

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is a pity that those who took part in the debate on the "Free Breakfast-table" in Parliament on Wednesday could not afterwards be publicly cross-examined on their economics; for the fallacious assumptions on which both sides rested their case and the consequent cross-purposes to which they were reduced made the debate at once unedifying and misleading. To Mr. Snowden's plea in favour of the remission of the taxes on food the reply of Mr. Asquith that each class, including the poorest, must proportionately contribute to the national expenditure was temporarily conclusive. On the face of it, nothing could be more just than the canon of taxation in proportion to means. So completely, in fact, was the Labour Party deceived by this plausible fiction that Mr. MacDonald was at pains to prove that the amendment of Mr. Snowden was entirely consistent with it. Mr. Asquith, however (if there had been any speaker on the Labour side to note it) had already destroyed his own case by an admission that ought to have been pointed out. It was the accepted canon, he argued, that taxation should be proportional to income, and he proposed to act on it; yet, such was the condition of the working classes, that practically all they contributed to the State had afterwards to be returned and was returned to them in the form of pensions, free education, insurance, and poor-relief. But if this is the case, as we have no doubt it is, what becomes of the doctrine of proportional taxation? The capitalist classes contribute out of their Rent, Interest and Profit a certain sum to the State annually and do not expect to have it returned to them directly, but only in the form of social and national services. The wage-earners, on the other hand, while also contributing annually to the State, *do* expect to have their money returned to them directly in the form of doles as well as indirectly in the form of national services. It is surely obvious from this

that a real distinction must be made between the taxation of the capitalist classes and the taxation of the working classes.

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What is the distinction? It is this: that whereas the capitalist classes may properly be taxed on their income the wage-earning classes can only nominally be taxed upon theirs; and they can be only nominally taxed because, in fact if not in theory, their income is not income in the proper sense, but simply the means of subsistence and nothing more. Wages, we cannot too often repeat, are the cost of labour measured in terms of the subsistence standard of the working classes. On the average they never do, and never can, exceed the actual cost in money of the conditions necessary to maintain the working-classes alive. Thus it follows that the taxation of wages—the only income of the working-classes—is in all cases a taxation of the average of their subsistence-necessity; and since this level of expenditure is necessary and cannot be reduced without impairing the industrial efficiency of the class, it follows again that practically every penny taken from their wages by taxation must be returned to them in meal and malt in the form of State doles. With the other classes, as we have said, this condition does not hold. In the first place the subsistence margin of £160 per annum is allowed for, below which amount subsistence is possible on comparatively easy terms. In the second place, the income of the capitalist from rent, interest or profit is true income; that is to say, it is the excess of his receipts from society over and above his necessary expenditure. Thus while the proportional taxation of true income (or the surplus over the cost of subsistence) is economically sound and politically possible, the taxation of wages (or the cost of subsistence alone) is economically fallacious and is only made politically possible by the same fiction that regards the proletariat as a genuine citizen. We conclude from this that if the course were not undesirable on other grounds, justice would demand that the working-classes should never be taxed at all. No tax falls fairly upon them, for the simple reason that every tax upon them is a tax not upon their surplus but upon their subsistence. Unfortunately, however, the entire remission of taxation from the working-classes would not, under present circumstances, greatly, if at all, improve their condition. For though it is true that their wages are their average minimum cost of subsistence, the taxes now included in them, and which they pay, would only be taken off by the State to be put on again by the capitalists in the form of reduced wages. For example, if the Free Breakfast-table advocated by

the Labour Party were actually brought about, by so much relief of their present necessary expenditure the subsistence cost of the proletariat would be reduced, with the effect that in a very little while wages would fall, really if not nominally, by the amount of the remitted tax. The situation, therefore, stands thus: the proletariat ought not to be taxed, since what is taxed is their subsistence. On the other hand, to remit all taxation of them would be to reduce their present wages and to divert from the State to their employers the sums now contributed to the State funds. Such must necessarily be the anomaly of politics when wage-earners are falsely regarded as citizens, and their fate when they are relieved of the obligations which citizenship entails.

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Despite the fact that this and a thousand other examples exist to prove that the wage-earners as a class can have no part or lot in real politics—which concerns, at bottom, the disposition of the State's share of the incomes of its members—the leaders of the Labour Party still continue to preach political action as the way of salvation for Labour. To prevent any unnecessary confusion let us say at once that we are not opposed, as some of our readers appear to think, to political action in itself. Everybody who actually contributes part of his savings to the common public fund for public purposes has a right to have a voice in the direction of its expenditure; for the State exists to collect and employ that common fund, and political action is the means we must use to ensure our control of it. But though political action is thus the right and necessary means for citizens to adopt in disposing of their common fund, it is ridiculous and unjust to apply the idea to people who either do not contribute to the funds or must receive back, not in common but in individual service, the sums they do contribute. The proletariat, we have seen, are in the latter position and, if we judge them by their leaders, would gladly be in the former. Under these circumstances politics for them is not at this moment a common consideration of the best plans of common expenditure, but a means either of decreasing the amount they personally contribute or of increasing the amount they personally receive in return. In short, the so-called political action of the proletariat is not political action at all, since it is concerned solely with getting out of the public exchequer more than they put in.

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Apart, however, from the pretence that a class can be in politics when actually it contributes nothing to the public fund which political action is designed to control, the idea that the proletariat can exercise political power of an effective kind is as great a delusion as the pretence is a lie. When Mr. MacDonald last Sunday told the trade union organisers at Manchester that they must work out their salvation by political action he was telling them something that was at the same time immoral and impossible. It is immoral, as we have seen, for the proletariat class to aspire to control the expenditure of the national income to which, politically speaking, they contribute nothing for nothing; they are simply guilty of attempting to spend other people's money in their own personal interests. But it is also impossible that they should succeed in this for very many reasons. For example, the control of that common fund is in the last resort proportioned to the contribution. A citizen who contributes a thousand pounds a year has more influence over the expenditure of it (over public policy, that is) than a citizen who only contributes ten pounds a year. In short, other things being equal, political power is exactly proportioned to the economic power of the citizen to contribute to the national purse. How then can the working-classes, who contribute nothing much directly, have more than a small and indirect influence on public policy? Again, in order to preserve the control of the national income in the hands of those who mainly contribute to it, the whole of it can be, and in an emergency would be, devoted to its defence. The State's common fund at the moment

is, roughly, two hundred million pounds a year, of which less than twenty per cent., we believe, is contributed directly by the proletariat. If the proletariat should attempt to obtain more, at the very most, than their own twenty per cent. back again, either in doles or in relief of taxation, or in any other form of State endowment, the other classes would instantly set to work and, if necessary, purchase with their four-fifths the forcible means of preserving their control of their own share. The Police, the Army, the Navy, and all the other instruments of force are always ready at the call of the capitalist classes, to resist public robbery at home as well as abroad. A further reason may be perceived in the fact that though in various selected areas the proletariat voters are in excess of the capitalist voters, this does not hold true of the country as a whole, and never will. In short, neither by forcible means nor by constitutional means will the proletariat, by the exercise of political power, ever arrive at more than securing from the State exactly what they contribute to it minus the cost of collection and redistribution; or than at exercising any further control over public policy than is involved in this.

