goes,
And at thy feet in humble pose
Its homage lays.

Equally effective is his "Arise, O Song!" with its spirited conclusion :—

O 'mid the dust of gleaming planets flow,
The spheres' wild rack,
'Midst dizzy whirling of their fiery glow,
The scarlet chaos of their blood-red track
Soar, sink, and by the opal radiance drowned
Ring and resound.

Yet another aspect of his work is seen in the sonnets devoted to mythological and classical subjects (Rydel has translated Homer into Polish). Here he reveals an admirable pictorial sense, a delicate feeling for colour, which renders these poems vivid and convincing. "Centaur and Woman" immediately suggests a painting :—

The starlight wanes; with gentle beams bedight
The plain afar is smooth and endless shed,
To where—like to a stream of fiery red—
'Neath greenish sky a blood-hued streak shines bright.

O'er the fair head and body white as snow,
Whose girth a pair of swarthy arms enlase
Another head, dark, bearded is bent low.

Again, in the "Syrens" :—

Ocean, green ocean, in its endless maze.
The milky moon above in azure skies.
From far away the gleaming waves arise
Snowy with foam, with lightning sparks ablaze.

The syrens are imaged in one line :—

With scales, their hips are bright as rainbow-rays.

The distant vessel thus :—

A sail upon the sea's dull silvery rim.

In "Psyche" recurs the same effective contrasting of colours :—

. . . the glint of golden veins on pearly skin,
And in her hand a rose-flamed lamp is burning.

The conception of the antique world shown by Rydel in these sonnets is especially remarkable, seeing that he is otherwise professedly a poet who appeals to the understanding of the masses.

The poems of Leopold Staff (b. 1878) reveal a vigorous personality, now triumphant with the pride of the creative artist, now grappling with the problem of unattained ideals. He exclaims :—

All that was meek within me, timid, mild,
With brutal giant-grasp I plucked asunder.
For I adored the raging might of wonder,
Tempests unbounded, overweening, wild.

I set my heart in surging pulse-beat ringing,
My dauntless and unflinching soul was sending
Accents of strength, huge, plain, uncouth, unbending,
Empassioned, bold, of storm and freedom singing.

The same youthful exuberance, which tends to turgidity, is seen in such passages as :—

In pangs of travail, pain of striving might,
Racked by a fire untamed, with brow distraught,
To weld in one huge form my slaving sought
The shapes, hues, rhythms of each sleepless night.

Some shrine that man ne'er yet beheld, I made.
The awful strength of mightiness I battered.
I raised a cyclop-statue there, from shattered
Huge boulders, with my chisel's frenzied blades.

and

A whole unshapen mass of precious ore,

Left in the unplumbed inmost of my breast,
Volcano-like from chasms' depths I wrest,
And then upon a hard steel anvil pour.

'Mid hammering din I smite with joyous thought,
For I must end a task, momentous, long,
For from those ores my heart must needs be wrought
A hardy heart, courageous, haughty, strong.

His aims are high :—

Lo! I a clod, huge, cyclopæan crave
That fire-girt be my dream, from marble sundered.

For a colossus my proud toil must yield,
My dream in purple, shimmering, kingly, goes.

But in the end he finds :—

Earth has no vastness worthy of my might

Ho, barren dreams, my dreams of each great night.

In the sonnet entitled "The Ruler" he expresses his conception of the poet's lofty rank and infinite power :—

A goblet wrought of amethyst I raise,
I pledge my glory's strength, her sway unending,
One heedless gesture, lo, fresh realms ascending,
In me new life keeps endless festive days.

It will be seen that this poet's diction borders on the harsh and crude, but there is something more than words behind these "Dreams of Power," the title that stands at the head of his first volume issued in 1901.

The poems of Jerzy Zulawski (b. 1874), with their insistent note of despair form a direct contrast to the energetic utterance of Staff. "The Temptation" consists of a trio of sonnets, in which the poet dallies with the thought of suicide :—

The first day's toil has left me sore oppressed,
Life's very onset—and for peace I long.

There comes at times some phantom of the dead,
And says "Why fearest thou? Of life's thread ease thee."

But the instinct for life is too strong :—

Avaunt, O phantom, back to life, to life!

The same idea is expressed in a shorter poem :—

He has no hope whose ship in shattered plight,
Sails gone, and rudder blindly o'er the wave
Before the tempest scuds. Him naught can save
And he the coming of the end must sight.

He has no hope, and yet he does not leap
Into the tempest's jaws, but grasps a spar,
Although he knows that he will see no star,
And knows, that not a soul for him will weep.

Or again :—

Why, Lord, to life didst Thou decree my doom?
Wherefore my soul, great, barren, didst Thou leave,
Powerlessly fierce, and hungry to conceive,
Dreaming of dawn, and yet o'erfilled with gloom?

Why didst thou, stars in heaven, disclose to me
And thrust me downwards, where no gleam can shine,
And bid me for the stars' bright spectre pine,
And fall for ever, striving up to Thee?

The poems of Maciej Szukiewicz (b. 1870) and W. Perzynski (b. 1878) are similar to those of Zulawski.

They therefore need no quotation.

Andrzej Niemojewski strikes a different note in his "Fragment," which might serve as a reply to the three preceding poets :—

Long from our brows has the garland of honour been
hurled,

With quivering lips ye breathe.

Brothers, be of good cheer! for to-day all the world
In a wanton dance doth seethe.

What, brothers, avails us honour's imperious guerdon,
The brow that is decked with the bays?

What, brothers, avails it us, honour to bear as a burden
On humility's slippery ways?

Here is that sturdy Slavonic defiance that is met with in the poems of Kasprowicz, and especially in the Czech satirist, J. S. Machar. Like Kasprowicz, too, Niemojewski hurls reproaches at God. In his more purely

lyrical poems he describes the mountain scenery of Galicia.

It becomes a matter of some difficulty, when these more recent poets are under review, to know where to stop short. There is no lack of names, but one hesitates to be too lavish with them. Some mention should perhaps be made of Z. Debicki (b. 1871), Ludwik Szczepanski (b. 1872), and Artur Oppmann (b. 1867), who writes under the name of Or-Ot. Debicki betrays a leaning towards some of the current literary affectations in such poems as "Black Roses" and the "Lamentations." Elsewhere, however, he gives token of better things. The song-cycle "Nox Vadit," although conventional in subject and treatment, shows a distinct power of dainty phrasing, appropriate to the theme. Thus :—

Her page, the wind, bears raiment-sheen,
Woven from woof of evening haze.
Unto his mistress and his queen
Rapt on the pasture's peaceful lays. (In Part I.)

and

The weald in peace she passes over,
Rapt on the distant forest-strains.
She passes o'er the blossoming clover,
The dismal stretch of fallow plains.
The glistening wheat she sets astir,
Her hand o'er poppies sleep is flinging.
The crickets play, and unto her
Locusts are singing, singing. (In Part II.)

