

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If circumstantial evidence were ever sufficient to justify a charge, we do not doubt that in the case of Mr. Godfrey Isaacs v. Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the latter and not the former would have won. The case of Mr. Chesterton was admittedly based on circumstances and on such reasonable deductions from them as on the face of the facts any average mind would have felt impelled to draw. Unfortunately, however, for him the circumstances themselves proved unsusceptible of any further evidence than their own existence. The inductions as to their origin and consequently the valuations of their significance were nothing more than unverifiable guess-work. The hypothesis of corrupt practice set up by Mr. Chesterton was legitimate, and, if we may say so, plausible; but it was not by any means the only possible or even, in the abstract, the only plausible hypothesis. Doubt, in fact, in any mind of strict fairness was inseparable from any conclusion on the evidence as offered or elicited during the discussion and during the trial at the Old Bailey. In the case of several recent criminal actions when men have lost their lives on circumstantial evidence improperly strained by prosecuting lawyers and judges, we have strongly protested against the whole doctrine. We do so now none the less because in the present instance our predilections would favour its use.

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Without dwelling on the fact that in this instance the judge, the lawyers and the jury repudiated circumstantial evidence as insufficient by itself to establish a case, whereas, in other instances, where the governing classes generally desire to convict, the same evidence would be thought sufficient and proper, we may point out several considerations of interest. Our former dictum that no private person can successfully sustain a political charge of corruption without the aid of the opposing political party appears to be justified. At the very best he can make his case highly plausible; so plausible, indeed, as honestly to convince himself and those who desire or are even willing to take the trouble to be convinced; but unless the other half of the governing oligarchy come to his support with the testimonies and documents which between them the two halves control, he cannot

convince either those who are indisposed to his conclusion or the great mass of indifferent minds. The last-named section are the people or public opinion in general, and since it is to this element that presumably a publicist like Mr. Chesterton appeals, he must fail to convince them unless, as we say, he is supported by one or other of the sections that can produce the conclusive evidence and force attention to it. But the effect of his failure upon them—upon public opinion, that is—is more often to determine the public against him than for him even in the matter of predilection. A definite charge of political corruption that breaks down owing to the absence of the conclusive evidence actually, we believe, in the majority of cases, disposes the public to acquit much more than the individual charged—namely, the whole class to which he belongs. It follows that the risk in formulating definite charges in these matters without the collusion or support of part, at least, of the oligarchy, is far greater than that of the mere personal reputation or convenience of the prosecutor. He runs the risk, it is true, of discredit and ruin; and to the extent of his disinterestedness his public spirit in taking this risk is admirable. Mr. Cecil Chesterton will always stand as something of a public hero. But he also runs the risk of alienating the public not only from his particular view of the case, but from his general view of which the particular case may be only a small illustration. We conclude, as we have concluded before, that with such evidence as journalists usually possess, the wise course to take in public affairs is to make the charge exactly equal to the evidence. Where the evidence is circumstantial only, the charge should be hypothetical only. Where the evidence merely suggests a conclusion, that conclusion should be offered as no more than a suggestion. It may be, no doubt, that this procedure results in nothing dramatic; but also, we believe, it results in nothing melodramatic. The procedure promises, at any rate, to force ultimately into public light the real evidence from those who possess it; and even if it fails in this respect no other method would succeed.

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Of the conclusions to which, it is reported, the several sections of opinion constituting the Marconi Committee incline, the most sensible, to our mind, is that of the group whose spokesman is Lord Robert Cecil. It is that a sufficient explanation of the origin of the rumours of corruption is to be found in the admitted Ministerial dealings in American Marconis, and that the Ministers concerned in these were guilty of gross impropriety. No more than this, we are sure, is now likely to be

established beyond cavil; but also, we are equally certain, no less than this will satisfy public opinion or the jury of the nation. Concerning the first clause of Lord Robert Cecil's provisional conclusion, we may say at once that we still have our doubts. But they are almost wholly theoretical. For instance, we do not know and do not now ever expect to know whether, in fact, the dealings in American Marconis were the sole fire of which we have seen the smoke. What, however, we do know is that the smoke appears to be amply explained by that fire and by that alone. In short, without pedantically or curiously inquiring into subsidiary or residual causes, we are content to take the American dealings as the efficient cause of the subsequent rumours of corruption. When, however, we pass from the first to the second clause of Lord Robert Cecil's summing up, we pass from workaday certainty to ideal certainty. There is no sort of doubt possible, even of the most casuistic description, that both in their original dealings and in their subsequent conduct, the Ministers concerned have been guilty of gross impropriety. The transaction with a company allied to a contracting company was itself improper enough, under the contemporary circumstances (which nobody should forget) to sustain the charge of grossness; but that charge has been corroborated, strengthened and reduplicated by almost every action of the three Ministers since. It is even impossible to maintain that the Ministers themselves were not aware from the outset that their conduct was improper; for otherwise it is inconceivable that they should have attempted to conceal it. Each of their successive attempts to disguise, explain or conceal the original facts has been tantamount, indeed, to an admission of the charge of impropriety. Whether the Marconi Committee is a Court of Law there is, of course, no doubt. It is not a Court of Law. But we cannot understand Mr. Falconer's contention that it is not a Court of Honour either. On his supposition that the Committee was appointed to inquire into the merits of the contract and into that alone, the Committee was not only incompetent—being inexpert—but it has deliberately introduced much more irrelevant than relevant matter into its discussions. At least nine out of ten of the witnesses were superfluous if the Committee were not in fact attempting to discharge, however unconsciously, the duties of a Court of Honour. The conclusion to which we come, the conclusion to which the public has come, and the conclusion to which the Committee itself has been mainly responsible for bringing us, is that, as well as their action sufficiently accounting for the rumours, the three Ministers' conduct both in that matter and subsequently has been grossly improper and so should be reported by the Marconi Committee.

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There are, however, political reasons for doubting whether this plain and unescapable conclusion will actually be reported. There are still more for doubting whether the practical step of acting upon it, even if this report were made, would be taken. The resignation of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs would appear at first to be the necessary and only immediate sequel to a finding of the Committee of gross impropriety in their public conduct. But, on consideration, they cannot resign alone. Mr. Asquith has been in honourable, if not in dishonourable, collusion with the three Ministers. So indeed have the rest of the Cabinet. It is certain, therefore, that a report necessitating the retirement from public life of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs would necessitate as well the resignation of the Cabinet as a whole. Such is the price we pay for maintaining the doctrine of the omnipresence of the Cabinet in each of its members. On the other hand, to resign until the Opposition is prepared to form a Government is practically impossible, for neither party is its own master. Again, there are obligations on the Liberal Party and on the present Cabinet to see the Parliament Act through as regards the two considerable Bills brought under it, the Irish Home Rule and the Welsh Disestablishment Bills.

Whether these Bills are of any intrinsic importance in their respective countries is nothing by comparison with the fact that they have immense extrinsic importance for the Liberal Party. To wreck these measures just as they are coming into port would be to incense their proprietors, politically if not personally, and to forfeit their votes for perhaps a long time. Can the Liberal caucus face this threatening contingency? The third consideration is that the Unionists are not ready to take office either in personal or in political agreement. Of the personal disagreements we need say nothing; but of the chaos of the programme of the party one instance may be given.

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At the present moment, as our readers know, the most unpopular political event in the country is the Insurance Act. On the Insurance Act alone the Unionists, even the most undeserving, might be returned tomorrow. On the Insurance Act and the Marconi affair together they could be returned with a good majority. Unfortunately, however, the party as a whole is as yet incapable of making up its mind on either subject. Yet before it can possibly incur or face an Election it must make up its mind on both subjects, and not merely upon one. To come to a conclusion about the Marconi affair without coming to a conclusion about the Insurance Act would be to risk fighting the Election on scandal and mixed political politics, and afterwards to earn unpopularity for shirking the Insurance Act. To come, on the other hand, to a conclusion about the Insurance Act only would be to will the end of victory, but not the means. But do you think that any of the Unionist journals see it? or that counsellor, Mr. J. L. Garvin, whose counsel used to be as that of God? or that wonderful leader of theirs, the pathetic Mr. Bonar Law? While they are talking of tactics and courage, sense of the possible and touch with the actual, not only is the opportunity of a generation under their eyes, but they are dividing themselves so as to be as incapable of taking it, should they see it, as of seeing it without assistance. One member of their party only appears to us to have the political instinct for the moment; and, we might add, though only for the moment, one journal—the "Daily Mail." Lord Robert Cecil's manly as well as politic conclusion on the Marconi affair has already been mentioned. He is, at the same time, the first Unionist to be also prepared for the Election that must follow the censure and resignation of the Cabinet. In short, he has come to a conclusion about the Insurance Act.

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The following is an extract from Lord Robert Cecil's speech at Yeovil on Wednesday last: "I declare boldly that in my view compulsion is out of place in the Bill. The moment you introduce compulsion you cut at the root of the principle from which friendly societies sprang. You cannot have compulsion and freedom and self-reliance combined. . . . I regard this principle of compulsion with profound misgiving, and I must say quite frankly that for myself I dislike what is called compulsory thrift more almost than any of the other shams that exist. Compulsory thrift is not thrift at all. It is merely taxation by another name. I am allowed to do exactly what I like with my money, and I do not see why the rule which is applied to me should not be applied to my poorer brethren. There is only one sufficient remedy, and that is to make the Act voluntary, to allow those who think they have something to gain by going into the Government scheme, to go into it, but not to compel those who are quite certain they are better out of it, nevertheless to go into it." It is a pity that Lord Robert Cecil should be without a party of courage enough to follow him or the Unionist party without a leader with courage enough to agree with him. Until, however, Mr. Bonar Law has made up his mind to repeal the Insurance Act—for the conversion of its compulsory into voluntary clauses would be equal to repeal—not only will he not succeed when he comes into office, but he dare make no effort to

come into office at all. In short, if our readers desire to know whether a General Election is immediately probable they may take their cue from Mr. Bonar Law's next public speech. The Unionist attitude on the Ministers of Marconi, in fact, depends on the Unionist judgment of the prospects of the repeal of the Insurance Act.

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Our recent comments on the designed effects of the new American Tariff Bill in reducing the cost of living of the proletariat with intent thereafter to reduce wages and so to enable America to enter the world market on equal terms with sweating communities like England, have already begun to be illustrated in fact. Hundreds of employers in America have given private, and some of them public, notice, that at the moment of the institution of the new tariff they will reduce wages. In reply to this indiscreet advertisement of their economic powers, the Government, through one of its departments, has announced that a Bureau has been formed and equipped with the largest powers to examine the trading books of any firm suspected of reducing wages on account of the Tariff and to proceed criminally against those found guilty. But this apparently strong action will be found, we believe, to be ineffective against a law of economics that has its roots in the laws of human nature. If, indeed, legislative action could determine private wages, the Underwood Bureau might be said to be equipped to do it. There is, at least, no Government department in England with half the powers that this Bureau possesses. In fact, however, legislation is as incapable of controlling economics as a dial is incapable of controlling the sun, and for the same reason, namely, that the one merely registers the effect of which the other is the cause. We have only to reflect on a few of the actual circumstances to see that in the instance even of the new Bureau the effect of legislation on economics is likely to be nothing. In the first place the Tariff Bill is not yet in operation, but is only threatened. The most alert of the employers have, therefore, ample time for protecting themselves in advance of the actual attack. Secondly, even for those who are late in this respect, more devices exist for circumventing the law than can be adopted for administering it. How can it be decided, for example, whether a reduction of wages is a legitimate economy or simply a turn of the screw of competitive economics? Thirdly, it would be ridiculous to attempt to standardise for all time as a petrified minimum the existing rates of wages; for that would be both fatal to economic efficiency and unjust to many private employers, who, after all, have their rights while profiteering is commissioned by the State. This proposal, in fact, would in all certainty be defeated on its first trial. The conclusion to which business men will come is therefore that the Bureau will make more cry than wool. On the just assumption that the Tariff will have the effect of lowering the cost of subsistence of the wage-slaves, nothing in the world will prevent wages being lowered in the long run in the same degree.

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The failure of so many Social Reformers to realise this fact arises, when there is no wilful blindness in it, as we are convinced there often is, from an inadequate analysis of the economic situation. No man's synthesis, said Bentham, can be more complete than his analysis; and it follows that unless the analysis is true to the nature of things (the only truth there is), not only is the synthesis false but the prescription based upon it is at least as likely to do harm as good. In every capitalist country of any political development there are now both movements of labour and movements of Social Reform, each of which rests on an insecure basis in the form of an inadequate analysis. Nay, such is the rarity of complete analysis, that we may say that the majority of critics of these movements are themselves either under the same or a similar misconception. The examples we have in mind at this moment—the provision, we may say, of the week—are these: the Australian General Election and a note by Mr. Russell, of the Irish Agri-

cultural Organisation Society, in its journal, "The Irish Homestead."

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The result of the Australian Elections, as everybody knows by this time, is the defeat by a small majority of the Labour Ministry. The event is of more importance economically than politically, since it was determined by a circumstance which sooner or later will have to be faced by every mere social reforming party. That circumstance is the existence of the propertyless wage-earner or proletariat. This poor creature, the rejected stone of the social reform builders, is first their pedestal, afterwards their stumbling block, then their missile and finally their tombstone. It is on his existence that social reformers base their appeals to the sentiment and cupidity of the middle and upper classes. But so soon as they definitely attempt by legislation to transform his lot not merely to satisfy sentiment or pique, but to make an economically independent man of him, so soon do all employers of labour—that is, profiteers—small and great, combine to oppose it and to throw out the party that attempts it. In Australia, as in Germany, in America as in Ireland, it is the proletariat who figure most in the promissory Gospels of Social Reform and least in the Acts of the Apostles. The latter, indeed, usually manage to miss him out altogether. In Australia, however, during the recent electoral campaign an Association of Rural Workers raised the propaganda of a high minimum wage for the agricultural proletariat. After considerable hesitation the Labour Party in the rural districts took up their cause and embodied the demands on their programmes: with this consequence, that all the small owners who had hitherto supported the Labour Party against the trusts and large capitalists, swung over to the latter as their more natural allies against the proletariat. Hence in a large measure the Labour defeat—a thoroughly deserved defeat, in our opinion, since no Labour Party ought to enter politics and accept the preference of progress when in fact they can as yet by political means do nothing for the proletariat whatever.

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The same criticism, we are afraid, must be made of the otherwise admirable Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and will prove to be applicable to the attempt to set up small holdings in England and to the doctrine of Distributivism in general. It is that all these schemes are reckoning without their proletariat. In Ireland, for example, under the stimulating influence of Sir Horace Plunkett and Mr. G. E. Russell the number of successful small-holders has increased out of hand. In last week's "Irish Homestead," for the first time in our recollection, the voice of the proletariat—the agricultural labourer with no holding or capital—was heard in its columns; and the question was raised how the wages of this class of workmen could be increased. Mr. Russell's reply is that small farming ought to be able to pay as good wages relatively as urban industry. So it ought and so it does. So it does and so it will; for wages everywhere tend to the subsistence level and this is much the same in fact in the town as in the country. But wages under the competitive system can never rise above the subsistence level; that is, they can never provide a margin for saving. Consequently, the class of proletariat is doomed to continue whether the owners of capital are many and small or few and large. But the amelioration of the class is the object presumably of Social Reform. If therefore Social Reform cannot ameliorate the essential conditions of this class, its whole work is not only a failure but, to the extent of its success in distributing private property among many instead of few profiteers, a hindrance to the further work of Social Revolution. We repeat that Social Reform everywhere is a failure judged by the single test of its effect on the proletariat. We repeat that Social Reform is everywhere the real enemy of Social Revolution.

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[The present issue consists of 32 pages.]

## Current Cant.

"When Women and Labour join hands, servility will end."—PROFESSOR BICKERTON.

"How are the men to be got back into the churches? . . . Where are the men?"—"Glasgow News."

"Should Army nurses be forbidden to dance?"—"Daily Mirror."

"Now a human creature inherits from the father all the qualities of the father, and from the mother all the qualities of the mother."—MRS. PERKINS GILMAN.

"The administration of the Insurance Act is getting more efficient every week."—MR. MASTERMAN.

"Let the Poet Laureate be Mr. Owen Seaman, that fine master of scholarly prose."—"Daily Express."

"The man in the well-paid districts has got the survey of life in every movement. He is full of vitality. If you go to the underpaid districts, the men look disheartened and discouraged, with no strength. You cannot get any profit out of people under these conditions."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"The Liberal worker and voter, with his conscience sensitive to social evils. . . . He is confident that there will be an end to them; that a comprehensive policy is being thought out; that on these further fields the Ministry will again make the flag of reform their own."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Burlesque 'Lucia Sextette,' one of the biggest successes of the London Opera House. . . . Get this great rag-time. . . . Verdi's masterpiece in rag-time."—Gramophone Company's Advertisement.

"The Bishop of London knows how to hit off what so many others are thinking."—"Church Family Newspaper."

"'Why do you want the vote?' people are asking the Suffragettes. What an extraordinary question! One might just as well ask, 'Why do men want the vote?' Women want the vote for the same reasons."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"If we consider all the notable events and persons which have appeared in the 'Daily Mirror,' and the millions of minds which have been impressed, the total educational force must be enormous. The character of the 'Daily Mirror' for moderation, candour, truthfulness, and absence alike of sensationalism and bitter party spirit make it welcome."—ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR.

"All through the poems of Tagore there is the sense of the Divine Presence . . . and then one asks, 'What is the secret of it all? How did this man attain to this blissful realisation of the Presence?' And the answer is that he has trodden the way of all saints."—"Christian Commonwealth."

"The 'Daily Mirror' strikes a human chord, and the public responds. Palace and cottage, high and low, rich and poor. . . . The ties that bind us to you are ties of friendship; we belong to your household gods . . . even a newspaper can have a heart."—"Daily Mirror."

"Statesmanship is quite as discerning as ever it was, and that is a blessing."—D. T. JONES, in "Everyman."

"Men like all kinds of women . . . all kinds of women are liked—nay, more, are loved by men."—ROBERT HICHENS.

"The kinematograph is steadily bettering the tone of its pictures, and consequently the taste of its audience."—S. L. JACOBS.

"The Insurance Act . . . that egregious piece of Socialist legislation."—"Newcastle Chronicle."

### CURRENT CONVENT.

"Miss Muriel Ridley, the nun of 'The Miracle,' has opened charming tea-rooms at 9, Cork Street, W."—"The Referee."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE normal tasks of European culture, trade, and diplomacy cannot be carried on while there are rumours of war among the Balkan allies. We know that the Great Powers are sincerely anxious to prevent such a war—in fact, we know that they are "determined" to prevent it. But then also we know that these same Great Powers were "determined" to prevent any Turkish territory from being annexed by the Allies, and we know what precisely that determination amounted to. An atmosphere of unrest is hanging over most of Europe at the present moment, and all those concerned, from monarchs downward, are trying to clear it away as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, monarchs alone can do little at this moment; for victorious armies cannot be reasoned with.

In Bulgaria and Servia above all there are war parties which have been proclaiming their designs at the top of their voices for the last three weeks. There is an influential group of politicians in Sofia who wish to fall in with Russia's desires and settle the outstanding diplomatic questions with Servia and Greece, just as the supporters of the Servian Premier, Dr. Pasitch, are adverse to a war with Bulgaria. But, opposed to these moderate groups, we have to reckon with the military elements in both countries; and it is these crude, unstatesmanlike forces which have been giving the Powers so much trouble ever since the fighting came to an end.

As I write, it is announced that M. Gueshoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, has resigned, and that attempts are being made to form a Coalition Cabinet, with Dr. Daneff at its head. This is generally understood to mean that the chances of peace between Bulgaria and her neighbours are becoming more uncertain; for, as I have already had occasion to say in these columns, Dr. Daneff's personality is not an attractive one, and his unfortunate manner exasperates everybody with whom he comes in contact. The appointment of Dr. Daneff, however, which has not yet been confirmed, is really an attempt on the part of King Ferdinand to bring about peace. It is thought that the knowledge that Dr. Daneff is in power may restrain the fiery officers who wish to see the Balkan war carried into Servian, Greek, and Roumanian territory, while Dr. Daneff will, in the breathing-space thus afforded, try to render further military action unnecessary. It is not yet certain, however, that Dr. Daneff will be asked to form a Government.

At almost exactly the same time as this information arrived from Sofia a report reached the Roumanian Ministry in London that M. Maiorescu's Cabinet had resigned and that a new Ministry would be formed by M. Philipescu. This statement was afterwards denied; but it was strange that it should have been made, in view of the fact that rumours had been circulating about an alleged agreement between Roumania and Bulgaria with reference to joint action against Greece and Servia. For M. Maiorescu is favourably disposed towards Bulgaria, and would like to come to terms, even to the extent of entering into a military convention, with Roumania's powerful neighbour on the south. M. Philipescu, on the other hand, is a bitter enemy of everything Bulgarian, and just before the war broke out he paid a special visit to Constantinople to urge the Turkish Government to work with Roumania and thus arrange for a counter-attack from the north. The offer was declined, because the Young Turks felt too sure of themselves, and this aspect of M. Philipescu's visit no longer concerns us. The strange thing is that the man who made the offer should be seriously spoken of as the next Roumanian Premier.

While tedious but significant trifles of this sort are worrying the Powers in the Near East a still more

awkward situation awaits their attention in Paris. The more the financial problem of Turkey and the Balkan States is studied the more complex it appears. The "Vakoufs" or "Pious Foundations" have to be considered, and Turkey has put forward claims for compensation in connection with her mosques in the territory conquered by the Balkan League. Further, she has demanded, through her delegates in London, what amounts to a series of capitulations in Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece; and to such an extent were these latter claims pressed that the Allies' delegates finally agreed in principle to a three years' grace, during which time Turkish subjects in Thrace and Macedonia might consider themselves as still under Turkish sovereignty and would be free to make arrangements for realising such property as they possessed and then emigrating to Asia Minor.

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At Paris, although only one formal meeting of the Financial Conference has been held, the question of a war indemnity has been informally discussed. As I said some weeks ago, the Powers are "determined" that Turkey shall not be called upon to pay any indemnity since it would have to come eventually out of the pockets of the Powers themselves. The difficulty will be met by the granting of a nominal money compensation, the Allies taking over a proportion of the Ottoman National Debt more than sufficient to balance the indemnity. This, of course, is merely the preliminary stage for a long discussion, which will have to embrace a detailed consideration of all the concessions granted by Turkish Governments from the early years of the reign of Abdul Hamid.

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A Colonial Minister, Mr. J. Allen, has managed to alter the course of British naval development in a most surprising fashion. When it was announced that the Borden Government in Canada proposed to supply three Dreadnoughts for the main body of the British Fleet, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Opposition leader, was inclined to favour this plan, Mr. Allen, who acts as New Zealand Minister of Defence, Finance, and Education, at once communicated with Sir Wilfrid and succeeded in scaring him by the Japanese bogey. The Liberal Senate in Ottawa threw out the Naval Aid Bill in consequence of Sir W. Laurier's representations, so that Mr. Churchill finds it necessary to "speed up" the construction of the Dreadnoughts now on order in British shipyards.

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The position is serious enough, even if only as demonstrating the provincial attitude of our Colonies towards questions of naval defence. A Colonial Fleet—Mr. Allen aims at the establishment of a fleet owned by the Colonies jointly—would stand no chance if confronted with an enemy of the Empire. Furthermore, the establishment of such a fleet is unnecessary. Naval experts have pointed out often enough that the British Fleet is always stationed where the potential enemy is likely to appear. A few years ago, for example, the potential enemy was in the Mediterranean, and the main body of the British Fleet was in the Mediterranean also. The Fleet is now in the North Sea because the potential enemy is there; and, as Mr. Hurd reminds us in the current "Fortnightly," our fleet would be in the Pacific to-morrow if the potential enemy were thought to be Japan. It does not follow that Australia is safe from invasion merely because a few battleships and cruisers are seen off the coast occasionally. On the other hand, it means a good deal to this country if Colonial money, which might be usefully spent in aiding the Home Fleet, is squandered on ships for the Colonies which will be ineffective in time of war. No fleet that all the Colonies could get together could for a moment compare with the trained sailors of Japan, leaving the number of vessels out of the reckoning. But Colonials are Colonials, and have never yet been able to appreciate subtle questions of strategy and diplomacy. And now, I suppose, somebody will accuse me of trying to break up the Empire.

