

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SEVEN times has the House of Commons passed the Second Reading of a Bill to enfranchise women; but on the eighth occasion, which occurred on Tuesday of last week, the Bill was defeated on Second Reading by a majority of 47. This result confirms our impression that the subject is becoming unpopular in exact proportion as it appears to be becoming feasible; and justifies the conclusion that the nearer the apparent realisation of votes for women in this country the farther off in fact will be the realisation itself. Even now, we are certain, the full strength of the opposition to the political misdirection of women has scarcely been drawn upon. The majority of 47 is slight if we reckon in figures; but its weight increases when we recall that nearly two hundred Members were deliberately absent and many of those who were present voted for the Bill on other than feminist grounds. Outside Parliament the reserves of opposition, still for the most part passive, are simply incalculable; and they are contained in the minds of women no less than of men. Literally hundreds of thousands of men and women who have never as yet uttered a word in public against the enfranchisement of women were silently satisfied on Wednesday morning to learn that their public protest would be unnecessary.

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It cannot be objected that on this occasion there was anything defective in the suffrage case save reason. Mr. Asquith's great influence was doubtless a considerable reason in the eyes of wavering anti-suffragists; but personalities that have become ripened by experience are a sort of incarnate good reason in themselves. There is no disgrace, to our mind, in following a trusted man when the light of reason flickers. To be susceptible to the influence of such men at such times is a necessary quality of the rational intelligence. And as a balance against Mr. Asquith there was Sir Edward Grey to support the Suffragists with the still dewy laurels of foreign prestige upon him. The arguments, however, were in the main on one side only; and Mr. Asquith summarised them, as they affect politics, decisively. Parliament, he began by saying, is omnipotent; but though absolute, we may add, it must not be arbitrary. The reasonable conditions to be satisfied by any section of the population seeking the privilege

of the franchise were two: proof of an overwhelming demand; and evidence of their need of protection. Neither of these conditions was satisfied by the advocates of women's suffrage; nor, except by a few persons who could count as little as they could be counted, was it pretended by anybody that these conditions were satisfied. Sir Alfred Mond claimed, in bravissimo it must be supposed, that a majority of women were in favour of the franchise; but who else believes it? Similarly, the women of this country would be hard put to it to find matter to sustain a charge against Parliament of neglecting their claims; and, in fact, no such charge is generally made.

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Against this strong and constitutional defence of the status quo the attacks of the Suffragists were comparatively irrelevant. In some instances, notably in the speech of Mr. Philip Snowden, which was more praised than admired, the arguments were not only irrelevant to the defence, but they were mutually destructive. It was essential to the women, he said, that they should have votes in order indirectly if not directly to raise their own wages in industry. In other words, women were to enter politics for the purpose of improving their economic position. At the same time, however, he urged that the advent of women would raise the status of political life and give us broader views in Parliament. But the two contentions, as we have said, are incompatible. Our political status can no more be raised by adding a new section to the sections already in politics than our economic status can be raised by introducing into the market new and cheaper labour. Every fresh *delegate* of a sectional interest in Parliament actually lowers its status, be the interest what it may. Parliament is intended to contain the representatives of the nation; and these will never be discovered by composing its members entirely of delegates of interests. And this criticism of Mr. Snowden takes no account, be it noted, of the truth of either of his contrasting statements; both of which, as it happens, are erroneous. For it should now be clear to a clod that political power does not precede but follows economic power; and, consequently that wages must be raised to give votes value and not vice versa. And it should also be clear that the addition of an inferior element to public life—an element, let us say, of less aptitude for and experience of public life—cannot possibly raise the general level of politics, but must, on the contrary, depress it.

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We have fortunately succeeded at last in driving home our first axiom, that the vote cannot *directly* be

employed to raise wages. Not a single speaker in the debate uttered this now dead fallacy. But several speakers and all the Labour Members who took part in the debate claimed that though wages could not be raised directly by the vote they could be raised indirectly. The line of reasoning on which this conclusion rests appears to be this. As a consequence of possessing the vote the women become more amenable to trade union organisation; and by this means—the means of economic combination—their wages might in course of time be raised. But this argument, it will be seen, ignores certain facts, the first and most obvious of which is that political action is a long and a dangerous way round to economic action. The parallel, as is usual, of the history of men with the prospect of women is here no parallel at all. Indeed, we believe that in few instances can the precedents of men's conduct serve as a guide to forecasts of women's conduct. In the case of the men it is true that their enfranchisement in 1832 and 1867 preceded in point of time the great Trade Union Act of 1875; but post hoc is not always propter hoc. Not only did trade unions exist among workmen before 1875, and even before 1832, but the desire to form them existed as a strong need and was itself a main stimulus to the political agitation. Among the industrial women of to-day, however, there is, as everybody knows, almost no desire to form trade unions. Women join trade unions under persuasion and leave, as a rule, at the earliest opportunity. Is it likely that what their wretched conditions of industry have not done, what the example, the assistance and the preaching of their men fellows in industry have not done, the mere possession of a vote will do? The impulse to trade unionism is weak in women for the reason that the hold of women on industry is also weak. They are in industry against their will and they naturally decline to construct fortifications in it as if they intended to be there for ever. Under these circumstances, if the direct object-lesson of their pitiable condition has failed to convince them of the necessity of economic combination, we cannot see how voting every five years at a political election will do it; unless, at the same time, they are persuaded that they are in industry for good.

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But besides the something not themselves that makes for trade-unionism being weak in women, the political route is full of pitfalls, and in the end leads always back to its economic origin. If even the will to form unions were ten times stronger than it is among women, the political method would squander its strength. We have seen that since the Labour movement ceased its concentration on economic methods, and devoted its leaders to politics (for the rank and file are never really in politics), wages have gone down at the rate of one per cent. per annum. Would this economic loss have been incurred if the forty Labour members had remained forty agitators and trade union leaders? Without reckoning a Napoleon among them, it is still safe to say that they include very able men whose leadership of labour unions would have remained unquestioned had they stayed in them. But, for the sake of the tinsel and political glory, they left their unions and their unions' methods, with the effect on wages that the statistics, and more than the statistics, the bellies, of wage-slaves prove. As truly as Napoleon sacrificed some hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen to his own bloody glory, the Labour politicians of to-day are sacrificing to their political careers the economic livelihood of hundreds of thousands of their fellows. And now, it appears, they are anxious for the women to follow their worst example. To preach trade-unionism to women in industry and to hold up to them (if they are doomed to remain in industry) the example of men's unions is right and proper; it is genuine fraternal advice. But to encourage them, while their unions are still feeble, to divert their attention to politics, is to offer them the advice of the fox that lost its tail.

It must surely have been with his tongue in his cheek that Mr. Snowden maintained that women would raise the status of public life. All the evidence that we have ever seen supports the conclusion that they would lower it exactly to the extent of their conspired participation in it. We say, with no desire to be unnecessarily offensive, that from the moment that women, as a sex, enter public life the status of public life not only in men's eyes, but in women's eyes, begins to decline. Here and there, it is true, an exceptional woman, like Johnson's dog walking on its hind legs, acquits herself passably well as an accomplished creature on the public stage; but these exceptions are useless when we are forming rules. They are exceptional among men because they are exceptional among women! As we said last week, men in general shrink with natural repugnance from public association with political women; and we shall add this week that women despise the "politicals" among themselves in almost an equal degree. How this doubled prejudice against women in politics can raise the status of public life we have not the mind to see. And not only is their direct influence on politics lowering, but their indirect political influence, when it is exerted in the lump, is almost as bad. Consider, for example, the most recent piece of legislation we owe to the indirect political influence of women: it was a Bill to flog men. But if they were powerful enough to do so much evil they are also powerful to do good, if they should feel so disposed. *Are* they, as a sex, so disposed? Let the birds and beasts of the earth, ravaged of their plumage and furs to decorate women, reply! There are no more callous beings in nature than women—when, that is, they act as a body and a community. We confess, as well as deride we should also dread the political federation of women. Individually, like men in general, they are sometimes kind, liberal and just. Collectively, unlike men, they are cruel, conservative and revengeful. The importation of women's mass opinion into public life would therefore be something more than a joke. Beginning as a farce it would end as a tragedy. Promising by the mouth of their ambassador, Mr. Philip Snowden (seldom, you will observe, by their own) the redemption of men's public life, women would conclude by its damnation. We only regret that while Parliament was about it, the door on the enfranchisement of women was not bolted and barred as well as banged in their faces. That would have been our notion of chivalry.

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We cannot refrain from recording here an incident which occurred at the Women's Liberal Federation last week, and illustrates the minor defects of women in politics. The Countess of Carlisle was presiding, and if experience could teach the unteachable, should have made a chairman at least as decorous as a parish councillor fresh from the furrow. Yet her ladyship, according to the "Times," left the chair in a huff because some person or other shouted the word "No," and only consented to return when it was explained that the remark had no reference to herself or to anything she had said. Later in the meeting she threatened to resign because some delegates near the platform were laughing—not at her; and at still a later stage she made a comment on Mr. Burns that every servants' hall in the kingdom will recognise as possibly domestic but not as public etiquette. She had been made very wroth, she said, that morning by the discovery "that the Right Hon. John Burns, for whom I stood bail, did not vote for the Women's Bill. I think," she continued, "that a man who is a real democrat, but who forsakes us because militants threw chrysanthemum pots at him at a flower show where he spoke, is not a stable politician." Consider yourself dismissed, Mr. Burns. Your stability is insecure. By the way, do our readers detect the same offensive familiarity in Mrs. Lloyd George's reference to "young Mr. Gladstone"? We do.

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There is no need to inquire exquisitely into the reasons Mr. Garvin gives for having delayed until last

week the publication of his views on the Marconi affair. Prudence, we should say, for once has been Mr. Garvin's adviser. There is no denying, however, that his single contribution to the subject, now that it has at last arrived, is both new and important. It is his discovery that the Ministerial dealings in American Marconis took place in the days immediately following the "Titanic" disaster. This fact alone in our opinion will outweigh in the public mind all the other facts of the case put together. And, indeed, from many points of view it should. For the coincidence of private speculation with public misfortune reveals the Ministers concerned as not merely greedy but callous, and not merely as deficient in public spirit, but in ordinary humane feeling. We have said many times that the characteristic of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs is Liberal ideas without Liberal sentiments; and here they are proving it. How can Nonconformists continue to believe that a man, capable of devising private profit out of public calamity, is also capable of conducting the nation in the direction of God's kingdom? The incongruity of their position in the same Cabinet with Lord Morley is pointed by the latter's own speech at the Royal Academy banquet. The lives of great statesmen, he said, had for their nation something of the glamour of art; they affect us all and excite the imagination like the paintings of Michael Angelo. So much the more reason that Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George should be placed where nobody would be inspired to imitate them.

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The apparition of Mr. Churchill in the Marconi Committee Room was as melodramatic as any Adelphi manager could wish. But old dramatic critics are not to be deceived by fustian. The "Spectator" alone, however, appears to have estimated the performance at its true value; even the "New Witness" succumbed to the temptation to applaud. What was the position of affairs when Mr. Churchill was called? A witness under a great deal of pressure had stated that a fourth Cabinet Minister's name had been mentioned in connection with Marconis, but, as he believed the Minister to be innocent of any complicity in the business, he desired not to name him. Was the Committee at this point to leave the whole of the rest of the Cabinet under suspicion of having been associated by rumour with the deal? That, or something still more silly, was apparently what Mr. Churchill expected them to do. For having first abused the Committee for allowing his name to be mentioned he then abused them for not having dismissed the "charge" upon him with the contempt it deserved. But what would have been the comment on both the Committee and Mr. Churchill himself if, after his name had been mentioned, he had not been given an opportunity of clearing it? Nay, what would and should have been Mr. Churchill's own comment on the omission? Would he not have abused the Committee for not having called him, precisely as he abused them for calling him—and with better reason? The notion that a Minister's name may not be mentioned or that he is above suspicion merely because he is a Minister is unfortunately belated in these days. And it is as much too soon for Mr. Churchill to ask us to rely implicitly on his personal record as it is too late for him to stand on the dignity of a Cabinet Minister. Things have happened since all statesmen, and particularly those in office, might safely be regarded as honourable men. A Ministry cannot associate with Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs without sharing their losses even without sharing their gains. The reflection is also forced on us that other Ministers than Mr. Churchill would have behaved differently. Suppose, for example, that Mr. Birrell's name had been mentioned, or Mr. Burns', or Lord Morley's, we should, in all probability, have had the first instance this inquiry has afforded of consummate public manners in public men. As it is, Mr. Churchill has just added the touch of bombast needed to complete the perfect vulgarity of the whole affair.

Some of the papers have already referred to the fact, published by the "Times" in its financial supplement of May 6, that Lord Murray, formerly the Master of Elibank, had signed, at Bogotá, certain papers in connection with an oil concession in which Messrs. Weetman Pearson and Co. were interested. And then the "Times," in its Political Notes of May 8, announced in very definite terms that rumours had become prevalent in the City respecting the connection of certain Ministers with oil concessions, hinting that explanations had better be made in the House before they spread too far. The reason given for making these rumours public in a journal "read by Members of Parliament" was that by doing so the Marconi trouble might be avoided in connection with oil shares, Ministers having stated that they refrained from taking action sooner as the rumours about the Marconi deals had appeared in unimportant papers—papers, that is, without advertisements.

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It is amusing, not to say instructive, to turn back to the "Daily News" of August 7 and 8 last year, when the Master of Elibank resigned. In the former issue there was the usual article by P. W. W., and the announcement of the resignation on August 8 showed traces of the same adulatory pen. But it was not hinted in the "Daily News," or in any other paper, that the Master of Elibank was going round the world in search of oil concessions. There was an allusion to his position with Messrs. Pearson, but it was indicated that this was more or less of a sinecure. The real reason for the retirement, we were informed, was that Lord Murray was going to manage his father's estates. This was the pathetic fact on which stress was laid. Lord Murray's poor old father was becoming worn out by his advanced age, and the dutiful son was about to resign, not because he disagreed with the policy of the Government, not because he wished to enter upon a business career, not because there were strange rumours flying about concerning Marconi shares—oh, no!—but simply because he was going to manage his father's estates.

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And then what happens? Lord Murray continues to take a fairly prominent part in politics; he leaves England to spend a holiday on the Continent, and he is hardly back again before he is off to Canada, the United States, Mexico, and South America. We find him travelling from Mexico to Bogotá and back again, always hunting for oil, apparently. And then we have the news of the oil contract signed at Bogotá, followed two days later by rumours in the City and an indefinite accusation in the columns of the "Times." In common with most critics of the Marconi affair, surely we are justified in asking, Where is it all to end? We know that Lord Cowdray, the former Sir Weetman Pearson, looks upon Mexico as his alternative fatherland. His interests there are vast; and if he gave up his works in England to-morrow he would still find a huge business undertaking awaiting him on the other side of the Atlantic. And Lord Cowdray is a Liberal, and there are people who think that the Liberals are friends of the working man!

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The hypocrisy is obvious. Lord Murray is no doubt a good business man; but he must be a wonderful person if he can manage his father's estates in Scotland from Bogotá, in the intervals of negotiating oil concessions from the Colombian Government. It is strange, too, that he, the third member of the famous Trinity, should be so conveniently out of the way just as the inquiry is being held, and that he should have resigned when the rumours had to be taken notice of. A coincidence, too, that Mr. E. S. Montagu should have had to leave for India just when a certain silver deal was talked about. Like the "Times," we merely point out facts.

Current Cant.

" . . . men like apes blind with lust."—"The Awakener."

"Mr. Morton P. Lucas, President, Warwick Leamington Conservative Association, a hater of Socialism, and as stout a Unionist as any in the Midlands, sat by the death-bed of a leading local Socialist not so long ago to comfort his last hours."—"The Standard."

"British justice must be kept clear of any looseness of procedure which might open a way for abuses to enter. . . . The Press, as a very general rule, exercises a wise discretion in this connection, and its high sense of public duty can be relied upon."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The population of London is always increasing. . . . New centres of life are constantly being created within the borders of the diocese, and the duty devolves upon the Bishop of seeing that they are also centres of light."—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Progress in social reform has now come as sweepingly as progress in education and cheap literature. The man in the street is in the saddle. . . ."—"The Book Monthly."

"Lord Roberts has demonstrated conclusively that the British working man is neither the idler nor the coward that the demagogues paint him."—"Liverpool Courier."

"A phenomenon worth observing is the great increase in the public interest in pure philosophy."—SOLOMON EAGLE, in the "New Statesman."

"God grant that China may turn to the Christian faith, and thereby find her salvation and regeneration."—Cosmo Christian, in the "East End News."

"The great and unusual charm of 'Come over Here!' is that it is an entertainment that entertains. . . . There is a race between the motor and the railway. . . ."—"The Academy."

"Lloyd George often says more than he means, but never says what he does not mean, and never dissembles for the purpose of misleading the public."—Rev. J. VYRNWY MORGAN, D.D.

"Golf, to-day, affords a common meeting ground for almost all, and its 'shop' is delightful to the initiated."—"Daily Mail."

"Could we but free ourselves from the wretched spirit of Party. . . ."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"It is one of the most difficult things in the world for the Press to avoid in the interests of the State giving information that might be of infinite value. . . . During the last few months I have learned to respect the Press more than ever."—COLONEL SEELY.

"Nonconformists, most of all, have risked the dirt to undo the devil's work, and make England more tolerable for all men. . . . Already in the short course of the present year the Ottoman tyranny in Europe has fallen, and the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. . . . The rock of the National Insurance Act seems as though it will obey the Prophet's rod." . . . —Rev. J. MORGAN GIBBON.

"With regard to the price which some women are willing to pay for their dogs to be sculptured, I notice one very peculiar thing: They are willing to pay more for their dogs than for their babies."—Mrs. LONGWORTH.