In six poems, each containing sixteen lines, variations on the same theme are skilfully introduced. So in Part V :—

The peasants in a group are sitting,
The reed-pipe's wistful cadence pours.
Softly the pallid night is fitting
O'er Vistula's field-girded shores.
The tethered horses crop the grasses;
From hissing flames with blood-red spire
A patch of smoke to Warsaw passes,
The peasants gossip by their fire.

Szczepanski writes delicate verses, strongly tinged with a mysticism more characteristic of the Czechs than the Poles. In such a poem as "Weariness" there is a marked similarity to the great Czech symbolist, Otakar Brezina. A few lines will suffice to indicate the style :—

In its wide bounds is quailing
The ocean white

Bright
Mists my resting-place are veiling.
Within the misty bounds
Of veils that tenderly conceal
The silvery sounds
Of harps grow silent in a dying peal.

The curious division of the lines is a close reproduction of the Polish original.

Oppmann is a poet whose highest achievement lies in depicting various aspects of Warsaw life, chiefly in a pessimistic strain. "The Town Chronicle," with its archaic phraseology may be compared with Mr. Austin Dobson's treatment of eighteenth century subjects. His laconic disjointed style may be judged by the following brief extract from "Rain" :—

'Gainst the panes it streams,
O'er earth the mist-shrouds lie,
Like flowing tears it seems,
Like sobbing of the sky,
The flickering lamp-light gleams.
Hear the cricket's cry,
'Gainst the panes it streams,
O'er earth the mist-shrouds lie.

And here this record of necessarily imperfect impressions must end. Other names might be mentioned, but perhaps the time has not yet come to assign them their fitting place in the poetry of modern Poland. In judging the whole matter, the reader must bear in mind two things: firstly, the disadvantages under which a literature must labour whose artificers belong to three different realms where they are subject to serious racial troubles; secondly, the great difficulty of reproducing

lyrical poetry in another language, especially in turning verses from highly inflected Polish into scantily inflected English. If these factors be taken into account, there remains some justification for echoing the sentiment of the patriotic Polish song, "Poland is not yet lost!"

Views and Reviews.

I do not intend to deal with the "lies beyond"; there are enough by the way. We know by past experience that, when the "manufacturers' party" deals with the land, it tempers injustice with hypocrisy. Cobden wrote to Mr. Peter Taylor, with reference to the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws: "We don't want the question to be argued, but to be taken up on the primitive grounds of right and justice. We don't wish it to be treated as a manufacturer's question, nor a capitalist's either; but as a bread tax that robs all the community for the clumsy expedient of putting a mere fraction of the booty into the pockets of the robbers." Yet it was a manufacturer's question, for, four days later, Cobden wrote: "Eighteen months ago the movement had its birth in the wrongs of a few manufacturers who were seeking to be relieved from injuries inflicted upon their own peculiar interests." These letters will be found in Dr. Garnett's "Life of W. T. Fox." It behoves us to remember these facts when we are asked to believe that Landlordism is the primal curse, and to ask ourselves what we have to gain by relieving the capitalist of all taxation, and raising the revenue of the country by a single tax on land values. A Chartist in the hungry 'forties said of the manufacturers: "And now they want to get the Corn Laws repealed—not for your benefit, but for their own. 'Cheap bread,' they cry; but they mean 'low wages.' Do not listen to their cant and humbug." We are now asked to believe that the Single Tax means cheap land for everybody, whereas it only means lower ground rents for manufacturers, with concomitant higher profits.

On the abstract grounds of right and justice, we have only to ask why the whole cost of the national services should be borne by only one section of the community to see the great injustice of the demand for the Single Tax. Landlords, after all, do no more damage to the working classes than do the manufacturers; and it must be admitted that the national services are at present performed more for the benefit of the manufacturers than of the landlords. We may grant that the private ownership of land does not ensure the most productive use of it; we may agree with Mr. Wedgwood that "the heavy rates upon houses, machinery, stabling, sheds, glass-houses, etc., the 50 per cent. exemption given to agricultural land, and the rebates on game-covers, are all a very definite discouragement of production, and a distinct encouragement to keep land vacant, or half-used, and cause a shortage in it." But who made agricultural production so unremunerative that a 50 per cent. exemption had to be granted? Who rushed the nation into the towns, and forced up rents by the simple process of massing people on comparatively small areas? Who but the manufacturers? Yet they now come to us, in the person of Mr. Wedgwood, and tell us that the road to freedom lies through agriculture, and that the only way to obtain the land for the people is to increase its cost by making it bear the whole taxation of the country.

It is argued by Mr. Wedgwood, as though he wished to demonstrate the vindictiveness that inspires the attack on landlords, that a tax on land cannot be shifted by the landlord on to the tenant. I care little for what the "most respected economists" may say; Michael Flurschheim, who devotes a chapter of his "Over-Production and Want" to the land question, talks common sense on this point. For the Single Tax, be it remembered, does not abolish the private ownership of

land: its prime objective is to force land into productive use, and pay the whole cost of the national services. All the rebates and exemptions will be transferred to manufacture. Against the punitive intentions of the Single-Taxers, Flurschheim urges that, "though it is true that, as a rule, the landlord takes all he can extort from the tenant, this power of extortion depends in the last resort on the rent-paying power of the latter. Now, as any tax relief obtained by the tenant raises his rent-paying power, the landlord may certainly recoup, by a higher rent, any tax shifted on his shoulders from those of the tenant. If a tenant pays \$300 rent and \$50 taxes, and you make the landlord pay the \$50 taxes, will not the rent rise to \$350?"

There is a statement made by Mr. Wedgwood himself that betrays the fallacy of his argument that the Single Tax will destroy the monopoly of the ownership of land. "Many of that minority," he says, "who exclusively possess the control of portions of the earth's surface, have not only occupied what will satisfy their own needs, but have also exercised their monopoly power of withholding from use, so as to keep other land vacant or half-used. They have no necessary inducement or need to do otherwise; and that it is actually done is shown by the fact that many country landlords get no more than 2 per cent. on the capital value of their land; thus proving that ownership, without even normal return, is all they want." If already landowners are content with 2 per cent., why should we suppose that they would resign their ownership, even if the 2 per cent. were denied them? It has already been predicted that England will gradually be turned into the pleasure domain of the world's aristocracy and plutocracy; and Flurschheim argues that the Single Tax could not prevent this conversion. "Suppose that, under the Single Tax," he says, "the Rothschilds and a few hundred other millionaires in England and America should share the whim of turning Great Britain into a deer-park, and British landlords should sell at reasonable figures because of the new tax, which destroys the selling value of their land. Under existing laws, what could prevent these men from having their will? Certainly not the land-value tax, even if it were as high as it would be were the present values taken as a basis of calculation, i.e., 200 million pounds a year. The income of Rockefeller and Carnegie alone is at present valued at 12 to 15 million pounds each; that of the Rothschild families is higher, and, without going any further, we have already obtained one-quarter of the yearly tax required. But how long would it be required? How long would there be a rental value of 200 million pounds in a depopulated England, in that magnificent new deer-park? That value would follow British enterprise wherever the evicted people went. The United States, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, would see their land values rise as the British land values fell; and finally the 200 millions might be reduced to something like 5s. an acre, to 20 million pounds, or even less, a mere trifle for such magnates. That such an event is practically impossible is begging the question, because it is only saying in other words that the Single Tax is impossible."