## Miscellaneous Notes on Guild Socialism.

A trade union is not exactly as strong as the number of its members; but it is exactly as weak as the number of its non-members.

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Motto of Capitalism: Every blackleg is worth ten unionists during a strike. Every unionist is worth ten blacklegs during employment.

\* \* \*

At the old Trade Union Congresses all the decisions were determined by Coal, Cotton, Railways, and Engineering. In the Employers' Congress, called Parliament, they are still.

\* \* \*

We don't want democratic government, but democratic industry.

\* \* \*

At a Trade Union Congress we want to hear a boiler-maker not a politician; in Parliament we want to hear a politician not a boiler-maker.

\* \* \*

The economic objection to bureaucracy is that bureaucracy is not really efficient. Why? Because the directors of industry under bureaucracy are not themselves trained workmen; they have never been through the mill.

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It is a curious and significant phenomenon that competition in qualitative production grows less keen as competition in quantitative production grows more severe. The reason lies in the opening of popular markets all over the world and in the ease with which machinery can be manipulated. Quality demands character in its producers, whether workmen or employers; and character in its turn demands freedom. As workmen sink from independent craftsmen to proletariat their character suffers, the character of their employers suffers, and in consequence the quality of their work suffers. It follows that a virtual monopoly in the world-market of quality awaits the nation that first frees its proletariat.

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The first business of trade unions is to create a monopoly of labour. Labour being the only possession of the proletariat, they can control that or nothing.

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A penny saved is a penny gained. If instead of consuming the whole result of my labour I save part of it, I have added to the community's store of wealth or capital. (As a bee that gathers more honey than it eats adds to the capital of the hive.) With this capital so created by saving I can do one of many things, e.g., (a) take a holiday; (b) feed workmen while they are performing some service for me; (c) feed people who cannot provide for themselves (children, women, Labour M.P.'s, imbeciles); (d) invest it, that is, lend it to somebody who will exchange it for men's labour and share his profits with me. Capital is thus liberty, since it gives me freedom of choice. Without capital there is no liberty.

\* \* \*

Capitalists "save" by appropriating from their workmen the difference between the latter's keep and output. Workmen can save only by economising on their keep, that is, by forgoing necessities.

\* \* \*

Rent, Interest and Profit are the true savings of the proletariat—they represent the amount of commodities produced in excess of the amount consumed by the workers. Capital is thus the result of saving. But whose?

\* \* \*

The prevailing system of industry in capitalist countries, civilised and "protected," is forced labour.

The proletariat of England must work or starve—exactly as the natives of Oceana, when deprived of their cocoanut trees. Wages are outdoor poor relief paid to able-bodied paupers in return for forced labour.

\* \* \*

The “classic” economists are those who desire to keep things very much as they are.

\* \* \*

It is complained that popular education takes the spirit out of the poor, tames them, and stifles in them the desire for further education. *Who* makes this complaint? *Not* the employing classes!

\* \* \*

As the object of the Spirit of the Hive is to accumulate a maximum amount of honey, the spirit of the State has for its object accumulation in its midst of a maximum amount of capital or property. Theoretically, it is a matter of indifference to the State where or in whose hands the capital is stored. So it be there and increasing—the State is satisfied. What Labour has, therefore, to prove is that property will be increased by Socialism or Labour legislation. Otherwise, the State must look upon Labour’s demands as the demands of robber-bees.

\* \* \*

When the last non-unionist has joined his union, and the unions are all linked up in a Federation of Federations, what will they do?

\* \* \*

The State is always an exemplary Conservative, since it is the nation’s organ of self-preservation. Not for fancy nor for the purpose of improving itself will the State act, for that would be taking risks; and the State must never voluntarily take risks. Threaten its life, however, and the State will do anything. Far from its being a crime, therefore, to threaten the State, the more it is threatened (so it does not become panic-stricken) the better for progress; since to each such threat the State will respond by a new device for protecting itself. States become progressive when anarchists are indulged in them; but anarchists must be very powerful to produce any effect, and very subtle not to induce panic.

\* \* \*

The State is the National safe-deposit.

\* \* \*

Property is power.

\* \* \*

It is “bad” men who assist the “evolution” of the world. Good men are content with simple things and would not exploit beauty, innocence, quiet or their fellow men. Good men would be content in Eden; but the “bad” must attempt to conquer the world, even at the cost of Paradise. All good men are reactionary and conservative. All bad men are progressive and Liberal. Lucifer was a captain of industry, and the Devil is a Whig.

\* \* \*

Loyalty in the Labour movement: The proletariat army must be disciplined both to give and to receive orders. There must be, in fact, military loyalty. But the first condition of military loyalty *during action* is that the officers must inspire confidence. Motto for the rank and file: Shoot or obey your officers.

\* \* \*

If the employing classes are to remain for ever in possession of all capital and the proletariat are to remain for ever mere wage-slaves, the best advice we can give to the latter is: Educate your masters.

\* \* \*

The fallacy in the assumption that Labour is one of the instruments of production can be seen by comparing Labour with Land and Capital. Land can be separated from the landlord; Capital can be separated from the capitalist. In employing land or capital we are not bound to employ a landlord or a capitalist. But

Labour is inseparable from the labourer. In employing Labour we are therefore bound to employ the Labourer. In fact, the Labourer is Labour. Thus there are only two real *instruments* of Production, namely, Land and Capital. The Labourer is the sole user of them, though the proceeds go to *their* owners and not to himself.

\* \* \*

It is, of course, *socially* profitable to have a healthy, contented and trained population; but so long as it was not *privately* profitable, employers made no effort to ensure a sound nation. As employers become united in trusts, etc., their interest in universal efficiency becomes common. Hence they are being led to take an interest in public health and such like. Not, therefore, to Christianity or to Brotherhood do we owe the modern movement of Social Reform—but to Business.

## The Guild System in West Africa.

By R. E. Dennett.

THE suggestion has been frequently made in THE NEW AGE that the Guild organisation of industry is natural wherever men are economically free. It is by no means the case that this holds true of so-called civilised countries only. From a long experience of native West Africa I have formed the conclusion that the Guild System prevails there and has prevailed from immemorial antiquity. It is, of course, difficult to separate the Guild organisation from the whole polity of the people, since it is an organic and integral part of native society, and bound up with every phase of the people’s life. In the following notes, however, I shall attempt to show the frame-work of the native guild system, in so far, at any rate, as this can be made clear in a single article. For a larger treatment of the whole subject I venture to refer my readers to my published Studies in West Africa.

Before considering the political aspect of the Guilds in West Africa it is necessary to say a few words about their form. The Government of the Guild may be expressed as being composed of 1+3 or 4 persons four times repeated, thus making 16 persons in all. These 16 persons have their spirits, so that you have the number 32 as the completed formula of direction of the Guild, which may have many members.

1	. . . . .	}	16 Spirits.
2	. . . . .		
3	. . . . .		
4	. . . . .		
5	. . . . .	}	16 Persons.
6	. . . . .		
7	. . . . .		
8	. . . . .		

The head of a guild is not taken into account as one of its members, but he is of course the president. Taking him and his spirit away for the time being we have 15 + 15 or 30 directors, and the natives of Nigeria call this the “Ogboni” or the 30 persons. There are six of these guilds and their Ogbonis in nearly every district, i.e., the spiritual Ogboni, the hunters or ruling Ogboni,\* and the Ogbonis of the medicine men, planters, traders, and blacksmiths. You will notice that there is no fisherman’s Ogboni. The reason for this is, I think, that theoretically the fisherman, as the ancestor from whom the others are descended, is the spiritual ruler, and the fisherman’s Ogboni becomes the Ogboni of the priest, which is the spiritual equivalent of the Ruling or hunter’s Ogboni.

It is now necessary to say a few words about the probable origin and building up of this “Ogboni.”

The fisherman, as the most primitive type of individual, lived a more or less solitary life. Even to-day

\* NOTE.—I give the names of some of these directors in “Nigerian Studies,” page 227.

he and his family are living in the "family stage" of development almost independently of his clan. Often he is a stranger squatting on the banks of a river in a country belonging to some other clan or tribe. The question now arises: What is meant in Africa by family? The African family is composed of—

1. The dead father.....and spiritual inspiring ruler.
2. The Widow .....the inspired one.
3. The Son .....the propagator and living owner of the family.
4. The Husband .....the ruler of the members of the family and duster of fetishes.
5. The Wife .....the nourisher.
6. The Children .....the carriers and labourers.
7. The Grandchildren.the offspring to be fostered.
8. The Family .....the great grandchild of the husband and wife begins to worship another ancestor, and is not considered as belonging to this family.

This family worshipping one ancestor is directed by a council of four, which settles all family questions (in the olden days) both civil and criminal.

This living council is composed of—

1. The Widow.
2. The Son (the head of the family).
3. The (son) husband (the judge).
4. The Wife (the nourisher).

Two males and two females.

This original council became uplifted until at last we find it as the king of the nation's executive council. This council is then reflected in the heavens, and there appears as the creator's council. In Nigeria the deities forming it are those after which the four days in their week are called, i.e.—

- Odudua—the Widow, the chaos and darkness.
- Jakuta—the ruling father, lightning.
- Obatala—the Wife, the dawn, white mist, the treasurer and war chief.
- Ifa—the Speaking Son, revelation, light and prime minister.

Ifa as the prime minister becomes the head of the Ogboni and takes the name of the prince of darkness, Eshu. One of the 4 chiefs of this council is called Yemoja, and she is said to have had 13 offspring, i.e.—

- |                    |   |                      |
|--------------------|---|----------------------|
| 2 Water Spirits    | — | Fisherman's Deities. |
| 2 Earth Spirits    | — | Hunter's Deities.    |
| 2 Heat Spirits     | } | — Diviner's Deities. |
| 2 Rain Spirits.    |   |                      |
| 2 Harvest Spirits. | — | Planter's Deities.   |
| 2 Storing Spirits  | — | Trader's Deities.    |
|                    | — | Mechanic's Deities.  |

1 Birth . . . Starting a new family.

Thus in heaven we have an executive family of four plus a judicial family of four plus 12+1 or 16+1.

It is now left for us to describe the living rulers. It is composed of—

- The Queen mother and her three courtiers.
- The King and his three courtiers.
- The Chancellor and his three courtiers (representing the Queen, the treasurer).
- The Prime Minister and his three courtiers (representing the son).

Now, this in a kingdom may be called the executive Ogboni on earth. In Genesis it represents from the beginning to the creation of light (Ifa).

Note.—It must be remembered that just as men are physical and spiritual so words have both a spiritual and physical as well as a personal meaning. The symbol Ifa, the son, is the speaking revealing deity and carries with it its synonym "light."

The Prime Minister as a member of the executive is a companion and adviser to the King. In his relation to the people he is head of the ruling Ogboni which has the power of life and death. When he is not faithful

to the king, he is said to be the "devil,"\* or the rebellious son who would reign in his father's place.

This ruling "Ogboni" was in the first place composed (like its heavenly counterpart) of three officers, i.e., treasurer, convener of meetings, and the arbitrator, and these were then followed by a council of 6 pairs of ancestors, plus 1, i.e., 2 fishermen, 2 hunters, 2 medicine men or lawyers, 2 planters, 2 traders or market folk, and two blacksmiths, plus their spirits.

The ruling Ogboni became a secret despotic society or guild of the ruling classes and was greatly feared by the people. No one quite knew who would be its next victim. At the sound of the drum or bell people who were not members of this Ogboni were obliged to rush to the shelter of their houses and to remain there until the drum again drew their attention to the fact that judgment had been given and the victim executed.

I have traced the formation of the Ogboni of the ruling executive and legislative councils from the simple family councils of the fisherman and hunter families. Going back to this family life we note that the names of the four days of the African's week were those of their ancestors. We may, therefore, say that the African's calendar is nearly related to his gods and his occupations. In very early times we may conclude that it was the living widow's duty to feed the widow spirit, that of the father to feed the father spirit, and so on. In this way the habit became the origin of the custom of dividing the week into four days. Later on the family developed into a clan, and then each of these four were looked upon as the head of a separate but related family, and so we find that each of the four great deities had three minor deities or courtiers after them, and it became the custom to worship the greater deities on the first day of their month of four weeks of four days, i.e., on the 1st and 17th days, the minor deities filling in the interval. This division of time had nothing to do with either the lunar or solar month, but two of these periods of sixteen days may be looked upon as about a month.

In the beginning when there was only one clan and all its members were fishermen, the worship of the male and female fisherman's deities and their families would occupy one of these months. But later on we must conclude that the fisherman's clan developed and that there existed in this enlarged group families of priests, hunters, medicine or law men, planters, traders and mechanics. Each of these occupations had their Ogboni, and in time these guilds became clans with their deified ancestors. The head of each clan would need thirty-two days in which to worship his ancestors male and female. As there were six of these working families the number of days required for worship by the tribe would be  $6 \times 32 = 192$ .

There is always the mysterious one to be added to each of these six so that the complete cycle of activities is of seven parts.

There were then six general festivals ushering in the six seasons, i.e., those of moisture, earth, heat, planting, harvest, and storage.

Then the beginning of the rainy season and the beginning of the dry season were times of rejoicing as the marriage or birth seasons. Finally, when the drizzling rain whitened the heads of the fishermen they cried out: "As it was in the beginning so it is now and so it ever shall be," and so in this way realised that the whole cycles of seasons had terminated. These 201 parts of the year number the worshipping days of the tribe composed of the six clans.

Let me give you these prayer days in the form of six divining or tally boards.

- The complete cycle.
- The rainy and dry seasons.
- The six occupations and seasons.

\* Eshu, translated devil, as a juju is found just outside the village or the house.

I	I	I	I	I	I
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
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.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

There was no worship during the dry season. The spirits (dots) are symbolised by sacred things, i.e. :  
 Rivers. Trees and Seasons of Season of Animals  
 Earth. Order. Production. Omens. and Man.  
 Priests or Hunters Medicine and Planters. Traders. Mechanics.  
 Fishermen. and Rulers. Law men.

It is just possible that these prayer boards were in the first place simply tally boards kept by the head of each family or guild following one or other of the six occupations. He would place a pointed stick in the dot or hole of the day sacred to the deity worshipped.

Thus in all probability has the political and religious system of the West African been instinctively built up, and it will be noted what an important part occupation has played in the matter. Time would gradually lift this board to a spiritual plane. (Note, about 200 years or less is sufficient in Africa). At any rate we find this formula on the walls of houses as well as in the shape of a divining board. Thus Ifa's board has 16 houses, and divination is performed by the diviner holding 17 (i.e., 16—1) palm kernels in his hand and allowing 16 of them to fall on the board into the divisions or houses.

In addition to this I may mention that I have given a description (obtained from a native woman) of a native calendar in "Nigerian Studies." Here the lady told me that at the beginning of the rains (the marriage season) she began to drop a palm kernel each day into a calabash. This she did until after the month so dangerous to mother and child in pregnancy had passed.

Roughly speaking this would be for about seven of our months or the duration of the rains.

Thus the ideas associated in the building up of the form of a guild are ancestor, worship, and fishermen and priests.

Season	Government ...	and Hunters and Soldiers.
	Order ...	and Medicine men and Law.
	Pro-creation and production ...	and Planters and Wives.
	Harvest and Exchange ...	and Market folk and Traders and children as carriers.
	Storage and Building ...	and Mechanics and sheltering of children.

It is hard to sum up these ideas in 6 or 7 words, because each word should carry with it a physical, spiritual, and personal meaning. But if you will bear a trinity of meaning in mind I think the ideas may be expressed in the following manner :—

1 Ancestor.	2 Reverence.	3 Authority.	4 Order.	5 Providence.	6 Economy.	7 Calculation.
2 Fishermen or Priests.	"	"	"	"	"	"
3 Hunters.	"	"	"	"	"	"
4 Medicine men.	"	"	"	"	"	"
5 Planters.	"	"	"	"	"	"
6 Traders.	"	"	"	"	"	"
7 Mechanics.	"	"	"	"	"	"

From this it will be noted (taking the numbers as our guide) that while each guild has all the virtues, it is dominated by only one of them, thus Fishermen have been dominated by Reverence and have as a guild become Priests. Authority has made hunters into soldiers.

These same principles have driven us also instinctively to what we call—the Church, the State, the Law, the Privy Council, the Commons, the Lords, and the King representing the ancestor. These are the great divisions in government without which no government is perfect. The King (as the Congo natives say) should hold (himself and the six parts) the seven well in hand, for despotism on the one hand or feebleness of any one part on the other, may be and often has been the ruin of a government as a whole.\*

The patient, worshipping, simple, father fisherman, as I have pointed out, has no Ogboni, the priest's Ogboni has taken its place.

The hunters have become great warriors and they are still, in African kingdoms, the soldiers of the State.

Hunters have their Ogboni, and the chief hunter is head of the Ogboni. He regulates the worship of the clan. He prays and sacrifices for his people. The hunters in his camp must obey him implicitly. He marks out the beat for his hunters, to save all confusion. He judges all their palavers and divides the spoil. In the simpler villages his wife superintends the feeding of the community.

Where the clan is about to be developed into a tribe, the heads of the clans elect a chief to act as a judge, but each clan governs itself and the judge is only the ruler of his own clan.

Hunters from all these clans may leave their towns in the hunting season and place themselves under a head hunter and so become a member of his Ogboni; while they are following him they are subject to the rules of this chief hunter and his Ogboni.

This chief hunter thus gathers many hunters around him; some of them may remain with him so that he gradually has a larger following of hunters and his clan becomes synonymous with the hunting guild. These men are fond of fighting, and in time become a kind of army.

Thus in Yoruba land the Ibadans were the hunters and became the soldiers or army of the Alafin of Oyo. The Bale of Ibadan will admit that he is under the Alafin of Oyo, but he would resent any interference in the internal affairs of his country. The priestly caste is associated in Yoruba land with the place called Ifa. The Oufi of Ife is the archbishop, at it were, of Yoruba land. All the chiefs and rulers from the Alafin downwards look to Ife as their place of origin. The Oufi of Ife, like the archbishop, recognises that he is under the Alafin, but he would resent the latter's interference in the internal affairs of his country.

The Egbas under the Alake of Abeokuta are great farmers, and many of them are found in Oyo, Ibadan and Ife territory farming the land belonging to these people and gathering the fruit of their palm trees under certain agreements. The Alake would, however, resent the interference of the Alafin in the government of his country. As it is in the case of these great divisions of the Yoruba people representing these three classes, i.e., fishermen or priests, hunters, and agriculturalists, so it is with the villages belonging to priests or fishermen, hunters, planters, etc.; they all acknowledge their king and his great Ogboni, but they resent his interference in their internal affairs, and prefer to be ruled directly by their chief and his Ogboni.

Most of these villages have their paramount chiefs in the capital of the county when they act as the "eyes" of the people. When they have been conquered a representative of the conqueror resides in the conquered town or village.

Brutality and despotism on the part of the great ruling Ogboni at the capital is resented by the Ogboni of the different clans and occupations, and thus the seed of discord between the king's Ogboni and one or all of the other Ogbonis is sown, and all their energies instead of being used openly for the good of all, are wrapped up in anarchy and despotism. The guilds become secret societies fighting against the King. The dethroned King of Benin was head of a secret society. When he first became king he used his society to murder the officers and councillors of the late King's Ogboni. If secrecy, bribery, and corruption, despotism and anarchy could be got rid of, I know of no theoretically finer form of government than this government of the people by themselves through their own guides, supervised by a ruling guild which must represent the interests of every guild, in a just, loving, sympathetic, and scientific spirit.

\* The party system has pulled down the House of Lords, and will pull down the Church, the Commons, and the whole will come tumbling after.

## Sir Max Waechter's Federation of Europe.

By Joseph Finn.

SIR MAX WAECHTER'S article in the May number of the "Fortnightly Review" is undoubtedly one of the most important contributions to the peace literature.

Whereas other writers have been indulging in mere sentimentalism, in bewailing the warlike state of Europe and in crying: Shame! Shame! on the warmongers, the chief merit of the article is the proposition of a definite plan. It is, therefore, all the more regrettable to have to point out a very serious defect in the very conception of Sir Max Waechter's theory. If the main proposition were sound, and only the details defective, criticism might be withheld out of regard for the main principle. But, unfortunately, the edifice itself is built on sand, as will be shown. It is because of the present writer's profound sympathy with Sir Max Waechter's ideal of a United States of Europe that I am reluctantly obliged to point out the serious defect in his plan.

In building a house the builder begins with the foundation, and ends with the roof; but Sir Max Waechter begins with the roof. Industry and commerce are the foundations of modern countries, and the government is the roof. The political structure of society is the outcome of the economic structure; they must harmonise or the edifice will not stand. A government can do nothing which is inimical to the economic interests of the country, for the chief function of a modern government is to obey the behest of industry and commerce.

It is now generally admitted that the chief cause of wars in modern times is economic—i.e., industrial and commercial rivalry. The animosity between England and Germany has no other cause, and Sir Max Waechter himself inadvertently admits it when he gives reasons why the two Governments should be friendly. The fact that there are no religious, racial, and dynastic reasons why those two countries should be unfriendly, and still the prejudice exists, is conclusive proof that the cause is economic. The proof is strengthened by the additional fact that between those two countries there is no traditional quarrel as there is between other countries, and that the present prejudice grew with the growth of German trade.\* This substantial cause cannot be talked out of existence, as Sir Max Waechter seems to believe, "by a full and frank discussion." He thinks that he can make the two nations kiss and be friends by pointing out that "competition is the soul of business," and good for both. Such arguments are deceptive. Competition is as little relished by nations as by individuals. The business which desires competition does not exist. Every trader would rather see his competitor in heaven or elsewhere than in close proximity to his own place of business. If competition were really desired there would not be an ever-growing movement towards "monopoly." What is true of individuals is true of nations. If nations were not afraid of competition they would not surround themselves with tariff walls. England is no exception, though she is a Free Trade country. English free trade originated at a period when England was the workshop of the world. On the one hand, she had no rivals; on the other hand, she stood in need of cheap food for her factory hands. Such economic conditions were the natural mother of the political institution of Free Trade. Now, England having lost her monopoly in manufacture, and she being compelled to face formidable rivals, we see gradually growing up a political tendency to-

\*Sir Max Waechter may have good authority for saying: "The idea which prevails in Germany that the expansion of Germany's trade has created jealousy and bitterness in England is erroneous"; but those Englishmen who are aware of the fact that German clerks are sent over to England and offer their services gratis, ostensibly with the object of learning the language, but really to learn trade secrets, might have their own opinions about the matter.

wards Protection. Thus we see clearly the truth of the sociological law, that the political structure of society is the outcome of the economic structure.

Our alliance with Russia is another example of the working of that law. Politically, a more unnatural alliance than between democratic England and autocratic Russia cannot be imagined. From the standpoints of politics, culture, and religion we are much more suited for an alliance with Germany; yet, with the latter we talk about the possibility of war, while the former is our ally. This strange phenomenon can only be explained on economic grounds; England is principally a manufacturing country, whilst Russia is principally agricultural. On the one hand we have no fear of competition from Russia in our line—to use a mercantile expression; but, on the contrary, we expect Russia to become a wide market for our goods. On the other hand, we need Russia's products, and hence our alliance with her becomes, from an economic standpoint, quite natural, although otherwise unnatural and even repugnant. Those who think that the disturbances in Persia were the main cause of our alliance are but shallow politicians.

In considering the possibility of Sir Max Waechter's suggestion of a "Federation of Europe," we must lay aside sentiment. We must not even attach much importance to the fact mentioned by the author, that certain monarchs and statesmen are in sympathy with the idea. We must ask ourselves whether or not the present economic condition of Europe would make such a political change possible. That the proposed Federation might be strong enough to answer Sir Max Waechter's object, i.e., to be so strongly united that armies and navies would become unnecessary, such a federation must be more than a mere "Concert" or even "Alliance"; since neither the one nor the other during all the years of their existence has had the slightest influence on the so much desired reduction of armaments. The federation must, therefore, be real, like that of Switzerland, or like the United States of America. But exactly such a federation of European States is impossible under present economic conditions.