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Such being the undoubted case with political action, we may turn now to consider the industrial alternative. It is represented by Mr. MacDonald that people like ourselves are enemies of the Trade Unionists since we would deny them the use of political weapons and throw them back on the old weapon of the strike, now proved, they say, to be useless. But, in the first place, our criticism of political action is no more malevolent to Labour than as we have stated it. It is simply, in our opinion, a waste of time, effort and money. In the second place, we have no objection to political action in itself, and under proper circumstances. Economically independent citizens have a right which we would make a duty in politics. We despise the citizen who is so wrapped up in his own affairs that he is indifferent to the disposition even of his own contribution to the public fund. Once secure to the wage-earner the status of economic citizen and he immediately enters, in our judgment, into both the privileges and duties of political citizenship. But without the former the latter is a mere peacock's feather. Lastly, it is untrue that, as an alternative to political action, we would throw the proletariat back upon the strike and the strike only. On the contrary, the strike is to us exactly what a war between two countries is: a proof that one or the other party to it has miscalculated either his own or his opponent's strength. If, however, each existing trade union had a complete monopoly of its own labour, as complete a monopoly, say, as its employers have of their capital, the relations between the Union and the Federated Employers of that Union would be the relations of equals. Neither could act productively without the other. Each would be committing suicide by declining to come to terms with its partner. Now the creation of such a monopoly in each Union is what we at any rate mean by industrial action; and after our analysis of the nature of wages and of the possibilities of political action respectively we do not see how anybody who reads these notes can accuse us again of either opposing political action in itself or of simply substituting the method of strikes for it. Political action, we summarise, is proper to citizens. The business of trade unions is to secure to their members the economic status of citizens and afterwards, but only then, to enter politics.

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On the same day on which the theoretical fallacies of taxation were being propagated in Parliament, Mr. Burns was opposing with his back to the wall the practical fallacies of the Unionist advocates of doles. Mr. Burns is too good an economist to make a good politician, but he is unfortunately not a good enough economist to make a good statesman. His extraordinary timidity which has hitherto been concealed under the

disguise of strength has now been discovered even by his friends, with the result that his appearance in debate is now preceded by attacks upon himself and his administration in Government organs. These undoubtedly have the effect of stimulating his political opponents, who feel that they have only to count with Mr. Burns himself and no longer with his party and Press. On Wednesday the Opposition, led by Mr. Walter Long, succeeded in extracting from Mr. Burns a clearer affirmation of what the poverty of language compels us to call his policy than he has ever ventured before. The policy of doles in relief of agricultural wages is one, it appears, he will not countenance. Whether they take the form of grants of money for building cottages to be let at an uneconomic rent either through local authorities or through private landlords, the effect of doles, he maintains, is to subsidise wages and thereby to relieve the employer of a proper charge on his industry. This, of course, is undeniable; and if Mr. Burns were like ourselves, a critic at large, no more than the reiteration of this would be expected of him. But Mr. Burns has taken upon himself the office of a practical politician, in whom the mere theoretic objections of economics must be subordinated to practical considerations. For the President of the Local Government Board to maintain the status quo is not enough. Besides, the status quo in a world that moves can never be maintained. Nor is it enough merely to demonstrate of every proposed measure of legislation that it will make conditions worse rather than better. That, we repeat, is our office and duty. It is not the office and duty of a Cabinet Minister. When, however, Mr. Burns turns from his defence of doing nothing to positive proposals for doing something, he finds his position of critic transformed into that of his own victim. The constructive policy of the President of the Local Government Board must be as inadequate in his own eyes as the policy of his discomfited critics.

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In effect his policy, alternative to the detested policy of State aid to incompetent farmers, is one of two lines of attack: trade union action and the parliamentary establishment of a Minimum Wage for Agricultural Labourers. It is with the latter that for the moment we are exclusively concerned, since the former has plainly nothing to do with Mr. Burns. He is not now a Trade Unionist (though we understand he retains an honorary and perhaps strategic membership of the Society of Engineers) and with industrial action he can have, while he is in office, no direct dealings. It is, in fact, an admission of the apprehended failure of political action for a Minister to name industrial action as even possibly an indispensable means of reform. The Agricultural Minimum Wage, on the other hand, is open to most if not all of the objections which Mr. Burns has so persistently raised to State doles. It is true that the labourers who would be employed under a statutory minimum wage would nominally be better off than they are now under a competitive wage; but at what a cost to their class, to the nation and to themselves! The number, it is certain, of those who would be employed is much less than the number now employed. What would become of the rest? They must either emigrate or flock to the towns to bear down urban wages or subside into casual labourers dependent upon State doles or private charity for their lean years. This by-product, as it were, of a legislative Minimum Wage is not compatible with an escape from doles. Again, it is desirable, no doubt, that agriculture should become a skilled and scientific trade, but is the enforcement of a Minimum Wage a step towards it? We can easily imagine that land would tend more and more to fall into the hands of city magnates who would keep it for its amenities on a minimum of labour and with a minimum of productive use to the nation. Already, indeed, this tendency is more plainly to be seen in the country than the tendency to small holdings, and takes a giant's stride for every tripping step of the latter movement. Finally, we cannot conceive that a statu-

tory minimum wage can be granted as a privilege to agricultural labourers without being paid for in the loss of liberty. Certainly employers will require guarantees of all kinds before consenting to pay an all-round high minimum. The moral position of the labourer, in short, will approximate to that of the serf in the same degree as the obligations of his employer approximate to those of the old-time lord. Mr. Burns, who sees so clearly the fatal consequences of doles, can scarcely fail to see as unmistakably the fatal consequences of a statutory minimum. What then will become of him, with only trade union action as a second string, and that not in his bow?

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While the Marconi affair was still under investigation it was our business to press for all the facts and evidence possible. Now that we appear to know all that is likely to be known on the subject, the duty of the public is to judge and of the Liberal Party in particular to act. On the face of the evidence now before us the common conclusion of the three Reports issued by the various sections of the Committee appears to us to be of more immediate importance politically than all their varying conclusions put together. Whether Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs were or were not guilty of grave impropriety in speculating in American Marconis under the well-known circumstances is, after all, a matter of opinion and taste. We certainly have nothing but contempt for any mind that can see in their conduct on that occasion anything but the conduct of hucksters. On the other hand, the question of their technical corruption has, so far as we are concerned, been settled to the satisfaction of the reasonable public. Nobody, we affirm, can read the evidence of the Committee and not doubt that more took place than we can know; but nobody either, we affirm, can draw any other conclusion from the admitted facts than that in the strict and technical sense none of the three Ministers was guilty of corruption. The questions now to be answered and which will doubtless find their reply in the debates of Wednesday and Thursday concern, however, in the first place and above all, the Ministry as a whole, and only secondarily the three Ministers personally involved by name. For, once the question of explicit corruption is put aside by the common consent of all the parties in the House, there remains only the question of the relation of the House to the Ministry.