Into Flurschheim's arguments for land nationalisation by purchase I cannot enter here; but enough has been said to show that, if land monopoly is the root of all evil, as Mr. Wedgwood argues, and I am willing to agree, the evil cannot be abolished by the Single Tax, which, at the best, could only exchange a small number of private owners for a large number, and, at the worst, would enable industrial capitalists to complete the ruin of England by purchasing the land at forced prices. Already, as Mr. Wedgwood shows, industrial capitalists are becoming landowners abroad; and the process may well be repeated here if the Single Tax be imposed on land. By the abolition of the landlord, the capitalist producer would be freed from the burden of monopoly rent; and the Single Tax would simplify for him the question of the charges on industry. But with capital and land in the hands of the same people, the workers of England would be as badly off as ever.

A. E. R.

* "The Road to Freedom, and What Lies Beyond." By Josiah and Ethel Wedgwood. (Daniel. is. net.)

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE fox was right: the grapes are sour. I never yet witnessed a forbidden play but I discovered that it was a bad play; and Björnson's "A Gauntlet," recently produced by "The Play Actors," is no exception to the rule. The play had been banned, we were told; I suppose that the prohibition was confined to Scandinavia, for a public performance was given by "The Play Actors" on Monday, February 17th, at the Court Theatre. But it does not matter when, where, or why a play is banned. Forbidden fruit is best, or, as another proverb phrases it, forbid a fool a thing and that he will do, and, of course, the theatre was crowded. The facts that the play was at least forty years old, and was one of those works that can be dated, mattered nothing; if "The Sign of the Cross" were to be prohibited its artistic value would be enhanced, its author hailed as a genius, and surreptitious performances of this banned masterpiece would be given, and I should be set to work to prove to a faithless and perverse generation that "The Sign of the Cross" was really only a tract for the times.

I have not forgotten that the ghost of Hamlet's father protested against being sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head. Death, it seems, is a serious matter, which requires due preparation if it is to be properly negotiated; and marriage, we are all agreed, is a kind of death. If we adopt the mystical view of Edward Carpenter, in "The Drama of Love and Death," we have to admit that both parties give up the ghost that the offspring of their embrace may breathe the breath of life. The cynical view is more common, and Nietzsche's statement of it is one of the most famous: "What becomes of the 'Wandering Jew,' adored and settled down by a woman? He simply ceases to be the eternal wanderer; he marries, and is of no more interest to us." Against this the boast of Benedick: "There is no staff more reverend than that which is tipped with horn," is of no avail. We remember the former description: "Here lies Benedick, the married man," and recognise once again that marriage is a kind of death. This being so, the question arises whether it requires any preparation comparable with that needed for the successful lapse into physical dissolution—whether we ought also to pray: "From battle, murder, and from sudden marriage, Good Lord, deliver us."

The only expression of wisdom against this is frankly immoral, and is only to be heard from immoral people. Marriage is a trade to which no one need serve an apprenticeship, is the axiom of people who are oppressed by Criminal Law Amendment Acts. It happens to be the assumption made by Svava Riis in "A Gauntlet," and the fact militates against the pathos of her predicament. For she refuses to become the official wife of a man who had previously been unofficially married. It is not here a question of a loveless marriage: it is asserted that both parties are desperately in love, but, being a novice, she demands the embraces of a novice, and refuses the more skilled caresses of one who has been previously instructed. That is the brute fact of the situation, and it is impossible to pretend that it has any spiritual implications or value. The girl prefers a clumsy lover, that is all.

If Björnson had stated the case as simply as this, even the audience that preferred the forbidden fruit might have seen that it was only a crab-apple. But when in doubt, talk of morality; that is English wisdom, and it is not unknown in Scandinavia. They talked all through the play; and, as if this were not enough, Mrs. Riis stalked into Dr. Nordan's garden in the third act and lectured on "The Essence of Morality." This was not exactly a logical development of the situation. The question of the writer of the Book of Proverbs: "Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies?" had been answered; Svava Riis was the woman. The question now was: "Who can find a

virtuous man, for she refuses to marry anyone who knows more than she does?" Mrs. Riis' lecture on the necessity of an identical morality for the two sexes was mal-a-propos, and really contained nothing germane to the play. Not that it mattered, for there was no play; but there might have been a play if the essence of morality had not dissolved the drama into a tearful exposition. I have suggested that there is a similarity between death and marriage, and I am pleased to find myself supported by no less an authority than Lord Byron. In the third canto of "Don Juan" he says:—

All tragedies are finished by a death;
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

It is asserted by all religions that some preparation is needed for death; indeed, St. Paul died daily, and physiologists tell us that we all do the same. But I do not think that marriage requires so much skill, or that such assiduous practice is necessary; but it may be maintained confidently that some previous experience is commendable. However we accept the Biblical story, it cannot be denied that the disastrous effects of the first marriage were due to the limited knowledge of its consequences possessed by the contracting parties. It is probable that Alfred Christensen knew the worst about matrimony, for his adulterous connection with a consumptive woman was probably not entirely delightful; consumptives are apt to be very irritable. With an obstinacy worthy of a better cause, he demanded union with a person who, as the event proved, suffered from hyperæsthesia, claustrophobia, to say nothing of the nervous debility and maniacal frenzy exhibited in the third act. It was plain to everyone that he would have a worse time with this lunatic than he probably had with the consumptive; yet with almost heroic persistence he offered himself as her keeper. That there might be no disparity between them, he offered to live the life that she demanded for ten years, if need be, until, in fact, he was as mad as she was, provided that at the last he should be offered up as a willing sacrifice to the purpose of the world. This was a man, indeed; for, long before the ten years were passed she would be wreaking her forgiveness on another man.

But Svava Riis, in the early stages of her insanity, held that she was dishonoured by the embrace of a man who had embraced another woman, and had heard the customary lies from the lips of a predecessor. She herself had looked into the eyes of another man, and there discovered the gleam of previous knowledge; but that, of course, did not count. What really hurt her was the fact that her perception was not infallible. In the first act she maintained that Alfred was as big a fool about matrimony as she was, and by the end of the first act she had discovered that, once again, she had deceived herself. This discovery was intolerable to her, and a scapegoat had to be found, and the rest of the play was devoted to her attempts to put everybody else in the wrong. That is, of course, the usual trick of women; but it discounts heavily all the feminist twaddle that she and her mother talked. Take one example: Alfred pledges his word of honour that he will be faithful to her when they are married, and it is argued that his word of honour is unacceptable, in view of his previous entanglement. No evidence to prove that he had pledged his honour to the consumptive was offered; there was nothing to show that he had ever broken his word. That she had deceived herself was sufficient reason for her to be insulted by his assurance; and Alfred became the scapegoat by the simple device of allowing the mother to exhaust her jealousy of her husband's illicit love affairs in a little unwholesome indignation against a voluntary pledge of honour. Really, modern feminism is only old-fashioned nagging with a new vocabulary.