To establish peace in Europe, the material interests of the various countries must become mutual instead of hostile. Every country must be made materially interested in every other country. The prosperity of one must become the prosperity of all, not merely in theory, but in practice. To prove the truth of these assertions by logical arguments is one object of this article, and the second object is to show how to change the commercial basis of Europe, so that a real "United States of Europe" may become the natural result of the economic change.

But before discussing the economic analysis, a serious difficulty may be pointed out in the realisation of Sir Max Waechter's plan from the *tariff* standpoint. If every Swiss Canton, or every State in the North American Union had a separate tariff wall to keep out the goods from the other States, as is the case on the Continent, it is certain that the political institutions of Switzerland and of the United States of America would not be what they are now. How, then, is it possible to unite all the European nations into one Federation when each nation is so afraid of the competition of the other that they surround themselves with almost impregnable tariff walls? That this fear of competition is not a mere foolish prejudice can easily be proved.

We live now under an economic system in which the disposal of goods (selling) is of much greater importance than the production of goods. The fact in proof need only be mentioned that a good producer (mechanic) can earn about £3 per week at the utmost, whilst a good disposer of goods (commercial traveller) can earn £10 per week and more. When people complain that "trade is bad" they do not infer that something has gone wrong with our productive forces; or that the workers cannot turn out goods as fast as they used to do, or that the machines do not work well; what they mean is that they find much difficulty in *selling* the goods. We become afflicted with the malady known

as "bad times," when the production of goods exceeds the sale of goods. This is a peculiar feature of our present economic system, and one about which most of our political economists say little, perhaps because it leads to unorthodox conclusions. Under our present system, every manufacturing country is bound to produce more goods than can be sold within her own borders. Why? Firstly, because the majority of people are engaged in the manufacture of goods other than foodstuffs, and only a minority on the production of food. According to natural requirements it should be the reverse, because the quantity of food which an average human being needs, requires more labour to produce than all other necessities of life. But as production is carried on by individuals, or groups, without any social plan, and with the sole object of personal gain; and whereas riches are more quickly accumulated by commerce and manufacture than by agricultural pursuits, men have gradually forsaken the latter for the former. (This, by the way, will explain why we hear now so much about the higher cost of food. It is bound to become higher and higher, because the agricultural countries are fast becoming manufacturers.)

Let us now examine another feature of modern industry. Most of the articles produced in a manufacturing country have no *direct use value* for the manufacturers and the workers. Although they are all articles of use, yet do they possess only an *exchange value*. For instance, those engaged in the manufacture of bricks, steel plates, bottles and cotton, cannot pay their workers with quantities of those articles, nor barter them for their own necessities and luxuries of life. The manufactured articles must first be exchanged for money, i.e. (sold), and the money afterwards exchanged for the required article. The majority of manufacturers are engaged on such qualities of goods as are intended for the use of the working classes, or in the manufacture of tools and machinery for the production of that class of goods. The working classes of a given country receive such wages as to enable them to buy only a part of the above-mentioned goods. The manufacturers receive as their profit the surplus of commodities which the workers cannot buy. They are useless to them as use-values; they represent only exchange value. To exchange the surplus for money requires *extra markets*, if the wheels of industry are to be kept revolving. If there were only one or two manufacturing countries in Europe and the rest agricultural, then of course the surpluses of the manufacturing countries could find a market in the agricultural countries in exchange for their products. (It may be observed by the way, that if every country were worked on a definite social plan, e.g., so many of the population devoted to agriculture, so many to manufacture, and so many to distribution, we should not have the social problem in so acute a form as we have it to-day. But, such a social plan is incompatible with the principle of pure Individualism.) As it is, however, every European country is becoming less agricultural, and more manufacturing, which means: that not only is the market for the surpluses of the old manufacturing countries being curtailed, but new surpluses are springing up. The world market is getting clogged, because the countries outside Europe which were dumping grounds for the European surplus are gradually (we may say rapidly) becoming civilised, and are adopting the capitalistic method of industry. The British colonies are getting less and less dependent on the manufactured commodities of the mother country. India is rapidly erecting factories and, with her cheap labour, will probably in time be able to offer goods to Lancashire. The industrial progress of Japan is too well known, and, by the way, if she had had no surplus to dump somewhere, with which to enter on the path of Imperialism, there would have been no war between her and Russia. China with her four hundred millions of industrial people when once settled on modern capitalistic lines may, in time to come, smother the world with her surplus. Professional optimists would argue that the fact that the "turn over" of Europe—to use another mercantile expression—is

gradually increasing, proves that the commercial basis is sound. Those observers will do well to remember that the climax I have in mind is not yet at hand; if it were, this article would have been written too late. The Talmud says: "He is wise who sees *what is to be*."

Under a natural system of society, the more goods produced the better, but under our present system a natural blessing is turned into a commercial calamity, because the well-being of a modern manufacturing country does not depend on how much she can *produce*, but on how much she can *sell*.

Sir Max Waechter describes the blessings of peace, when five millions of men now engaged on *destructive* work shall be set to *productive* work. It would, apparently, be a blessing, but under the present conditions we can easily see that it would do more harm than good. Imagine the state of the labour market if five million new applicants for work were suddenly to enter it! True, they would be set to create useful commodities, but as they would only be enabled with their wages to consume the smaller part of what they would create, and as those commodities would only have an *exchange value*, the surplus would help to clog the world-market. Let not the reader come to the conclusion that this is an argument in favour of keeping men employed on destructive work. It is an argument to show how unsound is the very basis of society when a natural blessing is rendered industrially a curse.

With further reference to the waste on destructive work I would point out that great as is the National waste on destructive work, the waste of unproductive work is much greater. If we were to analyse all the work performed, and pick out the work which is absolutely necessary for the production and supply of all the necessities and even all the luxuries of life, we should probably find that the balance which represents work expended on the *selling* of commodities is greater than the work expended on destruction.

We can now return to Sir Max Waechter's Federation of Europe and the possibility of its realisation under the present economic conditions. The foregoing arguments we may summarise as follows:—

1. That political institutions are framed in accordance with economic requirements.
2. There cannot be political peace and amity between the nations so long as they are compelled by the economic system of society to compete for the world market.
3. That the universal commercial rivalry must become keener and keener, as the modern system of manufacture and commerce becomes more and more developed.
4. That the productive power of every country is increasing.
5. That more people are employed on manufacture than in agriculture.
6. That more and more countries are entering the arena of manufacture and commerce. The net result of our reasoning is: that however praiseworthy the work of pacifists, it is childish to expect that by friendly international visits, and peace propaganda we shall abolish war.

There is only one solid foundation upon which a real and lasting United States of Europe could be built, and that foundation is ECONOMIC. The sooner we begin to lay that foundation, the better it will be for the welfare of the civilised world. To allow the present commercial development to expand will lead not only to a war between Germany and England, but to a universal catastrophe. On modern commercial lines the earth is becoming too small to allow all nations to expand commercially, and as expansion is going on, people somehow begin to feel instinctively the coming of a storm. Pacifists think they can exorcise the storm by preaching peace. Professional optimists simply close their eyes and cry, "All is well in the best of worlds!" Nervous and unthinking people cry for larger armies and navies. The latest device to prevent the inevitable is to convince the nations that war does not pay, and

that the conqueror is as much the loser as the vanquished. The idea in itself is true enough; but when nations are driven to a certain climax by economic forces, they do not go to war with deliberation and calculation of gains and losses; they are simply hurled against each other. What then is to be done to prevent the coming catastrophe, and to make it possible for the nations in the near future to live in peace?

The plan which the writer offers is simple and effective, inasmuch as it touches the root of the evil. *All the commercial European nations must become partners.* The industries of England, Germany, Belgium, Holland, and France must become amalgamated. When the profits of British industries shall be shared by Germany, and those of the latter by the former, on the joint stock principle, and the same with the other countries; then Europe will in reality become one country. Commerce in the modern sense will cease. The various countries will have no need to sell goods to each other, no need of rivalry on the part of one country in doing more trade than any other country. Commerce will simply mean an exchange of goods between one country which can supply that which the other country requires and has not got. The world market as we know it will disappear. Why should any one country strive to push her goods when the profits will not be exclusively her own, but will be shared by all? If the shipping trade of England, Germany, Holland, France and Belgium were to be amalgamated in one International concern, and the same thing were to take place with several other principal industries; then war between those countries would become an impossibility, because their economic interest would become not only interdependent but practically one and the same. This is the only real foundation for a United States of Europe. The political roof will follow as a natural and logical consequence. The elimination of competition, and the substitution of partnership between nations, would be followed by a similar process between the various competing firms within every nation. Sir Max Waechter recognises this fact in his article when he says that "unlimited and ruinous competition is gradually being eliminated from business by co-operation and amalgamation." (By the way, it is difficult to understand why in another place in the same article he praises competition between nations.)

Amalgamation of all the private industries in every country, and their further amalgamation into International concerns, may be summarised as International Partnership. When established, it will not only abolish military wars, but what is of even greater importance *industrial war*. Under International Partnership there is room only for two classes; (1) the actual producers of wealth, (2) the owners of the means of production. At present the national income is divided between several classes who represent various social economic functions, and some standing between the above-mentioned two classes, e.g., shopkeepers, merchants, financiers, company promoters, various middlemen, agents, brokers, insurance companies, commercial travellers, and still others who do not directly participate in the production of the necessaries and luxuries of life. Those functionaries are the products of a system of private trading, but under a system of International Partnership, they become unnecessary. To illustrate the idea more clearly let us take banking and financial transactions in general as an example. When Class II is one International syndicate, then all financial transactions become unnecessary. Bills of exchange, credit, loans, etc., become superfluous. Even a medium of exchange will cease to be indispensable. Every worker (physical or mental) in Class I and every shareholder in Class II would have a deposit book. On the credit side would be entered what is due to him in dividend or wages, and on the debit side what he had received in commodities and services. When we take into consideration what is now wasted in destructive work, and add to it the still greater wastage of unproductive work; when all able-bodied people now

living on wages, are put on work which is absolutely necessary for the production and supply of society's needs; and all the capital now employed in unnecessary social functions is employed for the above-mentioned purpose; it is safe to prophesy that the total wealth then produced will be so great that it will enable Class II to give Class I such a share in the national or international income, that the latter will be able to live in comfort and affluence as compared with their state on their present share. Class II also will get more on their capital than they now receive. There would be work for all, and overwork for none. Security would be substituted for the present insecurity. The workers would no more know the dread of unemployment, nor the shareholders of losing their capital. As long as the earth yields her fruits, and Labour and Capital are ready to gather them, so long would peace and plenty be the lot of all. Such is the foundation which the writer proposes to be laid down for the structure which Sir Max Waechter desires to erect. There is nothing chimerical in it. Society is really drifting towards it by the current of economic evolution. Trustification and amalgamation are moving by leaps and bounds. My purpose is to forewarn my readers against counter currents which would take the ship out of her right course. Legislation which tries to save competition and individual enterprise against the onslaught of monopoly and amalgamation is one counter current. Socialism which claims that only by the nationalisation of Capital will the ills of society be cured, is another counter current. By enlightening the captains of industry, the principal statesmen, and the responsible leaders of labour about the possibilities of International Partnership, the ship of State can be navigated so as to avoid the counter currents, and be brought safe to the harbour of International Peace.

If its work be confined to the program set forth in his article, the League which Sir Max Waechter has organised will make no more headway than the other Peace Societies. Make International Partnership the object of the League, and he will be laying the foundation stone for a United States of Europe.

## Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

SCENE: "The Empire Day Demonstration" at the Queen's Hall.

TIME: 8 p.m. Saturday, May 24.

To judge from the poor attendance, the prospect of listening even to Lord Charles Beresford and his array of "trustworthy henchmen" (vide Press) only appeals to those directly interested, either by family or financial ties, in the speakers and platform supporters. At a generous estimate the stalls and circle are half full, while the spectators who are relegated to the balcony amount to very much less than fifty. Not even a Fabian meeting can hope to vie, in inanity of facial expression and in grotesqueness of costume, with this truly extraordinary collection, whose only purpose must be that of acting as a foil to those on the platform. F. R. Kingee, Esq., has been harassed into maltreating an excellent organ, and Messrs. Benjamin Edgington, Ltd., have been persuaded into superintending the decorations for a cash consideration, which, judging from the results obtained, cannot have been worthy of the great names on the programme. Lord Charles Beresford, followed by the Hon. W. A. Watt, Prime Minister of Victoria, the Hon. T. Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand, Mr. Henry Page Croft, M.P. (Chairman of the Imperial Mission), the Hon. Sir Richard Solomon (High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa), and many others, both male and female, steps on to the platform, and, being received with cheers, smilingly unfurls a small and insignificant Union Jack. After Miss Eliza-

both D'Esmond, attired in a bouquet of roses, and the usual accessories, has rendered, "Land of Hope and Glory" and "God Save the King," Lord Charles Beresford rises amidst further cheers and begins:—

LORD C. B. : I am very pleased to be asked to act as chairman to a meeting such as this, representative of all that is best in this great and glorious British Nation. (Mr. R. Blumenfeld, who is seated on the platform, "Hear, hear.") Our object is to consolidate the component parts of this illustrious Empire . . . We may have taken countries by force, but they have been made more comfortable and civilised than they were before . . . Look at the men we have produced. Modesty forbids me to mention one name. . . The Colonies realise more than we do what the Empire means. . . . There is a lot of flabby sentimentality in this country that had better be buried . . . Not only have we taken over countries by force, but there are a great many more that we have been *asked* to take over—but we have refused, as we did not think it would be to our advantage. Now if British rule were really so much more beneficial than any other, as I, blithering jackass that I am, maintain it is, our duty is to take them over; but although I am always talking about duty, like an empty-headed and bung-bellied old hypocrite, I quite agree that we ought not to take over any country unless it is profitable to us . . . The cardinal object of us all is peace. The preservation of the Empire means the preservation of peace . . . Council of Imperial Defence . . . Let us keep what we have got and hold what we have . . . In conclusion I would say that the British Empire has done more for civilisation, progress, liberty and the capitalist, than the rest of the world put together. (Loud cheers.) I call upon the Hon. W. A. Watt to address the meeting. (Renewed cheers.)

HON. W. A. W. : Thanks for those inspiring cheers. I must congratulate the Imperial Mission on the way it works and on its choice of Chairman to-night. (A well-fed smile wrinkles the sleek and flabby face of Beresford.) If the whole country were searched for a patriotic Imperialist, none could be found better . . . Let us amalgamate the Empire into one homogeneous whole. . . Every land and every water in the world bears the flag of the Empire (cheers). . . The ships that plough . . . Sun never sets . . . The people who inhabit the Empire are prosperous, contented, and ambitious to be still more stable. . . The British Empire is *not* an accidental development. . . The Empires of Greece, Rome, Carthage, of Charlemagne, Carl and Napoleon were mere pigmy and mushroom growths in extent and duration. . . Mightiest and most beneficent power . . . late Queen Victoria . . . tender affection . . . The Union Jack that has braved a *thousand years* (sic) . . . Garden of Egypt rescued from bondage by *English rule* . . . Sitting solitary in her island citadel in the Northern Seas . . . Meridian of *longitude* . . . *Antartic* Ocean . . . Great thing to be a Britisher . . . Native land. . . Pride of blood . . . We have taught the world what true civilised government will do for the people . . . The great character which distinguishes the British people . . . There is much for hard and clear thinking (cheers) . . . John Bull and Co., Ltd., can do all its business over its own counters . . . The *organism* must be built. . . Virility of intention, and capability of holding their own, are outstanding characteristics of the British. . . GOD HAS HAD A HAND IN DESIGNING THE BRITISH EMPIRE. (This unwarrantable reflection on the character of the Deity is received with tumultuous cheers.)

LORD C. B. : The Hon. T. Mackenzie will now propose the first resolution.

HON T. M. : The resolution is as follows: That this

meeting assembled on Empire Day sends greeting to all British citizens throughout the world, and unanimously is of opinion that the time has come when the countries of the British race should be drawn still more closely together, when defence and commerce should be organised to their mutual benefit and when the consultation between the Mother country and the Dominions should be placed upon a more effective basis, in order that the various governments of the Empire may work together still more effectively in the cause of Empire Unity. (Cheers.) . . . I am proud to belong to the British race. . . Let us be one. . . The peace of the world really rests in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race. . . We who are now under the beneficent rule of King Edward—(a shudder passes through the crowd, but the idiot repeats the name in his next sentence) . . . Fifty-five years ago my father arrived in New Zealand . . . Lord Rosebery said, "Welcome Home!" (Loud cheers.) . . . We are going to build ships . . . Here you have a magnificent navy. (Cheers. Beresford, who has been dozing mildly, suddenly wakes up and yawns a loud, "Hear! hear!") And the army is the best in the world for its numbers. (Loud cheers.) . . . Europe armed to the teeth . . . Grand old Mother Country at enormous expense trying to uphold the standard of two keels to one . . . If Russia and Germany were ever to unite it would not be possible for the British Empire *to long continue*. Let us stand unitedly together . . . Kipling . . . mumble . . . mumble . . . mumble . . . "pillars shall not fall." (Cheers.)

LORD C. B. : I call upon Mr. Page Croft to second the resolution.

P. C. : Lord Strathcona, who was to have spoken to-night, is absent. As he is marrying his granddaughter, I am sure you can understand that at his age his exertions have proved too much for him. (The speaker is allowed to proceed without an interruption.) You, we, and all of us to-day here are just the same as any of us were all together as we ever were before. We pride ourselves on our *esprit de patrie* (pronounced *pattery*). The British race is not often turned aside by difficulties . . . We should like an Imperial Council so that all the best brains, such as ours, may come together . . . Let us reciprocate the great trade advantages . . . The Empire is the biggest market the world has ever seen . . . To-morrow will see a great day for the British Empire if we only organise and come together. . . The Cause is too great and too noble to ignore. . . Everyone here loves the flag. There is gold in the heart of the British working man (and by implication in his hands and sinews too) . . . To raise this up out of the gutter of Party Politics is the message of Nationalism. (Loud applause. The resolution is then carried—unanimously, of course.)

LORD C. B. : I call on Sir Richard Solomon.

SIR R. S. : We all want to see the Empire united and strong, upholding the traditional principles of freedom and justice. (Cheers.) The uncivilised and barbarous races of the world are more contented and better cared for than under any other rule. (Applause.)

LORD C. B. : I call upon Mr. J. J. Carrick, Member of the Canadian Parliament.

J. J. C. : (speaking with a pleasant and soft accent) : We want One King—One Navy—One Empire. . . In moments of adversity we want to stand by the Mother Country. . . British cruiser chased by foe . . . Canadian harbour . . . "Get outside" . . . Sunk in the view of British subjects. . . If they force us to the Country, Mr. Borden will clear the board. (Cheers. The organ begins, "For he's a jolly good fellow." The audience and platform join in, Lord Charles Beresford included, to the great delight of the Press.)

## In South Africa.

How is it possible to arrive at an agreement on the policy to be adopted in respect to native affairs and the general treatment of natives? The result of a study of native life and customs so far as it finds expression in formulating a policy appears to depend entirely upon the temperament of the student, and is consequently to be suspect. You will probably reply that this is the case with any other important question outside of cold science; to which I can only retort that it seems to be peculiarly the case here; so much so, in fact, that where in other matters argument and discussion may tend to a modification of views all round, on this native question disputants always find their own opinions confirmed and strengthened.

Naturally, said Biddicombe, it is useless to bring forward any but a practicable policy, but it is surely possible both for the brute and the idealist to be convinced by argument and demonstration of what is practicable; that is, of course, allowing them to be men of sense and thought otherwise.

You mean, said Blount, that a round table meeting of all the temperaments, we'll say the Governor appoints two eminent authorities from each of the four provinces to formulate a policy—should result in a workable compromise? But, my dear fellow, I believe this to be a question on which the compromise so arrived at would be found to be acceptable to the country for the simple reason that, apart from a few matters of legal detail here and there, it would leave things exactly as they are. There would be an agreement, perhaps, on the matter of education. A recommendation might be made that this be brought under Government control and assistance provided up to standards three or four. The suggestion, however, that the Government go beyond this and provide colleges for the higher education of the natives would meet with determined opposition; in spite of the fact that if they were unable to obtain such education here, young natives would be sent in numbers to America, where they would form views which, when they returned to South Africa, would not lead to more amicable relations between black and white.

Would the opposition to this higher education arise from mere colour prejudice?

Certainly not. Taking the relative numbers of black and white into consideration it is held to be highly undesirable to offer any encouragement to the native to educate himself at all. If the numbers were approximately equal there would be little serious opposition to any educational proposal. Should, even now, any school of missionaries, or association of natives, undertake the establishment of higher schools or colleges, no objection would be raised, for when it is suggested that natives will be sent to America to study and will return to propagate anti-white ideas, the reply will be that not many will go to America, and further that when the natives want trouble they will find it. The argument that it would be surely better that the Government obviate possible future trouble and discomfort by directing and supervising native education from the lowest to the highest has some weight, but, I think, will not appeal to the country as it would be held to be creating a greater danger than that it is intended to guard against. Man for man the white fears nothing, and in a fight he would not mind meeting five to one; but with the position as it is he has to preserve every advantage he has or can obtain to prevent himself being gradually, peacefully, but very painfully squeezed out. From the point of view of justice and humanity the case from the native side cannot be argued against that, although active repression will not be resorted to, considering that we stand to the native "in loco parentis," it is for us to decide whether we as a nation can expect to progress happily when actuated in our policy by positive and confessedly selfish motives.

Self preservation is the first law of Nature, growled Grainger.

Then civilisation counts for nought?

No, not quite, for the compromise you think might be arrived at is surely a distinct gain which would never have been obtained in a state of lower civilisation.

Yes. I suppose we are semi-civilised.

The question of segregation would arise, of course. This is a subject which is greatly exercising the mind of the nation at present, and the debate upon it would be lengthy and earnest. In the final result I think you would find segregation agreed upon provided it was not made compulsory. This would be the quite satisfactory compromise arrived at; for it would mean that stretches of country would be set aside from which the white man would be barred but upon which the native might settle or not as he pleased. It would leave things rather worse than they are now, and nothing would come of the resolution. Anything like a close knowledge of the conditions prevailing in the Cape province will convince anyone of the hopelessness of the segregation idea; and to think of leaving the Cape out of the question is to make confusion worse confounded. Native chiefs would generally be found to favour compulsory segregation. It would gain them territory, draw their wandering people around them, and greatly increase their power and prestige. Missionaries, as a whole, would not oppose such a policy. They much prefer not having "white" influence and example about them in their native work. But taking the country as a whole any idea of compulsory segregation can be ruled right off the slate. No Government would dare to table such a bill. The question also of equal rights of citizenship would arise and here it is not easy to see how even as futile a compromise as the segregation compromise would be arrived at. The men from the north—Transvaal and Orange Free State—if they represented the public opinion of those provinces at all, would be adamant against allowing any possibility of the native obtaining equal voting rights with the white; although they would agree either to some form of native Parliament under Government auspices or, say, to the chiefs having the right to nominate a white man as their especial representative in the House. The men from Cape Colony while having nothing like the same solid backing of public opinion from their province, would be unable to entertain any proposal for disfranchising those natives who already have the vote; nor could they well consider any suggestion that it be made more difficult for the native to obtain a vote than for the white. The northern men might put it to them that: allowing those natives who already have it to retain their voting right, which must die out with them, and granting a native elective council to be provided for in each province, no more natives should be admitted to the franchise in respect of the "white" House in any province of the Union. Apart from the difficulty, especially in the Cape, of determining "native" where so much cross-breeding has taken place, and also the fact that the consent of the English Government would be required before the Cape could act, such a way out of the turmoil seems feasible; so far from any injustice being done to the native I believe we could scarcely do him a greater kindness than to place him outside of white politics and in control of his own. But I do not think any such compromise would be accepted for the simple reason that no public men in Cape Colony have shown themselves to possess the courage and audacity required to back it.

You appear to have a pretty poor opinion of the men of Cape Colony!