CURRENT CAB.

"She was in his arms. The dark cab seemed full of the scent of the fading roses she wore—, that and his arms. A silver star peered like an inquisitive eye into the open window . . . it was now."—LOUISE HEILGERS, in the "London Mail."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

ASSUMING that the Montenegrins are willing, however sullenly, to acquiesce in King Nicholas's decision to give up Scutari to the Powers, after having more or less vindicated their valour and justified their existence as soldiers, we have still to recognise that one difficulty disappears only to make way for another—for several. With the settlement of the Scutari question, the northern boundary is settled; but the discussions among the Ambassadors concerning the southern boundary of Albania have little more than begun. True, a rough scheme has been drawn up, and the further negotiations will be conducted on the basis of this scheme. The difficulty is that the Ambassadors, in their rough draft of a plan, have chosen to take Janina away from Greece and include it in Albania.

Janina, let us recall, was one of the exploits of the Greek army. It is true that a "deal" took place towards the end of the siege; but, so far as the Greek soldiers and the Greek people were concerned, Janina was captured by the valour of the troops and the tactical skill of the Crown Prince. If there was an outburst in Montenegro and in Russia when it became known that the Powers meant to award Scutari to Albania, there will be another outburst, this time in Greece and Russia, when it is officially announced that Janina is also to go to Albania.

Naturally, the Greeks will not give the Great Powers much cause for concern. They are not so stubborn as their northern allies, and, though the first flush of resentment may be strong, and may even lead to an "incident" or two, it will calm down afterwards. What is feared is that the Pan Slavist agitation may start again in Russia; and this is a factor tending towards war which the Russian Government may not find it so easy to deal with as on the former occasion. If diplomats are becoming anxious, they are becoming anxious over what may happen in St. Petersburg, not what may happen at Athens.

These, however, are the least of the difficulties now confronting the Ambassadors' Conference. Having decided the boundaries of Albania after a great deal of trouble and heartbreaking disputes, what of the parties who are, after all, most chiefly concerned, namely, the Albanians themselves? We have heard little of these people in the course of the war, and still less in the course of the peace negotiations, but they are an important factor nevertheless. There are about a million and a half of them, of whom just over a million are Moslems. To the north there are relatively large numbers of Roman Catholics, and to the south, round about Janina, the Albanians profess Greek Orthodoxy. The Moslems are, so to speak, in the centre. The clan system prevails to an extent which we can hardly realise in this degenerate west of ours. The authority of the chiefs is supreme, and the country has not for centuries acknowledged or obeyed any one sovereign.

It is pretty well known that Abdul Hamid looked to Albania for his best, bravest, and most devoted soldiers; and he was not disappointed. His personal bodyguard always consisted of Albanians, and in consideration of their loyalty certain unofficial privileges were allowed, or rather winked at. It is certain that taxes have never been collected regularly from the inhabitants of this rugged western province—the least European of Turkey's former Empire, although lying nearer the European civilisation than any other province. The tax-collector was never very welcome in Anatolia, and still less in Arabia; but he met with a better reception from the Arabians than from the Albanians. Again, these feudal tribes are constantly at war with one another, although they have been known to combine to repel an invader, or to cut up Young Turkish troops when a rebellion became necessary.

Agriculture and war are still the pursuits of this primitive people, strong and fierce in their primitiveness and jealous of the intruder.

Into this country, then, with its three religions—religions which are fundamentally different—its mediæval disorder and mentality of the dark ages, it is proposed to introduce at a single step the benefits of modern European civilisation in the form of a written Constitution, a loan, the interest on the same, and the "development of the country." This is a big task; but, in view of the relations between Austria and Italy, it is essential. Whichever country controls the coast of Albania, controls ipso facto the Adriatic Sea, and here Austria and Italy are as jealous of one another as England and Germany are in the North Sea. With the withdrawal of Turkey from her western European provinces, some means had to be found of rendering her withdrawal innocuous; and the raising of Albania to the status of an independent principedom was thought to be the easiest way out. It probably was. But the diplomatists, in their anxiety to find a "formula" (a lot of time has been wasted during this war in finding formulæ), overlooked the little problem of Albania itself.

While the Ambassadors are twiddling their thumbs or sticking pairs of compasses into maps, let me draw the attention of NEW AGE readers to a singular fact which the daily Press has left unmentioned. Since the beginning of this war, as is stated in an official report, the New York banks have shipped to Paris no less a sum than 50,000,000 dollars in gold; and about half this amount, I gather, has been shipped within the last six or seven weeks. A heavy premium is being paid, and the exports of gold continue at a rate which is alarming many New York bankers. Now, why is the Bank of France so eager to get gold at a heavy premium, and would the Bank attach so much importance to the accumulation of gold if things were going smoothly? We know the close connection that exists between the Bank of France and the Government of France, and between the Government and the Paris Bourse.

A perusal of Paris Bourse reports of the last three or four weeks will make interesting reading. French Rentes, always regarded as the premier security of the world, which usually stood at 97 or 98, and hardly ever varied more than a point, have suddenly slid down to 84—a vast slump for this security. The public is holding aloof from investment or speculation, and practically all the trading is what is known as professional. These symptoms are, I confess, disquieting.

The visit of King Alfonso to Paris will add little to what I had to say of the entry of Spain into the Triple Entente a few months ago. There will be "conversations," and an "arrangement." The Spanish Navy is now being rebuilt, and two or three modern warships have recently been launched. It is proposed that the army shall be reorganised and all the coast fortifications strengthened. This programme will, it is estimated, cost £12,000,000 sterling. If the scheme is approved, a loan may be issued in Paris, or perhaps a series of short-term redeemable loans. England and France have at last begun to realise that the Triple Alliance navy in the Mediterranean—i.e., the ships of Italy and Austria—are not negligible, and advantage is being taken of the situation of Spain to strengthen the position of the Triple Entente. It would be impossible for France to transport troops from Oran to Marseilles if Spain were hostile.

I have already said that Yuan-Shi-Kai as the head of a new dynasty would not be an impossible proposal. His conclusion of the Five-Power loan while a ring of bayonets guarded the Finance Minister was one of his normal feats. The Chinese Parliament? It takes some time for a Western institution to become accustomed to an Eastern climate. A civil war between Northern and Southern China is quite likely.

The Germanization of Switzerland.

By "Senex."

WHEN an important London German periodical says: "Wherever to-day changes of territory are taking place, Germany has a right to make its voice heard," it speaks, as usual, alas! but one half of the truth. The other and far more important part of the truth (which it does not disclose) is that the covetous Power has long before sown the seed, prepared the ground, or (dropping the metaphor) that it has moulded, deliberately and studiously, public opinion until the coveted prey is ready to drop into its maw. And who guarantees to us that this underhand, this Mephistophelian proceeding is not being carried out, at this moment, in Switzerland?

For that is the root, the very master question in this inquiry.

I have already pointed out in a general way the most artful, the truly Mephistophelian way in which Germany sets out in order to accomplish its purpose—with regard to Switzerland first, then eventually with regard to other neighbouring States. Let me give particulars.

We must first of all, deeply realise that the system is a slow one—the system of the falling drop of water hollowing the stone—but, for that very reason, absolutely infallible. The hollowing-out, the burrowing process is carried on, like the miner's work, in different directions, but which all converge to the same goal, viz., that of extinguishing the prey's nationality, and substituting the hunter's own. To this end public opinion must be moulded. This can best be done by leading the young the way "they should go." "To youth belongs the future," we are wont to say. The Germans have evidently laid this saying to heart, for they act studiously up to it. What with German professors getting appointments, especially to institutions of higher learning, with German journalists and reporters flooding the country; with German literature being scattered broadcast and placed especially into the hands of the young, the result is clear enough. German literature, German history, myths and traditions, German lays and songs are studiously inculcated among the young, both at school and at the fireside; in their wake follow naturally ethical precepts and sound "moral," i.e., Germanophile teaching. The local dialects which, being a variety of the German language, still hold sway in the Eastern portion of the Alpine Republic, are studiously extirpated, and the pure German tongue is substituted. Custom and manners are gradually made to sway under the Pangermanic impulse; literature is being modified. Formerly, for instance, some of the best Swiss poets and novelists (as Jeremias Gottbelf), published their works in the dialect of the country. And this baneful influence is exercised by German purists regardless of the fact that some of their own standard authors (e.g., Aug. Hebbel) have written their works in what is known as the Alemannic patois—a dialect which is spoken in Southern Germany—Suabia—and which closely resembles the one spoken in Switzerland.

Let us now consider developments taking place under Pangermanic auspices, from the economic point of view.

Just as the "haute finance" (generally Jewish—I must be allowed to speak plainly) absorbs and engrosses all activities, all enterprise and initiative, so it does likewise in Switzerland. Jewish instincts overspread and monopolise everything. Not only the small tradesman and shopkeeper, but, alas! the husband-farmer, the dairy-owner, the cheese-making industry—they all fall a prey to this hydra. Is it to be wondered at if, under the coils of this python, land-owners who till their own soil gradually drift into the bankruptcy court, if they are forced to surrender and to emigrate? If, therefore, just the sturdiest element of Switzerland, its peasantry, is doomed to disappear, and—what was formerly "free Helvetia"—is destined to become a nation of lacqueys and flunkeys? . . .

Do I need to say this?

Let us now deal with the question of Chauvinism.

I have already said that in Germany, at the present time, Chauvinism is at high-water mark. As stated likewise, it has had its origin in the memorable events of the year 1870; and it has been stimulated since by the deeds and words of the most illustrious personages of Germany. Have we not heard Prince Bismarck himself proclaiming from the platform of the "Reichstag" (House of Commons): *Unseren Leutnant macht uns Niemand nach* (our lieutenant, i.e., the lieutenant of the German army, stands unrivalled)?

What is this else, I ask, but a stimulant to Chauvinism, an incitement to expansion, to international rivalries, to colonial conquests?

And the popular songs of Germany, to be sure! I have given above some samples; and I have left the reader to infer and to understand what use is being made of them.

Let it well be understood: this fostering of the jingo spirit is a matter of considerable importance to the world at large. For can it be doubted that any growth of Chauvinism among the population of a great Power (if it be homogeneous) is ipso facto a menace, a threat to the adjoining smaller States?

Will it be doubted that this Chauvinism exists among the population of the German Empire? I reply: it would be strange if it did not. Facts, popular manifestations, the increasing popularity of Jingoist Press organs are, it seems to me, proof enough. When a few years ago the well-known Count Zeppelin achieved his aeronautical triumphs, what was not the frenzy, the applause on account of these successes! "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles!*" ("Germany, oh, Germany, over all!") one heard on all sides. But, I ask, is not this unreasonable? is it not unwise to go into such ecstasies? No doubt a certain pride may be allowed for what is assuredly a notable accomplishment; but, after all (and if I may be permitted to ask), has not every country its excellencies, its particular attainments, its past records, but also its failings? Does not this likewise apply to Germany? If matters were somewhat closely scanned, would it not appear that Germany too has its blemishes—in respect of individual liberty, of mutual forethought and considerateness—blemishes which even little Switzerland has got rid of long ago?

Moreover, do not the people of Germany feel that such outbursts of enthusiasm are unseemly—make a bad impression abroad? By what right does Germany set itself up as a pattern to other nations? Must not this give offence? Is it not clear that spreading one's incense one becomes oblivious of the failings and deficiencies that exist at home in one's own national household, as they do exist indeed, in the households of all other countries?

And then, if this song be more than a mere boast, a rodomontade, if it is to be taken seriously, then it would have to be proved that Germany, as a national unit, is indeed better than all other Powers; that it is perfect. This proof has not been furnished yet.

I have referred here above to the aeronautical successes of Count Zeppelin. Without wishing to enter into technical details, let us see whether the high commendation they appear to have received (I do not speak of popular applause!) is warranted.

Aeronautical journals in Germany wish their readers to believe that Germany has in this respect a vast, an immense, advantage over their rivals, especially in warfare. This view will hardly bear strict investigation. For, first of all, it would have to be demonstrated that any aerial conveyance (respectively those of the Zeppelin type) is able to make an ascent anywhere, at any time, and in any season. This, I beg to think, has not been proved yet. The second point to be urged (although it is hardly new and rather obvious) is this: "What one person, one nation can do, another person, another nation can do likewise." In other words, there is no ground for assuming (however talented Count Zeppelin may be), that other inventors, e.g., British or

French, or Italian, etc., are less gifted than he is himself.

Winding up with what I said above under the heading of Chauvinism, I may be permitted to observe that whilst Germany, in the first half of the nineteenth century, appears to have been too diffident and given to self-disparagement (at least in the opinion of its professors and literati generally), in the second half of the same century, on the contrary, it appears to have become much too forward. It would be well to remember that for nations as well as for adult individuals, there is a *via media*—the golden mean—the way which is equally removed from national self-conceit as from national self-disparagement.

Thus, having almost completed the burden of my task, there still remain a few points tending to show whether the wings of the Prussian eagle are justified, or even authorised, in overshadowing little Switzerland.

(1) We have first to consider the frame of mind, the social and moral qualities of the average inhabitant of Eastern Switzerland. Blemishes there are probably, in his character; but generally speaking it may be asserted that he is kindly, hospitable, plain-speaking, open-minded, yet easily led, and honourable—as honourable as our rotten social environment permits him to be. These natures are precisely the ones likely to fall into any trap—diplomatic or otherwise—that is being set for them. Therefore a first warning must be uttered: *Cave!* (beware!)

(2) The second point, which shows German doctrines in Switzerland to be wholly fatuous, nay worse—is the fact that Switzerland is, and for years past has been, the very leader, the vanguard in all thorough-going social movements. This is well known to anyone who observes contemporary events. The "Red Cross" Society (help to the wounded on the field of battle), which was started in Geneva about fifty years ago, is due to the initiative of Switzerland; so is (if I err not) the movement for the promotion of international peace; so are sundry important postal reforms, likewise for the creation of a practical currency, nickel being employed (it is but recently that France has adopted this system, having recognised its excellence in Switzerland, where it has been in use wellnigh these last sixty years). Moreover, this country gave the cue in regard to practical foresight for the working-classes it established, at least in one canton (St. Gall) a system of official insurance against unemployment—a system which for obvious reasons could not be maintained. And—last but not least—Switzerland is the originator of those portentous Parliamentary reforms known as "the Initiative" and "the Referendum"—departures which attest loudly the political maturity of the Swiss people and set it up as a pattern to be imitated by other nations.*

(3) There is a third consideration which shows the absolute preposterousness of Germans in trying to impose, not only their institutions, but also their ways and habits of thought, upon Switzerland

It is this: to-day nationalism (taking this word in its proper sense) is in the ascendant among all nations of the globe. Everywhere the watchword (though never uttered, yet most studiously acted upon) is: "Our (respective) country is to be upheld, honoured, is to become paramount!" And—would not Switzerland do well to follow this example (so far as it may be able, of course?) For are proofs needed as to this nationalistic wave which is sweeping over the world? Let us look around. Without going as far as British India and China (where proofs of political unrest are palpable, obvious enough), we have nearer home, the "sister isle" whose cravings for self-government are patent to the world; we have the disruption of the Scandinavian peninsula; we have an important political movement called "nationalist" in France; we have an ex-President of the United States obtruding his "wisdom" to all the

* See, among others, an article by that well-known writer, Mr. Morrison Davidson, in "Reynolds' Newspaper," London.

chieftains (crowned and uncrowned) of the world; and we have—certainly not least—this very country, where an important London periodical* flatters popular opinion and seeks to attract a national clientèle by holding out the promise of an "All-British Opera" (see title).

And, having regard to all this, is Switzerland going to abdicate? Will it allow itself to be swamped by a preposterous neighbour whose bounce and bluster is glossed over by a certain dose of mellifluousness?

Is it going to commit hari-kari—perhaps unconsciously?

Yet this seems to be the object aimed at by a certain overbearing Power.

There is another, rather important, fact.

It cannot be doubted that in the wake of Pangermanism (or for that matter of Germanism merely) there will follow all the concomitant features of modern social life: Imperialism, growing concentration of wealth, the rule of monopoly, militarism, and so forth. Does Switzerland covet these "advantages"?

I have just now mentioned Imperialism. What are the fruits of Imperialism?

Let me adduce out of the very mouths of crowned heads, some passages—passages that show strikingly the bias which obtains among these august personages. I will quote three, and add at the same time a short comment to each.

1. "Die Religion muss dem Volke erhalten bleiben" ("Religion must be preserved to the nation.") Yes, "religion," the monarch says; but what in reality must be maintained everlastingly, is the debasement, the superstition, the ignorance of the masses, their subjection to the Churches—so that "we, the privileged and powerful may thrive and prosper, may batten on its sweat and blood for all time to come!"

2. "The first duty of every citizen is submission" "Ruhe ist des Burgers erste Pflicht"). Such is the utterance of the King. But—whatever opinion anyone may hold anent this doctrine—I venture to observe that Germany has produced a man, one of its most notable thinkers, one of its profoundest philosophers, who boldly laid down the opposite doctrine, viz., that discontent, agitation, unrest is the first social duty. This man was called Arthur von Schopenhauer.

3rd motto: "Increase and multiply"! ("Wachset und vermehret euch"). Yes, the motives for this Imperialistic command are not far to seek. And, although the German nation appears to pay obedience to this behest (with a yearly excess, alas! of about 840,000 births), yet, on the other hand, there appears to be in modern times, a diminution in the awfully swollen torrent. And the Swiss people, at any rate, are not going to follow this injunction; they have too much good sense for that!

Thus we have here three German imperial precepts (they could be added to), all of which are distasteful and noisome to the Swiss democracy. And, having regard to the insistence (might one not call it impertinence?) with which these teachings are foisted upon the people, it is necessary to repudiate them energetically, with strength and vehemence.