Art.

The Goupil and Carfax Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

It is a simple and honest personality that lies behind these hundred and fifty odd pictures by Arthur Lemon at the Goupil Gallery—simple in its affection and honest in its expression. The subjects treated reveal no profundity, no passionateness, no complexity, of temperament; and there is little originality or power apparent in their treatment. One gets the impression that any plain English gentleman, with a feeling for rustic life at home or abroad, who had attained a sufficient mastery over his medium, could have painted just such pictures as these. They leave you very little—if at all—richer, and like many a novel of Meredith's, the catalogue in which they are classified might with perfect propriety have "as you were" printed in large letters on its back.

Arthur Lemon may have been a very charming man; he may have had a hearty affection for animals; but it is difficult to find much that matters in his work. Take, for instance, Fugitives (No. 24), Harvest Time, Surrey (No. 52), A Tuscan Ploughing Team (No. 90), and that rather terrible head of a Tuscan Ox (No. 67). Such work may be conscientious, it may be honest, it may be worthy; but at any rate it is absolutely devoid of artistic taste; and this is after all the quality which counts. In these pictures there is little of the unconsciously selecting mind, there is little of humanity and of the spirit of the ordering man; there is none of the passion which willy-nilly generalises and coordinates, transfigures and simplifies. For however much simplification may fail as a conscious effort—and most modern simplification is of this kind—that simplification which arises unconsciously from the artist literally being unable to see more than that which appeals to his single ruling passion, is something that everyone, save the corrupted layman or art-student, can tell at first sight. It is a quality that commands and seduces. It is one of the signs of great power.

It is obvious that this power is almost as completely absent from Arthur Lemon's work as it is from Constable's. Both painters have the same ingenuous honesty. Both were a long way from being great artists.

A generation that has been able to gaze in wonder at such pictures as Gauguin's "L'Esprit Veille," or Van Gogh's Orchards in Provence, in which the same ingenuousness as that possessed by Arthur Lemon is coupled with a skill and artistic taste which are infinitely greater and more rare—such a generation can look only with tedium at the puerility of the Englishman. It is charming when one is begging for the loan of a pocket knife from a rosy-cheeked lad to see him draw a bundle of tangled string, a top, and a few coppers from his pocket, all glued together by a bit of toffee. This is the sort of charm to be found in Arthur Lemon's work. It is a perfectly definite thing; a thing that thousands belonging to the last generation still regard as the most delightful thing of all; but it is puerile—and there's an end of it. While in the gallery I noticed that the people who were most enthusiastic in their praise of the pictures were all men and women well over middle-age; people who still gloat over Dickens and rave about Tennyson.

And now I will make three exceptions in favour of Nos. 5, 87, and 134. In these three pictures it is obvious that Arthur Lemon rises into a department of his nature, which, if he had but developed and deepened it by meditation and rest, might have constituted him not merely a good painter, but a powerful artist. The Campagna Romana (No. 5) is full of the signs of greater and nobler quality than that of the other landscapes. Breadth and easy generalisations take the place of finnikiness and laboriously recorded detail. There is a glimmering of a ruling passion

that is beginning to render the painter indifferent to some things and partial to others.

As for the Study for Circus picture (No. 87), I wonder whether anyone knows whether the picture which seems to have been contemplated here was ever painted? I am sorry to say that I know nothing whatever of such a picture. In any case, if the artist's aim was ever accomplished, the result must have been very interesting; for the sketch itself is full of a power and vigour which is almost universally foreign to the painter. The arrangement is simple, graceful and genial; the interest is concentrated on a beautiful subject of great interest—a woman on a white horse—and there is a dramatic outline of the crowd behind. If I had wished to buy a Lemon, this is the picture I should have chosen.

In No. 134, Oxen Threshing in Tuscany, the gallery certainly holds the best of Lemon's cattle pictures. Time, it is true, has mellowed the picture a good deal, but even in its rawest days, it must have been wonderfully attractive. Two little children are manipulating the great white oxen by means of slender ropes, while the beasts thresh the corn underfoot. It is a bewilderingly charming arrangement, executed with skill and simplicity. But these three pictures surely represent the topmost crest of Lemon's highest wave. If they stood for his earliest work, or his average, he would have been a more distinguished artist than he actually is.

In Mr. C. J. Holmes we have a very different personality. Here there is no question of guilelessness or ingenuousness. Mr. Holmes is very skilful, très habile; but he knows a trick or two more than poor old Lemon. He is not the less artistic for that. On the contrary. Still, while standing in the Carfax Gallery one is perhaps a little too conscious of the cleverness of it all. Why is this? Why does the undoubted charm of Mr. Holmes' decorative landscapes not captivate one straight away, without any further ado? Why has one continually on the tip of one's tongue, amid all these wonderfully shrewd and fascinating arrangements, simplifications, and patterns, the unuttered judgment that they are "canny," well thought out, and brilliant? I suggest that it is because Mr. Holmes is himself still too conscious of the sort of thing that "pleases." Let him once be carried away by a thing that pleases for the moment himself alone, and we shall get something a thousand times more irresistible than these pictures now on exhibition. Then, also, we shall find that he has forgotten one or two of his mannerisms in the fire of his enthusiasm, and his work will be reborn from the experiment, freed from all the conscious efforts which now mar its beauty, or rather its convincingness.

And Mr. Holmes can do this. He has it in him to fling all these rather "too able" conventions to the wind. Look at Carlisle Wall (No. 7), Floods at Patterdale (No. 15), and the Watch Tower, Tenby (No. 27)! A man who can paint these things ought to scorn to captivate this age by means of pictorial embroideries. Add a single human figure to Carlisle Wall, and the thrilling drama would be so intense in its simplicity as to make Mr. Holmes' brush a weapon of overwhelming power, rather than of overwhelming charm. No. 15, too, is excellent, so gravely impressive, so full of deep and passionate interest in the plain things it portrays. I apologise for my ignorance, but I am afraid I cannot say off-hand whether Mr. Holmes does or does not paint figures. If he does, they must be profoundly absorbing. At any rate, he achieves the next best thing in this exhibition, for the three pictures I have mentioned, though landscapes, are full of a thoroughly human quality. The hand of man is visible all over them. How could one nation produce both Lemon and Holmes without there being the most appalling conflict of aims and aspirations in its soul! Of the two elements, however, I cannot help wishing that the latter may triumph.

REVIEWS.

Hilary's Career. By Parry Truscott. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

The account of a parents' squabble over the professional career of an only son, aged twelve. "The public—God bless 'em—don't want anything new, or anything original, or anything clever." The public is not trifled with in this novel!

An Affair of State. By J. C. Snaith. (Methuen. 6s.)