In a way, yes. The native vote has made hypocrites of them all! When I find one of their public men frankly stating and strongly maintaining from the platform that conditions must be arranged as to ensure the dominant position of the white inhabitants for all time, then I shall give them more credit for backbone and straight dealing.

SEROTA.

## The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

AMONGST those who fled from Ireland during the stricken year of 1847 was my father—then a youth of fifteen, a native of Ballyduffy, County Roscommon, and my mother (née O’Grouke), a girl of fourteen, born at Lisduff, County Mayo. They met in Birmingham some thirteen years later and married. I was their second son. When I was a little boy my mother used sometimes to entertain me with stories of her recollections of that time. She related that on the morning she left home, and whilst waiting at the cross roads at Ballyhaunis for the stage coach which was to carry her to Dublin, she saw the famished pigs devouring the dead bodies of two women, and nobody attempted to drive the brutes away for fear they should turn and rend the living.

Even this shocking case is out-horrored by the case related by Mitchel: “That insane mothers were discovered devouring the bodies of their dead children.” It was no unusual thing for a party of generous English men and women who had gone over to Ireland to offer what relief was in their power, to discover, on reaching some isolated Connacht village, the appalling fact that the whole of the inhabitants were already skeletons upon their hearths.

Then there were the horrible coffin ships, which carried away those who could afford to pay their passage to America. My mother told me that during the seven weeks it took to cross the Atlantic, at least one half of those who fled from Ireland died either from fever, caused by the famine or under the frightful conditions which prevailed aboard ship. The bodies of the poor outcasts were flung overboard without ceremony or lamentation, for none knew how soon his own turn would occur.

To-day, when Englishmen observe the Irish in America opposing the establishment of closer relations between the two countries, it would repay them to inquire whence comes this hostility. They would discover that the matters I relate here are neither forgotten nor forgiven by the descendants of those who succeeded in reaching alive the free shores of the great Republic. They would realise further that the nation no more than the individual can escape the result of its own actions.

Whilst these human sacrifices were being consummated, “Government” were busy transporting to England the food raised by the Irish and trying to prevent the Irish from following their food; but, as I remarked before, numbers did succeed in reaching England. What was their fate? Hated and despised by the English for ages, speaking a foreign language, professing the most detested of all creeds, illiterate, without resources or mechanical knowledge, a horde of ignorant, hunted, starving agricultural peasants seeking a refuge amid the soulless surroundings of England’s industrial towns and cities,—did ever another people (save the Jews) experience the like? Where did they go? They flocked to the lowest of England’s slums to herd with the scum of England’s criminal classes. They crowded together for mutual protection and support, and in the course of time, by sheer concentration, were able to force out the aboriginals and to possess themselves of the slums almost alone. For a means of livelihood they accepted the hardest, dirtiest and lowest paid labour in the industrial market and soon became an invaluable commodity for the exploitation of the English manufacturers. In a short time such work as navvying, hod-carrying, blast-furnace, chemical making, grinding, smelting, and mining absorbed what survived of the men. The women found employment in such trades as pin, pen, umbrella-rib making, brass polishing, hand press (disc and washer cutting), pit-brow and brick making, cotton, paper, and rope works, and many other occupations where the qualities in demand were strength and ignorance and low wages.

My own earliest recollection begins with the 23rd of

November, 1867. At that time my father was employed as foreman in a brass foundry, and as we lived near the works it was usual for us to have dinner immediately after the works’ buzzer had indicated one o’clock. On that day, for some reason, which at that time I did not understand, my father did not come home at his usual time, and although dinner was ready, my mother would not give the children anything to eat. She appeared highly nervous and fidgetted about the house, on tip-toe, as it were, suppressing any talk of ours with an impressive hush.

At last, at about four o’clock my father staggered into the house. Flinging himself into a chair he burst into a passionate flood of tears. “It’s all over, Mary,” he said. My mother at once broke into that most awful of all human cries—the Irish keen for the dead. She abandoned herself utterly to the grief which had seized her, and then, through sympathy and fear, without knowing why, my brother and I joined in the lamentation, which was maintained till we were spent through physical exhaustion.

The occasion, I afterwards learned, which gave rise to this scene was the hanging of Allen, Larkin and O’Brien in Manchester for the accidental shooting of Police-Sergeant Brett during the attack upon the prison van for the purpose of rescuing the Irish political prisoners, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasey.

For some weeks before this particular day a strange change had come over our home. Instead of being allowed to romp and frolic in the manner to which we were accustomed, my mother now suppressed all our humours, for no reason that we could see, whilst our time for going to bed had become earlier by several hours. The cause of these changes, as I afterwards discovered, was as follows: Of those members of the Irish Republican Brotherhoods who effected their escape after the attack on the prison van in Manchester, five succeeded in reaching our home by means of the canal. At first my father gave them refuge in the cellar, but when the want of light and dampness began to injure their health, he purchased a dozen pigeons and turned our attic into a pigeon cote. Here he fixed a flying trap in the window, where he used to make himself as conspicuous as possible in the handling of the birds, so that if any of the neighbours chanced to observe a man in our attic during the day they would take it to be my father.

These outlaws found a safe asylum in our home for five months, until my father succeeded in getting them away one by one to America. The worry, strain and responsibility of that time, however, shattered his health and he began to decline. He never was the same again, and though he lived for five more years, he died while still a young man of forty-two.

No sooner, however, were his political comrades safe beyond the Atlantic than other work claimed his time and attention. At this period there was let loose in Birmingham an Orange blackguard by the name of Murphy. This infamous scoundrel had come over to England to hound the English mob on to the destruction of the Irish refugees. Such were the lies concerning them and their religious practices circulated by this unscrupulous thing, that the worst passions of the ignorant were aroused and violent attacks were made on several Irish colonies. On one occasion, in Park Street, they literally tore away the fronts of the houses and partly destroyed a Catholic chapel. For months afterwards the only walls and roofs the Irish had for shelter were made of sheets and blankets.

After this success the Murphy mob determined to destroy all the Catholic churches in the town. But my father and the other chiefs of the I.R.B. gathered their forces together, and placing so many armed men, either in or about every church (often in direct opposition to the clergy) succeeded in preventing any further destruction.

The friends and admirers of Murphy were so delighted at the results of his campaign that they erected him a tabernacle (in Carrs Lane, I think) with wooden

sides and canvas roof, where he might expound Christianity according to the English Ranters' conception of that doctrine. Some of the Irish thought that this tabernacle offered them an excellent opportunity of getting even with Murphy and his supporters. They procured a quantity of gunpowder and laid it in a train around the edge of the canvas roof, with the intention of firing the train while Murphy and his mob were engaged in their usual blasphemies inside.

To prevent any Irish from entering the meeting, and so sharing the fate intended for Murphy, sentries were posted at all approaches to the tabernacle. Unfortunately for the success of the plot, half a dozen young fellows succeeded in getting in. They then started to create a row before the proceedings began, and were promptly ejected. It was this ejection and the free fight which sprang out of it that caused the plot to miscarry.

Eventually the authorities became so alarmed at the effects produced by the Murphy campaign that they ordered him to quit the town, and it was publicly announced that Murphy would leave on a certain date at a certain hour, by way of New Street Station.

Years afterwards my mother related to me her own actions during that day. They were as follows: My father had been absent from home for the greater part of each night for thirteen weeks, providing protection for the Irish colonies and Catholic churches. On the day that Murphy was announced to leave Birmingham my mother, therefore, broke open one of my father's boxes, and taking thence a revolver, with me upon her left arm, and the loaded revolver between me and her breast, she took up her post at the corner of Moor Street and the Bull Ring, where it was expected Murphy would pass on his way to the station. Sure enough, a procession of mounted and foot police was soon seen coming down Moor Street surrounding a carriage, the blinds of which were down. As soon as the Irish mob, massed in the Bull Ring, saw the conveyance approaching they made a wild rush towards it, to inflict summary vengeance upon their enemy. The police, realising that they were going to be borne down by the sheer weight of the mob, drew up the blinds of the carriage and disclosed that it was empty. The whole elaborate procession was a mere ruse to enable Murphy to escape. My mother always felt aggrieved that she had been deprived of the honour of shooting Murphy. It was not long, however, before some one was more fortunate than she. Two towns claim the honour of having given Murphy his death blow—Wolverhampton and Cleator Moor, which place has the better title I do not know, neither does it matter. Both the man and his works are dead and damned, and I cannot imagine, if there are any still living who aided and abetted him in his infamous campaign, that they can look back upon that period with pride or pleasure.

## The Conservative Van.

THERE is a piece of waste land round the corner in River Street where Thurston's Royal Swings and Roundabouts come every Easter. It was upon this spot that I first saw the Conservative Van. A dirty-looking individual was boiling a tin of water over a stick fire, and the horse—a decrepit strawberry-roan—was nibbling at the dead grass. The Van was a large one, almost the size of a panttechnion; and from the stern end of it, which faced River Street, projected a wide tail-board supported on either side by rusty chains. I carefully examined the sides of the vehicle. The words "Conservative Van" were painted in a faded blue across both sides and in letters about three feet long. Its shafts were elevated into the air. I walked round to the front again and peered into the interior of the van, but could see nothing; it appeared to be empty. I then directed my attention to the man who was still busy with his stick fire. He looked up quickly as I approached. "Bin 'aving a look at the wan?" he inquired. I nodded. "I allus pitch 'ere," he explained; "you cawn't beat this

'ere pitch. I oughter know; I tried dozins o' pitches; they allus relies on me fer the pitch." He gave his stick fire a series of little pokes. "Rather early to pitch, isn't it?" I ventured. "Surely if you got here with the van by about seven o'clock, that would be quite early enough?" While I was speaking I felt the man's attitude towards me change.

"Yew don't 'appen ter be a Redical, d'yer?" I shook my head violently and moved backwards. He came close up to me and thrust his face into mine. "Because if yer are I shall 'ave ter do it on yer—see? Yew don't cum 'ere a-sneaking my pitch—nunderstand? It's bin tried on afore—see? Larst week a blarsted Redical cum pokin' 'is noss arahnd 'ere arter my pitch." He caught hold of my coat collar and swung me round; the ferocious gleam in his eye cowed me; I made no attempt to release myself, but shook my head more violently than ever. "I'm no Radical," I protested; "I hate 'em like poison." He gave me a sudden push backwards which sent me reeling against the van. "Nah we nunderstand one annuver," he exclaimed in a relieved tone, "only I 'as ter be werry careful. It's the quietest pitch in the tahn, is this 'ere. I fahnd it fer 'em. I stands by this 'ere pitch, see? Nobody shifts me or the wan—that's right, aint it, ole gel?" He addressed the horse, and patted it upon the quarters affectionately for some moments. "Wot d'yer fink o' the wan, mister?" he asked at length. "I should say that it is rather too large for the purpose of lecturing," I replied, gaining confidence. "Why, it's large enough for a moving job." He came closer, and touched the side of the van against which I was leaning. "You're wrong, mister," he retorted; "this wan *advertises* the pawty—see? Thet's wot catches the hie—C-O-N-S-E-R-V-A-T-I-V-E P-A-W-T-Y—see? I got the bloke the job ter do that—two years ago—'Arry Penrose—out-o'-work sign-painter 'e was—bin dead eighteen months or more nah. Fast-rate 'and 'e 'ad fer the lettering, as yer can see fer yerself—both sides hexactly the sime." I offered him a cigarette, which he broke up and placed in his pipe. "And the wan," I inquired—"where did the wan come from?" He handed me back my matches and expectorated. "Allen's," he replied shortly; "poor ole Allen's—fruiterer, 'e was—one o' the best, too—went broke two year ago—dunno wot's become o' him, never seen 'im since the day we bought the wan at the hauction." "What do you do with yourself all day long?" I asked after a pause. "Have you got any regular work?" My query seemed to annoy him; he spat viciously. "This 'ere's my regiliar job," he replied with dignity. "I looks arter the wan, 'olds the pitch, sees ter the ole oss, keeps the crawd in order of a night—we don't stand no lip, mind yer. I 'ad a coupler rahnds wiv a blarsted Redical only larst night—arf killed 'im. Thet's wot I likes this 'ere pitch for—I *gits 'em be'ind the wan.*" He spat upon his huge hands and swung his arms round in a wide circle. I retreated to a safe distance and filled my pipe. "So you're the backbone, so to speak, of this particular branch of the Conservative Party?" There was a note of humour in my voice which he quickly resented. "I does me best for 'em," he answered stolidly, ceasing to swing his arms. "Our party aint aht fer the fun o' the game, I give yer my word. Cum up ter night an' 'ear 'Enery Kimp—there's a speaker for yer—'ear 'im arnser questions—'ear wot 'ees gotter say." He grew quite emotional over Mr. Kimp. "Tariff Reform means work for all," I suggested. "Redicalism attacks yer savins," he added fervently. "British work for British hands," I continued; and so we went on until we had exhausted the popular catch-phrase principles of his party. He had them all by heart, and spoke them earnestly and with a dogged conviction which shamed my cynicism. Here was the common man who believed. A man who would fight till the death if necessary in order to hold his party's pitch against what he believed to be the common foe—and yet, there, peeping out of his ragged coat pocket I perceived something which was also in my own possession—an Insurance card!

ARTHUR F. THORN.

## Letters from Italy.

### XVIII.—THEOCRITUS ON CAPRI.

THERE are three ways of damning the memory of Theocritus and betraying the beauty of Greek literature. The first is to treat him as a classic, to talk about him and not read him. So, obviously, thought that critic who, in an article on a modern lyricist, coupled the name of Theocritus with that of Theognis! Think of it, Theognis, the gnomic poet, who wrote semi-political poems in epic dialect, and lived about the end of the 6th century B.C. linked with the open-air, Sicilian Theocritus, who wrote pastoral poetry at the court of the Ptolemies about 280 B.C. It is rather like saying Mr. So-and-So's style resembles that of Malory and Cardinal Newman. The second way is to read him in translations, and there is only Lang's translation—and could Ancassin really get at the beauty of a Greek thing? And the third is to read him as a schoolmaster does. It were far better not to read him at all. The garden of the muses used as a playground—a playground?—a bear-garden—for the gambols of philologists is a grievous spectacle.

One comes rather sadly to the conclusion that hardly anyone does read Theocritus as the work of a poetic artist should be read. I have no doubt that Mr. Mac-kail reads him, and could talk about him far more pleasantly than I could hope to do; and, if he chose, M. Anatole France could give us a delightful little "conte" of Sicilian life in the 3rd century B.C.; and M. Henri de Régnier must know the eclogues by heart—but they are a very few. And if that pleasant notion of Maeterlinck's be true—that the dead only wake up when some living person thinks affectionately of them—Theocritus' sleep in the asphodel meadows must be often untroubled. Still, an artist like this Syracusan would be content with the homage of those choice minds who love delicate beauty for its own sake. For, after all, that is the artist's most precious reward; and as Bishop Blougram truculently remarks, what shame must Verdi have felt "at his worst opera's end," when—

"He sees through all the roaring and the wreaths  
Rossini, sitting silent in his stall"?

I find Theocritus very pleasant company in this southern island, where so much of the country resembles that referred to in the Idylls, and I come to understand him more than when I tried to read him in the dirt and damp of an English winter. How, for instance, can one sympathise with a phrase like, "οὔτε γὰρ ὕπνος οὔτ' ἔαρ ἑξαπίνης γλυκερώτερον, οὔτε μελισσῶν ἄνθηα"—"for neither sleep nor sudden spring is sweeter, nor flowers to the bees"—when the hooters of cars and the clatter of wagons disturbs one's midday slumbers, when "Spring" means a little more rain and a few crocuses in St. James's Park, and a bee deserves a whole hive to himself? But one can understand it here where one lives in day-long blessed idleness and silence, and where one watches the spring growth of orchard and upland manifestly richer each day as the southern sun develops every green thing. And here one understands the lines that come immediately before those I have just quoted:

"Τέττιξ μὲν τέττιγι φίλος μύρμακι δὲ μύρμαξ  
ἴρακες δ' ἴραξιν, ἐμὴν δ' ἄμοῖσα καὶ ῥάδα."

"Dear is the locust to the locust, the ant to the ant, the falcon to the falcon, but to me the muse and song." For here they could really sing of "nature" without being suspected of a kind of vegetarian pose, and in a climate which tends to discourage any form of merely utilitarian industry it was no shame for a man to admit that he preferred the life of the chirping cricket to that of the laborious ass. The "τέττιξ" is not our dwarf grasshopper that hops about grassy slopes in July, but a large brown locust, which the Italians call a "grillo," and which flies up from under one's feet with a whirring of wings, as if he were a partridge. Some of the ants here, also, are not small like ours, but fellows about half-an-inch long, who walk stupidly about the paths

waiting to be "observed" by some naturalist, or squashed, or eaten by birds. And there are hawks about all the cliffs.

I do not want to appear to be dragging in the fauna of Capri as an illustration to Theocritus, because it is obvious that locusts and ants and hawks do not inhabit South Italy exclusively; but Theocritus has some lines which might have been written in any European country, others which are entirely southern. The frequent references to "κεράον τραγον,"—"the horned he-goat"—and "ἡ χίμαρος,"—"the she-goat" are South-Italian enough, for one sees goats everywhere here. And of what other country could one say that at midday "ὁ σαῦρος ἐφ' αἵμασαιῶσι καθέδδει"—"the lizard sleeps on the walls"—or that we fear Pan, "for at that time of day he sleeps, being wearied with hunting, and he is harsh, and ever bitter rage is seated in his nostrils" καὶ οἱ αἰεὶ δρμητὰ χολὰ ποτὶ ῥῖνι κάθηται? Moreover, in the "Adoniaezusæ" there is a distinct reference to that fondness for keeping flowers in pots or baskets which is still so noticeable among country-people in South Italy. It is where the singing-girl so beautifully says:—

"ἀπαλοὶ κᾶποι, πεφυλαγμένοι ἐν ταλαρίσκους  
ἀργυρέους"

"soft cresses blooming in silver baskets." It must be remembered that flowers grown in this way were anciently called "Ἀδωνίδες κῆποι," a sort of metaphor for the resurrection of Adonis. I wish I could say that so pleasant an idea still lingered in Italy.

Theocritus was not without humour. There are passages in which the herdsmen and the shepherds call each other thieves and liars in witty Greek, and others like, "Drive up those heifers, the beggars are eating the shoots of that olive"—τᾶς γὰρ ἐλαίας τὸν θαλλὸν τρώγοντι τὰ δύσσοα"; and "Look at me, Corydon, be Gord—a damn thistle has just stuck into my ankle, and the spines are prickly. Devil take that heifer!"—κακῶς ἂ πόρτις ὄλοιτο.

But his many references to flowers make the most beautiful lines of Theocritus. Here are a few. "Black is the violet and the lettered hyacinth (ἡ γραπτὰ δάκνθος) but ever they are chosen the first for garlands." He speaks of the meadows that are fair with "κνύξα τ' ἀσφοδέλω τε πολυγνάμπω τε σελίνῳ"—endive and asphodel and thick-woven parsley—or, as in the "Hylas," "κνάνεον τε χελιδόνιον, χλορόν τ' ἀδιάντον"—dark celandine and yellow maidenhair. "Swallowwort" would be nearer than "celandine," and makes "κνάνεον" even more beautiful, as that word means "swallow-blue," as well as "dusky," "dark." Again, in one of the epigrams he dedicates to Apollo, "dewy roses and thick wild thyme"—κατάπικκος ἐρυλλος; and the rejected lover outside the cave of Amaryllis, where "ἡ βομβεῦσα μέλισσα"—the buzzing honey-bee—hovers by—τὸν κισσὸν καὶ τὰν πτέριν—the ivy and the fern—spends his time "weaving ivy with fragrant buds of selina" (? parsley).

He knows spring, and the happiness of spring; he has noticed "yellow shady trees, weighted with delicate buds"—χλωραὶ δὲ σκιάδες μαλακῶ βρίθοντες ἀνήθῳ—and "the shrill locusts who have their labour in the shady boughs," and he knows how "the larks and finches sang, the turtle-dove moaned (ἔστεινε τρυγῶν); the tawny bees (ξανθαὶ μελισσῶν) hovered above the springs."

These are so few of the beautiful things in Theocritus, and I have used up all my space. As a fitting end I put these lines from an epigram sometimes attributed to Theocritus:—"A never-failing river gushed from the rocks, and on all sides bloomed laurels and myrtles and sweet-scented cypress. And there all about grew in tendrils the vine, the child of the grape; and the spring blackbirds, singing their changing notes, mourned with clear-toned songs. And the tawny thrushes re-echoed them, singing a honey-dropping speech from mournful mouths."

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

## Readers and Writers.

THE Irish Literary Society "comes of age" this week, and in celebration of the longevity of a born invalid a dinner is to be given to Mr. Yeats, or by him, or for him, in the Botanical Gardens. Why the Botanical Gardens I cannot guess, for I should have thought the other Gardens more suitable. It is perhaps in revenge for having been for a brief period a whole-hearted dupe of the Irish literary movement that I can now contemplate it only with contempt. In those days, twenty-one years ago, when Mr. W. B. Yeats first founded the society in his rooms in Bedford Park we were all of us a little light-headed. Pater had written "Marius the Epicurean" for us; within a week or two of the invention of the Irish movement Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan" had made its first appearance. In fact, we anticipated new movements as regularly as the successions of kings. I remember I attempted at the time an apologia for the new comers in which a fair helping of the vocabulary of Wilde and Pater was the most conspicuous feature. We were very particular then what company we kept in the dictionary; and very promiscuous, as I now see, what ideas we entertained. The fact is clear now I come to look back that neither Pater nor Wilde, neither Yeats nor the whole Irish school, had any ideas at all. All Pater you could put into a sentence and pass it by. All Wilde is in somebody else. As for Yeats and the Irish school, a substantial prize could not draw a programme of their ideas without exposing the banality and absurdity of them.

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In his "Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study" (Methuen, 1s. net—and very cheap, too), Mr. Ransome remarks that he cannot understand why the Pater-Wilde period (with Mr. Yeats, I may add, as its tail-piece) was ever called decadent. Surely it is either disingenuous or incompetent to fail in such an easy matter. The school was called decadent because it was decadent; and the decadence consisted in the usual feature of decadence, namely, the elevation of the part above the whole in value. Pater, I verily believe, never had an idea in his life. In consequence he spent the whole of his energy in concealing the fact in his style. On his style he spent enormous pains as if he knew that he would live by that or nothing. That, I say—the over-attention to style—is decadence. Wilde again was never even a man of letters. Mr. Ransome in my opinion utterly fails to present Wilde as he was, an Irish causeur and wit, a born blarney, a talker. In his conversation Wilde was as nearly natural as a self-conscious Irishman in England can possibly be; that is, he talked to the English as if he were an exotic Frenchman, never, by any chance, aiming at the truth, but aiming always at producing in us a pleasant gaping admiration of his cleverness. There are plenty of such young Irishmen in England to-day, only their vogue is past and they no longer surprise us. Too clever for his intellect I called one of them a few weeks ago. Mr. Ransome, however, takes Wilde seriously, if critically, as a writer, as a literary man. But as a writer, if you like, Wilde was a poseur. With a pen in his hand he was no longer Wilde but a sort of figure which I can only describe as Turveydrop on paper. He finicked among the words and phrases of the language as if he were paying court to them and was expecting a rebuff from the English genius at any moment. I never saw a page of Wilde that had not "amateur" in the vulgar sense written all over it, in vocabulary, in phraseology, and in construction. That also, when the writer is unaware of it, is decadence. It is not mastery of the language, but service under it as under a mistress. And our language, thank goodness, hates the man who treats it as if it were the Lady of Shalott or Isolda. It is a queen, and its best courtiers are Prime Ministers.