If the Swiss troops who in September last were parading before their Imperial inspector, had been free to deliver themselves on social affairs, they would have said:—

"Keep your Prussian traditions for yourselves! Maintain your monarchical institutions and everything that appertains to them, if you so desire it! But don't bother us with them here!"

Let us hope that this democratic feeling, the sturdiness of self-government, will obtain and predominate for ever. "Svizzera farà da sè!" ("Switzerland will rule itself")† Let us hope that this little land will never allow itself to be taken in tow by any foreign Power. The danger, moreover, does not only proceed from out-

* "Daily Mirror," London, August 26, 1912.

† This is the cry which the Italian patriots uttered at the time of their enfranchisement from the Austrian yoke, but with a slight variation: "Italia farà da sè!"

side, it is likewise seated at home, in its very heart-centre. I have referred to the toast which was offered to the German Emperor in Berne, September last, by Mr. Forrer, president of the Swiss Confederation. In my humble opinion, Mr. Forrer either cannot, or will not, see the danger. If he cannot, he is mentally unworthy of his post; if he will not, then he is—a traitor (to the public interest, to his duty, I mean). For is it not the act of a deserter to utter deliberately such words as he did on that occasion?

Therefore, I can but conclude with the words of the Roman of old, "Caveat consules," but in a new, in a modified form. I conclude with the hope that the motto, "Caveat populus ne quid detrimenti republica capiat," may find a willing ear, and may resound in the hearts of all Swiss people.

SENEX.

International Peace—The Straight Way.

THE question for the nations to put to themselves to-day is: "Do we desire self-aggrandisement, even at the expense of others; or are we prepared to submit our claims and disputes to a tribunal of the civilised powers?" It is fairly evident that a majority of the civilised nations is to-day in favour of the peaceful settlement of disputes, and the burden of taxation for armaments is becoming an intolerable strain upon financial resources. Hence an outline of what, in the writer's opinion, is the speediest method of ending the present ruinous struggle for military supremacy may commend itself for discussion.

Our peace societies confine their efforts to-day chiefly to the advocacy either of voluntary international arbitration, or of voluntary disarmament in some form or other. But sober men feel that neither of these proposals can afford any real security for peace so long as it lies in the power of any nation to disregard its promises and commence hostilities with a chance of success. While the power to conquer a rival nation by force of arms exists, there will lurk the fear of war, and the nations must go on piling up armaments in the competition that knows no end.

Furthermore, and this is my chief point against present peace propaganda, every time a nation either violates a treaty, or, by its warlike preparations, appears to be contemplating such a course, the rest of the civilised world is rendered more suspicious of peace proposals, and the growth of the pacifist sentiment is retarded. The sudden gleam of the bayonet is shown up in stronger relief by the previous peace propaganda, and exaggerated attention is thereby drawn to the current defects of human nature.

Pacifists might have learnt a useful lesson from history. The individuals of every nation once carried murderous weapons on their persons, and settled their own differences on the spot by combat or assassination. The growth of a peaceful sentiment was doubtless in part responsible for the cessation of private vengeance; but if communities had delayed the establishment of law courts until all persons were agreed voluntarily to submit their disputes to arbitration, we had waited many years yet for the institution of our courts of justice. Side by side, however, with the growth of the ethical sentiment, a much less beautiful but more practical peace movement was proceeding. This was the interference of force on behalf of peace. Private hostilities were only relaxed to any noticeable extent when a superior power was set up to punish those who offended against its decrees. The establishment of this superior power was generally due to military action on the part of one or more chief, who decided that a cessation of private hostilities among their subjects was a step towards rendering the whole community a more efficient fighting force. The bellicose units of these communities were forced into submission.

This provides us with a key for the solution of our present problem. A sufficient number of the great

nations is now interested in the preservation of peace. Let these nations set up an international tribunal and provide it with men and money to enforce its decisions after the manner of an ordinary court of law. During the recent debates on the question of Germany's warlike preparations it was seriously proposed in certain quarters that Great Britain should forbid Germany to build any more war vessels, and in the event of the latter's refusal should immediately set out to sink every German warship which could be found. The average sentiment in this country, however, was opposed to such a measure. But the case of any nation which stood out from participation in an international tribunal and showed signs of provocative military activity, would be different. The forces of the federated tribunal would be moved against the offender, and such a war would command the best enthusiasm of the federated nations, since it would be a combat to establish permanent peace.

The representation of the signatory powers on the federated tribunal and their respective contributions in men and money can, of course, only be settled by discussion. In recent years, however, two Frenchmen, Messrs. Brogajota, of 44, Rue de Trevis, Paris, have published a pamphlet containing a remarkably sane scheme of international federation. Briefly outlined, this scheme proposes that federation shall be begun by any two or more nations that agree, the one necessary condition being that the resultant tribunal shall be invested with sufficient power in men, ships and arms to render it stronger than any of the signatory powers. The nations that are so prone to-day to find petty disputes a sufficient cause for the rupture of peace promises will undoubtedly evince greater willingness to see the reasonableness of their opponents' contentions when the power of enforcing their private views by the bully's method of war is taken from them. The strength of the military force required by each of the federated powers to preserve internal peace is to be decided by the tribunal, and any additional force only added when similar power has been added to the tribunal by the nation requiring such increase. As international peace gradually becomes more and more assured, the tribunal may vote a decrease of the contribution from each power, merely retaining sufficient strength to render its decisions effective.

It would take too long here to detail the various proposals of Messrs. Brogajota; I only mention the pamphlet because these gentlemen seem to me to have anticipated in a remarkable way the difficulties in the working of such a scheme. But sufficient has been set forth to convey an idea of the proposal, and the matter is open for discussion.

We may perhaps be fearful of giving ourselves into the hands of such a tribunal. But we might equally object to giving over our personal liberty into the hands of our law courts and policemen. The average man, however, willingly yields up this portion of his personal liberty because the only alternative is a costly and vexatious system of personal defence. Similarly in international affairs the sole alternative to this curtailment of our liberties is the continuance of the present ruinous competition in armaments. Given adequate representation on the tribunal, I see no reason why our national honour could not safely be left in its hands. Moreover, there is not the least doubt that although the present method of voluntary arbitration may be successful in preventing particular wars, competition in armaments must proceed until such time as it is not profitable for any nation to take the law into its own hands, and this end can only be reached by some such federation as that above sketched.

One further point. It may fairly be objected that since we find certain nations to-day sufficiently dishonourable to break their promises, what guarantee have we that any strong power may not, under similar conditions, call upon its men to withdraw from the authority of the international tribunal, and then commence hostilities; or, if such a nation feel itself too weak to adopt this course single-handed, that it will not con-

spire with other nations to revolt against the authority of the tribunal? The reply is that there can be no absolute guarantee that this will not happen; but such an occurrence is likely to be rarer than are revolutions within the nations to-day. It is generally conceded that the danger of armed revolution against the constituted authority of a nation to-day is not grave enough to induce private individuals to arm themselves in anticipation. Disputes between nations are much rarer than are political disputes between rival factions within the nations. Moreover, Messrs. Brogajota provide that the greater portion of the troops and arms under the control of the federated tribunal shall be raised, employed and paid for directly by the tribunal itself. This provision, together with a judicious mingling of the various nationalities in regiments and war vessels, would render the danger of defection of a considerable body from the forces of the tribunal a sufficiently remote one. In our national disputes we find that the fact of the soldiers being directly employed by the Government is a strong incentive to obedience to their employers on the part of these men. We now have a democratic ballot, and there is a growing opinion in the country that the alternative method of settling disputes, namely, by force of arms, is far too costly. If, in international disputes, the nations perceive that the alternative to submission to the federated tribunal is a costly and practically hopeless war, there will be equal reluctance to appeal to the sword.

It only remains to add that each nation would retain the fullest autonomy in the arrangement of its internal affairs, the powers of the tribunal being strictly confined to international matters.

To resume, the useful feature of this scheme is that federation may be begun by any two nations, gradually embracing the other powers, until the tribunal becomes strong enough to compel hostile nations to fall into line. On this ground the scheme commends itself for present politics.

HENRY MEULEN.

Benefits for Bureaucrats.

By Margaret Douglas.

TWENTY-SEVEN thousand men and women applied for the post of inspector under the Insurance Act last autumn! In spite of the difficulty of choosing four hundred suitable people from this vast number the Selection Committee seems to have succeeded, by some curious chance, in gathering together a small army of persons who are content to imitate, in the administrative sphere, the political methods of their creator, Mr. Lloyd George. During the past nine months these individuals have proved themselves apt pupils of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Every device adopted to break the resistance of the doctors to panel servitude, for instance, has been employed towards the other resisters. Just as, in December last, Drs. A. and B. were told that Dr. C. had gone on the panel and would annex all their patients, so for months past the inspectors have been assuring resisters that their organisation has collapsed and that all their neighbours have begun stamping cards.

All may be fair in war as in love, but the advantages of a straight fight are apparent when an official of the Government who has assured the assembled farmers on a market day that their local leader has left them in the lurch, and is dutifully sticking stamps, has to appear in Court two months later to swear by the sacred book that the same man has most stubbornly refused to yield to either persuasion or threat of prosecution! In all parts of the country the inspectors have worked on similar lines. One Scotch farmer brought an action for slander against one of these "spies," as the farmers call them, only to be told by an unsympathetic judge that even if untrue it could not be considered slanderous to state that a citizen was complying with the law of the land!

The new bureaucrats, in fact, are proving themselves worthy assistants of the newest type of politician. Mr.

Masterman in all his blandness could scarcely vie with the young woman who composed an elaborate note informing an employer that the maid-servant who had recently left him was now ill, and, in consequence of his refusal to stamp cards, could not obtain any of the benefits to which she was entitled, and which she could recover from him at law. Full of concern the employer went to inquire after the girl in her new situation and was relieved to find her very much alive, and declaring in the most positive fashion that she had not been ill for an hour. Needless to mention that neither explanation nor apology was forthcoming.

In Berkshire, where some twenty prosecutions failed to teach the farmers that "the law of the land must be obeyed" (the dull magistrates' dull formula), the fertile official brain devised another scheme. The new type of inspector offered on behalf of the Commissioners to remit six months' contributions if the rebels would comply with the Act in the third quarter. When public attention was drawn to this cynical offer made to representatives of the Farmers' League, the Commissioners issued an official statement denying that they had ever instructed their inspector to make such a bargain, but the deal holds good notwithstanding, and not in Berkshire alone.

For work of this character the nation is spending in salaries for England alone between sixty and eighty thousand pounds this year. No scientific knowledge, no technical skill is required of these officials; they are simply parasites on the community. Their only function is to count whether thirteen stamps have been affixed to pieces of cardboard, "a thing the village idiot could do for himself," said an old countryman to me last week, yet they have privileges denied to factory or sanitary inspectors. They travel in motor cars round the country flaunting the insult of their comfort before the industrious poor who pay the bill; when they condescend to take the train they travel first class. One inspector indeed had the effrontery to pose as a friend and get herself driven two miles or so in the pony-cart belonging to the lady on whose house she contemplated a raid!

The inspector is the most obvious sign of the new bureaucracy, as he is its most superfluous member. Under any scheme framed on national lines to meet a national need no "spies" would be required. But when one realises that in addition to the yearly hundred thousand spent on salaries for the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh inspectors, there is another fifty thousand a year to be found for the audit staff, not to mention the unnumbered host of clerks, typists, and the luckless mortals who spend their dreary existence in a disused skating rink filing away thirteen million cards between January and April only to embark on another thirteen million between April and June, it is when one realises this endless waste of time, labour and money that one loses patience.

The Insurance Act is being administered three times over. Ostensibly the administration is in the hands of friendly society and insurance company officials. Their salaries and expenses, calculated at about three millions a year, are guaranteed by deduction from the contributions before any benefits are paid. On the principle, I suppose, of setting a thief to catch a thief, we have the Commissioners' staffs administering quite superfluously in duplicate, their salaries and expenses amounting to two millions a year, being guaranteed by the State. Then we have the local committees whose voluntary members are quite naturally beginning to resent their paltry third-class ticket allowance when others travel first, and already there is talk of payment for their services. The cost of the local committees has yet to be discovered, but it is at last becoming clear to the working people that the money being spent in this unfruitful manner would provide quite a number of very poor persons with free and generous help.

When Sir Robert Morant described the Insurance Act, as he is reported to have done, as "a joint adventure between the Commissioners and the

Societies," he forgot to point out the fact that is becoming clearer every day, that all the financial risks of the enterprise are being compulsorily undertaken by people who cannot afford a square meal more than once a week at best. They have to make good any deficiencies in the funds on valuation or put up with smaller payments. The benefits of the Insurance Act in short are guaranteed to the bureaucrats who administer it, but not to the people who pay.

America · Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

Proposition I—That I would "Drive the Auto on the Seminars."

We read in the life of Abelard that, having learned to reason in the school of Rosclin he came down to Paris and there found someone, whose name I and nearly everyone else have forgotten, holding the chair of philosophy, and Abelard engaged the gentleman in dispute and very shortly thereafter the gentleman whose name we have forgotten was holding his classes at some place or other down the river, and Abelard was discoursing in Paris.

And in course of time Abelard was called home to attend to the execution of his father's will and estates or something of that sort. And the professor returned to Paris. And later Abelard returned to Paris, and the professor departed.

And Abelard took up the ascetic life and went into the wilderness, and five thousand students went after him and camped in the wilderness, enduring all manner of hardships. And all this befell at a time when the universities were a far from negligible factor in the intellectual life of Christendom.

Now it is inconceivable that in this day and decade any unknown man could oust any professor of anything by a mere display of superior intelligence.

I have no experience of technical schools, but I can conceive it possible that, say, a great engineer, one with monumental achievements behind him, if he could demonstrate to the governing board of some university that any bridge built according to the instructions of its head professor of engineering, must of necessity collapse, might get the head professor shifted into a less dangerous position after a long play of diplomacy.

But in the departments of the humanities, of letters, or of philosophy, such a cataclysm is merely unthinkable.

It is as wholly and utterly unthinkable as that a commercial periodical should demand its staff of critics to be reasonably trained, or that we, the community at large, should demand of our artists in letters that they have some knowledge of the great tradition, some trace of what is called the "literary conscience," or something above mediocrity of ambition.

I remember that I was once berating the present state of affairs to the president of a university, and he said he knew nothing about the matter (I think it was some question of graduate study and the system of presenting literature). Anyhow, he said that it was not his affair, he was putting his money into the institution because he wanted to leave a memorial to his father. He rather pitied me, I believe, for taking such a matter as the conservation of letters to heart. I respect his feeling for his father. I don't much mind a man's wanting to erect memorials. I respect his standing by his staff. But this is not the spirit that goes to the making of Risvegliamenti.

Now let us suppose the usual graduate seminar, the usual professors as they exist in America, one out of every twenty, intelligent, perhaps a humanist, the other nineteen perhaps passionately devoted to literature (we are supposing for the moment a seminar in some branch of letters); passionately devoted, let us

Letters from Italy.

XIV.—AMALFI.

"Li departir de la dolce contrè
Où la belle est
M'a mis en grand tristor."

AMALFI, Amalfi, sorely did I grieve to part from thee, who hast that sad gift of beauty—but the price of thy hôtels was two francs a day more than I could afford. "By such apparently trivial considerations," observed the Sage, "the human destinies are controlled." I have no hope of return to thee (Amalfi) unless the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Excessively Minor Poets should intervene with a gracious subsidy of two francs per day. Or perhaps I'll get £100 by writing a poem about Jesus Christ and a wayward but repentant cracksman:—

"From nineteen eight to nineteen ten,
I stole and whored and stole agen;
From nineteen ten to nineteen 'leven,
I moaned about the gates of Heaven;
But, then, in nineteen twelve, I went
And brought a tupp'ny testament."

You did not think that was spontaneous, did you? Observe the technique! It cost me nearly half a minute's work to write it. And the remuneration for poetry is so small nowadays.

But I blaspheme, frankly I blaspheme the beauty of Amalfi by making silly jokes—it is entirely due to the half-bottle of Capri wine (*rosso vecchio*) which I have just consumed for dinner. And it is a fine night, and the moon is shining, and I don't care if it is a fool's trick to jape.

Anyway, Amalfi put me into such delicate humour that I fell in love with her right away. Late in the afternoon I came to her amid a rich glow of golden sunlight which made me think of July evenings in Kent. The queer little "canozze" joggled us along the uneven road by the sea-shore, past groups of deliciously idle fishers and louts, past the shops of the macaroni makers, and through a couple of small cliff tunnels to the Hôtel de la Sirène. Such a rustic Siren as she was, with odd pretences to civilisation, like electric light and a real waiter, and with marks of distinct provincialism in decoration and furniture. But she was pleasant enough, and "soigneusement évitée" the snobism of the Albergo dei Cappuccino, which is now the haunt of the motor-beast.

In a little while I went forth to take stock of my beloved Amalfi. Her Duomo is entirely restored, except for the campanile—a fact grateful to the religious, but little pleasing to me, who prefer beauty to holiness, and a Renaissance tomb to all the souls in purgatory. Beneath the church (I mean in the crypt) I found a stuttering verger, who lied for five minutes about the feeble paintings on and near the altar. When I say that his "An'ra d'Thalein" meant "Andrea da Salerno," you will appreciate the difficulty of following his Italian. But I knew he was lying all the time.

Before I entered the church I stood on the gallery at the top of the large flight of steps and looked into the Piazza. It will be remembered that the Piazza at Amalfi is considered to be something of a curiosity, and it certainly is pleasant to see the coming and going of brightly-clothed peasants, the knots of long-limbed sailormen excitedly discussing the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, and the ragged ragazzi gambling for soldi. Still, all this is nothing to the real beauty of Amalfi.

say, to literature, or more likely, each one of them devoted to some period, about which he knows more definite facts than any artist who lived in it!