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From this point of view it is obvious that both the Cabinet and the Liberal majority in the Commons have to take into account rather more than the individual case of the three Ministers. These latter have been acquitted of specific corruption and consequently cannot be expected on that ground alone to resign or to be asked for their resignation. And even if they should choose to resign or their resignation should be insisted upon on other grounds by the majority in the House, they could not now be expected to resign alone. The grave impropriety of their original dealings was, it is true, their own; but from at least July last they have had in their subsequent conduct the approval, even if only the extorted or tacit approval, of all their colleagues. It is inconceivable that the Cabinet which has tolerated their presence and collaborated all these months in their defence should now see them forced to resign without resigning with them. The certainty is, therefore, that if one Minister goes in consequence of this week's debate, all will go: the present Government will come to an end. But, as we asked last week, and as the Liberal Party will be asking themselves this week, is it politically reasonable to sacrifice the prospects of the party, not to a proven charge of containing corrupt members, but to a charge of much less material gravity, namely, that of containing merely stupid and greedy members? Other and less suicidal means can surely be adopted for dealing with the two chief offenders. They can be cold-shouldered when the next distribution of offices takes place; they can be dropped, if necessary, when the damage of their departure would be less

ruinous to their party than now; in any case, their infinite loss of personal prestige is a punishment which will weigh personally on them throughout their lives. Ought the party to insist on destroying the Ministry for the purpose of punishing two of its members who can be punished at less cost? Ought the party to cut off its nose to spite its face? It is true that the whole affair can scarcely be exaggerated in its reverberating seriousness, in its possible effect upon the status of Parliament, for example, and the purity of public life and the name of England in the world. But it is also true that we in England and at this moment may nevertheless be exaggerating its importance. After all, it is not open corruption; and of the other kinds of corruption political life is inevitably full. There is hardly a member of any parliament in the world who is not hand-in-glove with some contracting party in whose interest for some kind of consideration his public spirit is not deflected to private ends. Is this the moment and are these the men to choose for an example when as well as themselves a Government must fall with them? And consider the Government that must fall with them. For seven years now, the present Government has been engaged practically upon a single subject, the Parliament Act. After constant exertion that Act is now on the Statute Book, but it is not yet law. It cannot really become law until under its operation an Act has been passed. We all know that Home Rule is the seal and signature which are designed to convert the Parliament statute into an irrevocable Act. Should the Government be compelled to resign at this moment, not only will Home Rule be lost with it, but the Parliament Act, the fruit of seven years' political labour, will be lost also. We confess that for ourselves these matters are of comparatively small concern. They do not weigh for us in the scale of the economic emancipation of wage-slaves. But for party politicians and particularly for the present Liberal majority, they both do and ought to weigh heavily. The conclusion, we do not doubt, to which the party will come is that a Cabinet which is good enough for Mr. Asquith, Lord Morley, Mr. Birrell and Sir Edward Grey, is good enough, with all its faults, for them. If these respected leaders can continue to work with discredited colleagues the discredit of the latter must be endured and suffered by their party as a lesser evil than throwing away the work of seven years. In the end, we believe, the vote of Thursday will turn less, therefore, upon the character of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Rufus Isaacs than upon the character of Mr. Asquith. It will resolve itself into a Vote of Confidence in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, be its members who they may be. That also should prove a further humiliation of the two Ministers thus shielded by a reputation greater than they have lost.

#### DISGUISED.

"Son of a gun," the Deil's abroad to-night,  
I smell the brimstone in the sultry air;  
I see his baleful eyes' half-mocking light,  
Along the wall beside my basket chair.  
They scorch and make me squirm like a live coal,  
They burn right underneath my very shirt;  
And yet the eyes which mesmerise my soul  
Don't blind me to the fact, he wears a skirt.  
And all the while his horrid laughter rings  
In dreadful peals that nearly burst my ears:  
And all the while this snarling chant he sings  
As gleefully he gloats upon my fears:  
"Poor, wretched, naked, shivering young man,  
Your soul's no use to you, so give it up!  
Defy me, bifurcated biped! if you can;  
Come, quickly now, you whining pup!  
What do you think you are, you chimpanzee?  
That you should own a soul when *She's* got none:  
Come, give it me, you bandy-legged wheeze,  
Or else I'll make you wish you hadn't one!"  
Trembling and quaking at his awful tone,  
I gave the Deil my soul without a murmur:  
And in exchange I got (Oh! please don't groan),  
Forced feeding (in a cell) on bread and water.

J. TRAILL STEVENSON.

## Current Cant.

"Democracy to-day is a winning card."—"East London Observer."

"I doubt whether there is any genuine decline in the intelligent belief in the Christian faith."—THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

"After a long period of slackness, holiday-making, and general lassitude, Parliament is fronting the real tasks of the Session, only a fortnight before Midsummer."—"Everyman."

"The paper that carries the most advertisements is that which can afford to give the best literary fare—never despise advertisements. . . . and believe me, advertisements are useful in so far as they indicate the purity of a commodity."—"Ideas."

"The appointment of a national Poet Laureate would come at an opportune time, for poetry is now waking again in this country."—BARRY PAIN.

"London is the most friendly and hospitable city on the face of the globe. It has both a soul and a heart."—GRAHAM SCOTT.

"Religion is still the greatest moving force in the world."—LORD HALDANE.

"Women are taking bird fashions very seriously. Everyone loves, in one way or another, the bird woman. . . ."—MARGARET McMILLAN.

"We should be the last to see the liberty of the Press curtailed."—"News and Leader."

"Recent evidence at the Marconi inquiry again proved that the 'London Mail' is the best informed journal in this country."—"London Mail."

"Great are the strides that have been made in the way of living pictures . . . the greatest of all is to be made at the Coliseum, where Mr. Stoll will present the action of Wagner's 'Parsifal.'"—"Daily Chronicle."

"Freedom and independence of the Press and also in that more ancient institution, the Bar, are, as plainly appears in the columns of the 'Daily Express,' after all said and done, the mainstay of the People, the 'democracy.' . . . The free and independent policy of the 'Express' seems calculated to do something at least to defer the national downfall, which every patriot would see altogether avoided."—H. T. TAMPLIN.

"Who shall be Laureate? . . . Readers have ten votes. I will award three prizes to the three competitors who send in the largest number of signed coupons. You vote yourself and canvass your friends. . . . Honour Literature by voting."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"The ball given on Tuesday night by Mrs. Meyer Sassoon was really a very brilliant affair indeed. . . . The long supper room . . . voted charming . . . profusely adorned . . . pink and pale mauve sweet peas. . . ."—"Daily Mail."

"But not only does Mr. Masefield show us how every ounce of gold may be extracted from the dust, but he shows us how the very dust itself may be transformed into gold."—GILBERT THOMAS.

#### CURRENT BLASPHEMY.

"A suggestion has been made that the cross surmounting the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral should be illuminated every night. We think this is a splendid suggestion, it would be the landmark for Christianity for miles around London, calling attention to the wonderful symbol of self-sacrifice, giving consolation to the weary, and inspiration to the men and women in their struggle against sin. The theatres and music-halls are brilliantly illuminated."—"The Standard."

"Yes, this must be done. We must get the Dean and the Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral to adopt the suggestion. The electric plant is there. It will not cost much. . . . I would suggest that the members of the Church of England Men's Society rush in and take to themselves the honour of paying for such a Divine favour."—Rev. A. J. WALDRON.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

PIVY the poor financiers! Our hereditary enemies are in difficulties, and they have been having the deuce of a time for the last five years. For the present unrest in financial quarters may, I think, be traced to the Young Turk revolution of 1908. The Near East, always looked upon with much concern and anxiety, had at last made a move, and every important stock exchange throughout the world felt a slight shock. As the result of desperate negotiating and bargaining the Young Turks graciously consented to let Abdul Hamid remain on the throne if he recognised the Parliament; and, as the financiers were in the habit of judging Abdul to be a clever if not a strong man—an undoubted wielder of authority in any case—they were grateful for the concession.