In the form of a novel Mr. Snaith has added a contribution to the bewildering literature of industrial politics. Says the butler to his master, the President of the Board of Conciliation: "For the last twenty years, sir, the masses, in my opinion, have had a great deal too much given to them. Enlarged franchise, which lies at the root of all the mischief, free food, free doctoring, free insurance, free education for their children, pensions for their old age, have put them right above themselves, in my opinion. It is a case of all masters and no servants nowadays. . . . And the more they get the more discontented they become." Equally original is the suggestion for the maintenance of sanity and safety in the darkest hour of the General Strike, if such an one is ever possible in modern England. A Royal Proclamation is advised. "It will call upon every able-bodied man in the kingdom between the ages of sixteen and seventy, irrespective of creed or class, to enroll himself immediately as a special constable pledged and empowered to maintain law and order, and to protect life and property to the utmost of his power."

Socialism. By John Spargo. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

This new and revised edition of a work first published in 1906 owes its popularity as much to its plausibility as to its excellent outlines of Socialist economic theory. Mr. Spargo is competently familiar with the writings both of Socialist and the so-called classical non-Socialist economists. It is when he comes to the discussion of ways and means, in which study alone ceases to be sufficient, that Mr. Spargo opens up controversies, and only, we fear, persuades himself that he has closed them again. Like our own Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Spargo sees no necessity for a violent revolution, nor, indeed, for anything that can be called a revolution, violent or peaceful. The "revolutionary evolution" he has in mind is already, we are to suppose, in course of deploying. No one will be able to date it, or to realise its successive moments, but, like dawn and Topsy, it will "jest grow." This optimism, while pleasing to timid meliorists, and not displeasing to capitalists, would vanish, however, at the touch of real criticism, not to say reality. For it cannot be denied, except by the blind, that the conquest of economic equality, as it surpasses in importance the conquest of political equality, must ipso facto surpass it in difficulty. Every victory nominally won by Labour has so far been actually recovered by Capital with interest; and all the meliorism of the last twenty-five years has but enlarged dividends, while leaving real wages where they were or below it. It is not, therefore, by these steps that Labour will emancipate itself from wage slavery. On the contrary, we maintain that every such step plunges the Socialist proletariat deeper in the mire.

Mr. Spargo, though he adds to this edition a new chapter, takes no account of recent demonstrations in the Socialist movement which effectually invalidate his claim to present the "general opinion" of the Socialist movement. Two events, at least, have occurred in Socialist thought on which no work on Socialism should in future fail to comment: first, the spontaneous and practically universal discovery by Socialists that "Collectivism" is a capitalist dodge; secondly, the resulting bolt in the direction of Syndicalism. Whether a third event must be added, greater than either of these, depends upon the perspicuity of the present Socialist movement. Guild Socialism (to distinguish it from "Collectivism") has been formulated, but possibly before its time.

Pastiche.

"PURITY."

A Playlet in Two Scenes.

By A. W. N. GILLINGHAM.

SCENE I.

A street, dimly lit. Except for a banana-skin on the pavement, the street is empty.

Enter hurriedly a young lady of the typist class. She speaks:—

"I wonder if mother has got the kippers; I'm hungry enough to eat a horse!" (She approaches banana-skin without seeing it.)

Y. L.: Oh, I do hope she's remembered them, else there won't be anything besides—. (She slips on the banana-skin and falls heavily. Assistant in wings makes necessary noise of impact.) Oh! I believe I've hurt myself! (She tries to rise.) Oh! My ankle! I've broken it or something. (She weeps.) However shall I get home? And the kippers will be co-o-old!

Enter young man, smartly dressed.

Y. M. (aside): Hullo! What the devil's this? (He sees the banana-skin.) Oh! (Advances.) Pardon me; can I help you?

Y. L.: I've fallen down, and I believe I've broken my ankle.

Y. M.: Take my hands, and stand on the other leg. Now! (She rises.)

Y. M.: Can you stand on it? (She tries, but winces with the pain.)

Y. L.: No! It hurts horribly.

Y. M.: Will you wait whilst I fetch a taxi? You can lean on this window-ledge.

Y. L.: Thank you so much.

(Exit Y. M., running.)

Y. L.: I hope he won't be long. It looks silly to be stuck here holding a window-sill. But won't it be jolly to go home in a taxi! (Suddenly a thought strikes her.) A taxi!

Enter (invisible) the Spirit of Paternal Government. Speaks:

Girls are warned that they should never speak to strangers. If accosted by a stranger they should walk as quickly as possible to the nearest policeman.

Y. L.: Oh! that notice in the office!

Spirit: They are warned never to accept a "lift" offered by a stranger in a motor, or taxicab, or vehicle of any description.

Y. L.: Oh! What will become of me? I am lost. I am betrayed!

Re-enter Young Man in taxicab.

Y. M.: I hope I haven't been too long. I couldn't find one immediately. Take my arm, and I will see you inside. Perhaps you will let me see you home?

Y. L. (recoils): Go away! I know what you are. I won't come with you! You want to get me in one of those awful places! If you don't go away I'll scream and get a policeman!

Y. M., embarrassed, apologises for his presence, and exit.

Y. L. (hops across pavement and subsides in taxi): Oh! What a providential escape!

Taxi-driver: Where to, miss?

Y. L.: Lavender Villa, Rose Avenue, Brixton. Would you mind shutting the door? I've hurt my ankle! (She tries to raise her leg to rest it on the opposite seat. Driver sees her ineffectual endeavours.)

Driver: Allow me, miss! (He gently raises the limb, places it on the seat, and carefully adjusts her dress which has become displaced in the operation.) Whilst putting clutch in he winks and murmurs: A bit of 'ot stuff that! Very juicy!

Curtain.

SCENE II.

Suburban home. Time: after tea. Atmosphere: burnt gas, tobacco smoke, and kippers.

A knock at the door is heard.

Mother: Ah! there's 'Annah. Go an' open the door, Jim! (The husband goes, leaving the door open.)

Mother (shrieks): Shut that doo-oor! 'Ow many more times I got to tell yer? D'yer want us all in bed wi' colds?

(The door is shut, and after a short interval it re-opens.)

Enter Hannah, leaning on her father's arm. She limps to a chair.

Mother: W'ere you bin, gettin' 'ome so late t'night?

Hannah: Oh! mother, you don't know what an escape

I've had. If it hadn't been for the notice in the office that I told you about I might never have come home again.

Mother: W'at! That w'ite slavery notice?

Hannah: Yes.

Mother (with emotion): My poor chi-i-ld! (She comes and puts her arm round daughter's neck, and both weep.)

Father (raising hand): Thank Gawd we've got men in Parli'ment w'at ain't afraid of nobody!!

Curtain.

AT THE POSTMASTER'S.

BY ANTON TCHEKOV (TRANSLATED BY H.S.)

A few days ago we buried the wife of our old postmaster, Sladkoperzeff. After the pretty little woman had been consigned to the earth we went to the postmaster's house in order to pay honour to the dead according to the custom of our fathers.

When the pancakes were being served, the old widower began to weep bitterly, and said:—

"These very pancakes remind me of the dear departed one. They are of the very same bonny and wholesome tint of brown. They are just as beautiful as she was—just as beautiful!"