Let us suppose that most of them hate vulgarity, detest the "Press," disapprove of the present. Let us suppose a few of them believe in the future, by which they mean "the nineties."

Now let us suppose the normal protagonist of contemporary literary production be thrust in amongst them. He is ignorant as Ham, as blatant and purposeless as G. K. Chesterton, as free from any desire of producing lasting works of art as a "Times" reporter, or he is as dull as the "slicer" poets, or as "gaga" as the survivors, or he is something else as bad, or worse as the case may be. And with literature as a whole, with the lasting laws he is unacquainted as a graduate student in chemistry. If he writes novels, he has never heard of Flaubert. If he is a southerner, he believes that the French excel in all other branches of literature except the novel. (This is not a whim, but an actual incident. An American novelist, a successful novelist, actually had the nerve to explain to me just what it was in the French social system that made it impossible for a novel to come out of France. But let this pass.)

My contention is that some sort of conference between these two sets of "influences," let us say amical debate, would be highly instructive to the students who should witness it.

It would provide a means for discerning the difference between the tyro, the dilettante, the drifter, and splurger in verse or prose, and the serious artist.

If fee were given, it would provide for the serious artist some means of support, other than that of over-production and hurried production.

On the whole, the professors would shine, for they have at least some hoard of knowledge to bank on. The professor who couldn't manage the normal literatist would be a fairly poor lot. But on the contrary, when the seminar managed to hit on an artist of parts, the debate would be enlightening both to faculty and students. New life would be infused into the study of letters. Literature would come to be regarded as something living, something capable, constant transformation, and rebirth.

The effect on writers would be even more worth while, for the normal magazinist, confronted for once, at least, in his life, with the array of past achievement, or drubbed by what he would regard as a fossil, might be driven to consider his art as an art. He might on being invited to debate be brought for once to question himself about his reasons for existence.

In fact, the whole outrageous scheme would stir up more than a few backwaters of mental stagnation.

In deciding what authors should be summoned, the students should have some voice.

The conferences should take place, I should think, monthly.

If space permitted me I should point out that this sort of infiltration of ideas is precisely what does take place in capitals, where the best artists and scholars occasionally meet by accident. The decentralised state of America makes it all the more desirable that some other machinery should be devised for this purpose.

MAN.

Man is a pigmy; man is a god,
He lives for ever, yet dies;
He might have been a pea in a pod,
Or one of a million flies.

He might have been the tail of a rat,
Or the tooth of a hungry whale;
He might have been anything—this or that,
This monkey without a tail.

But he's neither a heavy-rolling star,
Nor the soul of a frying-pan;
He's something that none of these things are—
And his life is only a span.

H. E. FOSTER-TOOGOOD.

The proprietor of the Cappuccini Inn graciously allows visitors to wander in the renowned garden, which everyone must know in Naples and Rome, from the advertisement poster with a foolish-looking monk sitting by a pillar. You ascend about 200 steps to a long terrace, with white pillars on the sea side, and orange-trees, covered at the same time with fruit and blossoms, on the other. Above is a kind of pergola of lemon and lime trees, whose greenish-yellow fruit hangs there in amazing abundance. The warm evening air is sweet with flowers, and the whole garden at that time lies in the shadow of a great foreland. If you choose, you can wander up a steep path, marked "Belle Vue," through thickets of olive trees to a ruined castello, and thence look over the Gulf of Salerno. The sunset is not directly visible, but delicate colours creep across the sky from behind the hill and are reflected on the clouds in the east. The wind had entirely ceased when I was there, and in the hush far-off voices and shouts came up from the village. Above the frail rose and yellow sky was the slim, curved moon; the brightest stars began to show faintly in the lighted air, and the blue sea grew gradually darker and stiller. Hardly a ripple from the clear water fell on the beach; not the least leaflet of the olives was moved, and a few long cypresses, "like burnt-out torches," stood black against the cliff and sky. Far off a becalmed sailing-boat, with its two sails spread wide, seemed like a small brown butterfly, just ready to flutter from the water over which it was poised. At that time I regretted exceedingly that by necessity I came to the Greek religion artificially and by learning, and not naturally. I would have given so much to have been able to turn to the moon and say, without any kind of "literary" affectation:—

"Χαίρε, μοι, ὦ καλλίστα,
Καλλίστα τῶν κατ' Ὀλυμπον
Παρθένων, Ἄρτεμι."

But I knew that so self-conscious an act would only be foolish, and the goddess had to take my prayer as said.

Later in the evening I stood on the balcony outside my bedroom and looked across Amalfi to the east. The silence was so deep that I heard that strange humming noise, which frightened one in childhood, and which is, I suppose, the sound of one's own blood. Overhead the most brilliant stars gleamed, twinkling rapidly in the cool night—it seemed strange that they should make no noise. From the village lights shone, reflected in the still sea, more steadily than the Embankment lights on the Thames, and with a beauty immeasurably more sensuous and natural. I stood and looked for quite a while; it seemed curious to think of men toiling in horrible dens and factories, of men killing each other just across there in Macedonia, of men committing all manner of beastliness. How beautiful it was before anyone came there! I am glad that the glory has gone from Amalfi, that the great commercial and naval power of the Middle Ages is utterly lost. When a beautiful thing is destroyed it is poor comfort to know that so many thousands of people derive sustenance from its destruction. Pest upon them! They are always dull and stupid. Better one narcissus flower than all the loathly human beasts from Manchester to Chicago.

With such common-place reflections of a mediocre mind (as De Maupassant would say) I entertained myself. And the next day I was driven away from Amalfi, again in a glow of sunshine, again in the midst of an almost stupefying loveliness. I understand why the South Italians care so little for "commercial progress"; they have something a good deal better.

"Li partir de la dolce contrè." Shall I ever see thee again, Amalfi, bell' Amalfi?

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Poems by Strindberg.

Translated from the Swedish by P. Selver.

I.—FROM "TRAVEL PICTURES IN HEINE'S MANNER."

The eastern sun is agleam on the white hill
And I heard a voice from the south which spoke and
said:—

"A curse!

A curse upon you, England,
So chalk-white bestrewn without
Like a whited sepulchre
But within as black,
As sootily black,
As a coal barge
Anchored between the North Sea and the Atlantic.
Curse upon you, island of traffickers,
And upon your pettifogging politics!
Curse upon Lord Beaconsfield
Who in the name of human love
Acted as go-between
For Asia and Europe
Like an out-and-out commercial traveller!
Curse upon your holy church
And your trusty women;
Your trusty sock-knitting,
Tea-swilling women!
Curse upon your Tauchnitz-edition novels,
Your mission-houses and salvation-armies!"
But I answered from the north and said:—
"You sooty white Albion!
Even if your sins were blood-red
As your roast beef,
And your heart were black as your coal,
I, the mighty, I, the outlaw,
I take your sea-girt chalk-layer
And draw a stroke
Over your mighty debit account
Upon your mighty black slate;
Not because I am hoodwinked
By your excellent Pale Ale
And your good razors;
I forgive you
Your East Indian sins,
Your African crimes
And your Irish outrages:
I forgive you, England,
Not for your sake,
But for yours,
Dickens, Darwin, Spencer and Mill!"

II. SUNSET AT SEA.

I lie by the cable-tier
Smoking "Five blue brothers"
And thinking of nothing.
The sea is green,
So murky absinthe-green;
It is bitter as magnesium chloride
And salty as sodium chloride;
It is chaste as potassium iodide;
And oblivion, oblivion
From great sins and great sorrows
Is given only by the sea,
And by absinthe!
O thou green absinthe-sea,
O thou calm absinthe-oblivion,
Daze my senses
And let me slumber in peace
As of old I slumbered
Over an article in the
"Revue des deux Mondes"!
Sweden lies like a smoke-patch
Like the smoke of a maduro-havanna.
And the sun sets upon it
Like a half-quenched cigar,
But round about the horizon
Stands ruin as red
As Bengal fires
And gleams on the misery.

Present-Day Criticism.

It occurs to us that a woman has publicly expressed her contempt for the supposed grand champion of women, George Meredith. 'Twas a portentous deed too revolutionary, surely! Have we not the gospel from the women everywhere that the baptism of woman is complete only when she hath saturated herself in Meredith? Is it possible now to think of women and their mysterious cause without discerning Meredith in their eyes, on their lips, in their heart of hearts? It is certain that Meredith is immensely popular with women. Why do they cherish him, and why should they not, if they should not? We inquired. We put our question first to the iconoclast mentioned above. The reply was laconic—"Like all male feminists, Meredith was a snake in the bosom." This happening to be our own opinion, we shall presently take the occasion for elaborating a charge which, hitherto, must have been put down to masculine jealousy. But we have still further feminine evidence regarding the clay feet of the idol. "Just think of Diana!" cries a second friend of ours—"Preaching, promiscuous, dishonest, opportunist Diana!" The accusation is meant to lie against Meredith who held up Diana as Woman. The third answer can be rendered only by full quotation. We had asked widely for a defence of Meredith and had met incoherency. The following we take to be from the most articulate of the faithful:—"Well, it's very simple to understand why women like Meredith. Take Diana Redfern's person and career. Beautiful so that all the other women are for ever in the shade, witty as any of the men, and with a gift for successful novel-writing. Absolutely her own mistress to begin with, and possessed of a certain small income and a darling old house. Marries badly the first time—all women do; attracts a much better man than her husband—all women hope to; escapes public divorce while keeping friends with all really useful people; finds the greatest thing in life, a faithfully devoted maid—and I've often thought that 'Danvers' is the secret of Diana's apotheosis by women. Every woman is looking for a Danvers. With such a nice, obedient, competent, negligible and unquestionably inferior self every woman feels that she could face the world and brazen out everything. Then, with a titled lady friend of unimpeachable reputation like Lady Dunstane, Diana arouses the awed admiration of impulsive ladies who yearn every day of their lives for just such a chaperon. There are no tiresome intruding babies to tie Diana down to her first marriage of convenience. Diana does all things well! She writes novels that fetch her in money to dress and entertain to perfection! She attracts dozens of men, and among them the very pearl of that day's younger statesmen. Nearly elopes—only nearly; gets all the thrill and none of the scandal. Then what woman cannot comprehend and excuse the really loathsome treachery of selling her lover's secret, only a *State* secret? The thing was worth loads of money, and Diana was horribly hard up. Then her old dull husband dies properly and leaves her free while she is still only about thirty and in the prime of her beauty. And then, finally, after a time of complete freedom, she is whitewashed of all the past by marriage with a tremendously wealthy and influential man, not to mention a man who, as one of his friends puts it, will give her a very violent 'hugging.'

In this last reply, the analysis of Diana is undoubtedly intended to accuse Meredith. Women appear to read very perfunctorily indeed Meredith's other works. "Diana of the Crossways" seems to be what they mean when they say "Meredith." Rhoda Fleming, a better character, but with nothing in her to excite emulation, is never quoted by women. Clara Middleton, Ottavia, Lucy, arouse no general worship whatever. Julia Rip-penger, the heavy arch-sweedler is no woman's admitted model. Nor has feminine approval conclusively stamped any of the crowd of lesser Meredithian women. From the dazzling Diana, all those little stars partake

their beauty, wit and success; and can never divert *her* throngs of enthusiastic moon-worshippers.

But wherein has Meredith shown his fangs and venom so that even three, two, or one woman can uncompromisingly refuse to harbour him? He has shown them in this—that while he trifles with and undermines the conventions of women, while he lures women away from security by inventing an impossibly lovely, gifted, and lucky will o' the wisp of an adventuress, he offers them nothing in exchange for lost home and duty; dull these are, no doubt, yet full of little rewards and privileges, and, at any rate, all that most women have to expect.

Meredith's treachery to women goes deeper, very much deeper, than a mere low dangling of a single bog-light. We think that nothing more contemptuous of women was ever boldly expressed by satirist, than by Meredith in his flattering novels. In the plainest matter of honour, he tosses woman a low standard as the privilege of her irresponsibility. Diana, poor darling, may commit a treacherous offence, and obtain absolution from everyone save only her victim. A man, for a similar offence, would have been cut in his club. Again: Diana has arranged to elope with her lover; her boxes are in the hall, packed and labelled; her hat is on—when there arrives a devoted bluff old gentleman with the bad news that Diana's old friend is ill. She allows herself to be so excited by the authoritative messenger and his errand that she flies at his command, leaving her lover to trot up and down a railway station with nary a message to console his indecent plight. Such a chapter, in Meredith's opinion, may be written about a mere woman. Men as hysterical and thick-skinned as Diana could scarcely be exhibited for other men's admiration! It is however enough excuse for a woman's broken faith and brutal lack of manners that a domineering male acquaintance brings tidings of a lady friend's illness.

A gross touch—Meredith was gross enough when he was not dainty—is that which brings the melodramatically conceived Redworth, Diana's dernier ressort, to outwit her accepted lover with the tale of a sick-bed. Redworth, of course, is only the tool of the plot, and quite unconscious of his opportuneness: the tawdry and malignant dénouement is Meredith's creation. And you will notice how here, as at, we think, every crisis, Diana, the woman, is depicted as persuaded, urged, goaded into actions, or, at best, is carried away by often cunning calculations or by her ill-controlled impulses and whims. She is never a responsible person. She is supposed to marry in the first instance for a protector. She is made to play a fatuously public game with a notorious society politician, who is ridiculously exhibited behaving as though his mid-Victorian position would have endured a divorce scandal. Meredith makes her set her cap at Percy for nothing but an exercise of female power, and when Percy has subdued his fair conqueror and she is to be tested by an elopement through which he stands to lose his career (what men!), her impulsive feelings make her behave like a vulgarian. He sends her, at a pinch for money, running round at midnight to sell to the Opposition peers a State secret which she has still warm from Percy's lips; and the picture of her next day cooing the clever story to that astounded gentleman sinks in imbecility almost below characterisation.

Meredith's petty mind, which perpetually strove to hide behind tremendously male words, bursts out in the gross and spleenful passage where the once-adored Percy is introducing his new-wed wife to Diana. One would suppose none but a woman to have written this scene where the husband and wife are shown as walking away with some sudden occult diminution of physical form, while Diana reads mediocrity in their very backs! But we must remember that this Diana, with her epigrammatic reflections, was neither a real woman nor a lady novelist, but only Meredith's puppet. Her marriage at last with the good, tedious, wealthy Redworth, who will presently oblige her by acquiring a title, takes

this really despicable character into bourgeois obscurity, there, however, as we understand, to carry on through her husband's influence, some vague feminine Cause.

And what is this Cause? Nobody knows; but Meredith knew how to excite women with hints and blinks. And what are women to imitate from Diana? Her beauty? Impossible—Meredith made it. Her wit? Meredith made this too. Her attainment of a large sum of money by writing novels? Even Meredith could not allow her more than one successful tour de force—and he made her squander the means of her temporary independence like a girl of the theatres, in extravagant living. Her virtues? Sympathy, loyalty? Meredith depicts her at crises insensible to both, dull-spirited, let us say, simply beyond belief. This discerning man, this reader of the hearts of women, has surely maligned them: yet they adore him! What is left of Diana? Her respectable marriage and prospective motherhood. Can the women, then, be rapt with such prospects? But must one be so painfully lovely, witty, rash, cold, hot, dishonest and prodigal—must one be quite so raw a free-lance through all one's young life to secure nothing more unattainably ideal than a husband and a family?

Readers and Writers.

A SUBJECT for a guessing competition would be the reason for the choice of Canon Hannay to respond to the toast of "Literature" at the Royal Academy Banquet. Literature does not know the name of Canon Hannay, even by his nom de plume of George A. Birmingham. Was it, I wonder, that the Academy could not get anybody else; or that official painters owed a grudge to men of letters and desired to pay it off? Fortunately, painters are well known to be devoid of taste in literary matters; so their slight falls off our back. They still manage these things better on the Continent, that is, in France, that is, in Paris. At quite a small affair at the Sorbonne last week it was M. Rostand who was invited, and who accepted the invitation, to speak. M. Rostand is not a first-rater for all time, but he is a first-rater for our day; and he has created one character more immortal than himself. He spoke of Paris, in particular, of Paris as it is and as it ought to be. As it is, it is the incarnate myth of the centralised culture of Europe; as he hopes it to be, it will be "the heart of Europe" also. There's an idea for you—one which no man of letters dare publicly suggest in England of London! He would be laughed down by the soap-makers. The descent of even M. Rostand, however, was somewhat precipitous, though he owed it to himself. It is a drop from Napoleon asking "What does M. Goethe think?" to modern Paris asking what Mr. Wells, Mr. Kipling, Messrs. Maeterlinck and Gorki think. We know already what they think upon every topic, for they have all been journalists and mystery no longer remains with them. A cloud of the size of a man's hand still, perhaps, hangs over Mr. Wells' horizon.

* * *

Books on politics are not much in my line, but the three I am about to mention might almost as well be called what Borrow called novels, "something else." Mr. Penty's "Restoration of the Gild System" has had an exciting history already. Only part of the first edition was sold, the rest were burned in a fire at his publisher's, who was afterwards absorbed in a larger. No publisher would touch a second edition of a work so disastrous; at least, without revision; and this Mr. Penty was for some time disinclined to make. The revision, however, is now begun; and I understand that arrangements have been made to publish the new chapters serially in this journal before re-issuing them in book form. The second on my list is Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labour" (Unwin). It shows the universality of the modern Flood that no country in Europe appears to have escaped drowning under one

or more editions of this pernicious and pinchbeck work. Stop, there is no Russian edition. Is Russia our break-water against both Capitalism and Asia? Four editions, woe upon us, have been sold in England. Unwin also publishes my third—due yesterday. It is called "Monarchical Socialism in Germany." I shall buy it for one of my colleagues to fling at our home-made Teutophile democratic Socialists.