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Then came the counter-revolution of 1909; and for once the clever man was not clever enough. He was taken away in disgrace; and this event, together with the uneasy feeling brought about by the Bosnia-Herzegovina crisis, was responsible for many premature grey hairs on the brows of bankers. But Turkey appeared to settle down, though the financial world did not. The Riff war, the bickerings between France and Spain over Morocco—which were finally “arranged” only a few weeks ago—the growing ill-feeling between France and Germany, all culminated in the war between Italy and Turkey. Investors and speculators waited mournfully for better days; but no sooner was this war over than the Balkan war began. There was a short breathing-space at the end of last year; but the armistice had little effect on finance—the unrest was too strong to be calmed by a few weeks’ cessation of hostilities. By degrees, however, the Turks were forced back to the Chatalja lines, and final peace negotiations were opened. We thought we were safe, but it was a false alarm. When one crisis ended another began. For three dreadful weeks it seemed as if Austria and Russia were really going to fight over Montenegro, and only the insistence of Germany that she was “not ready,” and the knowledge that Italy was ready, prevented Austria from taking the tragic step. But an agreement was reached; the Albanian border was “rectified,” and France prepared to untie her purse-strings.

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Alas! Bulgaria demanded certain towns which were in the possession of Greece and Serbia; the demand was rejected; Bulgarian troops marched from Chatalja and attacked the Greek and Servian outposts; Serbia called for the revision of a treaty; reservists who had been disbanded were called up again; and grand preparations were made for a brotherly struggle. They were quite serious about it, too, these Bulgars and Serbs and Greeks. And it was only at the very last moment that war was prevented by the Tsar sending out one of the stiffest messages ever dispatched from one monarch to another. During this last crisis European financiers were floundering about and gasping for breath like half-drowned men. They are still feeling the effects of what they have passed through. I have already referred to the Balkan Financial Conference in Paris and the problems it will have to solve; and they are certainly quite sufficient for the moneyed men without the addition of a crisis every week. When we think of the sums of money required for Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey, we shall realise that the financiers have a big question to solve—not that the two hundred millions required is a very large sum, as loans go nowadays; but because the apportionment of the amount is troublesome.

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It is becoming more and more difficult to get money; and we must recognise that, with the present system of society, money is not merely essential, but is an index to everything else. New York City, by far the most important commercial centre on the American

Continent, with security which is above reproach or suspicion, finds it difficult to borrow under  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—in fact, the recent bond issue was a failure. American railroads, which were formerly able, with ease, to borrow money on short-term notes at 4 per cent. or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., must now pay 5 per cent., and in some cases  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. I refer to the most flourishing companies. The recent Brazil loan of £11,000,000 was hardly subscribed for at all, and the Imperial and Prussian war loan of £11,500,000 was subscribed for to the extent of £8,000,000 or so. Not so long ago these loans would have been subscribed two or three times over; for it will not be forgotten that the Brazil loan had the great advantage of being issued under Rothschild auspices.

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On the other hand, when the Franco-German tension was at its height some time ago a group of Paris bankers offered to advance £100,000,000 to the Government within twenty-four hours, if called upon to do so, and this offer, I have reason to know, was renewed early last month. It was declined on both occasions as being “unnecessary in the meantime.” But “in the meantime” the Bank of France, as I have mentioned before, has been busy accumulating gold, chiefly from the United States, and Berlin cannot get gold for love or money. If there is going to be another European war on a large scale France is determined to come out on top.

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It may seem strange to talk of another European war after recent events, and especially after the private Berlin declaration that the Triple Alliance was of no further military value. I do not myself think that a great war is in the slightest degree probable; but I am bound to take note of the fact that the possibility is being seriously discussed in Paris at this moment. “What,” runs the argument, “what will happen if Serbia and Bulgaria decline to accept the Tsar’s arbitration in regard to the territory in dispute? Everybody knows that Russia is supporting Serbia and that Bulgaria is counting upon the assistance of Austria. What will happen in the event of a dispute? May there not be another crisis? And, if so, war is inevitable; for we could not stand two such crises within such a short space of time; and Germany may find herself driven to support her ally on pain of losing any support she now has in Europe.”

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The argument is plausible; and we cannot explain away the French accumulation of gold; for, though there is always a rush of gold to Europe at this time of the year, it has seldom been so large; and French bankers have never paid so high a premium for it. But the financiers may rest content nevertheless; for no great Power wants war. This, let me remark, does not support Mr. Norman Angell’s argument; for these financiers have been prepared to fight with guns and men—men other than themselves—all along, if it had “paid” them to do so. These matters apart, there are a few flaws in modern financial methods which react on international politics. For example, American bankers have been grumbling for years because there is no central institution in the United States corresponding to the Bank of France or the Bank of England. I do not know, nor does anyone else, exactly to what extent these loose financial methods of the United States led to the receivership for the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway, which caused so much sensation a week or two ago, and led to an outcry against American stocks on the Paris Bourse. When, therefore, we are asked to judge modern financial conditions and their effect on world-politics, let us remember that there are technical obstacles in the way of a speedy settlement of pressing problems.

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As this week’s issue of THE NEW AGE is going to press, I learn that Serbia has not unconditionally accepted the Tsar’s command to arbitrate. A conditional acceptance is equivalent to a refusal.

## Military Notes.

By Romney.

BUT (continuing my last article) it is by no means true to say that the democratic type of army is altogether lacking in subordination, or the aristocratic army in initiative. If initiative and subordination were measurable like concrete things, it would probably be discovered that the sum total of either was about the same in all successful armies, democratic or otherwise. It is in their distribution that variations occur. Thus, in your aristocratic force the regimental officer will talk very loudly of discipline and subordination, but it is discipline and subordination for the rank and file to which he is referring. Consciously or not, he claims for himself a very wide degree of latitude. It is characteristic of the more aristocratic armies, such as the Austrian or the German, that they base their strategy and tactics upon an almost anarchic initiative in subordinate commanders. Summed up, the modern German strategy amounts to this: choose and train energetic subordinates, and turn them loose upon the enemy, trusting to their energy and their grasp of opportunities to carry the business through. In France, on the other hand, a theory finds favour which would keep the army well in hand. Subordinate leaders are to move in accordance with the orders of the generalissimo. Initiative is frowned upon unless it conduces to the furtherance of the general scheme. The difference is in the instinct of the nations. The French staff, being democratic, have at the back of their heads the idea of the State, and the army as a whole, and whilst willing to allow the insignificant individual soldier a very much freer hand than he would obtain in Germany or in England, are going to take every precaution that no one general endangers the common safety by playing for his own glory to the neglect of the common weal. Such a state of things is, however, far too rigid and uninteresting for aristocrats, whose essential nature has not changed since the days when Piers Gaveston was slain on Blacklow Hill "by barons as lawless as himself." Your German junker realises the imperative need of his subordinates yielding him obedience, but for himself to be made the part of a machine—that, he would have you know, is quite a different tale. He demands and obtains a system of war which gives him a chance of distinguishing himself by something startling and unexpected. In France, initiative in the soldier and subordination in the general. In Germany initiative in the general and subordination in the soldier. Of course this must not be carried too far. Other factors intervene. The French logic and dislike of acting upon insufficient evidence, and the German mysticism, both have a share in the game, and he would be a very unfair critic who accused the higher ranks of the German army of indiscipline. But the tendencies are there and will out; and how far the aristocratic wilfulness reveals itself, is shown by the history of another service, even more caste-ridden than the Prussian and not ordered and restrained by the rigid Prussian discipline. The home of military anarchy is Austria. The disobedience of subordinates ruined Benedek at Sadowa, as it ruined Mack at Ulm.