"Just so!" agreed several of the guests at this funeral feast, "your wife was really a very beautiful woman. A most distinguished-looking woman!"

"Yes, everybody who saw her admired her. But, gentlemen, it was not because of her beauty that I loved her—not even because of her kind heart. These two qualities are part and parcel of woman's nature and we encounter them constantly in this life. It was for another quality that I loved her, a spiritual quality. That is to say, I loved her, the dear, blessed soul (may God be good to her!), because in spite of all the vivacity and gaiety of her nature, she nevertheless remained faithful to her husband. She was true to me though she was not more than twenty—and I almost sixty. Yes, she was true to me—an old man!"

The deacon, who made one of our party, permitted his doubts to appear in a series of significant growls and coughs.

"You don't believe it, then?" asked the widower turning towards him.

"Oh, yes, I do believe it," the deacon returned, embarrassed, "I merely wished . . . The young wives of our day are somewhat too . . . what shall I say? . . . rendezvous . . . suppers . . ."

"No, you don't believe what I say. But I will furnish you the proofs! In all sorts of ways I ensured her being faithful to me—by a kind of strategy—and by fortifying my position, so to speak. It would have been utterly impossible for my wife to deceive me after all these clever precautions of mine. I was particularly clever in devising defences for the sanctity of my home. I know certain words—watchwords one might call them. I went and spoke these words. They were quite sufficient. After that I was assured of the fidelity of my wife and could sleep in peace!"

"But what may these words be?"

"They are very simple. I spread a certain evil rumour about the town. No doubt you have heard this rumour. I said to everybody, 'My wife Aljona has a love affair with our chief of police, Ivan Alexejewitch Saliswatski.' No man dared to pay attentions to my wife because everyone was afraid of the fury of the Chief of Police. The men usually scattered as soon as they set eyes upon her—so as not to arouse the suspicions of Saliswatski. He! he! he! For no man who was ever rash enough to quarrel with this moustachioed ruffian ever enjoyed another peaceful hour. Without winking an eye, this fellow will issue half a dozen summonses against you for violating the sanitary regulations. Or, for example, he may happen to see your cat promenading the street. Instantly comes a summons—just as if it were some piece of stray live-stock!"

"So your wife, after all, had no affair with Ivan Alexejewitch?" we asked, astonished, and with deep disappointment written on our faces.

"No! That was only my cunning little way, you see. He! he! he! Yes, you young fellows, I pulled the wool over your ears that time, eh, what? That was the point of the whole joke!"

Some three minutes passed amidst universal silence. We sat there dumb—shamed and annoyed to think that this fat, red-nosed old fellow had duped us so cleverly.

"Well, let us hope that, God willing, you may soon marry again!" murmured the deacon.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—May I have again a small space in your columns for a few more words to "Presscutter," now that he has so openly shifted his ground?

His first contention (January 23) with regard to the "Herald" readers was that they could, but would not, pay more for their paper. Later, I see, it is their inability to pay that angers him. "The plea of poverty is shameful when it is not simply an excuse. . . ." Now, unless "Presscutter" is a millionaire, poverty not being an absolute term, his position in relation to the millionaire is as "shameful" as that of the poorer "Herald" readers to those whose incomes necessitate the paying of income-tax. Even if he does belong to the noble order of the plutocrat, I could suggest without difficulty some expenditure he could not afford.

And how can "Presscutter" logically condole with the "Daily Herald" and THE NEW AGE? for, according to his reasoning, their plea of poverty is a shameful one. If he tells me their poverty is the result of lack of proper support from their readers, I can point to the same lack on the part of the employers of the poor "Herald" and NEW AGE readers.

I do not understand "Presscutter's" allusion to the resourcelessness of those who cannot join in groups to pay; for if they cannot pay the necessary sum as independent units, how could they as parts of a group? Perhaps he was thinking of investment as a means of dilution to the required amount.

With regard to the remark about music-halls, cinemas, and football matches, I should like to know if "Presscutter" himself adjures all spending except that involved in bare living and education. Probably, as a member of the Press, he can effect a free entry to theatres, sports, etc., should his tastes or duties point that way. But there are other amusements, and I should like his assurance that he turns his back on all before I consider he has the right (not necessarily then!) to censure the poor "Herald" reader who may try, with his few and cheap outings, to temper an existence of dreary toil.

I will conclude by saying that we "Herald" leaguers think it of more lasting value to gain new readers for the paper (at 3d. a copy) than to give 1s. 6d. weekly, and keep the circulation of the paper within the small area of the few with the better-filled purses; and that we are not willing to accept the devil's advocacy of "Presscutter."

E. LIMOUZIN.

* * *

THE "EVENING NEWS" AND EDUCATION.

Sir,—Under the system of Guild-Socialism set before the readers of THE NEW AGE by your contributor, I suppose the teaching profession will be given control of the educational affairs of the country, just as the writer of "Notes of the Week" advocated that the provision of medical benefits for the insured should be handed over to the medical profession. When the Guild ideal is attained, surely the degradation of a great profession will be impossible. As controlled at present, it seems that the Education Authority may gratuitously insult its staff with impunity. Last week the London County Council, along with several other such bodies, at the suggestion of the "Evening News" decided that a pamphlet written by that distinguished contributor to the "News," Mr. Arthur Machen, should be read to the scholars to imprint on their memories the "imperishable heroism" of Captain Scott.

Surely the teachers were capable of telling the simple story of Captain Scott's polar experiences. The aid of the "Evening News" experts certainly was unnecessary. The impertinence of the suggestion might have been overlooked if the work of A. M. was immeasurably superior to that of the average teacher. A few extracts from the pamphlet will show that this was not the case:—"These men are all dead, and they died after dreadful pain, in a dreadful place, called the Antarctic Region." Later, we find "dreadful pain," "dreadful cold," "terrible Antarctic," "terrible storm," etc. The style of the composition given as an example to the children can be noted from the following extracts:—"There is no proper land there." "He knew how often men got ill and died in these places because of what they had to eat there." "The cold began to freeze the water into hard ice." "The story of their trying to get back from the Pole."

These few extracts will suffice to show that A. M.'s ideas concerning the instruction of children are terribly dreadful in their scantiness. "Simply repeat dreadful and terrible often enough and the children must vividly

realise any tragedy the teacher wishes to depict" seems to be A. M.'s maxim. Doubtless some of the London teachers were disgusted when they read the illustrious pamphlet. If any NEW AGE readers were among the victims I hope they will voice their disgust at their next union meeting.

UNCERTIFICATED GUILDIST.

* * *

STATESMANSHIP BY STRIKE.

Sir,—“P. in P.E.” opposes my view that the wealthy classes would meet an increase of taxation by cutting down unnecessary expenditure rather than by diminishing what they would otherwise have had as capital, and he says that “savings would suffer equally with spendings.”

My reply is: If a capitalist at present is faced with a new necessary addition to his expenditure of a permanent nature, he does not usually make things worse for himself or his heirs by sapping his capital rather than his wasteful expenditure. I think capitalists collectively may be trusted to hold on to their capital as long as they can; and with that end in view, not to surrender the producing part of their wealth before their waste has been so “retrenched” that it is a comparatively small amount.