* * *

Dr. Oscar Levy is an English institution, and his office is to introduce to us not only Nietzsche, but all Nietzsche's friends. Fresh from issuing the seventeenth and index volume of a complete edition of Nietzsche's works, Dr. Levy has now seen through the press the masterpiece of Arthur Count Gobineau of whom Nietzsche said (as he said, by the way, of several others): "He is the only European spirit I should care to converse with." The work is "The Renaissance" (Heinemann. 10s. net. Translated by Mr. Paul V. Cohn) and it consists of five plays each having for its hero one of the leading figures of the Italian new age. I find myself looking forward to reading Gobineau, since the name is attractive and I have heard (singular thing!) nothing to his aesthetic discredit. But five plays! Essays I can read with anybody, the older and the longer the better. I have just read through the three volumes of Sydney Smith and have begun re-reading with old delight the entire works of Swift. But plays! However, I shall get through them without a doubt, as also I shall read the Japanese NO dramas, announced by Heinemann. A Japanese Shakespeare, they say! Next to Gobineau in Dr. Levy's levée will come Stendhal—a much more readable man than the Count in my judgment. I have not heard what publisher will adventure on a complete Stendhal in English. Adventurous publishers in these days are rare, and genius, dead or alive, may remain unpublished for all they care. Still connected, by a marriage of the spirit, so to say, with Nietzsche, is a new translation by Mr. Herman Scheffauer of Heine's "Atta Troll" and North Sea poems. These poems, I verily believe, were one of the main streams of inspiration of the recent "free rhythm" or prose poetic or mule-style school. It is a form most dangerously attractive, being as easy to write as it is usually difficult to read. Nietzsche himself did not excel in it; Strindberg (as Mr. Selver intends to prove to us) only imitated it with fair success; the rest employ it as a pea employs a bladder, to make a hollow rattle in it. Ideas alone can carry off so flighty a form; and it is in ideas that most versifiers—tut, tut! I hope Mr. Scheffauer's translation will put imitation out of fashion.

* * *

A correspondent has lately been complaining of the "bad taste" of Mr. Jan de Junosza Rosciszewski's caricatures appearing on the last page of this journal every week. It was not Lord Halsbury by any chance, was it? He also has been advising political caricaturists to take lessons in beauty; from the Royal Academy Exhibition, above all places! But caricature has nothing to do with beauty, except by providing the world with a sight of its opposite. Such of us as arrive in hell will not cut a pretty figure there; and the prevision of our appearance as we present our obol to Charon might do something to dissuade us from continuing on the primrose path. At least that is how I look upon caricature. It is designed to show a man what he may ultimately come to look like if he persists in looking like it! Portraits, on the other hand, ought, in my opinion, to reveal the alternative and celestial destiny. A portrait, so it start fairly from its subject, cannot ennoble a man too much for me; per contra, a caricature cannot de-noble a man too extremely. Mr. Rosciszewski intends to publish in a week or two a first portfolio of his caricatures; and the "New Age Press" will have the honour of attempting to sell them. They will be bound after the style of the volumes of THE NEW AGE, and priced at five shillings net.

There is for me a wonderful pathos in the announcement made by Sir James Murray to an interviewer that "in all human probability the 'Oxford English Dictionary' will be finished on my 80th birthday, four years hence." Dr. Murray began the greatest dictionary of the greatest living language thirty-four years ago last month, and in all the long intervening period to the present, which includes three reigns, and I don't know how many Cabinets and other plagues and calamities, his work has appeared more regularly than the seasons. I naturally do not use the word pathos in a sentimentally sense; the spectacle of all great and enduring passions is pathetic in the artistic sense. Sir James Murray is to be applauded, admired and felicitated upon the choice, the execution and the good fortune of his life's work. I am reminded by his fresh enthusiasm at the age of 76 of the enthusiasm of Hokusai, the painter-genius of Japan, at the age of 75—"the Old Man mad about painting":—

From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all I produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. By seventy-three I had learned a little about the real structure of Nature. . . . In consequence, when I am eighty, I shall have made still more progress. At ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things. At a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvellous stage; and when I am a hundred and ten everything I do, be it a dot or a line, will be alive.

There speaks the creative artist in his authentic and invariable voice. It is the voice of passion for perfection—in anything.

* * *

In every big business there ought to be a brain with nothing else to do but to direct high policy. I mean nothing to do with finance, nothing to do with business details, no definable work of any kind; but the general direction and consideration of the firm's prestige. For want of such a brain some promising businesses have come to an untimely and vulgar prosperity, gathering their fruits before the mellowing year. A great publishing house is particularly in need of a Minister of Foreign Affairs of this kind; if, that is, it looks to stand as long as literature. So also is a great newspaper—the "Times," for example. The "Times," however, appears, during the last ten or twenty years, to have forgotten its old maxims and to be forgetting them more completely. The Book Club was, in my opinion, a sad blunder: the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was a worse. I do not relish, either, the mammoth Supplements now enwrapped in my daily copy. They subordinate my interests as a reader to my greed as a speculator: I think no longer of the world as will and idea, but of the world as money and machinery. The announcement by the "Times" that its first twopenny issue was sold out by nine last Monday week was still further proof of its negligence of the scales of public opinion. It appears they only printed 25 per cent. of extra copies, and might have sold 50 per cent.

In Kashmir.

The Beginning of Spring.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

THE houseboat floats across the great Wular lake. Above its marshy banks and little fleets of fishing boats tower range upon range of mountains, the wooded summits of the nearer just sprinkled with snow, farther off the gigantic forests of deodar and pine standing out from a gleaming white floor. Behind these rise thousands of mighty Himalayan snowfields—peaks, glaciers, and slopes, indistinguishable at last from the high hovering clouds. In all this enormous circle there is only one small gap, and even there many miles behind the rest, a faint grey tinge separates snow from cloud. Overhead a tropical sun is glowing, and bulbuls and sparrows and great butterflies flutter from the shores to perch on the warm verandah of my boat.

That was yesterday in the midday warmth of the Kashmir sun. Now, as I look through my window shivering with cold, we pass up the swift Jhelum, muddy with the frothy lumps of unmelted snow. It is raining, and the outlines of the opposite bank and a few leafless trees stand out sharply against a near expanse of mist. But midway down this mass there is a great rift through which I see the higher slopes of a mountain, streaked with snow like veined black marble. And now the cloud has closed up the gap and the struggling light discloses nothing but a little hamlet, its lonely farms and cottages surrounded by thin straight poplars with their week-old leaves and the white and pink blossoms of fruit trees. And somewhere amidst the clouds a lark sings. But now my head boatman yells hoarsely at the trudging coolies on the towpath, and the heavy houseboat swings slowly round a bend. For a moment, in the awful clearness below the mist, I seem far away to see a town and a fortified hill. I wonder if it is Srinagar; but we turn another bend and I can see eastward no more. A doonga speeds past downstream, built like all native boats in the East, long and thin, flat-bottomed and roofed with strips of matting sloping down on either side. A white-bearded, turbaned old Mussulman smoking his hookah in the prow pulls up a length of the matting to gaze curiously at my ponderous boat and at me, as I sit in bed by the open window. He raises his right palm to his bowed forehead and gives me a guttural greeting. I hastily return his salaam. In the stern of the doonga the sides are coiled up and I see his wife steering with a paddle. She observes me, and, as I look away, quickly covers her head with a fold of her long garment. For all her lowness of degree, she is too proud to allow an infidel to gaze upon her handsome aquiline face, not even through the long ribboned plaits of dark hair that fall across it. The boat is loaded with stone, but at the back I notice a small calf and scores of chickens. These are river dwellers, as many other Kashmiris, as the myriad Chinamen who inhabit the clustering sampans of the evil Canton river, as the unruly Moplahs of the palm-shaded lagoons of golden Malabar.

Through the window on the other side of my room a little shepherd boy smiles down at me from the bank. He wears a close-fitting little cone for a headdress and a single colourless garment with long sleeves, which he has rolled up to the wrists after the cold of the night. "S'laam, Sa'b," he pipes in the midst of his sheep and tiny lambs. "Sa'b, Sa'b, S'laam," still more shrilly. "Salaam, chokra," I reply, and he laughs for joy. The mist is rising quickly now beneath the sun, and the flat meadow-lands all round us stretch between groves of thin leafy poplars, blossoming fruit trees, mighty chenars as yet leafless, and stunted mulberry trees, far, far across the valley to the feet of the surrounding Himalayas.

In the afternoon my masalchi, the water-carrier and cook's assistant, asks permission to fetch butter from a large village we are approaching. I propose to accompany him, and we step into the small shikara and are paddled to land. The village is built unmethodically upon unlevel ground, and the main streets wander up and down in all directions. About twenty young men of the village, stalwart and handsome, accompany us to the little booths in which meal and grain are stored in large earthen pots, and perhaps a few lumps of grey butter are floating in a bowl. The owners, in every case hoary, cheerful old Mussulmans, salaam me repeatedly and make their sons fetch out a chair for me to sit on. Meanwhile, the butter easily obtained, the masalchi tries to purchase a chicken. We wander through and through the village with our bodyguard; the pariah dogs bark and howl, herds of little Indian cows scamper in from the pastures in a cloud of dust, but no chickens can be spared. One is found at last, and is offered at the extortionate rate of eight annas. After consultation we decide to take it, but, just as the masalchi is counting out the thirty-two farthings, the owner retracts, snatches away the squawking fowl, and

runs off in the dusk. The crowd laughs, and we all stroll back to the river side.

Three or four youths volunteer to paddle us after the houseboat, and, as we slowly make our way against the swift current the masalchi tells me of himself. He is a lad of nineteen, willing and sensible, and, he proudly declares, is really a farmer, not a masalchi. But produce is too plentiful and cheap, and four months' labour in the year is only enough to pay for fires; the results of another four months go for food, so he has become a bheshti for his belly's sake, and he pats it in Oriental fashion. His wages, by the way, are nine rupees—twelve shillings a month. He is amazed at the amount of milk and butter to be obtained from English cows, and wonders still more when I tell him that they are thrice the size of their sort in India. The lights of the houseboat come into sight round a bend, we tie up the shikara, and the young men from the village start off back across the fields, happy with a couple of annas as bukshis.

As the sun sets, the snow of the mountains grows greyer and greyer beneath the green paleness of the cloud-brushed sky. All becomes dark and chill. Suddenly a storm bursts upon us, a biting wind shrieks through the chenars and the whirled poplars, the river rushes down in waves, and the boatmen run yelling for the shelter of the cook boat. The houseboat sways and creaks under the lea of the high bank. The wind a minute later ceases to blow, and at once the brown river flows smoothly along, reflecting the great stars that fill the sky.

Views and Reviews.*

To talk about Syndicalism is as unsatisfactory as fighting with a blanket spook. It has no definitions, no principles; indeed, scarcely two books on the subject agree except as to the expedients of the General Strike, which was originally a Socialist idea, and sabotage, which is, I believe, the only Syndicalist contribution to the theory of revolution. For the rest, writers differ from each other according to their fancy. If one writer says that industry will be organised communally, another says that industry will be organised nationally; in the case of the book now under review, the organisation is left to the instinctive genius of the workers themselves. They will choose their trade, they will choose whether they will work singly or in groups; in fact, they will do exactly as they like, so long as they work, and it is assumed that everything will go on smoothly. Production will be increased, although no one will have power to organise production; it is assumed that the instinctive genius of the workers will inspire them to produce the requisite quantity of the commodities required, and that everybody will be happy because free.

This may be so, or it may not be so. Whatever may happen when the State is abolished is a matter of prophecy, and anybody may be right or wrong concerning the millennium. But the practical question remains: "How is the State to be abolished?" The authors, of course, rely on the General Strike and sabotage to do this, and quite half the book is devoted to telling in detail how this will be done. As the process requires superhuman wisdom, superhuman restraint, superhuman sympathy, from the people, and posits a superhuman stupidity and helplessness of the governing class, the conquest of the State is easily made—in this book. But even Peter Kropotkin, who knows something about revolutions, is compelled to say in his preface: "The sole reproach that I shall allow myself to address to the authors—an observation rather than a reproach—is that they have considerably attenuated the resistance that the social Revolution will meet with on its way. The check of the attempt at Revolution in Russia has shown us all the danger that may follow from an illusion of this kind."

* "Syndicalism and the Co-operative Commonwealth." By Emile Pataud and Emile Pouget. (New International Publishing Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

For it is certain that, long before the Syndicalists have perfected the organisation of the General Strike, the State will have moved against them. The State is not so stupid as to allow the Syndicalists to choose the most favourable moment for the struggle; and even at the risk of provoking a revolution, the forces of the State will be used in repression. A declaration of martial law, the appointment of a dictator, would be the obvious retort to any serious menace of revolution; and instead of the strikers parading the streets and holding meetings in their halls, they would find their leaders arrested, and themselves not allowed to forgather in groups. The fanciful picture of the paralysis of the Government, and the growing power of the strikers, in the earlier chapters of this book, is not likely to be realised.

The authors, of course, count on the disaffection of the Army, intensified by their propaganda of anti-militarism, to make repressive measures impossible; and we may as well grant that, if the course of the revolution were to be as the authors predict, it might be difficult to employ the military forces efficiently. But the assumption that the mob of Paris will avoid conflict with, and therefore defeat by, the military is so chimerical that we can only regard it as the basis of a fairy tale. Let men be inspired by the spirit of revolt, and, armed or unarmed, they must fight. To fight means to be defeated by the military; and if the Army won, as it would win, in the first encounter with the strikers, the "Don't shoot" propaganda would be forgotten, and the Army would instinctively maintain the winning side.

Although, as the history of France shows, there is nothing easier to overthrow than a Government, there is nothing more difficult to overthrow than Government. But let us concede the whole argument of the authors; let us suppose that they have abolished the State, and are creating the Co-operative Commonwealth. Have they, then, abolished Government? Kropotkin, sound Anarchist that he is, sees the cloven hoof in their proposals. "As to the 'Confederal Committee,'" he says, "it borrows a great deal too much from the Government that it has just overthrown." But if the Army is abolished, the police is abolished, the law-courts destroyed, and the prisons rased to the ground, if nobody is responsible for maintaining law and order, how can the Government be effective? The authors, of course, rely on the instinctive obedience of the people to customs that, it must be admitted, were forced upon them by Governments in the past; and they look to lynch law to punish offenders. Judgment on what are called "anti-human acts" will be given by the working group or the Trade Unions of which the criminally disposed persons are members; but in cases of "odious outrage," such as the seduction of children or the violation of women, the eye-witnesses would "allow themselves to be led into acts of summary justice." As the populace will be armed it is exceedingly doubtful whether justice will ever be anything but summary; and if the interpretation of "anti-human acts" is to be left to individuals who are singularly sparing of definitions, it is not inconceivable that everybody will be making pot-shots at everybody else. Certainly, it will only need one lively person to "allow himself to be led into an act of summary justice" to set the whole community by the ears.

The question of foreign invasion is settled with lightning speed. The Powers, of course, would be very leisurely in their preparations, while the Syndicalist transformation of the state of France would be tremendously rapid. So the invasion and blockade of France would not begin until the Syndicalists were ready for it; an act of courtesy on the part of the Powers that is overwhelmingly incomprehensible. The Powers, of course, would rely on their armies and navies, but the Syndicalists would use the latest resources of science. By the use of Hertzian waves, the ammunition of the armies and navies would be exploded from a distance; uncanny little airships and aeroplanes, also controlled by Hertzian waves, would drop explosives and asphyxiating bombs on the invaders; and the invaders would be routed without having seen a man to kill.

Those who escaped the explosions would die horrible deaths from drinking the water carefully poisoned by the Syndicalists before they deserted the invaded territory; and the slaughter would be so terrible that never again would a foreign Power attempt to invade France. The whole passage reads like a romance—which it is.

If I conclude that Syndicalism, in its latest form, adds nothing but a few melodramatic threats to Morris' "News from Nowhere," I have estimated the value of this book correctly. The assumption that people can change, with no preparation other than propaganda, from docile or refractory wage-slaves to highly intelligent and noble-souled producers of the wealth of the nation, is so fantastic that it needs no refutation. That the need of government can be denied by the overthrow of the whole system, and yet admitted by the formation of a confederal committee, and rendered impossible by the fact that it has no means of enforcing its decisions, is a proof that the Syndicalists have never seriously regarded the problems that lay before them. The destructive character of their propaganda is apparent; what is not so apparent is that the instinctive genius of the people for construction will produce anything like the State imagined by the Syndicalists.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

The Blue Review. (May. 1s.)

Can the leopard change his spots? It would be fairly safe to say that at present no new periodical might prove to be new in interest. We know all the writers now writing. Most of them contribute promiscuously, according to the cheque-book. We know very exactly what to expect from them. Therefore, we may dismiss the "Blue Review" contributors almost en bloc with a curse in our beard. The cover is really well done. The vile "Rhythm" plaque has vanished, and you might suppose the new blue to be introducing all the masters. Alack! Inside are only our old Pandarins, unchanged and interminable—Messrs. Cannan, Davies, George, Gibson, Swinnerton, Middleton Murry. Here, too, is the old pictorial "Rhythm" filth. Will no one tell these creatures where their drawings properly belong? Where, immortally, have not drawings of crude nudes been found? An amusing thing is the mob of names that goes bawling from cover to cover. The editor mentions scores of people. Not the meanest little modern scribbler is left without an excuse to buy the evidence of his immortality. We paraphrase: "He has a divine memory; no single past, present or future contributor was left unmentioned that day."