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There is a passage in Tolstoi's "War and Peace" which throws a brilliant light upon another defect of the aristocratic army—the clash between the co-existent hierarchies of military and civil rank—a clash in which the military rank inevitably goes under and discipline suffers accordingly.

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"At the instant when Boris entered, Prince Andrew was listening to a Russian general with that languid politeness which duty demands as a cover to weariness. The Russian, a red-faced man, past middle-age, and wearing many medals, stood leaning forward and ex-

plained his case with the timid anxiety common in soldiers.

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"Very good—be so kind as to wait," replied Prince Andrew in Russian, but with the French accent he affected when he wished to be superior. Then, catching sight of Boris, without troubling himself any further about the petitioner, who ran after him repeating his request, and assuring him that he had not done, he came forward and greeted Boris kindly. This marked change of manner made Boris fully aware of what he had already suspected—to wit, that outside and apart from discipline and routine as they are laid down in the military code, there was another law of conduct, far more important, which compelled this rubicund gentleman to await Captain Andrew's good pleasure, with such patience as he might, if Prince Andrew preferred to give his attention to Prince Boris Troubetzkoi. And he promised himself that henceforth he would regulate his conduct by this code, and not by the letter of the law. Thanks to the introductions he had brought he felt himself a hundred times a greater man than this general, who, if he met him in the ranks, could utterly crush the sub-lieutenant in the guards."

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If, on the other hand, one looks for the faults of extreme democracy, one will find them in a careful avoidance of responsibility and the development of a certain bureaucratic type which is quite unequal to face the sudden emergencies of war. I need not enlarge upon this type in the pages of THE NEW AGE. The reader will understand its weakness if he will draw himself a mental picture of Mr. Sidney Webb confronted with the predicament of von Alvensleben, when he stumbled on the whole French army on August 16 at Mars la Tour.

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It is a matter of balance. Which system or which modification of the various systems we shall adopt, depends upon the social characteristics of the British nation.

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The British soldier—and let it not be forgotten that a considerable proportion of him is composed of non-English elements—is not as mobile as the French, but on the other hand, is considerably less "sticky" than the German. His officers, whilst self-reliant as any aristocrats in the world, are held to the road by a strong social tradition. After all, as I have said before, if one wishes to democratise the army, one must democratise the nation first. Departments concerned with the national safety are the last of places to try experiments which may prove unsuitable to the national temper.

### THE DEAD THRUSH.

Sang so well, sang so blithely;  
Sportsman's gun rang out;  
Down it fell, no time for asking  
"What's all this about?"

On a topmost twig it swung  
In the sunset red;  
Suddenly an end to song—  
Bullet in the head.

Every bullet has its billet,  
Every life its goal;  
Slow or sudden, does it matter  
How departs the soul?

Slow or sudden, late or early,  
Death shuts out the moon;  
Thrush that sang so well and blithely,  
Pity 'twas so soon.

H. E. FOSTER-TOOGOOD.

## John Bull—Blackleg.

With some reference to Tariff Reform.

By Grant Hervey

(President, Foreign Affairs Department, the Young Australia Movement).

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the number of Englishmen who—judged by their spoken or written words—know anything worth while about the present condition of the British Empire, may be counted almost upon the fingers of a single hand. English editors and politicians there are, of course, and not only scores but hundreds of them, who at an hour's notice can produce a most depressing mass of Imperial statistics; learned gentlemen of the House of Commons and of Fleet Street who can announce with equal promptitude the average wheat production of Canada, the number of Baptists in South Australia, or the quantities of Manchester stuffs and hair-oil, expressed in yards and gallons, used respectively by the backward populations of Khatmandha and Kich-Behar.

All this, however, is not Imperial knowledge. It is simply so much statistical froth. To place any reliance upon the obiter dicta of such oracles is as fruitless a procedure as to multiply the maxillary velocity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer by the number of linotypes in Fleet Street, in order to discover the amount of collective wisdom possessed by the House of Commons. It is with a full and proper appreciation of the different national and sub-national aspirations, the different literatures, the different conditions of mind, that a true and useful knowledge of Canada and Australia, to say nothing of South Africa and New Zealand, begins. Such information, as estimated in the first sentence hereof, few Englishmen of any class or profession possess. They lump the Canadian with the New Zealander, the Australian with the Newfoundlander, the South African with the Channel Islander, the Mahomedan of the Punjab with the Hindoo of Bengal; and weave out of the pages of a few cheap handbooks, arithmetical dithyrambs upon the trade, the population, the fighting strength and the collective loyalty of the British Empire, such as make the average Australian—the Canadian and the South African can speak for themselves—alternately smile and gasp. We say to ourselves, whenever we read some extra-fatuus reported speech or leading article: "Can it be possible that the English believe this? Can this be the extent of British knowledge?" And whilst reason prompts our dubitation, we shudder at the thought that our suspicions as to the Tibetan ignorance of the average British politician, like the average British editor, may prove only too well-founded and true.

The cable service that connects the Press of the United Kingdom with the Press of these Commonwealths overseas often presents the Australian reader with such a pearl of artificial wisdom. One of the saddest of these specimens, these jewels of Imperial insanity, has recently been dredged from the intellectual depths of a member of the House of Lords. Here it is:—

"The exclusion of food duties from the fighting programme of the Unionist party at the next General Election was referred to by Lord Selborne, formerly Governor of the Transvaal and High Commissioner for South Africa, when addressing a political gathering at Liverpool on Friday night.

"Lord Selborne said that while he accepted the decision of the leader of the Opposition (Mr. Bonar Law), in reply to the Unionist memorial, that food duties should not be imposed until they had been submitted at a general election, he regretted it. They would not be

able to complete Imperial preference without an adjustment of food taxes. If the dominions did not receive reciprocity from Great Britain the day would come when they would make reciprocal bargains with Germany or some other country."

From the final sentence of this glittering liar of a paragraph, it would seem that the oracles of the House of Commons and of Fleet Street must look to their laurels, or else some new Dodona of Imperial ignorance—to come down to the plainest of plain English—will be established by Lord Selborne in the House of Lords. To say that the "dominions" are up for sale, and that, unless Great Britain proffers them a fiscal bribe, they will go over and establish closer commercial relations, as a tacit preliminary to closer political relations, with Germany, or with any other foreign Power—to say this is to mark down the intelligence of the Australians, considered as citizens of a British-speaking Commonwealth—we loathe and detest the appellation of Dominion—to zero. Lord Selborne insults the Canadian and the South African every whit as much as he insults the Australian, with his cheap-and-nasty, huckstering logic. Once and for all, this fact should be clearly understood. We in these oversea States and Commonwealth are becoming full up of England, not because the English people refuse to sanction a tax on foreign produce in favour of New Zealand mutton, Canadian grain, or Australian wool, but because we view Great Britain as a blackleg amongst civilised nations, and because we regard the foreign policy of England with hatred and despair.