Here, I think, I can only leave the readers of THE NEW AGE to umpire the point for themselves.

THE SECOND GUY'S MAN.

* * *

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Sir,—Will you allow me yet a little more space for a further word to Mr. Ludovici?

He tells us now that he “thoroughly disapproves of this cry of ‘Technique, Technique!’ which rises from the lungs of all specialists the moment anyone attempts to express his dislike of their results.” This is a disingenuous argument, seeing that the lungs which first exhaled the cry of “Technique!” were his own.

In common with most fair-minded artists I welcome the stimulus of criticism in such matters as proportion and design. I likewise concede gladly to Mr. Ludovici, or any other critic, the right to expatiate upon the practical functions of the cabinet-maker, provided that he will use reasonable care and intelligence in selecting instances to prove his case. I am further prepared to admit the technical shortcomings of numerous works in this large and heterogeneous collection; but let us keep clearly in mind the point at issue. Mr. Ludovici chose his own ground, and I met him fairly upon it; his contention was that the furniture designs gave very little promise because the craftsmen as a body were lacking in mastery of technique, and that this was shown by a general slovenliness of workmanship. He now gives us details of the tests he employed, and asks “Are these, or are these not, things of which a man who is not a cabinet-maker can judge?” They should be, in all conscience, but are we to believe that Mr. Ludovici applied his tests to any of the following works? The list is not exhaustive, but it includes several of the pieces singled out for adverse criticism:

Nos. 25, 52, 56, 94, 98, 122, 375, 468, 532.

None of these is my own work, but I have examined them all, not once but several times. I stake my reputation upon the assertion that every one of them, being subjected to such tests, either by Mr. Ludovici or anyone else—layman or specialist—would justify itself as a piece of consummate workmanship. How is this to be reconciled with the sentence which gives the keynote to the original critique:

“But the greatest fault in *all* the furniture is surely its unworkmanlike, bad finish?” (The italics are mine).

Mr. Ludovici protests that he is as well able as another man to tell good work from bad. Very well, then. Did he handle the works I have named? If he did, how came he to leave them by implication under the wholesale stigma of that sentence? If, on the other hand, he did not, how was he justified in writing such a sentence at all?

HAMILTON T. SMITH.

* * *

THE WHITE SLAVE ACT.

Sir,—Hitherto the evidence upon which the flogging Bill was promoted has been wropt in mystery. Frightful horrors were hinted at and the hints were almost sworn to by all sorts of pastors and masters in Government and by women. Now that the cases are beginning to come into the courts and to be detailed in the Press, the public can examine the evidence for themselves. Presumably the strongest and not the weakest cases from the police point of view have been advanced, and what do they amount to—cock-and-bull stories that nobody with any experience of life could hear without a grin if the thing were not serious—if there were not magistrates anxious to decree the lash? *Men are being flogged* on evidence about as

suspect as evidence could possibly be. On the bare word of two prostitutes a man named Frederick Jackson, a *very poor man*, was given 25 lashes, which means really 200 wounds. In another case appeal was refused in the face of the prison doctor's testimony that the man was too ill to be flogged.

Where men are in a good position they can, as in the case of the woman named Farrow, escape the net laid for them—but a poor man has not much of a chance. Nor has a poor woman. I think that the “Times” was about the only newspaper to publish a report of the charge brought against another woman by Ethel Maud Driver, assistant matron at the Homes of Hope, Regent Square. Ethel Maud testified that she met Flora Johnson in a public-house, had several drinks with her, and they went home together. Afterwards they went out on the street together, where Flora accosted men who treated them both to more drinks. Upon Flora accosting the last man, Ethel Maud implored him to save her. The kind gentleman called the police—and Flora stands *remanded* with attempting to procure Ethel Maud, who gives her age as twenty-eight!

I rejoiced to read Mrs. E. Nesbit's witty and merciless reconstruction in the “Times,” February 20, of the Caxton Bazaar lady's tale. One might censure the editor for insulting the intelligence of his readers, but considering that the Bill which became an Act on the strength of such yarns privately circulated, undoubtedly owed its passage to the shrieking support of Bishops, Lords, Commons, Mrs. Mackirdy and Mr. Willis, most of whom read, and write for, the “Times,” perhaps the intelligence of these people was never considered. In case it is supposed that the Bazaar Horror is the largest camel that the white slavery imbeciles will swallow, allow me to quote the following letter from the columns of Mr. Shaw's latest platform, “The Awakener,” also advertised every day in the “Daily Herald.” The date of the letter is February the First, 1913, year of Our Lord, and on the same page appeared a message to “The Awakener” from the Venerable Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster: “All success be yours.”

To the Editor of “The Awakener.”

Dear Sir,—I should like through the columns of your splendid paper to put young girls on their guard against a favourite dodge of the fiends in human shape who prowl in our midst, preying on girlish innocence. A girl should in no circumstances go to the assistance of a person run over by a motor-bus. The White Slave Trader does not hesitate to throw himself under the wheels of any passing vehicle in order to get in touch with a likely victim. Similarly I know cases where these men have set their own houses on fire and suffered themselves to be slowly roasted in order to attract girls' attention and enlist their sympathies.

Trusting that you will put girls on their guard against these devilish devices.—I remain, yours faithfully,

Jan. 23, 1913.

E. B. FRANCIS.

People who can have their legs pulled like this are simply feeble-minded: yet to satisfy *these*, the Government has turned us into a flogging nation. That Act, an Act for the relief of flagellants, fools, and vixens, ought to be repealed.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

* * *

Sir,—Some few weeks ago I addressed you on the subject of a Frankfort native convicted of assault on a white woman, and sentenced by Sir Andries Maasdorp to six years' imprisonment, a sentence which the women of the district agitated to have supplemented by the lash. While this man was in prison, another woman from the Free State identified him out of all the dark faces in the country as one who had previously assaulted her. Sir, Frankfort drawing-rooms seethed again. But the judge, on the jury's verdict, sentenced the native *merely* to another six years' detention, remarking that “there was no good purpose to be served by inflicting lashes.” Women have by no means got their heads in this country. And, moreover, our judicial tradition is of merciful and enlightened Justice: the English tradition is—Jeffreys, an ignorant and degenerate buffoon.

OOM BOOMSLANG.

* * *

ON LEDDY ESHER'S ACCOONT-KEEPIN'.

Eh Sir! the cheek o' some fowk! Michty me! the hecht and depth o't! A titled leddy tae teach business-lassies accoont-keepin'! Ma certie! the haverin' quean.

Noo, what wad she say tae her hoosemaid who offered tae show 'er leddyship a minuets, an' mind ye! no' jist an' or'nar' minuets, but a proper minuets done properly? Govey ding! some weemen ha'e nae logic, and some try Nijinsky-lowps whar' ithers save their br'ath.