To Miss Katherine Mansfield we give our only interest in the "Blue Review." Her sketch "Pension Seguin" is the best work she has done since she left us for an editorial feather to stick in her cap. Doing hack-work for Philistines has very nearly killed her; and we noticed with no surprise that they repaid her by forgetting to mention her in the preliminary press-notices of the "Blue Review." Such is the way of Gath! Well, she has revenged herself by outshining them all. Also, she has made amends for all those recent outpourings of a milked cocoanut with which her well-wishers have been distressed this many months past. Her theme is a search for a lodging that shall be a haven of rest. It is a slender enough literary thread with which to let herself down from Jericho. Miss Mansfield alights with scarcely a strain. One paragraph is overweighted: a semi-satirical scrap of philosophy about there being nothing to believe in but appearances, gives us a whiff of Jericho, unsound and unstimulating hole. But for the rest, here is work which we are very pleased indeed to welcome. We trust it may prove no day of an Indian summer.

Modern Biographies: John Millington Synge, by Francis Bickley; Lafcadio Hearn, by Edward Thomas; Mahommed, by Meredith Townsend. (Constable. 1s. net each.)

This is a new series, and if the publishers can get away from the beaten track it should be not merely

successful but valuable. As it is, we have a good beginning. It was risky enough to take a few chapters from Townsend's great book, "Asia and Europe," and republish them in this form; but the volume reads well. Meredith Townsend, with his wide Oriental experiences and sympathies with the Eastern mind, has done more justice to Mahommed, though in a shorter space, than many other English authorities, such as Sir William Muir. He wrote what he knew without reservation, and, indeed, as his biographer points out in a short foreword to this little volume, he always acted up to Jowett's maxim: "Never qualify, never retract, and let them howl."

Mahommed, though poor, came of an aristocratic family, and, as the author says: "Poverty does not, in Asia, affect pedigree. A Brahmin begging is greater than a Sudra reigning." His early marriage to a woman who was much older than himself and understood him thoroughly, happily relieved him from all the cares of business and left him at liberty to wander over the mountains and meditate. "None," says our author, "none but those who have lived long among Asiatics can understand how an Oriental mind can brood over an idea. It is perhaps the most marked distinction between him and the Western man: the European thinks, the Oriental only reflects, and if left to himself the idea, turned over and over endlessly in his mind, hardens into the consistency of steel." Mohammed's idea was that he was the Messenger of God, and that his task was to preach the unity of God to all men. This was the beginning of the Prophet, and thenceforward his purpose was carried out with tenacious determination. Townsend, in less than eighty short pages, traces his initial steps and misfortunes and his ultimate success—his denunciation of idol-worship, his ostracism and banishment, the persecution of his followers, the death of his wife and of his protector, his revelations. It is not our intention to refer to the subsequent stages in a career which is well enough known; but we cannot pass by Meredith Townsend's excellent summary of the equality prevailing in Moslem countries. Referring to Mohammed's lowly associates, he says:—

Claims of birth and wealth could be of no value in the presence of a master whose favour implied the favour of the Deity. The proudest Arab could not murmur if God chose a slave like Zeid to be leader of armies and visibly confirmed His choice with the seal of victory. It was a principle, also, of the new sect that Islam extinguished all relations. The slave, once a Moslem, was free; the foe, once a Moslem, was dearer than any kinsman; the pagan, once a Moslem, might preach, if the Prophet bade, to attentive listeners. . . . Every strong man, kept down by circumstances, had an instinctive desire to believe in the faith which removed at a stroke every obstacle to a career. To this hour the principle is still of vital importance in all Mohammedan countries. A dozen times has a Sultan, utterly ruined, stooped among his people, found in a water-carrier, a tobacconist, a slave, a renegade, the required man, raised him in a day to power, and supported him to save the empire. If the snuff-maker can rule Egypt, why should he not rule Egypt? He is as near to God as any other Mussulman, save only the heir of the Caliphate; and accordingly Mehemet Ali finds birth, trade, and want of education no obstacle in his path. The pariah who in Madras turns Christian is a pariah still; but if he turns Mussulman, the proudest Mussulman noble will, if he rises, give him his daughter, or serve him as a sovereign, without a thought of his descent.

This is real equality; and if it be properly considered it will explain why, in the East, written constitutions, laws, justice, and security, have long been thrust aside and are still alien to the minds of the vast bulk of the population. Western methods of government, as the Oriental realises almost instinctively, mean, in the end, class rule and plutocracy and the degradation of the "lower" classes; and to this he objects. He willingly tolerates what seems to us to be despotism and severity, simply because a sudden turn in the wheel of fortune may take him from his humble occupation and raise him to power. In the West a man may, by dint of

cunning investments and successful speculation, rise to plutocracy, but not to the exercise of nobler power; while in the East the man who is a slave one week may in another week be the ruler of a province. Decidedly there is romance in this; and few Europeans have understood the Oriental point of view better than Meredith Townsend. What we want, indeed, in addition to this little biography, is a shilling edition of his "Asia and Europe."

Mr. Bickley's monograph on Synge is, from one point of view, satisfactory enough. Befitting the space at his disposal, it is concise and occupied with facts rather than long criticisms. There is not much to say about Synge's life, and, to tell the truth, very little more about his plays. But Mr. Bickley must pardon us for saying that "Riders to the Sea" is emphatically not "one of those achievements before which the voice of criticism is dumb." After all, better-known authors than Synge have written about the lament of a mother for her drowned children and criticism is not silent in these cases. "Tiny as is its scale, it is as plainly stamped with greatness as 'Hamlet' or the 'Agamemnon.'" Mr. Bickley's pen has run away with him. If this little book is pleasing considered merely as a book of plain facts about Synge, it is not so pleasing from the critical standpoint. But the author is less lyrical, and consequently a safer guide, in other passages. We maintain, though we maintain it with regret, that Synge, Yeats, James Stephens, and many other members of the so-called Irish school have not yet shown themselves worthy of a permanent place in any hall of fame—we say "yet" because, though Synge is no longer with us, most of these little bubbles on the foam of literature are still alive, and may later on, though we have grave doubts, justify their poetical existence.

With Lafcadio Hearn we confess to having less patience. A man who "liked the foreign and the fantastic and the sensuous," to whom English poetry "meant little," and who would have "given everything to be a literary Columbus—to discover a Romantic America in some West Indian or North African or Oriental region," is a freak. Such a man is, in very rare cases, too far above this world to bother about it; but he too often turns out to be of too little value, spiritually and otherwise, for the world to bother about him. Hearn comes into this latter category without a doubt; and the declining interest still shown in him is the last dying kick of the freakish romanticism of the 'nineties. Mr. Thomas has dealt with the man adequately, and in almost the right spirit—a little too favourable, if anything. Lues Boswelliana is still rampant; but Boswell was justified in his subject.

Mistress Davenant: The Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets. By Arthur Acheson. (Quaritch. ros. 6d. net.)

Mr. Acheson has made certain things clear in this volume. He has shown that the Sonnets were written in sequences of twenty, and has corrected Thorpe's arrangements of them. If his re-arrangement meets with the approval of Shakespearean scholars, and certainly it makes many passages intelligible, it should not be difficult to establish beyond dispute the identity of the Dark Lady. Mr. Acheson demonstrates that "Willobie his Avisia" was written by Matthew Roydon, as a satire on Shakespeare's affair with an innkeeper's wife; and by textual as well as other evidence, he demonstrates that this innkeeper's wife was Mistress Davenant, of the Crown Inn at Oxford. The evidence is by no means complete yet; according to "Willobie his Avisia," the Inn was St. George's Inn, and Mr. Acheson cannot yet prove that the Davenants occupied St. George's before they went to the Crown Inn. Nor can he prove that the Earl of Southampton ever stayed at either inn, although the presumption in both cases is strong. However these questions may be settled, Mr. Acheson has done good service in re-arranging the sonnets and in providing evidence that may re-direct the attention of students of Elizabethan literature.

The Meaning of Christianity. By the Rev. F. A. M. Spencer. (Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

The meaning of Christianity is not very clear, but Mr. Spencer proves that it does not mean what it is supposed to mean. In a manner not unlike that of George Tyrrell, though lacking his literary grace, he tries to adapt various Christian concepts so that they do not conflict with accepted facts explained by science. His real purpose is to prove that valid theology is possible, that a science which necessarily is based on controvertible facts, or, to be more accurate, on facts that cannot be verified to order, is really not a hopeless study, and may conceivably become once again the mother of all sciences. But as, in the first instance, credence is the very condition of regarding the subject seriously, until psychology becomes an exact science and we know what credence is, the chances of theology proving its validity remain remote. Certainly, no harm is done by trying to drill a little reason into Christian heads, but the religious spirit will not be encouraged to increase by any revival of the study of the working of its laws. What is needed more than ever is a revival of religious experience, and theology attunes itself only to the finite and measurable aspect of the perception of the infinite.

The Balkan War Drama. By a Correspondent. (Melrose. 3s. 6d.)

It is a mystery to us that this book ever managed to get published, for it possesses all those characteristics which are sufficient to damn a work in nine cases out of ten, before it leaves the hands of the author. We mean that the author (who is easily recognisable as the "Times" correspondent in Belgrade), had not only spent some considerable time in the Balkans and become acquainted with the inside situation there, but was in addition a person of some discernment, and had a genuine desire to present the public with a serious and reasoned account of what took place. We advise the author to take care. If he goes on to turn out much more work of this description, Harmsworth will discover that he has brains, and replace him by one of the "Daily Mirror" office boys.

It is, of course, too early as yet to give anything beyond the very sketchiest account of what occurred. But up to the publication of this work no one that we have been able to discover has attempted to give any account at all. One really cannot help supposing that, as Mr. Belloc says, people simply do not want the truth, and that "chatty stories from the front" is the sum not only of what the Press and publishers are willing to give, but of what the public desires. However, here is a stand made against this intellectual débacle. The author is to be congratulated upon it.

Social Religion. By Scott Nearing, Ph.D. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

The usual thing; some facts about social conditions and a good deal of preaching of Christian charity. There is the usual advice to employers that the observation of the rules of hygiene pays them; in other words, increases their profits. The survey of evidence of bad conditions of labour and existence in America is extensive, and the criticism acute; but the Good Samaritan was scarcely the man to deal with a machine-made civilisation. Moreover, he did not bestow his charity with the intention of exploiting the labour of the sufferer; and in the circumstances, the less said about him the better, if employers are to be saved from hypocrisy. It is all very well to say: "Love thy God; love thy neighbour; love thyself. Be fair to men; protect women; give opportunity to children." The question is, "How?"; and if the whole system of society is not to fall asunder, some method must be adopted. If Christian charity is to result in greater profit to the employer, it cannot result in greater profit to the employee. If the Good Samaritan replenishes the traveller's store or increases it, and sends him down the road to Jericho, the thieves have another and a bigger haul; which is not really an improvement on the traveller's first state.

Pastiche

RURAL REFORM.

VILLAGE SCANDAL.—If there is a Village in England where One may Spend the Autumn of one's days in peace and quiet, Free from the Scandalous Gossip of Neighbours, the advertiser would be glad to hear of it. ("Times" advt., May 5.)

The inhabitants of Malice-le-grand came on their inaugural visit of inspection around the house of the New Tenant of the old cot by the bourne. Sounds very rural; and it was. The only trouble was that a right of way went close by the cot, and to cut a long story short, three tenants had evacuated the place in as many years out of sheer terror of the staring, giggling villagers, though the fourth, more hardy, had only succumbed after two years to the most evil campaign of malignant gossip ever posted anonymously or dropped over one's garden wall. This new-tenant-baiting, being the sole diversion of an inter-married little population, was now about to make Malice-le-Grand entirely hilarious and reduce the women of the New Tenant to tears. Only something happened!

Just as Gossip Knight strolled by for the fifth time, inanely giggling, with her young daughter, just as Old Diprose filled his third pipe on the bank across the way, just as Young Nut, Vidler, Hibbs, and Noakes, etc., shouted their four-hundredth witticism to the diabolically grinning Diprose—the New Tenant emerged with a placard nailed to a post, and some closely-written sheets of paper. The placard was written very large with certain information. The New Tenant planted the post in the ground by his gate, put the papers over the fence, went back and banged the front door.

Up hobbled Old Diprose, first to recover his senses; up ran the boys, up Gossip Knight, and two labourers on their way home. And this is what they read:

TO THE POPULATION OF MALICE-LE-GRAND.

Gentles!—My inquiries about this neighbourhood were pretty completely made before I decided to throw in my lot with its noble inhabitants. I was given to understand that you abhor secrecy, and very naturally desire to know the character of those whom you are obliged to consider as aliens. Very well. I will be frank that we may be true friends. At the age of fourteen I was convicted of my first crime—a minor little thing—and sent to a reformatory. Emerging at eighteen, I decided to defy God and man. I became an Atheist in a single night. I made, later, however, a brazen image of Baal, but only for an Aunt Sally to amuse my children. My wife was a loose woman for years before I married her, and even now has a secret lover, as I myself have forty or fifty ones stark as daylight. My gifts for blasphemy and swearing are not to be equalled in ten regiments or the whole Navy. I particularly work all day Sundays and compel my servants and household to do likewise. Before I came out of prison for my last and twentieth crime (highway robbery with violence) I accused my father and mother of complicity in the last tunnel murder. Both were hanged, though in reality I did the crime myself, they merely screening me by walking out of the next station with the booty. I left my last district because, having seduced the wife and maid-servant of every man in it, there was nothing to stay for. My house is furnished with the things I stole while engaging all those amiable ladies. Every nice article I saw I coveted. Three men now lie in jail on my perjured evidence. My present landlord only accepted me as a tenant because of my substantial banking account, the highest references, and my solemn oath to cling on to the first intruder (after this address of welcome appears) and to disfigure him or her irremediably, though ten others belabour me with hedge-stick, foot, and fist.

To those peaceable persons, rich, middle-class, or poor, who merely wish to exercise their tongues at a distance out of direct earshot, I say: My friends, if you are able to add any mortally abhorrent crime, vice, or shortcoming to the above list, I will instantly avow myself beaten and retire when my lease is up—though no sooner—that is, in ninety-nine years' time.

Old Diprose hobbled away. Gossip Knight smacked her daughter's face for picking up the sheets of paper, took possession of them and went off. The labourers asked those boys what the — they were idling round there for. The Vicar called on the New Tenant next day. "Sir!" he exclaimed, smiling solemnly, "it is not my custom in this time of vice and audacity to call on new parishioners under a year. One's welcome is uncertain.

In all my cure of souls, which is widely scattered, I have, however, never despaired of any hamlet but Malice-le-Grand. I was about to retire, broken upon its invincible savagery. Sir, you have restored to me my Living! God bless you! You have drawn an honest laugh out of Malice! Satan himself, who, as I hear, held the balance for a moment last night up at the Black Cow, has lost his hold upon persons whose malignance is only thorough so long as it is taken seriously. Mind," added the Vicar, after his glass of port—"mind, I don't say that your incomparably odious threats had no influence."

T. K. L.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

I got up and decided that it was pre-eminently a morning to wash on. Very tiresome, as the rain made me feel at once muggy and chill. However, there was that face looking sincerely forty, so I plunged it into rain-water cold as death, and shined it up as well as I could. It even then didn't quite pass. Some days you wake up so nice, all warm and bubbling, and with a skin to wash which would be wasteful and ridiculous excess. Other days everything is cruel and poor, and your face is an *insult*, and even if you didn't care and say you've given everything up, you'll be sure to be goaded into washing in the end, after you've seen yourself in the glass a few times. Fortunately, my *mind* was quite clear this morning. I looked out of bed at the trees in the wardrobe-glass—I mean reflected, of course, and saw the trunks of the pines wet as wet. It was great luck of mine to take the wardrobe out of Roy's study and try it in the little green room. It had been absolutely everywhere else except the kitchen—such a vast animal! It takes up a whole wall in the green-room, but I just turned out everything frivolous, and left the dominating thing to triumph. Imagine my joy when I woke next morning to see the *forest* in the long glass! I have never grumbled since about having to sleep with my back to the light, so that's one fault I've cured myself of! Seeing those blue-purple trunks, I said to myself—"Beware, it's a hellish day, and cold and rainy, and presently it'll get warm and steamy, because, you see, it has rained before seven, and this is May, and the sun's pretty hot really behind the clouds." I nearly said all this, and, anyway, it has turned out true. Honestly, what I said, was "Beware, you feel rather poorly to-day, everything will go wrong!" So, when I had washed, I importantly examined to see which expression to dress for. Being all wrong to begin with, I made several mistakes, like an amateur indeed. I nearly got cross! I fuzzed my hair and looked horrid, like a bold, yellow Circassian, a little bilious. Those eyes simply glared large and flat. At last I really did see them. Now, there's nothing to do with large, flat eyes but patheticise them, so I pinned my hair flat with two invisibles on each side, and stuck on a pale pink turban, which I made out of one of Roy's ties, and threw up the colours with blue Venice beads on a black frock. Your skin always responds to colours, and presently, I was fit to emerge with a lovely hectic flush. All the same, the day is still dangerous, and I shouldn't wonder if I had to go and reverse the colours after all, as I'm getting almost brick-red, and it would be just like Fate to demand my cerise Jaeger coat and the white silk cap which are winter-weight, though they don't look it, and have to be worn with cool detachment on muggy days. I really must get some more clothes! That's the, of course, happy solution!

ALICE MORNING.

A PRAYER.

O God damn George! Consign him to hell,
To that region of flame, where eternally dwell
The souls of the damned. He, for office and gold,
The poor to their enemies, designedly sold—
O God damn George!

O God damn George! He, in Thy name,
The banner of justice raised and became
The hope of the people, the apostle of right,
Only to trick and betray them in fight—
O God damn George!

O God damn George! The impertinent thief,
Who from Jews, lords and plutocrats promised relief,
Then, like Judas of old, sold himself to the Jews;
Award him, O Lord, such infamies' dues—
O God damn George!