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But Mr. Yeats, I really think, is more empty of ideas and more tinselled in style than either of his predecessors

in the succession that ends this week in the Botanical Gardens. Pater and Wilde did occasionally come within reach of manly criticism. In the "Renaissance" of Pater and in the Nietzscheanism of Wilde, the commonsense mind can check their conclusions by comparing them with facts. But Mr. Yeats, like the rest of his troop, keeps well in the world of his own invention. He relates nothing but dreams; his people are shadows and his ideas are fancies. How can we test whether what he says is true or not? We have never heard it before, but it usually sounds uncommon nonsense. The only means of verifying his veracity lies in his style; and from Mr. Yeats' style I would conclude nothing in favour of his ideas. There is beauty, beauty everywhere, so to speak, but not a drop to drink. A strong page of writing in simple nervous English nobody can produce for me from Mr. Yeats' writings. His poems? Ah, his poems. Sung or chanted over the fumes from a hookah they sound well. They would do for a cabin and a peat fire and a mixed company drinking; but in the open air, read to oneself alone, they are too thin to hold the attention from a sparrow dusting itself or a bee on a thistle. For the rest, what has the Irish Literary Society done, what has it produced, what trace has it left on our literature? It has contributed no work even of the second rank of greatness, it has produced no man of any greatness whatever; and, finally, its traces, where they are to be found—in our popular versifiers—are those of attenuated imagery, shadowy moods, feebly pathetic rhythms and a carefully selected vocabulary. By the way, Flaubert in France was the master of this species of decadence—its founder practically. Well, Flaubert is no longer read in France. He had nothing to say and agonised himself to say it.

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What literary Ireland needs to-day is less of Yeats and more of Swift and Sterne. The best prose style now being written in Ireland is to be found in the "Irish Homestead," and that is a long way from Swift. My idea of an Irish literary society would be a society composed exclusively of men under vows to write for a year about affairs and nothing but affairs.

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In the "English Review" Mr. Arnold Bennett has again been defending the novel as an art-form—as high as any, he would have us suppose. His reasons, other than those of the leather-merchant, are curious. The novel is a form under which every aspect of life can be treated. Also it includes every other form or can, at least, comfortably accommodate them. Here we have the modern fallacy that to represent the whole of life all its parts must or may be represented. But that is just what they may not be—in art! There are quite as many aspects of life that either have no significance for art or are significant only by their omission as aspects that have any artistic significance. What a world it would be if every phase of it was susceptible of the emotion of beauty! But it isn't, nor even of truth. The number of lies in the world, visible, tangible, concrete, is legion; and with these no artist, save in satire, has any concern. But Mr. Bennett argues that the emotion of beauty is in the beholder. A nice Christian Science doctrine. The "hero" of the current novel, he says, is the embodiment "less of the deeds of the figure chosen than of the understanding sympathy of the artist with the figure." In other words, the novelist and not the character is the real hero; and it is the novelist whose understanding sympathy we are to admire and emulate, not the "figure chosen." I should like to hear the creators of the older romantic heroes on this diversion of interest from their characters to themselves—in the name of art! But the doctrine accounts all the same for the singular pettiness of modern heroes of fiction. As a further appeal for sympathy with the novelists, Mr. Bennett claims for the successful among them an indispensable quality, fineness or nobility of mind. It is with great restraint that I pass on without comment.

One remark of Mr. Bennett's may be compared with the letter by Sir William Richmond on the controversy concerning the Royal Academy that has been blowing popguns in the "Morning Post." Sir William Richmond very obligingly specifies the sort of art-critic that painters like himself appreciate. They are of two kinds: first, fellow masters of painting; secondly, "persons who are truthful and sincere and have no axes to grind." The second category is so exhaustive that I imagine every writer on art would claim to come under it. Where would Sir William Richmond be then? Mr. Bennett is a little more subtle. The sort of critic he appreciates is one who can be ashamed when he catches his artist palming off a bit of fudge for a slice of life. But who is going to observe his shame or to profit by it? Critics, I happen to know, *do* suffer. I could name several of my contemporaries whose disloyalty to their mere profession as writers, let alone their claim to be creative artists, has caused me quite literally hours of bitterness. To be exemplarily explicit, I am rendered speechless with disgust when I find Mr. Bennett himself at once claiming to be a creative artist and appearing simultaneously in half the rags of London. I am even more offended physiologically when Mr. Wells, the author of "The Wheels of Chance" and "Mr. Polly," condescends from those real heights of literature to contributing ignorant clap-trap—doing stunts, in fact—for the "Daily Mail," "Everyman," etc., etc. This spitting in the area is not characteristic of the fineness of mind demanded by Mr. Bennett for his novelist. Its smallest excuse is advertisement, and with advertisement, as I said recently, art *can* have nothing to do.

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Loyalty to the profession of letters demands sacrifices in a thousand ways; or rather they are not sacrifices to the born artist, but simply his methods. On a lower plane, however, it is clear that prestige must be maintained. We need a court of honour for the adjudication of matters of mere professional etiquette in literary manners. Unfortunately, on charlatans its judgments would produce no effect so long as their sales and incomes remained unaffected. What is the shame of the sincere critic with no axe to grind to the self-styled artist who sells his pictures at a thousand guineas a time or disposes of his serial rights for a thousand pounds a novel? I have never seen them blush—in public; though in private they are often apologetic enough. One of the most "successful" writers of today (not named in these notes) confessed to me that his worst critics were right; only, he added, for the love of God don't tell them so! But that is what makes the critic's path so thorny. In the first place, it is by a generous effort of sympathy—requiring a good deal of self-discipline—that he gives his mind to a work and forms a judgment upon it. (Most people shirk the labour of judgment and skim their whimsies for mere approval or disapproval). Secondly, judgments are by no means welcome in most papers, either to their readers or to their advertising publishers. In short, they are seldom published at all. Thirdly, the critic goes in the dark whether his judgment has ever reached its subject. Grateful in the abstract as authors sometimes (after port or new editions) say they are for penetrating criticism; and grateful as they ought to be for its candid expression (especially when passionate), they seldom acknowledge it. I'll put a question to Mr. Bennett. Has he ever in his life thanked a hostile reviewer? He would pay a doctor who told him his lungs were affected.

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So Mr. or Sir Alfred Austin is dead at last. There was no shame in him at any rate, for he not only thought himself poet enough to follow Tennyson, but he applied for the post. Two other versifiers applied also, Lewis Morris of the "Epic of Hades," and Sir Edwin Arnold of "The Light of Asia." Sir Edwin Arnold, I am told, was actually promised the office, but he had the politeness and address to telegraph his congratulations to Mr. Austin all the same. Austin will wake

up on the astral plane to find a bad Press on his de- cease. Not a journal of any courage had a good word to say for him. The infamous "Jameson's Ride," that cost us millions of money for our blubbers, ensured that. Once upon a time, however, I knew a good many passages from "The Garden that I Love," and I took a pleasure in repeating them to myself when no better Veronica was about. As a poet, of course, Austin no more counts than many of his predecessors, Shadwell, Tate, Eusden, Whitehead, Pye; or than his successor is likely to count. For we have even fewer poets to-day than when Tennyson died. Salisbury delayed the appointment of the last for four years. It would be as well to delay the next for forty.

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A treatise on "Prestige" should have been interesting, but Mr. Lewis Leopold's work (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net) opens so badly that I have not the heart to continue: "In this book the author's desire is to call the attention of thinking persons to the fact that prestige is not a logical, or moral, or æsthetic phenomenon, but a psychological, or—to be more precise—a socio-psychological one, which may be connected with the logical, the moral, the æsthetic, and the useful, just as it may with the reverse of the same." A man who can begin a work on magic with such a ponderous sentence is unfit to continue it.

R. H. C.

#### DEAD MAKERS.

##### AN ADDRESS TO THE ASPIRANT.

Rank upon rank through the anchored ages,  
Hosts with hope as a sign upborne,  
These writ large upon crumbling pages,  
Bearing fruit as the shooting corn:  
Those long withered and brittle worn,  
Cracked and dry with the drought of change,  
Rigidly moving and stiff with scorn—  
All may range where the gods arrange.

One sat down in the far-off ages,  
Opened up and refined his skill;  
Rose to dawn and the dull wind's rages,  
Labour'd, polished, and scraped his fill,  
Offered his heart to his people's will,  
Laughed aloud at his failure—strange?  
Sure, though hate be Medusa, still  
All may range where the gods arrange.

One awoke in the droning blackness,  
Full in the night he sang, "'Tis day!"  
One fell harnessed in swathing slackness,  
Fatted with praise and chirruping gay  
With falsehood tuned to a falsehood's pay:  
Such were these as only derange,  
Yet in their waxing each might say,  
All may range where the gods arrange.

Rank upon rank in stubborn order  
Out of their past they face you stern,  
File after file, a fierce recorder,  
Speaks his message in speech you earn—  
"This thing only of all things learn,  
Though folly be easy and quick to estrange  
Help received for help in return,  
All may range where the gods arrange.

"Empty your mind as a wind that troubles,  
Frets and shivers the tortured trees;  
Shift and sift as the tide that doubles  
Hungriily back on a landward breeze,  
As the sharp waves race in a liltling frieze  
Till they feel the flat of the sand and change  
Frothily sudden to crawling ease—  
All may range where the gods arrange."

Princes, pageants are fair to see,  
And money is fair to see in exchange:  
Quick with your glories I leave you free—  
All may range where the gods arrange.

J. A. M. A.

## An Acquaintance of Hers.

By Anton Tchekov. (Translated by H. S.)

THE charming Wanda or, as she was called upon her official license, the citizeness Nastasia Kanawinka, had just been discharged from the hospital, and now suddenly found herself in a predicament in which she had never been before—namely, without a roof for her head or a single kopeck of money. What was she to do?—that was the question.

She went first of all to a pawnbroker's and there liquidated her turquoise ring, her one solitary valuable. She got a rouble for the ring—but what can one get for a rouble? It was not enough to enable her to buy a short stylish coat, a large hat, and shoes of bronzed leather. And without these appurtenances of her costume she somehow felt as if she were naked. She had the sensation that not only the people, but even the horses and dogs turned round to look at her and laugh at her simple clothes. And it was only of the clothes that she thought, the question as to where she was to find food and lodging for the night did not trouble her in the least.

"If I could only meet some gentleman whom I know," she thought, "then I'd soon have a little money. No one would refuse me a little money."

But she met no gentleman of her acquaintance. In the evening, of course, it would be an easy matter to find plenty such gentlemen at the Café Renaissance. But she knew that she would not be permitted to enter that café in this cheap dress and without a hat. What was she to do? After she had cudgelled her brains for a sufficiently long time and had grown weary of sitting about and wandering round, Wanda resolved suddenly, as a last resort, to go direct to the house of one of her male acquaintances and ask him for money.

"To whom shall I go?" she asked herself. "Michail? No, impossible; he is married. And the old red-head is now at his office."

Then Wanda thought of the dentist Finkel, a converted Jew, who had given her a bracelet three months before. Once, during a supper at the German Club, she had poured a glass of beer over his head. She felt quite overjoyed at the thought of this man Finkel.

"If I catch him at home, he'll certainly give me something," she said to herself on her way thither. "If he doesn't give me something—I'll smash his gas globes."

By the time she reached the dentist's door her plan was quite complete. She would run laughing up the steps, burst into his operating room and demand five-and-twenty roubles. But when she put her hand on the knob of the door-bell this plan evaporated instantly from her mind. A great fear and perturbation overcame her—something that had never occurred to her before. It was only when she found herself in drunken and hilarious company that she was able to be bold and shameless, but now when her dress was so common, now when she felt herself in the position of an ordinary beggar, to whom one might refuse admittance, she felt shy and oppressed. Ashamed she felt and full of fear.

Perhaps he has already forgotten me, she thought, and could not make up her mind to pull the bell. How could she appear before him in this dress? Just like a pauper—or a little shop-keeper—

She rang tentatively.

She heard footsteps on the other side of the door; it was the porter.

"Is the dentist at home?" she asked.

She could have wished that the porter had said "No," but instead of answering, he stood aside for her to enter and then helped her off with her cloak. The staircase seemed to her to be very gorgeous, but that which instantly riveted her gaze amidst all the splendour and magnificence was a great mirror in which she saw herself as a young woman poorly dressed, a young woman who was wearing neither a large hat nor a fashionable coat, one whose feet stood unadorned with shoes of bronzed leather. It seemed strange to her that now when

she was so poorly garbed and looked so like a seamstress or a washerwoman, now when shame was stirring within her and all her impudence and audacity had vanished, that at such a moment she should think of herself no longer as Wanda, but once again as Nastasia Kanawinka.

"Will you enter, please?" asked the young lady attendant who led her into the operating-room. "Mr. Finkel will be here in a moment. Be seated, please."

Wanda sat down in a soft arm-chair.

Oh, stuff, she said to herself. I'll merely ask him to lend me a trifle. As he is an acquaintance of mine, there can't be any harm in that. If only that girl would go away! It won't be so easy to say all that in her presence. What is she hanging about for in that way?

After some minutes the door opened and Finkel came in. He was a tall man of Jewish type, dark of skin with round cheeks and prominent eyes. Cheeks, eyes, paunch—everything about him was over plump, uncouth, repugnant. When at the German Club or the Café Renaissance, he was usually very jolly, treated the women lavishly and suffered their practical jokes with admirable patience (as, for instance, when Wanda poured that glass of beer over his head, he had merely laughed and threatened her with his finger), but now he appeared sullen and sleepy. His mien was cold and full of importance like that of some high official, and he made meaningless motions with his hands.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, without even looking at Wanda.

Wanda glanced at the young lady attendant and then let her eyes wander over Finkel's plump figure. Evidently he did not recognise her; a flush overspread her face.

"What can I do for you?" the dentist asked again, this time in a more insistent tone.

"I—I have toothache," murmured Wanda.

"Aha!—which tooth is it? Where is it located?"

She suddenly remembered that she really did have a hollow tooth.

"To the right—here—lower jaw," she answered.

"Ahem! Just open your mouth!"

Finkel put on a serious look, held his breath and searched for the ailing tooth.

"Does it hurt?" he inquired, prodding the tooth with a steel instrument.

"Yes, it does hurt," lied Wanda. If I could only assist his memory, she thought, then he would certainly recognise me again. But—that girl! Hasn't she anything else to do than stand about here?

Then Finkel suddenly puffed his breath directly in her mouth, like the exhaust from a locomotive, and said, "I cannot advise you to have this tooth stopped. You won't be able to get any more service out of it."

After he had prodded the tooth a little longer and had laid hold of Wanda's lips and gums with his unclean, tobacco-stained fingers, he once more held his breath and pushed something cold into her mouth. Wanda felt a sudden, sharp, atrocious pain, gave a cry and clutched Finkel by the arm.

"It's all right, all right," he murmured; "there's no need of being frightened. It was all up with that tooth anyway. Don't lose heart."

And with his yellowed fingers, now flecked with blood, he held the drawn tooth before her eyes. The lady attendant stepped forward and held a glass to her lips.

"When you get home," said Finkel, "you must rinse your mouth with cold water. Then the bleeding will stop."

He stood before her in an attitude which seemed to express the hope that she would go now and leave him in peace.

"Good-bye," said she, and turned towards the door.

"Ahem!—and who is to pay me for my work?" asked Finkel, smiling.

"Oh, of course!" exclaimed Wanda, suddenly remembering. She flushed and gave the converted Jew the rouble which she had received for the turquoise ring.

As she went forth upon the street she felt a sense of shame still stronger than before, but now it was no longer because of her poverty. No longer did she care whether or not she had on a large hat and a stylish coat. She went down the street and spat blood, and with each bloody expectoration she was reminded of her life, her sorry and burdensome life, of the illnesses which she had already borne and those that stood in store, tomorrow, the week after, the whole year through—her whole life long—until death.

"Oh, how horrible it is!" she whispered to herself. "Oh, my God, how terrible!"

Nevertheless, the very next day she was dancing at the Café Renaissance. She wore a new red hat of enormous dimensions, a coat of the latest fashion, and shoes of bronzed leather. And her supper was paid for by a young merchant from the far-lying outer districts—from Kazan.

## Views and Reviews.

If I could be sure that my readers could interpret my silence better than they interpret my speech, I should say that here was a series of books before which criticism was dumb. I know that the phrase would be translated to mean that the critic was speechless, and, as the causes of aphasia are many and various, I prefer to avoid misunderstanding by writing an article. The difficulty is that the publication of this series only quickens my apprehension of the possibility that criticism may be practically useless. The cults of the Ideal-Ideal, and of the Real-Ideal, have been riddled through and through; and yet these plaintive paradoxes can find another publisher. It seems useless to point out that these people are advocating the simple life on a thousand a year, that they are ignoring the very foundations of society in their endeavour to "bring stimulus into the everyday life of the individual," as the prospectus of these "Fellowship Books" phrases it. They have found a publisher, or, what is worse, a publisher has found them; and we are threatened with an apparently unending series of "contributions to a new philosophy, a new life, Vita Nuova." I take the phrase, Latin tautology as well, from the prospectus.

The publisher seems to have had the best intentions. "Urged by his conviction of the need for colour and hope in the present outlook on life, he set to work to give practical form to his imaginings, and found an editor in Mrs. Arthur Stratton in sympathy with his ideals, intent like himself on their realisation." It is certain that he did not find an editor; no editor would have passed the phrase "practical form," or would have agreed that there was "need for colour and hope in the outlook on life," instead of in life itself. What he did discover in Mrs. Stratton was a person capable of writing his advertisements; paragraphs that, considered as statements of fact, are inaccurate, and have no value as literature. She says, for example, of Mr. Clifford Bax: "His gracious attitude towards life and his fellows creates an atmosphere of sunshine whence radiates a belief in beauty and in joy." This beats Mrs. Malaprop—for, if there is one thing of which an attitude is not capable, it is the creation of an atmosphere; and a vapour-globe cannot be "of sunshine," and as sunshine itself is only a radiation, it is not likely that from it anything so original as "a belief in beauty and in joy" would radiate. But that is the stuff that Mrs. Stratton writes. She writes of Gilbert Cannan's "certain universality of outlook," which implies that Mr. Cannan is the universe looking at Mr. Cannan, a paradox not stated before. She says that Mr. Guthrie has "a habit of seeing through his own eyes and not

through those of others," which is true of every mother's son of us; but when she says that "the delight that lurks in the inevitable occupations of an average day is the lantern that lights his path," we can only hope that his eyes do not deceive him, for he might stumble over a metaphor. Mrs. Rhys is let off lightly, although the eyes and the feet do not co-operate; for "while her feet touch the ground, her eyes see visions and those clearly." But Mrs. Stratton cannot resist an exaggerated statement, and she says that Mrs. Rhys "does not blink at facts, but conscious of life as it is and people as they are, she yet sees them as they might be and life as it may be and shall be." "I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide," said Tennyson; but Mrs. Rhys (or is it Mrs. Stratton?) knows better. Mr. Tait escapes with nothing worse than "his ability to see things as a whole, results, perhaps, from his being an architect"; but Mr. Edward Thomas has no reason to thank Mrs. Stratton. "To him, the various regions marked on the map of England and Wales are living actualities." Perhaps that is why Mr. Thomas does not write of "The Country," but reviews books about the country. We are told that "as another would write on men and women he writes of a running stream, of mountains, of a walk by the sea, and manipulates words as a woman handles flowers." A dangerous comparison, for, until we learned something from Japan, our women could do nothing with flowers but bunch them together. Moreover, as Mrs. Stratton probably means cut flowers, the comparison suggests that Mr. Thomas is adept at using words apart from the context that gives them their real meaning; which is probably true. But when we are told: "How much he bestows his temperament—the mystic and poet—on the nature familiar to his readers, or to what extent he has absorbed it, need not be decided here": we can only wonder if we are hearing the authentic echo of the hereafter. If he bestows his temperament on Nature, well, Nature is patient and long-suffering; indeed, Mr. Thomas says that the country (which is what we usually mean when we talk of Nature) "has already absorbed things as huge as London." If this is so, Mr. Thomas had better be careful of bestowing his temperament, or absorbing it or Nature, or whatever it is that he does. If it comes to absorption, he stands no chance whatever against Nature.

This, then, is an example of Mrs. Stratton's editorial ability, and it is the only one; for we are told that "the next step was to prove encouraging, for the authors who were appealed to, at once showed that their interest was roused. To them finally was given free choice of subjects, and thus each has a separate voice in the concert;" which is an infallible way of producing cacophony. Certainly the method requires no editorial ability for its application; that is only employed in the invention of mixed metaphors, or ungrammatical statements like this: "Briefly, the aims of the series are to recall those simple and essential ideas by which we live and move and have our intellectual well-being, in which rests all that is best and most vital in art and letters."

I have not tarried too long over the prospectus, for it is typical of the series: besides, Mrs. Stratton is not likely to exclaim: "Ah me, what act that roars so loud and thunders in the index," although the metaphors are mixed enough to be of her own composition. Mrs. Rhys, for example, can write of "how bright a responsibility falls into the hand of man." She can declare that "the Ideal is by far the realest thing on earth," and certainly, if "money is one of the chief weapons of Idealism," as she also declares, she may be right. When she continues to say: "Even if you have to cook pies or sit on a high stool doing accounts you can do it in an extraordinary way," no one can doubt the possibility; but it is certain that if a person is making pies, or doing accounts for someone else, that person will not have a second opportunity of doing either of these things in an extraordinary way. It may be true of such people, as Mrs. Rhys declares, that "at odd moments those who come in contact with you will have glimpses of those deep seas of light where your daily

\* "Friendship," by Clifford Bax. "The Joy of the Theatre," by Gilbert Cannan. "Divine Discontent," by James Guthrie. "The Quest of the Ideal," by Grace Rhys. "Springtime," by C. J. Tait. "The Country," by Edward Thomas. (Batsford. 2s. net each.)

ablutions are performed"; but if the use of water be forgotten, the second party is more likely to be conscious of a smell.

Mr. Thomas writes of "The Country," but if we delete all that he says about the town, all that he quotes from books (one of the products of the town), there is very little left. Indeed, he says that the countryman "sinks before the 'Daily Mail' like a savage before pox or whisky. Before it is too late, I hope that the Zoological Society will receive a few pairs at their Gardens." If, as the prospectus declares, "the text of such a scheme lies in its power to express a new Humanism or to re-affirm an old faith," Mr. Thomas obviously does not belong to the scheme. He is simply the Cockney in the country, sneering at the other Cockneys who have not read as many books about the country as he has.

Mr. Guthrie is merely paradoxical. "You cannot make content from the absence of cause for discontent." It is by no means clear that you can make content from the presence of cause for discontent; and I am not certain that Mr. Guthrie has any right to foster discontent. An angel troubled the waters, and the waters healed the sick; but Mr. Guthrie's preference for the wisdom of experience rather than the wisdom of innocence, reveals him as an angel of another order.

Exactly what Mr. Clifford Bax means I do not pretend to know. He writes a letter to a friend, who is supposed to be en rapport with himself; certainly some mystical sympathy is probably necessary to the understanding of this sentence. "For my part, as you know, I believe that the majority of spiritual people is to be found where outward limitations are few or none." Of friendship, except as a means of tapping the subconscious, he seems to know nothing; and the value of his judgments may be understood from the fact that he calls Emerson "the profoundest writer at least of the modern world." There was a writer named Nietzsche, and he said that "the perfect does not tolerate witnesses"; and when Mr. Bax understands that sentence, he may not misjudge the value of that union with another that he now regards as the most beautiful element in his life.

I open Mr. Tait's book on "Springtime," and I find him talking about personality. "Personality is not egotism, although it is a force which, when directed inwards and not outwards, becomes the driving power of the egotist. This is why the egotist is so often a very interesting person." For the rest the book is a series of quotations from poets and prose-writers about anything that occurs to Mr. Tait, and the word "Spring" is sometimes mentioned.

Mr. Cannan does, at least, write about the theatre, and if it is difficult to understand exactly what he means (for we know that his own plays do not agree with his formulæ), that is because Mr. Cannan prefers to use phrases without definition. "The essential in the theatre is that dramatic unity which can only be achieved by dignity and sincerity resulting in the simplicity which is the stamp of art," is an example. It may be very true, but what does it mean in an age when everyone claims that his work has these qualities, or has them attributed to him by his friends? Is "Nan" before which a dramatic critic recently sat dumb with wonder, an example? Give us examples, Mr. Cannan, and we shall know what you mean.