Richard Jebb, whose "Studies in Colonial Nationalism" (London, Edward Arnold, 1905) stands out as a tower of wisdom in the midst of a wilderness of Imperial slush and scoria, thrown out by the tame volcanoes of Fleet Street; to say nothing of the demi-semi Jingo geysers in the House of Commons and the House of Lords—Richard Jebb is one of the odd half-dozen or so of intelligent Englishmen who really understand the Empire's drift. And Jebb, like Selborne, is a believer in the cause of Imperial Preference. But with this difference: that whereas politicians and editors of the Lord Selborne pattern regard Tariff reciprocity as the be-all and end-all of Imperial unity, Jebb perceives that such an issue is purely fiscal: that it is only one particular segment in the full circle of an ideal and puissant Imperial policy; and that the deeper forces, which shake the British Empire at its base, are rooted in the consciousness of an expanding Australian and Canadian nationalism, whose interests, racial and otherwise, lie at right angles to the path pursued by the United Kingdom, through its Greys and Lansdownes, in foreign affairs.

Jebb puts his firm forefinger on this prime Imperial symptom in his very preface:—

"The assumption which underlies such phrases as 'The Expansion of England,' a 'Greater Britain,' and suggests the familiar principle of federation as the logical form of closer union, is not justified by the tendency either of instinctive sentiment or of actual developments in Canada and Australia. So far as generalisation is possible, it may be said that there is not, in fact, any growing consciousness of a common nationality, but exactly the reverse. In other words, the basis of Imperial federation, instead of expanding and solidifying, is melting away."

Jebb, writing in 1905, saw that Imperial co-operation if possible at all, was only practicable along the line of alliance, and not upon the terms of a servile, over-seas provincialism. He saw that Australia was becoming a distinct and individual nation—and more than that: he perceived in advance that a precipitation of the Australian mind towards America would be the inevitable outcome of a wrongly determined Imperial foreign policy. "The magnetism of America," he said, "is acknowledged by the Australians, who organised their Commonwealth upon the American principle of federation, and dream of a Continental future rivalling the

career of the United States. It is difficult to exaggerate the moral influence which the conversion to Roman imperialism of the American people ultimately may exert upon the sentiment of the new democracies within the British Empire." We invite Lord Selborne, and all the grocer-minded hucksters of Fleet Street, Commons and Lords, to pause awhile in their reciprocity dithyrambs, and take their next Imperial text from that.

Lord Selborne, we know, succeeded Lord Milner as High Commissioner in South Africa, where he (Lord Selborne, to wit) became a strenuous mover in the cause of sub-continental union. Prior to the Convention which met at Durban to discuss the closer union of South Africa, Lord Selborne, in a covering letter to his Memorandum of July, 1907, expressed his "dearest conviction" that:—

"No healthy movement towards federation can emanate from any authority other than the people of South Africa themselves. . . . What South Africa requires more than anything else is stability—stability in political conditions, stability in economic conditions, stability in industrial conditions."

Our article, if we may be permitted to paraphrase the language of Lord Selborne, endorsed, with some slight reservations by General Botha's Transvaal Cabinet, is identical. We assert that no healthy movement towards the federation of the British Empire can emanate from any authority other than the people of that Empire, and we claim, upon that head, to speak with an authority equal to that of the breed of industrial serfs which mainly constitutes the population of Great Britain. We go further than that. We say that, with the development of a spirit of Australian nationality, the possibility of Imperial federation had already expired, and that the possibilities of Imperial alliance subsisted thereafter only for a limited time. We now submit that a policy of alliance with England is out of the question, and that the outbreak of war between England and Germany must be the signal for the disappearance of this Commonwealth as a partner in the impossible British Empire. We have no quarrel whatever with Germany. We want ten million German immigrants for this Commonwealth, if we can only get them. No less a person than Lord Selborne himself has testified to the German immigrants' worth. Speaking at a meeting in connection with the German Club in Johannesburg, in January, 1910, the then High Commissioner for South Africa said:—

"Every German coming to South Africa is an additional source of strength. British and Germans here are absolutely intermixed, and this leads to mutual understanding; but their compatriots in Europe, less fortunately placed, remain in dangerous ignorance of each other."

That exactly sums up, in Lord Selborne's own words, the view of ninety-nine out of every hundred Australians. We declare that every German who comes to Australia is a source of strength; and, since we believe that a war between England and Germany would be a crime against the interests of this Commonwealth, equally with the interests of South Africa, we not only maintain that Generals Hertzog and De Wet are in the right in opposing a policy which seeks to reduce South Africa to the level of a servile, tribute-yielding Imperial province, but we also desire to terminate our military and naval connection with England, and enter, instead, into a full and explicit understanding with the people of the United States. Lord Selborne wrote in 1907 of the supreme necessity for political, economic and industrial stability in South Africa. We turn the periods of South Africa's former High Commissioner upon himself—we ask, in short, where is the political, economic and industrial stability of Great Britain? We inquire in what particular, since the close of the last century, has Lord Selborne's Liberal-Unionist party contributed to the stability—political, economic, industrial and otherwise—of the British Empire; and we find that, like Verres, the Roman oppressor and misgovernor of

Sicily—whom statesmen of the Salisbury-Balfour-Selborne type are so fond of quoting—this precious British Unionist Party, with all its Liberal and Conservative ramifications, is beyond defence. We discover that if there is a German menace confronting Europe to-day, it is because this self-same Unionist Party, with Lord Lansdowne for its Minister in charge of Foreign Affairs, deliberately entered into an alliance with an Asiatic Power, and thus made England an unspeakable outcast and treacherous blackleg amongst the civilised nations. These are hard words, but they are true—so true that we never expect the average English editor or the average English politician to speak them where they are so badly needed—in England's ear.

In English politics, for some unexplained but solidly-founded reason, the world expects the Liberal Party to play the fool; exactly the same as it expects the Democratic Party, *per se*, to follow a similar traditional role in the politics of the United States. But of the English Conservative Party, until the consummation of the infamous Lansdowne compact with Japan, the world at large—in which our Commonwealth is included—had expected a wider and a greater outlook. We expected a general continuation of the European policy, explained by Emil Reich in his "General History of Western Nations" (Macmillan and Co. London, 1908). This summary of that policy, adopted instinctively by all the Western Powers—until the English Unionist Party became the twentieth-century embodiment of Judas, employing the fleets and armies of Nippon for the disastrous subjugation of Russia—deserves quotation:—

"In surveying the actual results of history down to the present day, we cannot but notice that all the innumerable waves of the currents of past events evidently tend to form one paramount current—the Europeanisation of all humanity. The expansion of Europe and European modes of thought, sentiment, and government . . . has since the last decade of the fifteenth century been steadily proceeding, until it has Europeanised nearly the whole of the continents of America and Australia, much of Africa, and considerable portions of Asia. History can therefore strictly be called the secular process of Europeanisation, which in all probability will finally comprise every country of the globe."

The spirit of our White Australia policy, as of the American Monroe Doctrine, is expressed in that. The American and Australian peoples are alike in this—they are good Europeans. We stand for all that is best in the civilisation of Europe. To whatever things of value that Europe has produced we cling with all our might; endeavouring—not always with success—to add to the civilisation of Europe some good thing of our own. It is because England belongs no longer to that category; because England has become a pariah amongst the nations; because the English are bad Europeans; because Liberal Asquith and Conservative-Unionist Balfour are alike in cleaving to a retrograde, pro-Asiatic policy—it is because of this that our Australian Commonwealth has come, not hastily, but because it must, to regard a partnership with England with aversion, and to turn instead towards Washington—the new Imperial centre of European thought and sentiment, in the United States.