O God damn George! The sailormen cry
When ships over-burdened in jeopardy lie;
The casual and labourer, the mill-hand and child,
Are by the same knave of their earnings despised—
O God damn George!

P. F.

A RAGTIME PARTY.

I was welcomed upon the doorstep by my friend, Miss Landeck, who dragged me into the brilliantly illuminated drawing-room and introduced me to a crowd of strangers among whom were two young Americans who wore peg-top trousers and ball-toed shoes with enormous laces which trailed. These Americans, it appeared, were the "Ragtime experts." Miss Landeck's youngest sister had met them in the tube. We stood chatting with conventional reserve for some time about the various Ragtime "shows" up West; much puerile criticism was directed upon certain notorious tunes. One of them, so the elder American said, had been "taken direct from Chopin" (pronounced Chopping). I shuddered, and was about to make my escape when Mrs. Landeck, a fashionably attired woman of about fifty, stopped the conversation by exclaiming, with an affected American accent, "And, now, dears, what do you all say to some Ragtime before dinner?" Unanimous babel drowned her further remarks, and almost immediately I found myself helping the two Americans to clear the room of chairs, etc. Several of the girls begged leave for a few moments, as they wanted to change their skirts. They "couldn't ragtime a bit" in the ordinary "hobble." This information was received with a roar of inane laughter by the male guests. I edged away into a corner and gave my mental detachment an opportunity of preserving itself. I desired above all things to understand what this "ragtime" really stood for. That it had some meaning I had no doubt. What was it? Young Landeck was adjusting the gramophone when the girls returned in their "ragtime skirts." To my amazement I perceived that these "ragtime skirts" were not what I had very naturally expected them to be. They were not loose and baggy, but were actually tighter than the ones which they had discarded! This fact at once destroyed my original premise, which was that ragtime dancing is an honest revolt against convention, a desire to be absolutely free in movement, a thing altogether barbaric and animal. But I could not reconcile such a theory with these tighter skirts—skirts which made a really spacious movement impossible—skirts which merely exaggerated the inaccessibility of the women's bodies. Why had these young women gone to the trouble of changing tight skirts for tighter ones? I was endeavouring to discover a motive when the gramophone started. Partners were chosen, the dancers got comfortably to grip, and the orgy began. The women's legs stretched slowly out against their tight skirtings; the American peg-top trousers, baggy to excess, swung backwards and forwards, executing a most monotonous movement suggestive of thwarted passion and sexual futility. They were performing the "Bunny Hug."

The dancers grew hot and tired. Many of them were quite exhausted by their exertions. Miss Landeck, who had been dancing with one of the Americans, flung herself down beside me and asked me to fan her. The perspiration ran down her face and neck, soiling the edge of her blouse. Her face had a strained expression upon it which startled me. I was about to inform her of my opinion of the dancing when the gramophone started again; she demanded that I should dance with her. I protested on grounds of incompetence. She then sought her former and expert partner, who caught hold of her under the arms from behind with a familiarity which she evidently resented. Now the couples were again straining backwards and forwards, this time to the tune of the "Wedding Glide." The record was repeated three times, and when it concluded most of the girls were so fatigued that they hung limply about the shoulders of their partners. Their legs ceased to stretch out against their narrow skirts; couple by couple they fell apart and sank into chairs, where they were fanned back to breath. Their blouses were creased and soiled; several had worked open at the back, suggesting an abandon which was contradicted by the "hobble" skirts, they being still respectably intact. The significance of the "hobble" skirt in conjunction with "ragtime" suddenly became clear to me. "Ragtime" is a perversion; the "hobble" skirt a compromise. The dance of sex demands naked freedom, but the dance of decadence prescribes a coffin for the legs.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

"TO A BANK."

Thou mossy bank
Of evergreen enshrined,
Decked with violets and primroses,
With gnarly roots entwined.
Envy not mankind, beneath thy sky,
But pity thou a luckless mortal
Such as I.

I. N. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GOLD, PRICES AND WAGES.

Sir,—George Lewes once gave an illustration of the different methods by which the typical Englishman, Frenchman, and German would proceed to write a descriptive article on the habits and characteristics of the Giraffe. The Englishman, he said, would camp out on an African plain for a year or two and study the animal on his native soil. The Frenchman would probably go to the nearest "Zoo" and spend an hour in observation, whilst the German would immediately proceed to his study and endeavour to evolve the subject out of his "inner consciousness." A careful study of Professor Hobson's recent book, "Gold, Prices, and Wages," will lead to the conclusion that the author must have adopted the German method.

Economics is a science that surely requires something more than mere book knowledge for a thorough grasp of its various branches. Professor Hobson's failing, is probably a lack of business knowledge, which, in his latest work has led him into some serious errors. And it is not surprising to find his reviewer, Mr. Philip Snowden, whose weakness is in the same direction, reiterating in "The Nation" Mr. Hobson's mistakes.

Professor Hobson attacks the generally accepted theory that gold is the basis of credit and industry, and evidently rejects the classic illustration of the inverted pyramid, where commerce is seen resting on credit, which in turn reposes very precariously upon a small volume of gold, represented by the apex. He asserts that credit is based—not upon gold—but upon goods. He even questions "whether so far as the internal business of this country and others is concerned, the credit system really requires any gold ingredient. His ultimate object is to show that the recent increase in the gold supplies is not the main cause—even if it is a contributing cause—of the recent general advance in prices.

"The substance of credit," he says, "is vendible goods. The importance of this essential fact is concealed by the fact that each credit form is expressed in terms of gold or notes, which, in their turn, are convertible into gold. So it easily comes to be believed that gold is the substance of the whole credit system, that it is built on a gold basis, that it can only grow on condition that the gold basis grows, and finally that it must grow as the gold basis grows." He attacks Professor Ashley's statement that "the most direct and immediate way in which an influx of gold affects trade is by causing the banks to make advances on easier terms, so stimulating enterprise and causing an increase in the demand for commodities and services, and consequently a rise of prices."

If Professor Hobson had been at all familiar with banking methods he would have known that bills and vendible goods are accepted as banking security only because they are believed to be readily exchangeable for gold. Everyone knows that bankers grade collateral, from what are known as "gilt-edge" securities, downwards, depending upon their convertibility; and bills and goods not readily convertible are ruled out.

Sir Edward Holden probably knows as much about bank credit as any living man. In his address to the Liverpool Bankers' Institute in 1907 he said: "You here see the direct connection between trade on the one hand and gold on the other, and that it is not so much the production of gold, as the amount of gold, which can be obtained for the purpose of increasing bankers' reserves. I venture to think that the above explanation will enable you to come to the conclusion that if the gold base of the triangle cannot be increased, then the danger spot is the loan.

"I want you to remember that the banking system of every country has its triangle, and that the principles enunciated above exist in every triangle of every banking system based on gold in the world. That being so, it is clear, generally speaking, that the business of the world is carried on by means of loans, that loans create credits, that the stand-by for the protection of the credits is gold, and that therefore gold controls trade."

Professor Hobson entirely overlooks the effect of our legal tender laws. Gold has become the basis of credit by virtue of these laws, and whilst bankers may extend credit regardless of their gold reserves, they do so only at their own and the public peril.

Professor Hobson's objection to Professor Ashley's statement above quoted is based upon the fact that the increase in the gold supplies has not been accompanied

* Professor Hobson's new work.

by a reduced rate of interest. He appears to think that "easier terms" is confined to a lowering of the bank rate.

The fact is there exists at all times a large and unsatisfied demand for credit, due to the legally restricted basis upon which credit can be issued and the inability for a large proportion of the industrial community to furnish proper banking security.

What has recently happened is this. The great increase in the gold supplies has enabled bankers to give credit facilities to a much larger class than heretofore, and to accept securities which formerly were inadmissible. It is not merely an increase in the bank reserves which enables them to do this, but the knowledge that there exists a much greater volume of gold which would be forthcoming if these securities had to be sold. The more gold there is available the more readily can goods and securities be exchanged, and hence the safer they become as banking security for loans.

Professor Ashley's statement is quite correct. If I can now borrow on goods which formerly were regarded as insecure, it is correct to say that credit can now be obtained on "easier terms." It is quite safe to say that, but for the great increase in the gold supplies, there would have been no such increase in credit facilities as we have witnessed, and hence no corresponding advance in prices.

The fundamental evil in our present financial system is evidently obvious to Professor Hobson, although he fails to point it out. It is true that, economically speaking, gold is not necessary as the basis of credit, and but for our legal tender laws gold would be relegated to the arts to which it properly belongs. He seems to be quite oblivious of the fact that our laws compel bankers to maintain credit on the gold basis. Bankers are in this dilemma: They must choose between curtailing credit to ensure safety (incidentally cutting down their profits) and exposing themselves to the dangerous risks of supplying the credit demand, regardless of their ability to meet their obligations.

The principal effect gold has had on prices is in bringing into the field of banking securities a large class of things which formerly would have been ruled out.

No doubt the vast increase in credit, together with what Professor Hobson calls "retardation in supplies," is responsible in a large degree for the phenomenal advance in prices.

Other writers, beside myself, pointed out years ago the inevitable effect of the great increase in credit facilities contemporaneous with the formation of cartels, combines, and trusts.

This discovery of Professor Hobson is, therefore, not new. It is but candour to say that what is correct in Mr. Hobson's book is not new, and what is new is not correct. Professor Hobson has missed the great chance of exposing a gigantic evil. This evil is the continued maintenance of these restrictive laws which harass finance and industry and jeopardise commerce by forcing us to build our trade upon a narrow and insecure basis. In consequence, there is a continual conflict between finance and industry. Industry is every ready to proceed in the creation of wealth by leaps and bounds, whilst finance is continually acting as a brake upon the wheels of production.

ARTHUR KITSON.

P.S.—Since writing the above letter I notice that the "Statist" criticises Professor Hobson's book in a somewhat similar strain.

* * *

TRADE IN THE NORTH.

Sir,—Trade about here (Yorkshire) is booming, bounding "in full-throated ease," the only anxiety, and that rather small, is shortage of hands, as they call them. The textile industry has had three years of it now, as busy as a bee, and there is no sign of slackening. Fortunes are being made very fast, and nary a word said. The hands—good people—are satisfied enough that work is plentiful; that is ever the first consideration to them, and has been for 100 years. Wages are secondary; that is, the amount of pay for the work is a matter not of half as much importance as plenty of work to be got. Everything is up in price, raw material especially so. Tin once at £90, is now over £230 per ton; iron, steel, coal, and timber are up. The money that is being made by the owners thereof must be remarkable. The motor industry, too, must be enormously profitable. Every firm seems to have orders in hand for years—that is always months behind orders—and the fortunes that are being now made by any little manufacturer or producer will give rise to further swollen trade for luxuries. I should think the average cost of a decent motor-car will be sixpence a mile for running, but the demand never slackens.

Coal is being held up in price by the owners and miners together. The former say by the latter; that the miners won't work full time, that they are restricting the output to keep wages up, and that this also keeps prices up. The miners seem to have no objection to making the public pay 4s., provided they get sixpence of it.

F. M.

* * *

BALKAN ATROCITIES.

Sir,—In February last, having received the first report of the Committee of Inquiry into the Atrocities of the Balkan Allies, with other information drawn from Turkish sources, I expressed my feelings in a letter to THE NEW AGE. That letter and, consequently, the reports it quoted have since been treated as a work of pure imagination in some quarters. A Mr. Wallis, writing from Sofia to the "Manchester Guardian," lightly declared any atrocities committed by the Bulgars to have been in the nature of reprisals, not exceeding what is reckoned usual in all warfare. After holding me up to ridicule as a purveyor of fables, he solemnly advised the British nation to distrust all tidings emanating from Constantinople. And trust all tidings emanating from Sofia, is understood, of course—"Codlin's your friend, not Short," in classic phrase.

The Turks are not, have never been, dishonest, as a race; nor are they prone to scream at tales of horror. Indifference to bloodshed, where intervention is impossible or hopeless—a trait of fatalism, not of inhumanity—is a national characteristic. I have been in Turkey since March 8, living almost exclusively in Turkish circles, talking to all sorts of Turks; and I am convinced that every Moslem here believes quite honestly that horrors on a scale unparalleled in Turkish history have been committed by the partisans of the Allies—especially Bulgaria—if not by their regular troops. At the same time I have come upon no trace of a campaign or agitation—in the sense in which we understand those terms in England—with the object of exciting pity in the West of Europe. The Turkish authorities are fatalistic, and a good deal indolent. The Committee of Inquiry above-mentioned was, formed in the first flush of indignation by some individuals, whose ardour languished after a few days. The Committee, anything but business-like, dawdled over its reports, which would probably not have seen the light until the year after next but for the energy and patriotism of one man, the Secretary, Jevad Bey. The reports of the Committee had the sanction of the Turkish Government which, to some extent, collaborated, passing on all information it received upon the subject to the Committee at its leisure. But, the official channels of communication with the towns of Macedonia having been cut since the beginning of November, the tidings which have reached the Government have, with one or two notable exceptions, been of a private nature, appeals from individuals for help, and so forth—no more "official" than the evidence which the Committee gleaned upon its own account.

A hundred and sixty thousand refugees have found their way to Turkey up till now; among them men who have been mutilated by the Bulgars, quite young girls who have been violated and are now enceintes. All having fled in terror of their lives, there may well be some exaggeration in their story of the horrors which they left behind them. The Committee did its best to verify the crimes related, examining in each case several witnesses unacquainted with each other, separately. Still, a measure of exaggeration may remain. The Committee, in the person of its Secretary, very readily admits as much—but to assert that the Bulgarian bands in Macedonia have committed no atrocities exceeding what is usual in all warfare is absurd. Why, then, has the Bulgarian Government at length arrested, at the instance chiefly of Great Britain, more than a hundred Romitajis on a charge of massacring Mohammedan non-combatants? When one remembers that the Romitajis number several thousands, and are all tarred with the same brush; that they had exercised their trade of butchery unrebuked for four months, and that it was distinctly to the future interest of the Allies that the Moslem population of the conquered territories should be reduced, this tardy and reluctant act of justice (if it comes to that) has vast significance. My Turkish friends say that the Bulgarians of Bulgaria are not so bad; but the Bulgarians of Macedonia are entirely horrible. These last had worked for years to bring about this war, and when it came they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, indulging in a regular orgy of cruelty, in the name of religion. They plundered, brutalised and killed their Moslem neighbours, insulting everything that Mohammedans hold sacred; and, in their

moments of mercy, offered three alternatives to the Moslems—to become Christian, or to leave the country, or be massacred. The tales of actual killing rouse comparatively little indignation here. It is the mutilation—cutting-off of lips and eyelids, ears and noses, putting out of eyes, etc.—which has, without a doubt, been largely practised upon men and women, that is held in horror. But there is no desire, because no hope, of Europe's pity; and to accuse the Turks of inventing "bogus massacres," when a hundred and sixty thousand destitute and wretched refugees attest their grim reality, is quite grotesque.—Yours faithfully,

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

Eren-keuy, Asia Minor,
April 28, 1913.

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AMERICA AND JAPAN.

Sir,—The article by Mr. Grant Hervey in your issue of March 27, under the heading "Australian Interests in the United States," enables me to expose one serious error, which, when shown, may shake the confidence of members of the Foreign Department of the Young Australian Movement in the reliability of their President. This article states that in the Peace of Portsmouth between Russia and Japan, America played the same part that Russia had in the Peace signed between Japan and China in 1895. It is argued that this latter Peace was forced upon Japan by Russia, and that in consequence Japan formed a grudge against Russia which was nursed till the war of 1904. Mr. Hervey writes, "The Japanese do not forget." They at once commenced preparations against Russia, and similarly their preparations against the United States date from the day that the Roosevelt Conference ended.

Let us examine the conditions under which the Treaty of 1895 was arranged. The first suggestion of Peace came through the American Legation in Peking after the fall of Port Arthur. Japan, however, made it known that she would only entertain Peace proposals made by China direct, and later that any treaty which might be drawn up must be signed in Japan. After considerable delay, during which the war went steadily against China, Li Hung Chang, one of China's greatest statesmen of recent times, was given full powers by the Emperor of China, and with them he proceeded to Shimonoseki, in Japan. There his life was attempted by a Japanese, as most of us will remember, but in spite of this a Treaty was signed on April 16, 1895, by which the great gains made by Japan during the war were secured to her. In drawing up this treaty, or in the negotiations which preceded it, Russia took no part at all.

With reference now to the Peace of Portsmouth, and Mr. Hervey's erroneous deductions therefrom. The two Powers, Russia and Japan, were, after the battle of Tsuchima, invited by Mr. Roosevelt to try to settle their differences, the United States being suggested as neutral ground for the negotiations. After the extravagant demands of Japan had been one by one cut down, Peace was finally arranged, and on conditions which would never have been accepted by Russia had it not been for her internal troubles. Japan gained largely by this war, as she had done by that against China, and in my opinion she owes a great debt to Mr. Roosevelt, and consequently to the United States, for the steps he took to bring the foes together at the council table.

At the moment of writing trouble is brewing between America and Japan, but this is, in spite of the good offices of the former in bringing about the Treaty of Portsmouth, and not in consequence thereof, as Mr. Hervey would argue. I have, however, no intention of entering into the real reason for this present friction, as this is quite apart from the object of my letter, which is to expose Mr. Hervey's incorrect reading of history. I would advise that gentleman, in spite of his being the President of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Young Australian Movement, to look a little nearer home for the safe guarding of the Commonwealth. Let him assist in the development of Australia by the encouragement of immigration of British-born white settlers, let him foster irrigation in every way, and before another half century is over we may have a white population in Australia of some 40,000,000 instead of about one-tenth of that number as at present. A little more of the parochialism at which Mr. Hervey sneers and Australia would have no need of outside alliances, but could remain a strong member of the British Empire, to which I am proud to belong, a pride which I trust is shared by all members of the Young Australian Movement.