A'll tell ye about twa business lassies A ken—jist for a lauch! The young ane o' twa-an'-twinty works in London

frae 9 till 6 five-an'-a-half days a week for 30s., and the auld ane o' thirty works for an up-tae-d'ath firm from 8.45 till 8 and 9 o'clock six days a week for 40s. Noo, thae twa lassies need a guid mony things o' the same natur' that Leddy Esher needs, an' nane o' the three o' them wad pit thae things doon in ony accoot, tho' they'd nather forget the price nor the place o' them in their mental sums o' the week's spendin's. A merely mention this tae pint oot that the things pincelled plain in accoots hardly ever accoot for a' the money spent, and the things no' there are no' tae say forgotten aboot. Na, na!

Faith! it's an awfu' peety her leddyship couldna ludge wi' ma freends for a month. Wi' 30s. a week tae keep the paint aff, she wad never ha'e to write doon mair than aince that her share o' the clean wee bedroom and match-box sitting-room twelve miles oot o' London was 5s. a week, nor that her workman's ticket tae "Waterloo return" was 3s. a week mair, nor that the daily worryin' waste o' 3d. tae-an'-frae, say, Regent Street (whar' her leddyship would work), added yet anither 1s. 6d. Then alloo'in Lady Esher a hale saxpence for the nameless things she couldna' forget, she wad find her wee bit purse raped o' its first ten bob without a stump o' pincel tae paper.

Weel, it wad tak' mair than Leddy Esher's share o' brains tae stretch her second half sovereign ower the week's food. For mind ye! (though it's a secret) ma lassies are Scotch, and her leddyship wad find that a sardine didna' fill their wames at luncheon, nor a hap'ny bun at teatime.

Tired an' hungry at nicht, she wadna' be fashed gaun tae learn her ledger at Craig's Court, she wad jist "gang hame." In the train she'd wistfully wonder what there might be for supper, and hope it nicht na' be horrible cocoa again! She might e'en daur tae think o' the insolence o' well-dined weemen teachin' hungry un-dined work-girls hoo yet they might add mair accomplishments to the 15s.-a-week job. Guidness! she'd be fair forfouchen wi' tap-tap-tappin' the accoots o' titled weemen an' chorus-girls a' day, an' might ponder ower the possibility o' ever possessin' enough, her very ane sel', to "open an account" hersel'. But she'd hae mair important thochts than thae. She'd hae tae hoosekeep hersel' ower the week-end in food and fire an' licht, pay her landlady for a' the brekfasts an' a' the suppers an' the Sunday dinner, an' send a 5s. postal order "hame tae mither." Her leddyship wad mak' her shabby shoon dae anither fortnicht, an' that bonny 2s. 11d. blouse she wad hae liked tae buy she'll mak' her ain sel' next week for a shullin' less, tho' she'd wish it was simmer sune tae see hy, for her een wad be sair wi' shorthand an' electric licht.

Leddy Esher might na' counsel tae live sae faur oot o' the toon. She wad save on trains and buy an annuity wi' the three shullin's? But ma lassies are Scotch (an' ain draps her t's still when she speaks!) an' need the blessed fresh air that blows a' the Sundays, Simmer an' Winter, ower Epsom Downs an' Ashtead Woods, which a' helps (wi' guid food an' the grace o' God) tae keep the paint aff their faces. . . . An' forbye, has her leddyship ever advertised for a double bedroom within ten minutes' walk o' Oxford Street? Losh! she'd be fair 'mazed at the scores o' replies, and the prices—Govey Ding! Ma freends are no' sae awfu' Scotch, they can put on the English accent for a laugh, but they're ower Scotch for thae prices!

Ma word! a' the late Spring ma hoose is fu' o' the bonny cooslips they send to me, and A mak' jam in October wi' the brummles they pu' thegither. I'll gie Lady Esher their address if she'd like tae jine them—on 30s. a week, of course, which she'd hae tae earn, ye ken—an' she wiinna' need a pincel tae keep her accoots.—A'm juist

JANET.

CONSCRIPTS OF HUNGER.

Sir,—Apropos of the article by Mr. Brette Morgan on "The path to glory. . .," the following cutting, taken from a northern paper, on November 27, 1911, might prove of interest:—

Colonel A. J. A. Wright, of Leeds, speaking upon national defence at a Bradford meeting on Saturday night, said that from a record which he had made of the reasons given to him by recruits wishing to join the army he found that 70 per cent. were conscripts of hunger, and would not have joined if they had been assured of a job; five per cent. joined because they wanted to serve—and those were the first-class soldiers; ten per cent. enlisted because they had "had a row," had been in trouble with their parents or with their sweethearts; and the remainder joined the ranks because they were getting only 16s. a week wages, and army rates compared favourably.

JAMES WARDROPPER.

CULTURE AND SEX.

Sir,—Mr. J. M. Kennedy says: "No cultured person ever thinks of taking the sex question seriously." And further on in the same article he says: "In French farces sex is laughed at; in serious plays it is not 'discussed.' But then sex is not a subject which is taken seriously by the artists of nations and races which have outgrown the primitiveness I have already referred to." God bless me, the French novelists are faced by nothing else but the sex question. George Sand, Maupassant, Zola, not to mention Rousseau and Renan, all treat this subject elaborately and seriously. It is the principal subject of their novels.

But sex, according to Mr. Kennedy, is a primitive quality, and is only held in high estimation by primitive uncultured people! Well, eating and drinking are as primitive as sex, and the cultured take these functions rather more seriously than the uncultured. Where has Mr. Kennedy lived that he has found the cultured looking upon the sex question as frivolous and the simple looking on it as serious? My experience in England and Scotland is quite the reverse.

PRIMUS.

* * *

THE METHODS OF MR. BARKER.

Sir,—Mr. Webb does not admire the modern theatre, but he has defended the Barker theatre, which is the most modern. He has done this, I imagine, because he has not taken the term "gramophone record" literally—as I intended it to be taken. To be fully qualified for this controversy Mr. Webb and the others should have had actual experience of Mr. Barker's method. Mr. Barker's method is the appendage of Shaw-Galsworthy "realism." To fasten this appendage upon Shakespeare is quite a modern idea, and a bad one. I have stated my case against the muddling-up of Shakespeare with this Shaw-Galsworthy "realism" in terms which are losing their pure and original meanings. Spontaneity, impulse, individual emotions, temperament, personality, etc.—all these words are now expressive of one dreadful thing—unlimited licence and "artistic anarchy." "Spontaneity" means the "Star System," "impulse" means an actor-manager, "emotion" means "incompetent actors," "freedom" means immediate insanity. "Space" is too awful to contemplate.

The rational alternative to these violent things is a good strong dose of Mr. Barker's "Savoy" gramophone—or prison. In conclusion, Mr. Barker has interpreted Shakespeare in Shaw values and in terms of Shaw. The method which he uses to produce Shakespeare came out of Shaw. But the plays of Shakespeare are not like the plays of Shaw, and cannot be rightly produced in terms of Shaw. They are Shakespeare, and possess a value of their own which has nothing whatever to do with the Shaw value. Shakespeare is spontaneous; Shaw is gramphonic. Hence, Barker's gramophones.

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