This article should not end without an indication that the views set forth above are in full accord with the historic trend of Australian foreign policy. To-day, of course, there is a tremendous Press conspiracy afoot to bully the people of Canada, New Zealand and South Africa, as well as Australia, into an active subsidisation of the British—i.e., anti-German—Navy. In some quarters, that conspiracy has been conducted with a modicum of success. The Borden Government in Canada proposes to devote seven million pounds to the provision of three battleships for the British fleet. Also, the New Zealanders—a caricature of a nation; an overseas, slavish imitation of Britain; a people whose idea of loyalty is to borrow a million and wave a flag—have

presented England with a cheap, time-payment Dreadnought, thereby causing whole Niagaras of so-called Imperial drivel to flow down the columns of the syndicated British newspapers and our own mean-Australian, anti-national Press. Of these two downward steps in international status, that of Canada is much the more significant. It has aroused much criticism in the United States, and the following view-point is expressed by Dr. Albert Shaw—one of the sanest of American observers—in the January issue of the American "Review of Reviews":—

"There is nothing in the relations of Canada to Great Britain that could justify the Dominion in becoming embroiled in any British war whatever. Canada is a quiet, peaceful, self-governing republic. . . . For her to create a navy of Dreadnoughts, to be used as a part of the British Navy in a war against one of the three or four other naval Powers of the world, is the most menacing step away from the paths of peace, towards hopeless and inevitable strife among men, that has been witnessed in modern times. For . . . Canada has nothing conceivable to gain, and everything to lose, by abandoning its normal position and its hitherto enlightened policy."

The announcement of the so-called Canadian naval policy by Mr. Borden, as the American "Review of Reviews" remarked, was "received with much satisfaction in London." Why should it not? London is the strategic centre of Imperial hucksterdom; from whence the whole gigantic conspiracy against the liberties, and against the intellectual—which matters much more than the material—development of these Commonwealths, is worked. It was from that focussing-point of greed and Conservative-Unionist statesmanship—really, the terms are practically synonymous; English Liberalism meaning greed with a sanctimonious snivel, whilst English Unionism means greed with a gun—it was from that Imperial cancer-spot that Milner in South Africa received those marching orders of Chamberlain's which led, step by step, to the penultimate act of Imperial insanity—the Boer war. Anyone who has lingering doubts upon that head may be referred to the closing chapters of Sir William Butler's *Autobiography* (London. Constable. 1911). Butler it was who stood, so to speak, upon Majuba, where Gladstonism—the precursor of Asquithism and Lloyd-Georgism—reached its most abject depths; and foresaw the whole course of the impending crime—a crime against the United Kingdom, against Australia, against Canada, against New Zealand, as well as against South Africa—about to be committed by British Unionism. To-day we similarly stand with Hertzog and De Wet in South Africa, with Laurier, Mark and Bourassa in Canada, and we denounce the insanity (the successors of Gladstone call it statesmanship!) of a policy which staggers blindly along, seeking to drag the whole Empire into the bloody abyss of a general European war.

Now let us strike the historic note of Australian policy in opposition. That note is to be originally heard in the words of John Dunmore Lang, one of Australia's greatest, because independent and pro-national, thinkers. Said Lang in his "Freedom and Independence for Australia" (London. Longmans, 1852):—"In the event of a general European war, in which Great Britain should be a principal—whether her opponent were France, or Russia, or any other European Power—she would be entirely relieved of the cost and trouble of protecting us, if we were free and independent, and she would therefore just have so many more ships of war to protect her own coasts. . . . We should meantime be in precisely the same condition as the United States were in during the long French war. . . . The prevalence of a general European war (given the premise of Australian independence) would only have the effect, as the long French war did the United States, in circumstances precisely similar, of raising Australia into a first-rate maritime Power. . . . If Great Britain can no longer keep the peace with Russia, so as to allow us to live at peace with all mankind, Russia included,

what right of any kind can she have to pretend to govern us an hour longer?"

Bismarck, at thirty-six, had just accepted the post of Ambassador at Frankfort when John Dunmore Lang—the far-seeing Jefferson of Australia—wrote his treatise on the desirability of Australian independence. Consequently, at that date, Germany, as a factor in war and peace, counted for relatively little in the councils of Europe. The measure of the change in the Continental situation since then is the measure of the gulf which separates Australian from British foreign policy. It took a whole half century to create the Commonwealth that Lang desired, as a means towards Australian self-dependence; but to-day that Commonwealth is a going concern, and its military and naval policy most emphatically cuts at right angles across the pro-Asiatic, anti-European policy of Great Britain. All of our policies, all of our interests, run parallel with those of the United States. There is, as a result, something amusing—if it were not so tragic—in the pathetic faith with which Englishmen of the Selborne type invoke the oracle of Tariff Reform. They do not even remotely begin to understand that the first essential to the Empire's and England's safety is that the Conservative-Unionist party, together with the Lloyd George-Liberal-Imperialist party, should get off the earth, and make room for an entirely new alignment of minds and men. We here in Australia, however, are under no illusion as to the intellectual and moral—which covers economic—degeneracy of all existing British parties. The Unionist party's aggressive Reciprocity wing—a wing that vainly endeavours to carry the whole Imperial vulture—has been admirably clipped by A. D. McLaren, a well-known Australian writer, in his "An Australian in Germany" (London: Constable, 1911). This is McLaren's criticism, written, not after a fortnight's holiday, fresh from Australia, in Britain, but after a lifetime given to the study of German thought and policy, plus two years' residence in other parts of Germany besides Berlin:—

"The determination to have a navy of her own marked a definite stage both in Australia's relations with Great Britain and in her own development. . . . The Empire can never be consolidated on the lines advocated by the English Tariff Reformers. These men have preached the duties of patriotism, and they profess undying devotion to the Colonies, but as soon as self-governing communities have shown the slightest spirit of independence or any local national feeling, the patriots have been mightily alarmed. They want to hold the Colonies in allegiance to Great Britain by fostering a frothy Jingoism or excessive respect for monarchical institutions. This they can never do."

And in a footnote McLaren perspicuously adds that, in their original scheme of preferential or reciprocal trade, the Tariff Reformers enumerated certain industries which were to be prohibited in the Colonies—PROHIBITED, not for the benefit of the Colonies, but in order that Great Britain might monopolise the profits of those industries; whilst the Australians and the New Zealanders, like the Canadians and South Africans, toil in the role of industrial slaves; whose menial province it is, according to the philosophy of Lord Selborne, to provide John Bull—who stands in his own estimation at least seven cubits higher than God—with raw cotton, raw wool, raw beef, raw grain, raw mutton, and other indispensable raw materials. This takes us back in a single stride to the forgotten struggle between the Virginia Company and James I, where the first symptoms of the modern slave-owning policy called Colonial Preference or Tariff Reform are to be detected. Slavery, called by another name, but industrial serfdom sure and certain—that is the immemorial barrier which rises up out of the past, separating the Americans and the Australians from the English; and bidding us cast off the last verminous rags of alliance with a hideous, slave-owning, slavery-battering land like England.

## The Price of Gold.

By Alfred E. Randall.

WHITE men are not the only sufferers in the production of gold. There is a considerable body of what is called "tropical native" labour, i.e., natives recruited north of latitude 22 South; and on more than one occasion has the mortality among them attracted public attention. When Mr. Burton was Minister for Native Affairs, the question was raised in the South African Parliament; and Mr. Burton then stated that either the death-rate must be reduced, or recruiting north of latitude 22 South must be stopped. The death-rate has been reduced; and on May 9, 1913, Mr. Sauer, the present Minister for Native Affairs, told an astonished House how this decrease in mortality had been effected. The device was very simple: it was simply that of suppression of the mortality in the compound.