I conclude that if, as the prospectus states, "a new wisdom is practically being built up, drawn in large part, it may be, out of the old; but the time has come to formulate this, or at any rate to gather up such a body of thought as may serve to give it an atmosphere in which to develop along its true lines," this series has not begun to do so. Formulation is the last thing of which these writers will be capable, and the new wisdom is so very like the old folly that it does not need formulation. Each of these writers has taken not an idea but a word, and written everything, relevant or irrelevant, that came to his mind; with the consequence that the titles of the books might easily be transposed, and nobody be any the wiser.

A. E. R.

## Notes on the Classics.

WE all know Plutarch's lives of others so well, and so little about his own life—for the materials are few—that there is a tendency among us to look upon him as a mere biographer with a happy turn of phrase in describing character. The "Lives," truly enough, are Plutarch's greatest work; the greatest work of his at all events that we have had left to us; but they are much more than the journalistic fustian that passes for character-sketch writing at the present day. They differ in kind from such modern work.

But Plutarch's "Moralia" is not a book to be disregarded; and all of us who value classical literature will be glad to find a selection of the "Moral Essays" published in the "Everyman Library." Plutarch never professed to be a philosopher in the sense that he thought out new rules of life and conduct and wrote them down for the benefit of his fellow-men. His admirers give us a false impression of the man when they apologise for the alleged inconsistencies in his alleged philosophical system. Nothing could ever have been further from Plutarch's mind than the idea of constructing a system of philosophy. It would be much more correct to say that we have in him a very cultured Greek, naturally, therefore, a man of philosophical temperament; a man in whom every philosophic principle applicable to the eternal conditions of humanity found instant understanding and a ready response. In this Plutarch resembles Cicero, in whom all that was valuable and permanent in Greek thought found an echo and was transformed straightway into Latin.

In the "Morals," as in the "Lives," Plutarch charms the reader by his taste, his penetration into genius and sympathy with it, his picturesque style—he charms, in short, because he is, as Professor Mahaffy described him, the spokesman of the better life that still survived in the Greek world in the "Martinmas summer" of its history. Such a rare combination of the scholarship, grace, and delicacy of Addison and the strong sense and dignity (even if sometimes pompous dignity) of Dr. Johnson never again appeared in literature. The nearest approach to it must be sought in Matthew Arnold.

In this volume, however, even the merits of Plutarch are hard put to it to rise superior to the merits of his translator; or rather both writer and translator merge so much into one that we might almost be reading an Elizabethan classic instead of the Elizabethan version of a Greek classic. Philemon Holland thoroughly deserved Fuller's description of him as the "translator-generall of his age." This provincial doctor and schoolmaster, who had settled down in Coventry after passing through Chelmsford Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge, devoted his ample leisure time to translating Latin and Greek classics; and the heavy folios containing his versions of Pliny, Livy, Suetonius, and Plutarch's "Morals" have long been the delight of collectors. Well might he ask proudly: "Have I not Englished every word aptly?" In an age of famous translators, as Mr. Blakeney reminds us in his short introduction to the volume, Holland was more famous than all the rest. As examples of rich Elizabethan English his translations simply must be read; for they are not so much translations as new books, transmuted rather than translated from the Latin and the Greek.

To those who are familiar with the classics every line of the "Moralia" is full of reminiscence. It is only natural that the scholar should look eagerly for the essay on Isis and Osiris or that on the Nature of the Unseen World. They are not in this selection, but one would hesitate to suggest that any of those here should be taken away to make room for one of the others. Certainly Mr. Blakeney has benefited us by including the famous essay on Superstition. Who could help being

carried away by the rolling opening sentences in which Plutarch-Holland begins?

The ignorance and want of true knowledge as touching the gods divided even from the beginning into two branches, meeting on the one side with stubborn and obstinate natures, as it were with a churlish piece of ground, hath in them engendered impiety and atheism; and on the other side, lighting upon gentle and tender spirits like a moist and soft soil, hath bred and imprinted therein superstition: now as all error in opinion and judgment, and namely in these matters, is hurtful and dangerous enough; so if it be accompanied with some passion of the mind it is most pernicious. For this we must think, that every one of these passions resembleth a deception that is feverous and inflamed; and like as the dislocations of any joints in a man's body out of their place joined with a wound be worse than others to be cured; even so the distortions and errors of the mind meeting with some passion are more difficult to be reformed (p. 372).

There is another reference to the passions in the first essay in this book, "Of Moral Virtue," which is equally favourable to Holland's style:—

For neither do they shed and spill their wine upon the floor who are afraid to be drunk, but delay the same with water: nor those who fear the violence of a passion do take it quite away, but rather temper and qualify the same: like as folk use to break horses and oxen from their flinging out with their heels, their stiffness and curtness of the head and stubbornness in receiving the bridle or the yoke, but do not restrain them of other motions in going about their work and doing their deed. And even so verily, reason maketh good use of these passions, when they be so well tamed and brought (as it were) to hand: without over weakening or rooting out clean that part of the soul which is made for to second reason, and do it good service: for as Pindarus saith:

"The horse doth serve in chariot at the thill,  
The ox at plough doth labour hard in field.  
Who list in chase the wild boar for to kill,  
The hardy hound he must provide with skill (p. 25).

There is one more quotation which really ought to be given. It might have been thought that by the time of Plutarch men would have had nothing new to say about fortune. But Plutarch had, in a delightful little essay which begins with a charming touch of irritation because he could not verify a quotation; a trace of spleen which Holland has "Englished" exactly as Plutarch would have written had he been writing in Holland's language:—

"Blind fortune rules man's life alway,  
Sage counsel therein bears no sway,"

said one (whoever it was) that thought all human actions depended upon mere casualty, and were not guided by wisdom. What! and hath justice and equity no place at all in this world? Can temperance and modesty do nothing in the direction and managing of our affairs? Came it from fortune, and was it indeed by mere chance that Aristides made choice to continue in poverty, when it was in his power to make himself a lord of much wealth and many goods, or that Scipio, when he had forced Carthage, took not to himself, nor as much as saw any part of that pillage? And was it long of fortune or by casualty that Philocrates, having received of King Philip a great sum of gold, bought therewith harlots and dainty fishes, or that Lasthenes and Euthykrates betrayed the city Olynthus, measuring sovereign good and felicity of man by belly-cheer and those pleasures which of all other be most dishonest and infamous? And shall we say it was a work of fortune that Alexander, son of Philip, not only himself forbore to touch the bodies of the captive women taken in war, but also punished all such as offered them violence and injury: and contrariwise, came it by ill-luck and unhappy fortune that another Alexander, the son of King Priamus, slept and lay with his friend's wife, when he lodged and entertained him in his house, and not only so, but carried her away with him, and by that occasion brought all manner of calamity upon two main parts of the continent, to wit, Europe and Asia, and filled them both with those miseries that follow wars?

It is a good example of Plutarch's notebook: but how well the references are introduced; how well the material is handled! Now, can Mr. Blakeney be persuaded to give us the remainder of the "Moralia" in two more volumes of the "Everyman Library?"

H. J. G.

## REVIEWS

**Nogi: A Great Man Against a Background of War.** By Stanley Washburn. (Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Washburn loquitur: "It is not my aim to attempt, even in the briefest way, a biography of Nogi. Much less is it my desire to write what might be viewed as a tentative contribution to military history. What I wish to do is to paint, as best I may, the picture of a man against the background of war." It would have taken a Plutarch to do this properly. Mr. Washburn, who was the war correspondent of an American paper, gives us several details, many of which are irrelevant, many tantalising, and a few interesting. He does not tell us much of Nogi, for instance, when he says that: "He is never brilliant in his attire, but now he is always clad with absolute perfection as to detail. His long military boots are of patent leather and invariably resplendent in their polish. The simple insignia of his rank are always freshly burnished, and his long brown military overcoat, with its three gold stars and three stripes on the sleeve, always look the same." Now, really! So much might be said of any general, even in war time. There is another little sketch:—

As we walk out of the enclosure I notice a man in high boots and a long brown overcoat standing beneath the shadow of a shed, leaning on a rough-hewn manger, as he strokes the neck and nose of a big bay horse. He pulls the beautiful head of the charger down on his breast, and with his free hand presses beneath the expectant pink mouth a Japanese sweetmeat. The man turns from out the shadow, and the last light falls upon his serene face. It is Nogi: the man who spent 100,000 lives at Port Arthur.

That is somewhat better; but there is a journalistic touch about the end of it. All things considered, we hope Mr. Washburn won't do it again.

**Madame Royale.** By Ernest Daudet. Translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell. (Heinemann. 10s. net.)

It is little more than two years since M. Joseph Turquan's "Madame Royale: The Last Dauphine" was translated into English, and the publication of that book has made this one superfluous. For M. Turquan dealt with the whole life of Marie-Thérèse Charlotte; M. Daudet deals only with the period up to her marriage. It is impossible to sentimentalise over Madame Royale when we know the history of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and in limiting himself to the first period of her life, and publishing the comparatively formal letters that passed between her and Louis XVIII as proof of her admirable character, M. Daudet has been guilty of the novelist's device. For the marriage, which bulks so largely in this volume, and is the consummation of it, was a disappointment. M. Turquan has given good reason to suppose that the Duchesse d'Angoulême died a virgin; and the hardness of heart revealed in her later years, which M. Daudet attributes entirely to her political vicissitudes, M. Turquan ascribes to the disappointment following the marriage into which she was tricked.

**Memoirs of the Court of England in 1675.** By Marie Catherine Baronne D'Aulnoy. Translated by Mrs. W. H. Arthur. Edited, revised, and annotated by George David Gilbert. (Lane. 16s. net.)

Labour enough has been wasted in the preparation of this book. The translator and editor have dredged through the memoirs of the Restoration to discover the identity of the personages mentioned in this volume, to correct the chronology of events, and to add the authenticity of history to what would otherwise be regarded as a romance. For the memoirs themselves are written in the form of a story; scenes are constructed, conversations are invented, wherein the incidents are enacted, and whereby the motives of the characters are revealed. Judged as fiction, the book is disfigured by interpolation. Could artifice be more artificial than in the reading of the letters of the Duke of Buckingham and his women, and the Duke's recital of his love affairs? In the course of this recital we have to read not only a novel, supposed to have been written by the Portuguese

lover, but "some counsels for good writing," also attributed to her. The whole incident occupies 132 pages, or about one-third of the book. Balzac never did worse than this. The only interest of the book seems to be that it preceded the memoirs of Count de Grammont by nearly twenty years—and that it does not contain one sentence that is indelicate; which is small enough reason for translating a "chronique scandaleuse" which reads like amateur fiction. There is an appendix which attempts to prove that Lucy Walter was really married to Charles II, and certainly states a strong case for the supposition. But the period has been done to death, and if we find ourselves bored by this volume, that is largely because the profligacy of the Court of Charles II has not even the smack of novelty for us. Even history is not entirely explicable by the sexual infidelities of the people who made it, and in fiction we demand something more than the crudities of the Decameron.

**Home Life in Russia.** By Angelo S. Rappoport. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

The psychologist who reads Dr. Rappoport's book will find many facts from which he will be able to construct for himself a definite image of social life in various parts of Russia; but the ordinary reader is more likely to be bewildered by the author's jerky and often jejune form of expressing himself, not to mention the occasional unsound conclusions he reaches. Dr. Rappoport has the disadvantage of being a Russian—disadvantage, we mean, from the point of view of style; for a writer must be something more than bilingual before he can develop a style in a foreign language. In view of the author's cataloguing tendency, we must pronounce his work to be utilitarian and not literary, like a copy of the "Annual Register." But useful it certainly is to readers who have sufficient imagination to conceive modern Russia from the data presented.

We gather both from Dr. Rappoport's books and our own short experience of the country, that there are three great classes of Russians proper: the Great Russians, the Little Russians, and the Cossacks. The last-named are still privileged persons, and maintain their traditions of horsemanship and a dislike of indoor life. They and the Little Russians will certainly, for many centuries to come, keep Russia invigorated and inspired; for the Cossack on his horse and the Little Russian on his farm alike refuse to have anything to do with commerce and trading. The Great Russian, on the other hand, although an agriculturist by tradition, shows a great resemblance to the Englishman of the last century in that he takes an interest in commerce owing to the rapid and rich rewards it brings him; and he is ready to leave the land for the factory or the mine when he finds a suitable opportunity. Although Russia, therefore, is still agricultural, overwhelmingly agricultural, the less fertile soil peopled by the Greater Russians will probably be more and more neglected in favour of industries, while the Little Russians will continue to show as much disregard of commerce as the Irish farmer seems to be doing. The influence of climate and soil on the character of a people is accordingly once more exemplified.

The chapter that will appeal to many craftsmen is that entitled, "The Workmen," in which Dr. Rappoport deals with the industries carried on at home by the Russian peasant and his wife and family. "Nowhere," he says, "has the work done at home the importance it has in Russia." In the peasant's little dwelling there may be workers in wood, metal, leather, and woven stuffs. We even find "specialists," though hardly in the modern technical sense of the word. The Kaluga district, for example, is celebrated for its home-made barrels, Nijni-Novgorod for fancy-work, the villages around Moscow for toys, and Zwenigorod for baskets. We should like to see a Guild-Socialist student develop a thesis on the revival of such "home industries," and their possible influence on getting townspeople back to the land, or keeping our country

folk where they are at present. If mats can be made by peasants in Kostroma and catskin caps by peasants in Vladimir, there is no reason, one would think, why peasants in Sussex, or in the Shetlands for that matter, should not engage in like occupations. In the winter months the women are kept busy weaving and embroidering, and there are even co-operative societies which would interest Mr. G. W. Russell. We are, however, pained to note that "the moujik likes to read the Gospel and freely comments on it," and that "Rationalist Protestantism would appeal to him." We think that Dr. Rappoport exaggerates slightly here. Russia is not yet ready for her Luther and her industrial revolution.

**Green Days and Blue Days.** By P. R. Chalmers. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

Easy verse, musical, and remarkably varied; most remarkably varied, for if there be a la-ave poem included, we have overlooked it. It is a new thing too to read fifty or so ditties by a modern young man and not be struck by the least pretentiousness. Mr. Chalmers has the secret of the mould for verses on the trivial round and the common task, as our precious "Georgian Poets" have decidedly not.

**New Poems.** By Dora S. Shorter. (Maunsel. 1s. net.)

Here is nothing but pretentiousness, forced fancy, bad rhyme and no rhythm at all.

**Moth Wings.** By F. W. Bourdillon. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Bourdillon seems likely to die a poet of one poem, or rather of one verse, "Night has a thousand eyes." The great part of the work in this volume might have been penned by seventy of any ready observers with no talent between them all. The rest is merely pretty fancy, more or less neatly expressed.

**Agnus Dei.** By Nancy Campbell. Illustrated by Joseph Campbell and dedicated to Gillachrist C. (Maunsel. 6d. net.)

Horribly familiar verses about the infancy of Jesus, such as numerous females of this age are neither too modest nor too pious to turn out.

**Narcissus.** By E. Storer. (Priory Press. 2s. net.)

Love, and poor tired women the poet pities very much, and baldness of all aimless modernity.

**The Adventurous Year.** By Martin Kinder. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)

You were a princess long ago,  
Dearest, I often think in play.

He dedicates it to "Margaret" and wallows at the lady's feet. Most abjectly servile stuff. Only a cliché may describe it. He implores her to accept his verses "smiling a little sadly." Quite a superfluous prayer one would suppose.

**A Boy's Will.** By Robert Frost. (Nutt. 1s. 6d.)

He declares of his friends meeting with him after some years:—

They would not find me changed from him they knew—  
Only more sure of all I thought was true (trew).

Evidently he dreamed no great dreams, believed in nothing beyond the will of a mortal boy to accomplish. Let him trot along "in the gloaming," as he says, with his Mary, and rhyme "those is" with "roses." As idle rubbish is published every day.

**Appassionata.** By Fritz Hart. (Lothian. 3s. 6d. net.)

Passion's all very well as an excuse, but it will not pass verses about "bestowing gold with no niggardly hand." One set of these verses, containing 22 lines, contrives to include a cliché in every line save, doubtfully, three; and in these the syntax is clichéd. Here are a few—"spent-rage, forgotten age, eternal sleep aspect grim, mighty limb, leafy bough, peaceful plains, stir in sleep, past ages." We never read such innocent rhetoric. The poor youth sings of his Beloved coming to "effect his cure"; "The light has come! Our way

was dark before, with doubt and fear." The cover is coloured a deep purple with a phrase from the sonata faithfully done in gold.

**The Venturers.** By V. L. Ellis. (Ellis. 1s.)

The title subject is a whimsical thing, not good enough for its metre, which might carry a fine idea. A vessel "fetches haven":—

No one hath seen her come,  
Or heard her dripping sail or speaking pilot  
Or noise of muffled drum,  
Her grapnel loaded on the midnight water.

What rig hath she so strange,  
Like none in homeward port or distant sailing,  
Except the fancy range  
To sculptured sails and hulls of old adventure.

But the difference between vagueness and mystery proves too subtle for Mr. Ellis. The "venturers" seem some sort of spooks, without any particular purpose. In other verses the versifier compares his interest in writing little poems about Man with that of Death—which is pretentious, and he talks in sonnet form about the grey world; and still further bores one with a sonnet, "To England," which contains fifteen proper names, including "Abdul, whom men call the Damned." Pedestrian, very; as the "Spectator" would probably say.

**The Destroying Angel.** By Louis Vance. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

"A business man, sentenced to death by his doctors, gives the protection of his name on the impulse of a moment to a lady in distress, and then goes away to die. But he disappoints his doctors and recovers, coming back to find his wife a famous actress, with a seemingly fatal attraction which has earned for her the sobriquet of 'The Destroying Angel.'" It seems hopeless for one to try and improve on this. Ten years in Philistia couldn't have taught us how to do it. Even the author can scarcely improve on his publisher's advertisement. Perhaps, at the end, Mr. Vance achieves something like the ineffable note. "Mary turned her face, shadowy and mystical, touched with her faint and inscrutable smile, up to her husband's. . . . Whitaker slipped an arm round his wife. . . . 'Now for the play, dear heart . . . the real play . . . life . . . love. . .'"

**The Curse of the Nile.** By Douglas Sladen. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

Lambert, handsome, adorable, cannot make ends meet and transfers to an Egyptian regiment in time to revenge Gordon and marry Francesca, alleged poisoner of the Mahdi. The bad, polygamous man had tried to make her his wife! "And now she knew that she was going to have a husband to herself." The end.

**Discovery.** By Harold Williams. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

Another man sentenced to death by his doctor; at least, Harley Street declares his left lung to be affected and that if he doesn't pull up and stop leading that tremendous life, he will probably get softening of the brain. Paying two guineas for this information, he jumps on a motor-bus, gets off at Marble Arch, lights another cigarette and walks into the park. The opportunity for his author. "Bouverie was a man well-known in the social, literary and artistic circles of London; and even the reviewers soon catch the tone of a prevailing fashion." We feel quite encouraged and will try our best to catch the tone, and though so late in the day assist in the vogue of Bouverie.

Launched at an age when most men are sucking their first cigar upon a dazzling wave of literary success Bouverie lived. Women, poetry, Judaic philosophy, and cigarettes had at last done their damndest, and Bouverie knew he had a lung. The silver cord was to be loosed and the pitcher broken. Aisne Barrett, no, one *t*, had come down in the world on quite a different slide from Bouverie. Colonel B., betting one day, presumably had forgotten that note from the bank, and had shot himself like a true gentleman. The rooms

over the grocer's ill-suited Aisne and her mother, but A. faced the inevitable unrepiningly. With a woman's unutterable savoir faire, she discovers her latent genius for book-binding of the rarest order. We give in. They don't get married. She marries somebody else, who saves Bouverie from a watery grave, losing his own life. They part solemnly over his devoted body.

**Comrade Yetta.** By Albert Edwards. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Some time in the years to come a Man would claim her, and against that time he taught her the vow that Ruth made to Naomi." He was a Jew and Yetta was his daughter. Her future husband's God must be her God, and so on. Wasting four years' affection on an Englishman, Yetta finally fulfils her vow and marries a co-religionist, after four hundred and fifty pages of shocking bad writing, splashed with Americanese.

**A Balkan Prince.** By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Everett. 2s.)

"Seem to be just as queer in Servia as they are in the U.S.A.," he murmured. But their queerness truly has a wonderful sameness. "Oh, my dear," she sobbed, "and gathered his head into her arms. . . Madame and the Prince were married."

**An Inn upon the Road.** By Janet Dodge. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

"I want you to marry me. Oh, yes, I know I only set eyes on you the day before yesterday." They're all at it. Six shillings each for hundreds and hundreds of lovey-dovey scribbles! People are getting so sick of it that they absolutely are nearly refusing to buy any more, though there may not be a thing to read if they won't read the novels. However, the novelists are feeling the slump, and by way of breaking the monotony some of them have hit upon the idea not to let the wretches marry after all. Miss Dodge makes her hero married already when at last Natalie seems to think she can bring herself to marry him, and so she says she hopes they'll both be very happy though the wife wears a green thing that never will match the rest of her clothes; and so, farewell.

**The Third Miss Symons.** By F. M. Mayor. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

We will not condemn this story outright by betraying the fact that Mr. Masefield has written an adulatory preface to it. Nor, although it is a detailed account of a spinster's career, are we driven dull with the story. In all our days we remember to have read few things so pitiless, cynical, and strictly veracious as this short book. The style is as hard as a woman could make it. Poor Miss Symons, effigy of the eternal old maid, is exhibited with all her paltry vices and virtues, living like an angry lizard and dying in the odour of sanctity. Women never write what they mean to write any more than they say what they mean to say; so that one would not be surprised to find Miss Mayor quite shocked at this criticism of her merciless book, and slipping away to stultify her talent by trying to write something nearer to Mr. Masefield's notion of "delicate quality." The last picture of Miss Symons' sentimental sister looking up at the stars after Henrietta's demise and feeling that all was well with the selfish old cat, of her husband fearing the delicate creature was going to be ill again, "but she continued well and strong"—is a finale to beat, as we think, the masculine pen.

Received: "Not Wisely but Too Well," by Rhoda Broughton. "The Virginian," by Owen Wister. "Richard Carvel," by Winston Churchill. "A Village Tragedy," by Margaret L. Woods. "Jimbo," by Algernon Blackwood. "Griefenstein," by F. M. Crawford. "The Passionate Elopement," by Compton Mackenzie. "Aunt Rachel," by D. C. Murray. "The Philanderers," by A. E. W. Mason. (Macmillan's Sevenpenny Series.) "Angel," by B. M. Croker. "Prince Rupert the Buccaneer," by Cutcliffe Hynes. "Master of Men," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. "The Sign of the Spider," by Bertram Mitford. "Lone Pine," by R. B. Tonw Townshend. "The Pomp of the Lavillettes," by Gilbert Parker. "The Broom Squire," by S. B. Gould. "I Crown Thee King," by Max Pemberton. (Methuen's Shilling Novels.)

## Srinagar.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

THE Jumma Masjid, the chief mosque of Srinagar, near the fourth bridge, was meant to be constructed entirely of wood, but is only partly so. A square tree-shaded courtyard, a tangle of tall weeds and grass with a stone fountain in the centre, is surrounded by lofty cloisters supported by enormous pillars of the sweet-smelling deodar, the mountain cedar. Above the centre of each side is a latticed tower, shaped like the two upper stories of a Chinese pagoda. Over each is a little fane of gold. All the ziarats, or mosques, of Kashmir are built after the style of the sides of the Jumma Masjid, which thus, to the Kashmiri, resembles a quartette of holy buildings. Clambering up a crumbling, winding staircase and through a small gap in the wall on hands and knees, I reached the roof of the cloisters and saw all Suryanagar's tumbling houses with their grassy roofs and latticed bow-windows and balconies clustering round the highway of the town, the Jhelum. Below, the birds swept noisily through the leafy courtyard.

I jumped into the smaller shikara and paid out line from the stern of the houseboat until I ran ashore. I got out and found myself a dozen yards below the tow-path. A few clutches, some slips, a final pull and I landed on the top, just in time to see, a hundred yards in front, the towline of the houseboat spring taut and jerk three of the struggling coolies into the water. We all laughed, I, the cook, the coolies, the victims themselves, the other servants, and a dozen old men gossiping on the bank.