A MEMBER OF GREATER BRITAIN.

FEMINISM IN "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—I am not quite sure which charge Mr. S. West is preferring against me, whether I am simply empty, or malicious, or inaccurate, or a heretic; but out of the welter of complaint comes one indubitable fact. THE NEW AGE has established one article, at least, of its credo in the heart and mind of at least one of its readers; with the consequence that we are now liable to heresy-hunts. Forsooth, when a man is quoted against himself, he has become famous; and I am on a perilous height, illumined by that fateful light, while yet I thought that I laboured in obscurity. I can only ask Mr. West to be merciful for a while, until I am really aware of my situation: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?": and offer what explanation I can at the moment.

First, let me make a confession. I have never looked, I do not look, I will never look at a Suffragette, except sideways. Indeed, I am so conscious of my own rectitude (or, perhaps, I should say, obliquity) in this matter that I am hurt and indignant at the suggestion that I am flirting with the Suffragettes. I never flirt; and, so far as Suffragettes are concerned, I would not burn in the same hell with them. That, surely, is emphatic enough to alienate any Suffragette who may be nursing nefarious designs against my integrity; and even Mr. West ought to be reassured that I do not contemplate the reception of any quid or quo, except, perhaps, a memento mori.

So, when I wrote the passage which Mr. West regards as heretical, I withdrew nothing, I qualified nothing, of what I had said. I assumed that it was in the memory of my readers, and that the passage mentioned would be read in conjunction with it. But I did not think that anyone who remembered my former treatises would be ignorant of the nature of my irony, or, for the sake of an accusation, would overlook the very construction of the passage complained of. If the article meant anything at all, it meant that I differed from Mr. Stratford on this very question of martyrdom. All through his book, Mr. Stratford was paraphrasing "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," and my own opinion of martyrdom is that defined by Shaw's General Burgoyne in the phrase: "Martyrdom, sir, is what these people like; it is the only way in which a man can become famous without ability." Now, no one can deny that the Suffragettes are famous, as fame is regarded in these days; no one can deny that they are without ability, as ability is regarded in these days; and it requires no superhuman intellect to draw the deduction that they are aiming at martyrdom, as martyrdom is understood in these days. It is easier to die for a cause than to live to see that cause triumph, and, as the Suffragettes always take the path of least resistance, it will not be long before they discover that it is easier to be trampled to death by mounted police, for example, than it is to plan and commit arson. Conspiracy is difficult, death is easy; and as they are without ability, it is the merest deduction from facts to state that "they are the stuff from which martyrs are made."

It is precisely because I believe in the pathological origin of this movement, because I am what Nietzsche called "medicynical," that I think that it will not be long before the women will go the whole hog, and will to death. The course of the movement has revealed a progressive development analogous to a conquering disease; at first, their desire for martyrdom revealed itself in the simple desire to be arrested, and some of them were known to ask policemen: "What must I do to be arrested?" The usual answer was: "Smack my face"; and quite a number of the early heroes of the Suffragists became famous in this way. Then the more daring spirits elected to go to prison; and polite conversation resolved itself into a boasting of the number of times one had been in prison. But this became too common, and the new sensation of being forcibly fed was tried by the most outrageous of the women. It will not be long before they are bragging of how many times they have died for the cause. If death for a cause is admirable, and we ought to judge by intentions and not by results, as Mr. Stratford argued, then I think that it is a fair retort to Mr. Stratford to say that he ought to admire the Suffragettes. The heresy is his, not mine; and if anyone must die at the stake, I suggest that it should be Mr. Stratford, not myself. I will continue to uphold the faith, and Mr. West may prove his sound discipleship by an auto-de-fé, with Mr. Stratford as victim.

A. E. R.

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Sir,—"Chivalry" is the odd reproach hurled at me by a correspondent last week—odd, coming from a reader of THE NEW AGE. For our pens have been used for years to defend from the encroachments of commercialism

the spiritual generosity and indifference to material standards and benefits which in Europe have been called, if loosely, chivalry. But the reproach is irrelevant; and my critic appears to think more of the modern Englishman than I do.

My purpose in juxtaposing the names of certain women and certain men was not to compare the best and most exceptional women I could find with men of whom I thought, or professed to think, little; but to take modern representative men in one or two callings or branches of knowledge and compare them with equally representative women. For that purpose I was prepared to lay emphasis on two subjects which THE NEW AGE has brought prominently to the notice of the public during the last two or three years, viz., classics and social culture, social revolution. When we consider the study of the classics in England, or their popularising, we simply cannot get away from a man such as Dr. Rouse. He edits the Loeb Library of translations, he edits the "Classical Review," he edits Latin and Greek texts, and makes his influence felt in innumerable other ways. There is only one man who is equally ubiquitous, and that is Dr. Gilbert Murray, who has already been referred to in this paper by one of my colleagues and myself. In other words, our masculine scholars have encouraged, or at any rate permit, Dr. Rouse and Dr. Murray to represent the classics in present-day England. If an editor or publisher—yes, or a theatre manager—wants information about any branch of classic learning, about any phase of the civilisation of antiquity, he turns to Dr. Murray or to Dr. Rouse. We look among our men scholars for guides, and we find these inevitable twins.

I feel sure, however, that neither Dr. Murray nor Dr. Rouse would complain if he were told that Miss Jane Harrison was rather his superior. I venture to say that anyone who knows anything about classics as they are studied in modern England realises this. Miss Harrison specialises as Dr. Murray or Dr. Rouse specialises; she has her all-round knowledge, as they have. That is to say, if we look for a guide to the classics among our women scholars, we shall find Miss Harrison. There is an old Roman tag, though it is not usually quoted as Vergil meant it to be quoted, to the effect that from one example you may judge them all. I am no more fond of comparisons than my critic seems to be, so we will let it go at that.

It is when one comes to consider social culture and the means of acquiring it that one's opinion of modern Englishmen sinks to the nadir; and if I were an Englishwoman I must acknowledge that my view of Englishmen would be expressed with some violence. I am not generalising vaguely about men and women; for their relations vary from country to country; and where one sex has maintained its standards there is no complaint on the part of the other—at any rate, no such loud complaint as we find in England. But the karma of a country, as I have said in these columns before now, does not depend on merely one factor. The relations between men and women in France or Ireland, for example, are normal and good-tempered; and this factor is there because other factors are there also. Both Ireland and France have refused to be burdened with industrialism; and recent bureaucratic attempts to docket, label, and pigeon-hole the working classes in those countries have failed—failed because they were repelled with violence and at once. No time was wasted in palaver.

The case in England was very different. Ben Tillett, who disappointed his best friends, talked of bringing out a hundred thousand dock labourers on strike when the Insurance Act came into force. Resentment against the Act was widespread and deeply felt. For months THE NEW AGE, aided in the later stages by the establishment of the "Eye-Witness," kept on exposing the disadvantages of the Act from the workmen's point of view. The doctors agitated; and even slow-witted Labour leaders were in time led to see that the Act was a bad one. Mr. Bonar Law threatened to repeal it.

And nothing happened. The dock labourers remained at their work, the medical profession cowed before Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Bonar Law wrote a letter to the papers saying that he had not meant what he said. Then everybody got busy licking stamps. A crack of the Welsh whip, and the poor little mongrels tried to pretend that they loved their dog-collar. They barked and whined, of course; but at the sharp word of command they all sat up and begged for sugar, as good little doggies do.

Only in the country was there any attempt at resistance. The spirit of the small farmer and the agricultural labourer had not been broken by the filth of the slum and the gaol-like discipline of the factory. Among the

middle-classes, too, the germs of a revolt were to be found, for the domestic servants were being harshly treated, and so were their mistresses. The materials were not good, certainly; and any one of my critic's "true men" would most likely have spat upon the lot, or laughed at them, as the fit took him. Still, the spirit of revolt was there. Mr. Sidney Webb, with his genius for organisation could have made much of it; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—I am speaking only of the professed friends of the working-classes—could have helped it greatly. Even Ben Tillett might have lent a hand. It is true that this spirit was taken advantage of. It is true that an organisation was formed, plans prepared, alternative schemes drawn up, funds established to assist members against whom legal proceedings were taken. But the joke is—the irony of the situation will be better appreciated in France—all this work was done by a woman, Miss Margaret Douglas. So much for men in politics.

I believe the truth to be this: there is no Englishman, actively engaged in politics at the present moment, in whom the slightest trust can be placed. If you go from politics to art or literature or social reorganisation, the remark will apply equally well. Men are in power in England at this moment, and it is men who drew up, and passed, and—worst of all—calmly accepted, the Insurance Act and the White Slave Traffic Act. I absolutely deny that women were more excited and sentimental over the White Slavery Act than men were; but in any case no one can say that female influence was at the back of the Insurance scheme. And who has heard of a White Slave Act in Ireland or in France? Or a Children's Act? Or, as I have said, an Insurance Act? Such Acts could be applied only among a nation of mongrels who were prepared to stand anything. The English ruling classes know perfectly well that they can do what they like with Englishmen, "true" or otherwise—kick them from the slum to the factory, from the factory to the cinema, from the cinema to the football field; curtail their liberties, their wages, their privileges, and generally treat them as helots.

There are a few Britishers who seek to change this karma. They may be half French, like Mr. Belloc, or three-quarters Gaelic, like the staff of the "Daily Herald" (I am only judging from a perusal of the paper, and not from actual knowledge), or Jews like Mr. Sidney Low, or Irishmen like myself; but they are seldom English. The problem I am concerned with is modern England and her industrial system. The question that my critic should put to herself is, Will this problem be solved by men's organisations, which have not for years shown any signs of intelligence, resistance to difficulties, ability to grasp facts quickly and to act rapidly? And, if not, where shall we look for support in our attempts to shame, gibe, bully, or kick the working classes into activity?

J. M. KENNEDY.

THE MICROZYMAS.

Sir,—The publication in your issue of May 1 of the appreciative and impartial review of my translation into English of the latest work of the great Béchamp, "Le Sang, etc.," is, if I may be permitted to say so much, creditable alike to your journal and to the reviewer.

But Dr. Snow seems not to have known that "Le Sang" was published by its author as "the crown to a collection of works upon ferments and fermentations, upon spontaneous generation, upon albuminoid substances, upon organisation, upon physiology and general pathology which he had pursued without relaxation since 1854" (a period of about 45 years.)

A summary of those labours was published by Béchamp in (I think) 1888 in a work of 1,000 closely-printed pages, called "Les Microzymas, etc."

All the difficulties Dr. Snow experienced in his study of "The Blood, etc.," and, I think, all the deficiencies he criticises, would disappear were he to read "Les Microzymas."

I have translated this work, which now awaits a publisher. As an illustration of the fact that "The Microzymas" would resolve Dr. Snow's objections, I will take the statement made on p. 11 of your issue of May 1, the last paragraph, where Dr. Snow writes: "It was not recognised in Béchamp's day that innumerable microbes, etc."

If, instead of the preposition *in*, Dr. Snow had written *before*, his statement would have represented the actual fact; for the very fact he cites, was discovered and published by Prof. Béchamp, either alone or in conjunction with his son, or other coadjutors, and an account of it will be found in "Les Microzymas."

Having no copy of that work with me, I cannot give a reference to the pages where the experiments which established that discovery are described. There need, however, be no difficulty in finding them, by the aid of the excellent table of contents provided by the author.

Thanking you and Dr. Snow for the generous treatment of my translation.

H. LEVERSON,
Med. Dr. "en retraite."

* * *
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Sir,—There is a general opinion that the Royal Academy is the most unscrupulous art institution in Europe; that it deliberately lays itself out to attract, year by year, the greatest amount of patronage from the widest circle of the public; that it rejects many good pictures because they are not of general interest; that it has intentionally misappropriated the funds of the Chantry Bequest, squandering them on its own members, and that it seeks to entrap the ignorant buyer of large-priced pictures. These ideas are grotesquely beside the mark. The Academy is the most conscientious institution imaginable. It feels that in its hands is a national heritage—the safe-guarding of British art. Any Academician will tell you that the exhibition consists of the pick of the works submitted, that the hanging is according to the merits of the pictures, and that it is thoroughly representative of modern British Art.

In a genuine tone of conviction he will defend the purchase of this picture for two thousand, of that for three thousand, for the Chantry collection, and will refer you to the Tate Gallery in proof of his contention. He is the soul of honour, and the upholding of the best tradition of British art is the work of his life. His watchword is Duty. Therefore, to accuse the Academy of want of integrity is obviously absurd. Its rejection of the works of such men as Whistler, and (for a long period) Mark Fisher, its refusal to elect Albert Moore and Alfred Stevens, its yearly insults to many of our best painters are matters entirely actuated by a strong sense of duty.

The attitude of the Academy is never better illustrated than in its winter exhibitions of old masters. Valuable and entrancing as these exhibitions are to a student, they always provide a humorous side by the inclusion of a dozen or so fakes or thoroughly bad paintings masquerading under the names of some of the greatest masters. And herein is the secret: Academicians are not students of the greatest in art.

It is a commonplace to say that the Royal Academy is now, and has always been, the greatest enemy of art in this country. The laughing-stock of artistic Europe, it serves to give the foreign visitor an entirely wrong impression of contemporary English painting. It sedulously fostered the Victorian subject picture which held all the big collectors in thrall, and induced so many clever men to seduce their talents to commercialism. For fifty years English art was in an almost complete state of stagnation. While France gave birth to the Barbizon school and the impressionists of 1870, English artists were under the heel of the ignorant manufacturer, and the big dealers who catered for them. The technical triumphs and regard for values of French painting were matched only by a wretched fumbling for popularity amongst our painters. Compare the landscape work of the two countries at the latter half of last century. Time heals all things—except the Academy.

To-day the picture market—that ridiculous index of the merit of works of art—reflects more than anything else the influence of the Academy on the innocent buyer. A reference to the "Year's Art" tell us that, the works of living artists which fetched the highest prices at public auction consisted of the work of popular Academicians with totals of 1,500, 750, and 570 guineas respectively. It is a matter of surprise that in the face of these prices a certain type of painter will sell his soul for a member's ticket. The institution which honoured the huge canvases of Edwin Long—work which an average South Kensington student of to-day would be ashamed to produce—still covers its walls with the counterparts of the *Ars Longa* school. Their fate will be the same, even in the picture market. Veterans of the '80's tell us of a canvas of Long's which was knocked down amid tense excitement for 6,500 guineas. It is doubtful if even a Victorian-minded octogenarian would now give 200 guineas for it. And to-day's story will be repeated tomorrow, as soon as the dealers have had their fling.

Already the works of picturesque, commonplace Leighton—the "friend of princes," who spent his time in painting bad pictures, preparing discourses on the old masters, and running down good pictures—are a drug in the market. But he was thoroughly conscientious—a typical Academician, and, of course, actuated by a strong sense of duty.

The past lapses in the management of the National Gallery are due to Academicians. Previous directors, recruited from the Academy (of all places!) bought spacious works of art and hung pictures in Trafalgar Square by such painters as Armitage and Cooper in preference to masterpieces by great painters of the French school. The gap has been partially and very inadequately filled by the fluke of the Salting bequest, but the world's greatest collection is still appallingly deficient in French pictures. For Academician-directors, Ingres, Delacroix, Watteau, Pater, Courbet, Gericault, Millet, Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Manticelli, Manet, Degas, Boucher, Meissonnier, Monet, Sisley, Pissaro, Ricard, Eragonord, Daumier, Puvis de Chavannes, Cals, and Robert apparently never existed. They were too busy painting "subject" absurdities for home consumption; and, producing them, it is inevitable that pictures by the foregoing masters should be anathema.

Unfortunately, it is too late. The Trustees of the National Gallery have neither the opportunity nor the necessary funds to atone for past errors.

When this institution was fortunate enough, on the death of Sir Francis Chantrey, to come into the sum of more than £3,000 a year it was generally understood that the gift would be devoted to the furtherance of British Art. Such were the terms of the bequest. After mature deliberation the President and Council decided that the greatest service they could do for British Art would be to purchase their own works at prices considerably above their current market value. The administrators of the fund have purchased sixty such works, and in one case only has the price been less than a thousand pounds. It has soared as high as three thousand for a single picture. With a perspicuity which is nothing less than miraculous they have escaped purchasing a picture by almost every artist of note producing work in England since the commencement of this "charity" in 1877. None but a most conscientious body could have accomplished such a feat. Had the administration been unscrupulous, as some declare, it would, at any rate, have added a proportion of fine works to the Tate Gallery for the sake of appearances. The record of the Chantrey Trust bears out, more than anything else, my contention that the Royal Academy is the most conscientious institution of its kind in the world.

HUGH BLAKER.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—I have no more than the merest comment to make on the accident by which two lines were omitted from my article in last week's issue. One's work rarely suffers by deletion; indeed, Michaelangelo tells us that deletion is the very secret of Art. So my own consolation is complete. But I do wonder very much what Mr. Philip H. Fish will think if ever he sees his sonnet quoted as though hot from my pen, with punctuation perhaps not less fanciful than his own, nevertheless, not his own. Whatever shortcomings may have been in my manuscript, I must protest that I copied the sonnet most scrupulously.

THE WRITER OF "PRESENT DAY CRITICISM."

[We owe apologies not to our present correspondent alone, but to several contributors to our last week's issue. A plural was wrongly given to the word "Vote"—with absurd results—in "Notes of the Week," and in the reply to the letter, "What is Feminism?" the word "bending" should have been "binding." A line should have separated Mr. Craven's speech from the comments of the "Writers of the Articles on Guild Socialism," which were resumed with the words: "It is encouraging."—Ed., N.A.]

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