I do not suppose there was ever a trip so cheerily undertaken as this. Everything amuses us: a boatman's bewilderment as his turban is jerked into the water or is hung up upon a twig, my puppy, all forlorn, howling piteously in a self-induced marooning, the horror of a boatman supposed to be steering when I prod him awake, the cookboat breaking from its moorings and sailing away down stream with a paddleless cargo of servants and provisions, the boatmen's chase after it, the lassoing from the bank and the triumphant release of its excited crew and my tiffin. Any little misadventure moves us to tremendous, prostrating peals of laughter. I am probably lacking in the dignity of a sahib (but I cannot consider jolly good fellows as animate muckheaps). I certainly do not receive all the deferential attention which the Anglo-Indian loves, *if they be cheap*, but I and my servants make fun of each other and get on well together. The head boatman, with a thousand ghastly threats ringing in his ears, persists in palming off his coolie friends as "pukka" boatmen, and, taxed with proof of this, laughs gaily, swears he is my servant, cares for nothing but what is in my interest, and will do whatever I command, be it even to jump into the river. Upon the eighth repetition of this offer, I ordered him to jump.

Unperturbed, he gathers up his loose calico drawers and, with a tremendous yell, springs into six inches of water, a yard away. This is not good enough, I tell him, and he jumps again, this time into three feet of water. No sooner in and wet to the waist than he entreats me to order all the grinning onlookers to jump in too. In the consequent laughter and protests, all his deceits are forgotten, and the irrepressible rascal smiles joyfully at the antics of his clumsy subordinates.

In the first chill of a sunless eve, the Jhelum flows placidly beneath the five arches of the wooden bridge. Beyond the grassy roofs and pagoda-topped ziarats of Pampur, leafy willows, mighty bronze-hued chenars and avenues of slender poplars dot the fertile plain. Quite near a range of purpling hills, its wooded summits sprinkled with flaky new-fallen snow, breaks the pure white circle that, far off, mingles with the cloudy sky or is faintly outlined against it. Five hours later a cold white band stretches away across the herring-backed sky glistening

in the pale light of the full moon, which, of a size and brightness unknown without the tropics, casts its green rays from behind a little black cloud. The bleak silhouette of a low hill and some round chenars, thin poplars, and stumpy willows on the bank is reflected with an indistinguishable meeting in the stream.

I am sitting with my back against a willow beside a narrow bridle-path in an expanse of ploughed land, sloping down from some hills. Tied to another willow is my little grey Kashmiri pony, whose usual gait is a canter, with an occasional bolt or a relapse into a ghastly meandering trot. It has never learned to walk.

I rode in to Pampur early this morning from the boat, and in a shady common outside the village I found a large assembly of villagers round a small shady strip of common enclosed by ropes. Within were two Englishmen sitting at tables with large heaps of envelopes beside them. At first I supposed I had come upon an absurdly attractive missionary meeting, but I was quickly informed that silkworm eggs were to be distributed for six weeks' rearing to the villagers. The headman had just been admitted into the ring when my little pony sprang forward, scattering a portion of the pressing crowd, and bolted off to the road. When I had reined it in, we were a quarter of a mile away, and I cantered off along an avenue of willows, cutting off a great bend in the river. Little groups from the neighbouring villages, hungry after silkworm eggs, passed me on the way, greeting me with a "Salaam, Huzoor." Some old men cried out as I sped past that God had sent the rain and made green the mulberry trees, and they wanted me to give them the eggs. I turned in my saddle and shouted to them to hurry to Pampur. We left the avenue for a little village path, along which, though it was raised on a high mound hardly a couple of feet broad, my surefooted pony galloped securely. Some of the villagers on the river bank had seen my house-boat pass an hour, two hours, five minutes before, others declared that no boat at all had passed this morning. I decided to ride two miles upstream to Latipur for precise information. A mile along the willow avenue, the beauty of the scene has induced me to dismount. Lazily fanned by the cool snow-breeze, I watch the ploughmen steering their rude ploughs behind the pairs of black bullocks, and little boys run past me on the path driving a calf or a goat.

I remount and start off again for Latipur. The path comes out soon on the river bank, and, from a doonga being towed upstream, I learn that my large, clumsy houseboat is still in the big bend downstream. I gallop back to the village, but there is still no sign. The pony scrambles down a sheer bank on to a long, low silt beside the river; we canter for a mile along it and at last I see five of my coolies leaning gently on the towline; three more sitting, steering-paddle in hand, on the side-planks; and upstairs on the verandah, beneath the flapping canvas of the "shamiana," Abdulla, my laughter-loving young bearer, white-clad and blue-belted, is arranging bunches of lilac and iris in vases. My syce is quickly landed in a shikara and leads on the horse, while I, holding the saddle, take his place, and the shikara is speedily pulled up to my window.

On the lawns of the valley amid the myriad clumps of wild iris, purple, mauve, and white, the sheep and goats pluck the juicy blades of grass. The handsome, loose-clad straw-saddled shepherds, with a large coarse shawl flung about them, are sorting their flocks and urging them homeward, aided by the ploughmen returning from the fields, each with his invariable earthenware-lined fire-basket slung over his shoulder. In the golden sunshine the grassy roofs of rambling villages peep through the glorious leafy grooves, so mighty to the eye, were they not dwarfed, *as is everything in Kashmir*, by the majestic background of cloud-burdened snowfields. Some little shepherd-boys and a tiny maid approach me shyly with bunches of iris, followed by the anxious mothers of the lambs and kids they are carrying home.

## Pastiche.

### A COMMON STORY. BEING FRAGMENTS FROM A MIDDLE CLASS LIFE.

His parents were exceedingly genteel,—  
His uncle had been Something at the Bar,  
And from his childhood he was taught to feel  
That he was not as common people are.  
He learned how base it is to pick and steal,  
How glorious to keep a motor-car;  
He learned that foreigners are scurvy knaves,  
That Britons never, never shall be slaves.

A most select Academy was found  
To fit him for a strenuous career.  
The masters were ornately capped and gowned,  
The Principal, relation of a Peer.  
The scheme of teaching was entirely sound,  
And everything pre-eminently dear.  
At seventeen his studies were complete,  
And in a counting-house he found a seat.

He started out each morning with a run,  
And read the "Daily Mirror" in the train.  
From ten to six (on Saturdays till one)  
He dallied with a quill in Mincing Lane.  
A glass of milk, a Woodbine and a bun  
At half-past ten restored his jaded brain.  
He played at dominoes from two till three,  
And lunched on coffee in an A. B. C.

He was a clerk by day, a blade o' nights,  
And with his boon companions of the pen  
He sipped at Metropolitan delights,  
He sought the Western Central Haunts of Men.  
He gloated over ladies dressed in tights,  
And I regret to say that now and then  
He strayed on paths at which I can but hint,—  
(For these are matters quite unfit for print).

There is a time to laugh, a time to weep,  
A time to go to bed, a time to rise.  
There is a time to sow, a time to reap,  
A time to discontinue making eyes.  
'Twas then this Prodigal, this Hundredth Sheep,  
Our hero, suddenly becoming wise,  
Repented of the wildness of his oats,  
And left the army of the giddy goats.

He shunned all conversation that was lewd,  
He put aside his little ways of yore,  
He ceased to hanker for the female nude,  
Or to descant upon obstetric lore.  
Most blameless were the things he now pursued,—  
In fact he threw into a first-rate bore.  
Ah, he had sinned! That Christ might be assuaged,  
He taught a Bible-class, and got engaged.

His salary increased with steady pace  
Until it touched a weekly two pounds odd.  
Happy are they who by their deeds of grace  
Have met with favour in the sight of God.  
And so, to cater for a coming race,  
Treading the path his ancestors had trod,  
One day he married (not a whit too soon),  
And at Herne Bay he spent his honeymoon.

He bought a house on the instalment plan  
And settled down to live at Walham Green.  
He loved the Lord, presuming not to scan  
The things that were not destined to be seen.  
He was the model of a Christian man,—  
His linen was most scrupulously clean.  
And year by year his highly fecund spouse  
Proved her allegiance to the marriage vows.

I might (but will not) utter moral saws  
On time and power and how they ebb away.  
Our clerk, a victim of unchanging laws,  
Found himself less revered from day to day.  
Until at length, amid unfeigned applause  
(Due to the prospects of a rise in pay),  
His fellow-toilers, wishing him in hell,  
Gave him a marble clock and said farewell.

Let us not brood upon the senile woes  
That plagued our whilom hero thick and fast,

When he was wont to blink and gape and doze,  
And dodder of the glories of his past.  
His offspring left him in obscure repose,  
Mustering only as he breathed his last,  
And through the paroxysms of their grief  
Thanked heaven for a long-desired relief.

P. SELVER.

### MODERN POETRY.

#### HINTS FOR THOSE WHO WOULD WRITE IT.

1. The theme should be as sordid and revolting as can be conjured up in the imagination of the writer.
2. Poetic expression need not be sought. Lines of poetry here and there may be lashed together by masses of commonplace language, vulgar and slangy expressions. Realism will thus be "attained."
3. The writer should never miss an opportunity of inserting an oath or profanity, thereby avoiding a fatal insipidity; especially for the sake of rhyme or of botching up a halting metre. It is well to bear in mind that the writer need not hold himself responsible for the utterances of his creations.
4. The rules of metrical composition need not be observed. Whatever the metre chosen, the verses may lack or be in excess of the prescribed number of feet for such metre, according to the pleasure of the author. Any tag will do for a rhyme. Prepositions and conjunctions are now allowed to be quite perfect rhymes, and, for the sake of rhythm, the back of a sentence may be broken in whatever place the poet chooses.
5. In the old term "poetic licence," the significance of the latter word may be extended to include all phases of its meaning.

### NEMESIS.

Beside a stream, below the mill-wheel's hum,  
Where pitch the seething waters, making scum,  
A town-bred gentleman with lots of dammin'  
Was fishing with a line and hook for salmon.  
His face was red, and streaked with purple blotches,  
With huge embossments, warts, and pimply splotches;  
His nose was round, blue (not the ethereal kind);  
His lips were bulging, thick and unrefined;  
All set upon a massive, bulldog neck;  
The suit he wore, a vulgar sporting check.  
He baits his hook, and in the water throws  
It, while a podgy fat cigar he blows;  
With many a snort and heavings of his stummick  
He settles down to rest upon a hummock.  
An hour he waits, no stirring of the rod,  
Till in exasperation: "My good God,"  
He says, "Damnation! won't the beggars bite?"  
And then he cursed creation to the height.  
I couldn't write down all the words he said,  
But I know where he'll go to when he's dead.  
The while he swore, there came a mighty splash,  
And in the swirl a momentary gash;  
A glistening body cleft the waters brown,  
Then ripples eddied as his prey sank down.  
Ceased the loud curses; on his feet the man  
Leaped, grabbed the rod, and now the fun began.  
Backward and forward darts the fish in pique,  
To the surface glancing like a lightning streak,  
Then in a circle whirling, sudden pause,  
While that damned hook sinks deeper in its jaws.  
A maddened rush, and off it sails again;  
The boulder hugs the rod with might and main;  
The curses recommence: "Now why the blazes  
This infernal rotten luck? Gad! it amazes  
Me, after waiting one accursed hour  
Without a bite, the beast should have such power.  
You belly brute, if you don't give in quick,  
I'll in and cop you, be you devil Nick.  
Ye fiends in hell! Perdition! Gad! Confound it!"  
Just then the wily monster sudden bounded;  
It seemed the brute had taken him at his word;  
Our Faustus in his warmth was not prepared.  
He loosed his hold, alas! it was too late,  
The angler toppled in the foaming spate.  
The fish forgotten, all his wretched life  
Struck quick upon his brain like Pathan's knife;  
He kicked and struggled, gurgled, spurted, spluttered;  
"Damnation, what a mucky death," he muttered. . . .  
Above him on the bank a white hand gleamed,  
And "Catch it quick!" a shrill voice wildly screamed.  
He caught it quick, it was his only straw,  
As quick he found himself upon the shore.

Dripping he rose to thank her for his life,  
Then started back—Good heavens! 'twas his wife,  
The woman he had wronged, insulted, spurned,  
Abandoned, now a wretched harlot turned:  
She stood before him, eyes gleaming with hate,  
More gleaming far than that bright dagger of Fate  
That scintillated in her white, white hand,  
Poised, as awaiting Hate's devilish command.  
"Villain," she cried, "I've saved you from the flood  
To feed revenge; now I must have your blood!"  
She sprang upon him, bright the dagger flashed,  
Upon the meadow grass his life blood splashed,  
"O be ye damned," he shouted as he fell,  
And instantly his soul went down to hell.

R. C. D.

## BACK TO INDIA!

Beware of Anglo-India, that ruin of England! Not the simple men of justice, nor the simpler women of duty, nor even the Bandarlog of the Hills (wild, witless things! Men pity them and let them live)—not these, but the Chandals of Hindustan, that small but growing circle of inksters, twice cursed, who, absorbing all the vices of the West, mingle with these the evils of the East.

Beware of Anglo-India! As it is in England so is it in India, but as it is with India so will it be with England. Wherefore, O men of England, go not forth to complete that vicious circle. Cross not the Red Sea of Remorse, for 'twere wiser far to tunnel the Himalayas. But go to prove ye worthy of your trust.

Beware of Anglo-India, that twilight desolation where the jackals howl! Let her be the regret of England, not her recompense. . . .

Lo! the new age has raised the standard: the new age leads a pilgrimage. Back to India! is the cry. Let those who follow be warned, lest in sorrow for a yug they work out their damnation for their sin against the Spirit of India that day.

IKBAL SHAH JEHAN.

## THE UNKNOWN X.

Dark falls fair Night o'er Sea and Earth  
Enthralling each of Simple birth,  
Enchanting too the woody girth  
And mantling all with fairy mirth.

Far o'er the sea scapes star swept realm,  
The sailor twirls his wheeling helm,  
And steers afar his freighted bark,  
By knowledge of the heavenly dark.

The cottager has ta'en his fill  
Of work, of food and other ill.  
Soon will he mount the tottering steep,  
Which leads him t'ward his dreamless sleep.

The woodside rings with Nature's charm,  
The reek of earth; a healing balm  
To quiet souls. A mystic calm  
Wherewith to salve the world's quick harm.

All o'er the scene lurks hidden laughter,  
Laughing breeze on breezes wafter,  
Tall prancing trees and grass deep dell,  
Enshroud the tomb of Christabel.

She was a maiden good to see,  
Established. Mighty. Minus he.  
And thus she failed to steer her bark  
Between the Rocks, like Noah's Ark.

Dry, stranded high upon a Mount,  
Whose pinnacles you cannot count.  
Said: "If she could," "had she the Power,"  
She'd make an X Love's sullen dower.

No wonder that gay laughter rings  
O'er brooks and trees and men and things,  
This notion of an X proportion  
Beguiles the gods of muscles' motion.

Saint Christabel forgot that Power  
Was simply Woman's birthright dower.  
The right to choose has always been  
True Woman's only choice I ween.

So o'er life's scene hides lurking laughter,  
Laughing breeze on breezes wafter,  
Dark falls fair Night o'er Sea and Earth,  
Enmantling all with rippling mirth.

G. F. WHITE.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE RETAILER'S SERVITUDE.

Sir,—In your issue of June 5 you reproduce some startling figures demonstrating the great increase in the cost of living since the advent of the Labour Party. I think, however, that you attach too little importance to the influence of this price advance upon the position of the retailer. The point is important, if not actually urgent, in regard to the class struggle.

Briefly stated, the greater advance in wholesale as compared with retail prices means that the retailer is not strong enough to withstand the pressure of the wholesale interests. A few years ago the position was reversed. If one wholesale house would not supply at a price enabling the retailer to make his profit, another wholesale house was ready to step into the breach. To-day, however, the conspiracy between all the wholesale interests is so complete as to amount to actual trust. They compel the retailer to sell at a rate of profit considerably less than ten years ago. It is hardly an exaggeration to assert that in the staple grocery lines to-day the retailer's profit is found only in his cash discount. Other goods are advertised by the wholesalers, the retail price being quoted in the advertisements. The result is that the retailer is compelled to sell at the price advertised by the wholesaler, and not at a price which would formerly have been fixed by himself. In some cases the wholesale invoice form specifies the price at which the article must be sold. It has been legally decided that any variation in price is a breach of contract. The usual form of the contract is that the particular article so invoiced shall not be sold at a less price than that stipulated. The ostensible reason for this is to avoid price-cutting. But as these goods are almost universally advertised at the retail price, the result is that the retailer cannot obtain a higher price. He is, in short, completely under the control of the wholesale interests. And as it is the wholesaler who spends huge sums on advertising, he naturally has the ear of our pure and unbiased Press.

What interests you is not the technique of trade, but its general bearing upon the industrial struggle. The retailer is in a way the working man's banker in times of stress or strike. He knows his customers; he knows those who are "good pay," and is willing to trust them, always in reason, and (during a strike, for example) often at great risk to his own stability. But the retailer's capacity in this respect is now measured by his ability to pay cash and take his discount. If he cannot do this, he cannot keep going. Thus it happens that, when a strike looms up, the retailers in the affected area are faced with the alternative either of withdrawing credit from their striking customers or failing to pay cash (weekly or monthly, as the case may be), and so secure that discount which is such an important factor in their profits. The wholesalers understand the predicament, and accordingly can practically terminate a strike by putting the screw upon the retailers.

If the working classes are going to win through to the guilds, they must rectify this hole in their armour by devoting immense care and thought to their commissariat department.

W. SPENCER ROBINSON.

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## "INTERNATIONAL PEACE."

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Immo Allen, wrongs me. I am far from believing that the *status quo* is stable: on the contrary, I anticipate that Germany will, sooner or later, make a determined bid for colonies. And precisely in this connection appears the value of federation. If Germany can show to the satisfaction of the federational tribunal that she needs a colony and that we can do without one of ours, we must be prepared to submit to her desire. Probably such submission will not be so "glorious," in the primitive militarist sense, as a successful war to protect our property; but the result will be more stable and—certainly more dignified than the ignominious defeat of our forces which might possibly result from a war with Germany.

Of course, the scheme is a dream; but your correspondent will show a more admirable prudence if he refrain from terming it a dream impossible of realisation.

Consider again the growth of national justice. The time was when plundering barons secured land at the point of the sword, and held it by the same forcible and pointed argument against all claimants. How chimerical then appeared the idea of a peaceful redistribution—how contrary to human nature! Yet, once the central national power was established and the good of the people set up as the ideal of statecraft in place of the arbitrary will of the

sovereign, and the descendants of these same barons find themselves obliged to relinquish their possessions for the sake of the common good. Some of them—may their names never perish—yield with good grace and a praiseworthy sense of the common weal; theirs is the dignified part; others kick, and are ignominiously fined for contempt of court.

The individual finds safety for his liberties in his fellows' unwillingness to be a party to oppression which may one day be used against themselves: it is surely no very unwarrantable assumption that the nations composing the future federation will be equally sagacious. Voters have, of course, shown themselves somewhat regardless of our liberties lately, but, on the whole, we still prefer registering our opinions in the Press and in elections to fooling about with revolvers behind our doors when the tax-gatherer comes.

HENRY MEULEN.

#### TRADE AND WAGES.

Sir,—The letter of F. Wheldale reminds me of my association with a large village in the 'eighties, where there were plenty of woolcombers. They were the worst-paid and consequently the poorest class of workpeople, all other workers somehow looking down on the "big-benners," as they were called, from the machines—"big-bens"—which they attended. The combing shed, generally called the "big-ben hole," was the last resource of the unskilled, the unfortunate, and the incompetent. The highest wages for the experienced man comber were then 16s. weekly; for a woman 11s., the average, of course, being less for both. Yet even in this class, want and destitution were hardly known; while, in that village generally, prosperity and contentment were the rule. Labour troubles and strikes were absent for over forty years; the only blight that ever fell, or was feared, was slackness of trade and consequent "short time." I do not remember that there was a single trade unionist in the place, and to this day Socialism has not been able to obtain a footing. There was plenty of social life in the village, both winter and summer, for all tastes; and no "aping of gentility," for there was only one rich family. The population—about 10,000—equally missed the congestion of a town (cause of filth and crime) and the mean ignorance of the country hamlet; distribution of population being a factor, I think, not enough taken into account by social reformers.

C. E. V.

#### INSURANCE TAX RESISTERS' DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—I am sorry that Mr. West will not join the Insurance Tax Resisters, and sorry, too, that his reason for not doing so is such a trivial one.

In the first place I have no wish to be the leader of what Mr. West politely calls "a horde." If any man will take over the organisation of the Insurance Tax Resisters and give up his days and nights to the work, I will gladly surrender the hon. secretaryship to his care. I certainly agree that many people might be found who would organise resistance far more efficiently than I have done, but where are they? We have been waiting eighteen months for them, and we still wait.

As it is, I can only apologise for my petticoats and invite Mr. West to relieve me of my labours.

As an instance of my incompetence, he alludes to the time and money wasted on a petition against the Act. The petition originated in Birmingham, and was the suggestion of a male committee in that town. We co-operated with them because we hoped by its means to secure some publicity for the work of our Association, and for the fact that there was opposition to the Act—the Press boycott was very complete just then. The signatories to the petition sent us spontaneously enough money to cover cost of printing and circulating it, so Mr. West's subscription would not have been shamefully wasted as he seems to fear.

I am sorry if I offended Mr. West by the insulting remark that I would scorn to ask the Association to pay my fine. I ought perhaps to have explained that this was not on account of my enormous wealth, but because my servant and I have both decided to go to prison rather than pay a fine. I quite agree that it would be more impressive if a lot of men went to prison, but I have only found one or two literally who would be prepared to do this while there are quite a number of women who will gladly go if they get the chance. My letter was rude, but it was intended to be rude. It was also an appeal to the men to come and help us. I wanted to show that women had done a great deal, and it was time the men came out too to help them. Mr. West resents my taking a lead in resistance, but why was it

left for me to do? It was none of my seeking. Lady Desart and I started the resistance organisation in December, 1911, for domestic servants and their employers alone. We were repeatedly asked to extend our borders to include shopkeepers and working men, and repeatedly we refused to do so, as we both felt that the men should do this for themselves. It was not until June, 1912, that we decided to extend our membership to all persons, irrespective of their employment, and then only because no one else had come forward. Why did not Mr. West and his friends form a league?

I hate making general comparisons between men and women, being a firm believer in the common frailty and humanity of both, but the fact remains that quite a large number of women of all classes have made serious sacrifices in order to resist and organise resistance to the Insurance Act on the ground that it is fundamentally unjust to compel the poor to be thrifty and let the rich do what they like. Some men have given us invaluable help, but they have been few in number. The majority of male resisters want to be assured that all their expenses will be defrayed before they will summon up the courage to fight. My remark that I would scorn to let the Association pay my fine was only an attempt to use a goad. It seems to have poked Mr. West in the wrong direction. At any rate, if I have offended him, I am sorry; but, after all, the resistance movement is of more value than either his or my feelings, and it was in order to help this that I ventured to ask his support.

MARGARET DOUGLAS,

9, South Molton Street, W.

Hon. Secretary.

#### DEPUTIES OF PROTESTANT DISSENTERS.

Sir,—By the direction of the Committee of the above body, I forward you a copy of a resolution which was passed on the 22nd ult., in reference to Elementary Education, and particularly referring to Mr. Winfrey's Bill.

The Committee would be glad if you could find space to insert the resolution or to state generally its effect.

ALFRED J. SHEPHEARD, Secretary.

Deputies of Protestant Dissenters of the three denominations, Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist, appointed to protect their Civil Rights.

June 2, 1913.

#### ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

Resolution passed at a meeting of the General Committee of the Protestant Dissenting Deputies held on May 22, 1913:—

"That the Deputies, having considered the Elementary Education Bill presented by Mr. Winfrey in the House of Commons, find it contains proposals for providing the total cost of new Council Schools in Single-School areas by grants from the Treasury, and gives a right to every child to claim a place in such a school. The Deputies are of opinion that legislation upon these lines will be useful, and will tend towards settling the religious difficulty, inasmuch as it will enable every child to be educated under the Council School System. They are, therefore, willing to give their cordial support to such legislation. But the Deputies express their strong conviction that a measure of this kind will not completely remove the religious difficulties inherent in the present system, and that it cannot satisfy the demands of those who are determined that no public money shall be devoted to denominational religious teaching.

"Whilst, therefore, supporting this Bill, the Deputies reiterate their opinion that there is pressing necessity for a measure which will effectively deal with the whole question."

[We both publish the resolution and state generally its effect, which is to divert some millions of public money from teachers and children to bricks and mortar for the satisfaction of a pack of Methodist parsons, etc., who mistake their hatred of the Church for the love of education.—ED. N.A.]

#### PACIFISM.

Sir,—As it was not to be expected that THE NEW AGE would be willing to treat pacifists with ordinary justice, your remarks of May 22 evoke no surprise or disappointment. They call for comment, however.

Who are the pacifists? Are they a specially ignorant and degenerate breed lately arrived in the world? Do they belong alone to this epoch, or have there been, and will there still be others like them? Let the "Notes of the Week" answer to these questions. "Ninety-nine in every hundred of each nation do undoubtedly desire peace (or, rather, do not actively desire war)". I am not certain whether this large proportion may be regarded as "pacifists," but if not, it is from them that a certain

smaller number of articulate persons emerge, who, in one way or another, besides desiring peace, advocate it. It is they who earn the scorn of THE NEW AGE.

If it be permitted to speak from personal experience, I venture to say that the advocacy of peace has to my knowledge been carried on by a body of people of great variety of temperament, conception, and ideal, including Socialists, Anarchists, and others, who have affirmed that the occasions for modern war are supplied almost wholly by capitalism. To write, therefore, that "nowhere, either in this or any other pacifist document have we seen any hint that the cause of war is capitalism," is either to confess a very narrow study of the subject, or else—as I think likely—the bluff preliminary to the claim of another original discovery to the credit of THE NEW AGE. In a week or two, any writer who ventures to repeat the notion without a kow-tow to Cursitor Street will be caught in the shears of "Press-Cutter." I declare I heard the thing said when I was in my cradle.

The several causes of war may be grouped into two; first, the ancient and deep-seated motives in man's psychic nature which lead him, on the appearance of the necessity—or the illusion, as some think—to fight for his own hand. Egoism and its derivatives are the root causes of war. Therefore, among "the remedies suggested by the pacifists," to which THE NEW AGE makes no reference, there has always been—especially noticeable in ancient times among Buddhists and Christians—an effort to operate directly upon egoism, with marked success.

This effort would, of course, have been futile if there were not in the nature of things, especially in the nature of man, any force, I will not say equally potent, but a worthy competitor with egoism. In other words, the strife of the feeling which unites men against the feeling which separates them is the basis not only of all pacifism but of civilisation itself.

It is not to be expected, however, that any body of persons or politicians can undertake to forward such a spiritual propaganda; it is rather the office of religion. Nor need we regard the absence of such declarations in a pacifist manifesto as invalidating its usefulness. It suffices if the remedies suggested by them conform to and are expressions of the radical spiritual principle of peace.

The second group in the causation of war consists in the more obvious social phenomena to which you have so forcibly directed attention. The operations of capitalism supply the occasions for the outbreak of modern war, and dictate its necessity from the profiteer's point of view. To sum up, if the "madness" of men be the fundamental cause, the imperfection of his economic institutions the immediate cause of war, I see no reason for anything but a general co-operation betwixt pacifists. In such combustible conditions any appeal or routine that will minimise, or avoid the actual combustion is to the good. From this point of view arbitration (a case of much cry and little wool) has in many cases served its purpose, while the mad fit was on. Its argument from cost is not a question of a balance-sheet alone; the time comes, and will come when the burden is so heavy on the citizen that he will not be able to endure the waste of life and effort entailed. So long as a man *can* pay for fancied luxuries he *will* pay. When he cannot, the pressure is not upon his pocket but on feelings deeper than the pocket. The argument from inhumanity is not an argument properly so called. It is simply the voice of humanity from the hidden and unified levels of being. Anyone who chooses to listen may hear it. The argument from international friendship is merely the argument for humanity in another form of words. When people of one nation imagine themselves to have become friendly with those of another by means of some common venture or ideal, what has really happened is this: They have become more conscious than heretofore of their common humanity. The attachment, such as it is, is not between American and English, but between man and man.

I leave to the last your pseudo-refutation of the argument from the inhumanity of war because it employs a sophism which needs to be exposed. "Peace," you say, "as has often been remarked, is even more inhumane in its accompaniments than war." I dare say such things are often said by poets and people who allow themselves a liberal use of vituperative rhetoric, but thinkers should attain more philosophic exactitude. To saddle "peace" and the pacifists with responsibility for the doings in South African mines and the accidents on the railways is absurd and unjust. The industrial struggle and the battlefield are not *opposites*, but are two phases of the same thing, war. Peace is the opposite of both. If ever it becomes real it will contain a normal industry

that makes for life unaccompanied by wholesale and organised murder.

WILLIAM L. HARE.

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A SUGGESTION.

Sir,—In your notes of the week, May 29, you animadvert strongly, and justly, on the apparent indifference on the part of the guides and leaders of the proletariat to the claims of Guild Socialism.

Is it not time for an organisation, however loosely strung, to give it "go"? We need a short, explanatory leaflet free, and also a pamphlet at a low price. This would lead to interest in the larger work which I understand is being published. Let us get into the trade union branches and expound. If we do not move soon, we shall have to endure a century or two of the servile state before the time ripens again. EDWARD REED.

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FEMINISM.

Sir,—Mr. West shifts his ground so much that I cannot keep up with him. I do not know what his personal attack on me has to do with inability to appreciate Miss Harrison's work, which we were discussing a week or two ago; and I do not know what a five-year-old book of mine on Oriental religions, based largely on Nietzsche, has to do with a knowledge of mysticism to which I have never laid claim. As I see few signs of the mystic or the scholar about Mr. West's letters, I think I can leave my reputation to take care of itself. In reply to "R. H. C." I may say that there are recognised mystics who look upon Miss Underhill as a mystic, and not merely as a writer on mysticism. J. M. KENNEDY.

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"A WOMEN'S COUNCIL."

Sir,—I lately sent you some facts which I believe are usefully illustrative of the working of fanaticism and its bearing on councils composed of persons all of one sex. I thank you for inserting my letter in your issue of May 1.

The facts of the case of Angelina Napolitano are called in question by Mr. Edward Stafford, May 8, on the ground that the writer giving these facts is a woman, and that some statistics of procuration were misquoted by an unknown correspondent in a London daily and the misquotation copied in a pamphlet by some of the eager promoters of the White Slave Bill, for whose carelessness he holds women should be blamed.

The history of such publicity as it has been possible to obtain for this case is as follows:—When the trial of Mrs. Napolitano for murder was pending, a society of women workers of Chicago sent a delegate, Mrs. Fishback, to watch the case, rightly judging that no Canadian society existed competent to do so.

Mrs. Fishback went to Sault Ste Marie, the Ontario town usually called "The Soo," and she obtained all possible information from Mrs. Napolitano's counsel, and from her own observation, and was present through the trial. She sent her report of the case to the long-established and respected "Woman's Journal" of Boston, and also to a Toronto lady, Mrs. Gurnett, connected with the Ontario Council of Women, with whom I have since been in correspondence, and who has told me of events before and since the trial.

There can be no reasonable doubt of the truth of this account. Mrs. Fishback honestly mentioned that she noticed a man at the Napolitano home, while, of course, knowing that fanatical northern barbarians would sniff at this fact, though not one of these could say what Mrs. Napolitano, with her four little ones to support, could have done but take a boarder, which, I infer, she did.

Enquiries sent to Italy brought the assurance that Angelina had been beloved as a girl of very sweet and gentle disposition in her native village. The matron of the Kingston penitentiary reports her as most exemplary in conduct and very fond of her children—who are still, so far as I know, at the Soo Shelter, except the youngest, Pietro, who has been adopted, whom I suppose his mother will never see again.

Mr. Stafford is not asked to believe that the country of Canada "persecuted" an Italian woman, but that an ignorant and intolerant Ontario jury returned an unfair verdict, and that there is not enough humane public spirit in Canada to protest, or to insist on an enquiry into the official carelessness which led to the pathetic tragedy. He is, however, mistaken in his assertion implying that there is no prejudice against Italians in Canada.

When I found that the Minister of Justice, the Hon. C. T. Doherty, had not given his attention to the case, as he had promised to do, I wrote to him through our B.C. representative who is a Cabinet Minister at Ottawa, reminding him of the facts of the case, and then obtained a brief reply, refusing "any further clemency."

This man of "clemency" a few days ago sprang a Criminal Law Amendment Bill upon the country with a flogging clause copied from England, which is being rushed through the House.

As regards quoting authorities for statements, I agree with Mr. Stafford that this is best when it can be done briefly; and in my previous letter I omitted only for the sake of brevity the details I have now given. Yet the correspondence columns of THE NEW AGE are evidently conducted on the assumption that writers quote facts with conscientious care; and when Mr. Stafford, November 18, described the effects of flogging on a victim, without mentioning his basis of observation, I relied upon his facts so far as to refer to them in several of the many letters I have written to the Press and to officers of societies, protesting against vindictive punishment.

In fighting the fanaticism which upholds flogging, one has to remember that less than a century ago all alike believed in "a rod for the fool's back," as their churches taught them, and that probably the great majority, though silent, are still in this stage. Continual protest, presented with as little English snarling as possible, will in time guide even Anglo-Saxon peoples to modern methods. I see hopeful signs in Mr. F. J. Billiardé's Juvenile Court at Winnipeg, and in the idea of prison farms catching on even in the younger Western Provinces. Kelowna, B.C.

DORA FORSTER.

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#### QUEENS AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Sir,—All "arguments"—heaven save the mark!—in favour of Woman Suffrage are idiotic, but the most idiotic of all is the argument derived from the reign of queens. A correspondent who advances this "argument" in your latest issue is fain to admit that all but two of the queens he mentions can only be said to have been no worse than certain kings. The two exceptions are Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria.

Of the first-named, the late Professor Goldwin Smith wrote as follows:—

"Elizabeth's reputation for anything except the arts of popularity, in which she was supreme, has suffered terribly by the researches of Motley and other recent writers. Her deceitfulness, perfidy, and ingratitude to those who had served her and the country best were pretty well known, as were her vanity and coquetry. But her reputation for statesmanship is now greatly reduced, and it is clear that the country was saved, not by her, but by itself; from the Armada it was saved in her despite. Mr. Froude, who set out as her fervent admirer, has in the end to say that her conduct in the transactions which preceded the sailing of the Armada 'would alone suffice to disqualify Elizabeth from being cited as an example of the capacity of female sovereigns.' Her ungrateful persecution of the Puritans in the latter part of her reign sowed the wind from which her unhappy successors reaped the whirlwind."

And thus Lord Macaulay speaks of the amount of liberty enjoyed under her auspices:—

"Elizabeth often spoke to her Parliaments in language as haughty and imperious as that which the Great Turk would use to his divan. She punished with great severity members of the House of Commons who, in her opinion, carried the freedom of debate too far. She assumed the power of legislating by means of proclamations. She imprisoned her subjects without bringing them to a legal trial. Torture was often employed, in defiance of the laws of England, for the purpose of extorting confessions from those who were shut up in her dungeons. The authority of the Star Chamber and of the Ecclesiastical Commission was at its highest point. Severe restraints were imposed on political and religious discussion. The number of presses was at one time limited. No man could print without a licence, and every work had to undergo the scrutiny of the Primate or the Bishop of London. Persons whose writings were displeasing to the Court were cruelly mutilated, like Stubbs, or put to death, like Penry. Nonconformity was severely punished. The Queen prescribed the exact rule of religious faith and discipline; and whoever departed from that rule, either to the right or to the left, was in danger of severe penalties. . . . Such was this government."

She treacherously beheaded her cousin and guest, Mary Queen of Scots, and as equally treacherously beheaded the Earl of Essex, despite his services to her. She left her brave sailors to die of starvation in the streets; and she would have made a good Suffragette, for she counselled, if she did not commit, secret poisoning.

With Queen Victoria the arguments are different. She

was an excellent woman and a strong Anti-Suffragist, holding that women are not made for governing, and that, if they are good women, must dislike "these masculine occupations." Before her marriage she owed much to Lord Melbourne, who, as she says, steered her into a safe haven. After her husband's death she was rarely seen, and without any disrespect for her memory it may be said that it would have been better for the country if she had abdicated in favour of her eldest son.

ARCH. GIBBS.

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#### FEMINISM.

Sir,—I did not reply to your "case" against Women's Suffrage for the same reason that prevents an elephant from fighting a whale—there was no common ground to meet upon. If we could have started from the premiss that women are human beings, and that sex has no bearing on human rights and characteristics; that, in short, the fact that human beings are divided physically into two sections, the function of one of which is to generate, and the other to fertilise, but that sex difference has no more to do with the humanness of either than a bitch's ability to suckle its young affects its caninity, there would still have been room to argue for and against women's participation in politics, just as one could, for instance make out a good case why red-haired men should have the vote while others should be disqualified, despite their equal humanity. But your article assumed all through that woman is not a human being, but sometimes sub-human, at others super-human, as best suited your "case." Besides, you will kindly pardon my saying so, but I could not find any argument—only assertion, denial, and prophecy under the assumption of omniscience. There was much declamation against the vote as useless either to men or women, constant unexplained reference to "woman as woman"—as if she could ever be anything else; and frequent taking for granted that an elusive "status" of sham chivalry (which I see you again pressed into service last week) is a preferable thing to definite political equality. Obviously on two such divergent planes it would be as futile to discuss the matter as for a ship's captain to expatiate on the merits of Great Circle sailing to an obstinate Flat Earther. I did not attempt to confute your assumptions, but to traverse all your fallacies and misconceptions would have required as much space as they took themselves, so I gave it up. But if you will state in a couple of hundred words one good reason why women should not have the vote and men should, I shall be happy to demolish it in the same number.

Meanwhile, you have not met my challenge. To prophesy that the net result of the propaganda of the W.S.P.U. will be the enfranchisement of a section of women only, and that (in your opinion) propertied women, is not the same thing as to prove your statement that their aim is the enfranchisement of propertied women, which is what I challenged you to do. The former is an expression of opinion to which few thinking minds would demur, since the work of all reformers in all ages has fallen short of the mark they aimed at. But the other thing is to state as a fact what is only a surmise, which, in plain English, is dishonest. By "tactics of the gutter" I mean that policy which, being unable to fight fair, leads a man to adopt the course which a "Punch" cartoon satirised a good many years ago—"Throw enough mud, lads; some of it will stick!" I am sorry to have had to use the phrase, but it is the only one I know of that meets the case.

J. BEANLAND,

Joint Hon. Secretary, Manchester Men's League.

[Our correspondent has never asked us for space in which to reply to us at length; but his use of his present space does not convince us that the fear of trespassing is his main concern.—ED. N.A.]

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#### A SENSE OF PROPORTION.

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. J. Beanland protests against a casual description in one of your editorials of *The Suffragette* as a paper seeking the enfranchisement of propertied women. He seems to think that you are sufficiently answered by the formula, "Votes for women on the same terms as they are or may be granted to men." But by that very formula he gives his whole case away. To give women the vote on the same terms as they are now granted to men is undoubtedly to give votes to propertied women to the exclusion of all unpropertied wives, aunts, and daughters who live at home. And if women are to have the vote, it is just these excluded women who ought to have it first. Has the W.S.P.U. ever declared for adult suffrage?

But I do not write to discuss the female franchise—it is really too fatiguing. (I wish you would forget feminism for a while; all the letters now appearing on the subject bore me to tears.) The really significant point about Mr. Beanland's letter is that he snatches a stray phrase from a considered paragraph and completely ignores the real argument. I am sorry that I sent away my copy of THE NEW AGE, but my memory serves. You remarked that, whatever might be our views on women's enfranchisement, it was vastly more important that we should concentrate on economic enfranchisement. It is curious—isn't it?—that Mr. Beanland should rush in with a letter on a stray phrase and completely ignore the main argument. Curious, but significant also, I think. When will it be possible, I wonder, to get men and women to face the economic facts and forget these trumpery political excitements that lead nowhere and can lead nowhere until citizenship is backed by economic strength.

TERENCE O'NEILL.

**THE MANCHESTER REPERTORY THEATRE.**

Sir,—May one thank Mr. John Francis Hope for his extremely efficient exposure of the pretensions of Miss Horniman and her ridiculous Repertory Theatre? Neither that garrulous (vide Press, passim) lady, nor her director seems capable of play selection or production, and the coddling of the "Manchester Guardian" is the last word in parochial conceit. But what critics! The critic of "The Whispering Will" is a fledgling barrister, and to encourage the others, they have now turned on their musical critic to criticise plays. Well, perhaps, Manchester deserves it.

Meantime, the Repertory movement dies. Miss Horniman lets Iden Payne go, and the Liverpool directors dismiss Basil Dean, because "Hannele" lost money. (They made money with "His Excellency the Governor.")

I went to a crowded music-hall to-night.

Manchester.

OLIVER COSWAY.

**CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.**

Sir,—I wonder if "Press-Cutter" will call your attention to an indirect reference to THE NEW AGE in the "Manchester Guardian" of May 27. In the column entitled "New Books" is an estimate of Francis Grierson over the initials "L. A." As some of the essays reviewed appeared in your paper, it is interesting to read the opinion of "L. A." concerning some of the literature of the writers of your paper. THE NEW AGE is accused of violence of language by these orthodox reviewers of the Press, but surely the influence of THE NEW AGE criticisms must have reached to "L. A.," or perchance he is trying "to get his own back." Here are a few samples:—"Mr. Grierson merely repeats the usual stock remarks one hears in railway carriages or at tea parties. Sometimes the remarks are sensible, and sometimes they are nonsense. That makes no difference to Mr. Grierson; so long as they are commonplace, he is satisfied." He reads the newspapers "with average intelligence." He is "just a voluble tourist in whom glib sentiment leaves no room for thought." He sets up "the well-known claim of prejudiced ignorance to be the final judge." An article that appeared in THE NEW AGE shows his "confidence in vulgarity." He writes "tea-table nonsense about science." Again, "Mr. Grierson's daring among words is of the kind that comes from inability to attach any particular meaning to words." In short, his work is only an exceptionally feverish case of "cacæthes scribendi." Next time the Pandarins of the Press complain of the free speech of THE NEW AGE, this example of criticism might be quoted as justification for anything you may be pleased to say.

H. GIFFORD OYSTON.

**MEREDITH'S WOMEN.**

Sir,—Being, more or less, good news, THE NEW AGE travels slowly, and the number dated May 15 has only just reached me.

A man once said to me, "I never read 'The Egoist' without a feeling of indecent exposure," and I think most women feel the same about Diana. She is a man's woman (in spite of the writer of "Notes and Criticisms"), the sort of woman men adore and suffer by, and I like to think her more typical of the past than the future woman.

Rhoda Fleming, whom your critic praises, was splendid and slavish and stupid—nearly as stupid as her old father. Between them they murder Dahlia, a far finer woman, sacrificing her to their conventions and respectabilities.

Meredith's women are as varied as nature, and more finely studied than his men, always excepting the "Egoist." "Who is for us, for him are we." Venice.

MARY MCCROSSAN.

\* \* \*

**"LETTERS FROM ITALY."**

Sir,—May I call your attention to No. IX, over the name of Richard Aldington in THE NEW AGE of April 10?

The whole article is froth, but it is also bad taste to write publicly of one's hosts, and, I feel sure, against the canons of journalism also, as this person has done.

The attack on English and American ladies and on Italian gentlemen who, wishing to be polite, spoke to him in French, in his ordinary insular ignorance of their language, is senseless and unwarrantable and a national discourtesy.

I. P. FELL.

\* \* \*

**"LICHTENBERG'S REFLECTIONS."**

Sir,—I should like to call the attention of NEW AGE readers to a translation of Lichtenberg's aphorisms by Mr. Norman Allistor, which appeared in 1908 ("The Reflections of Lichtenberg," (Swan, Sonnenschein).

H. DANIELSON.

\* \* \*

**A CORRECTION.**

Sir,—In the eleventh line of "Paradise Lost" (mine, not Milton's), published last week in THE NEW AGE, the word "not" should have been printed "but." I fear that some of your readers must have been puzzled at my argument and horrified by my moral attitude. Hence this note to reassure them that I most emphatically do rail at the types of persons detailed in my lines.

P. SELVER.

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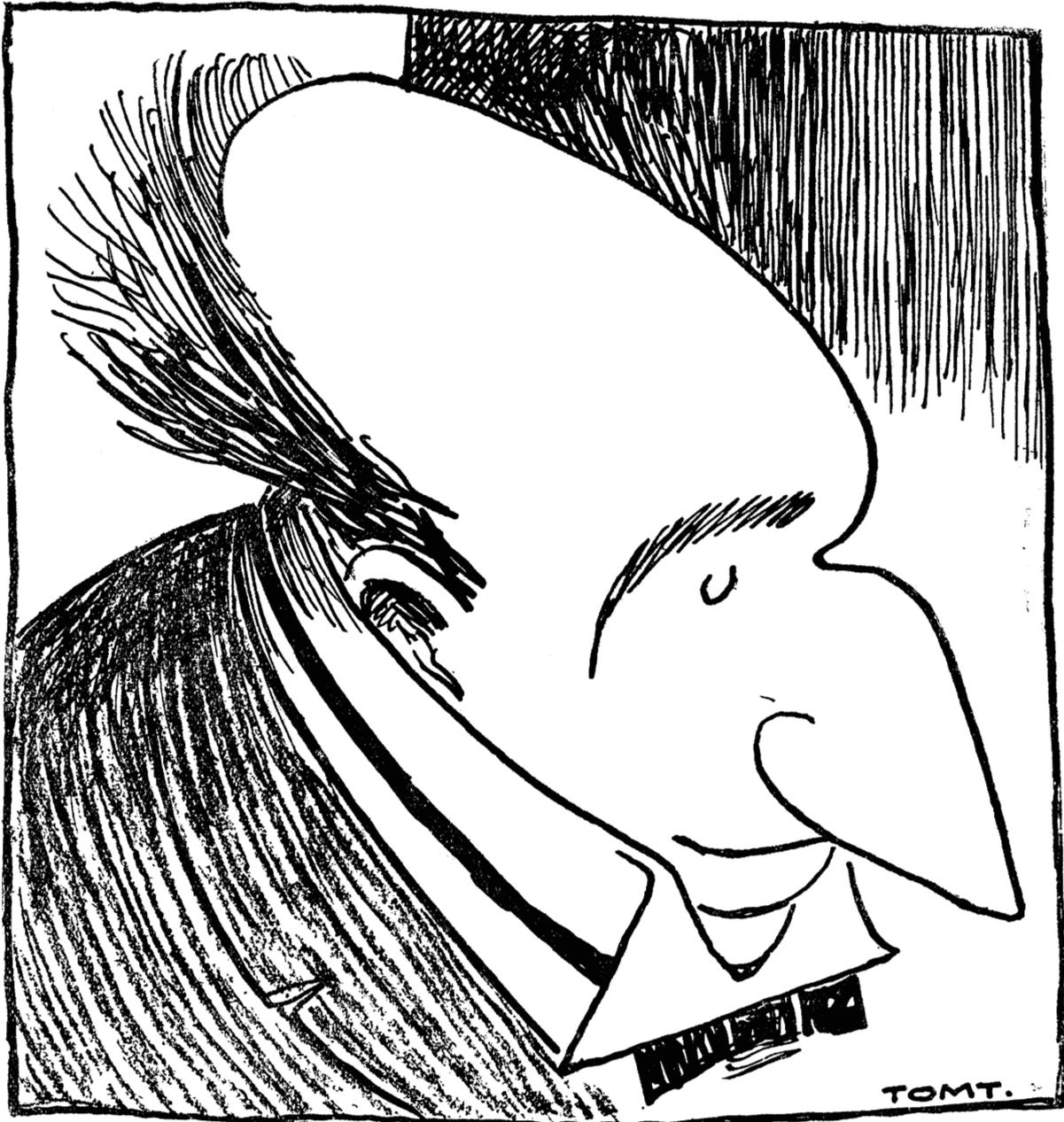
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