Before natives are allocated to the mines, they pass an acclimatisation period of 22 days in the Witwatersrand Native Labour Association's compound near the Robinson Deep. In that compound the elimination of the unfit is rigorous enough to satisfy even an Eugenist; but I shall return to that in a moment. According to the "Transvaal Leader," a paper that seems to be issued in the interests of the mine-owners, the responsibility for the suppression of the mortality in the compounds falls on the Government. "The death-rate of natives working on the mines is supplied direct to the Government Department by every working mine. These figures are published by the Department under the heading: 'Natives employed on mines and works.' In the labour returns published by the Department no cognisance is taken of natives not so engaged. Up till August, 1911, the W.N.L.A. sent in to the Department a monthly return of the mortality amongst natives who were passing the acclimatisation period of 22 days in the W.N.L.A. compound. It was then, apparently, intimated to the W.N.L.A. by the Department that as the Government return did not take cognisance of the mortality in the Association's compound, it was no longer necessary for the Association to continue to send in the monthly figures. The Association's return, has, therefore, not been sent in since that date."

This is so sweetly reasonable that, coming from such a quarter, the explanation can only be viewed with suspicion. It would seem that the Government intimation to the Association followed the express statement of Mr. Burton that, unless the mortality were reduced, recruiting would be stopped. The "apparently" is the "Transvaal Leader's" own: Mr. Sauer knows nothing about it. He is reported to have said on May 9, "that he had inquired very carefully into the reasons how it came about that the deaths in the compounds were not included in the returns of mortality, and having done so he had come to the conclusion that there was a considerable amount of blame to be attached both to the W.N.L.A. and the Native Affairs' Department. The one had ceased to supply the information required." Mr. Sauer apparently does not know that it was "apparently intimated" to the Association that it need not furnish the mortality rates in the compounds to the Department; and if there were such an intimation the "Transvaal Leader" should be able to furnish evidence of it. It would be interesting to know whether any consideration preceded the intimation; at present, Mr. Sauer is not inclined to make accusations of anything but negligence. "He thought it was right to add that he did not think there was what he might call any improper motives, but the fact remained that very important information was not supplied, and not asked for, with the result that the information as to mortality amongst tropical natives published to the world was entirely misleading." The "Transvaal Leader" "apparently" knows the explanation of this curiously coincidental slackness of the W.N.L.A. and the Department; and instead of merely accepting Mr. Sauer's

denial of "any improper motives," it ought to be able to inform us of the real motive for the suppression. The "apparent" intimation is not proven; and if it is proven, it is such a disgraceful betrayal of the public interest to that of the mine-owners that it is difficult to resist the suggestion of a corrupt motive.

But the cool suggestion of the "Transvaal Leader" that this innocent suppression of the mortality rates in the compounds has occurred only since August, 1911, is not confirmed by the facts and figures given in Mr. Sauer's speech. Replying to Mr. Cresswell, he said: "The hon. member had also asked what addition should be made to the mortality figures in order to give a true statement as to the rate of mortality. The mortality figures furnished by the Department for 1910-11-12 should be increased by the following rates:—1910, 22.04 per thousand per annum; 1911, 22.3 per thousand per annum; and 1912, 23 per thousand per annum." So that in 1910, before the Department "apparently" intimated to the Association that it need not furnish the figures, the figures were not being supplied; and the disingenuousness of the "Transvaal Leader's" defence is apparent.

Another instance given by Mr. Sauer will show how misleading the figures supplied to the Government have been. "The Minister added that he had also a return for the months of January, February, March and April [1913], which gave the death-rate on the mines and works for these months. This was as follows: January, 44.6; February, 64.1; March, 71.8; and April, 51.5. If they were to include the mortality in the compounds the rate was as follows:—January, 115.1 per thousand per annum; February, 117.6; March, 118.5; April, 73.4." Evidently the state of affairs does not improve with time; and it is possible that even these amended figures do not reveal the whole truth. For the suggestion has been made by the "Rand Daily Mail" that sick natives, about to be repatriated, are sent to the compounds, so that the death-rate on the mines and works may be kept low. The Johannesburg "Star," another organ of the mine-owners, ridicules the suggestion; although the "Rand Daily Mail" has official evidence that this was the practice in former years. But whether it is done now or not, is not really the question; the question really is, "how speedily, and in what sort of condition, mining natives are ejected from the compounds, nominally to be repatriated, in reality to die before they ever reach their kraals." However the question may be answered, there can be no doubt that the figures do not reveal the full extent of the injury done to tropical natives.

From the point of view of the future of the natives, the question is now an academic one. The Government has prohibited further recruiting north of latitude 22 South. But the question of responsibility for the suppression of facts remains to be settled; and it is evident that the mine-owners do not intend to accept responsibility. Already they are protesting their good intentions. The "Transvaal Leader" says: "That the mining houses would have themselves put a stop to the further recruiting of tropical natives, if they had earlier realised the sacrifice of human lives which the system necessitated, there is no reason to doubt." But the same paper's defence against the charge of wilful suppression of facts is this: "That the figures were not deliberately suppressed is evident enough from the fact that the number of deaths occurring in the Association's compound is published in the annual report, and is also supplied regularly to the Portuguese Government." So the "mining houses" did know, and did not stop recruiting; and we can only agree with the "Rand Daily Mail" when it says: "In all the history of the 'cocoa scandal' one finds no such suppression of facts as has marked the tropical natives experiment on the Rand. And if the tropical natives can be treated in this way, with what amount of confidence can the public regard the assurances of the same people that every possible measure is being taken to stamp

out miners' phthisis and improve the conditions under which white men labour in the mines of the Rand?"

It is interesting to notice how sentimental we are when a question of colour arises. Mr. Sauer said in his speech: "In his opinion the recruiting should be stopped when the mortality was of such a character that if continued it would be little less than murder. Under these circumstances the recruiting of natives from tropical Africa could no longer be allowed." But are the white men to be allowed to go on contracting silicosis and tuberculosis in the same employment, and nothing to be done to stop the rot except a miserable "compensation" for those permanently or seriously incapacitated? Must we resuscitate our Emerson, and say: "Go, love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home"? If the recruiting of tropical natives can be stopped, why not the employment of white men? Why not close the mines altogether? Or are we to conclude that white men do not matter, that liberation is possible for all slaves except white wage-slaves? That is the conclusion to which we shall be driven if the Government of South Africa fails to deal as drastically with the problem of miners' phthisis as it has done with the excessive mortality among the tropical natives.

## The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

IN 1868 I was sent to school to St. Peter's, Broad Street, Birmingham. It was a happy-go-lucky sort of establishment where they were more concerned to make little Catholics than little scholars, and more anxious to prepare us for the next world than to fit us for this. The scholars ranged from infants of three to grown men of twenty, and the curriculum was mainly prayers and catechism. I was placed under the tuition of the gentle nuns, but the good sisters soon discovered that as a pupil I was a hopeless case; not, I hope, from want of intelligence, but from a temperamental disposition to do nothing and learn nothing which was not pleasing to myself. They soon tired of trying to drum into me the significance of straight strokes and pot-hooks, as they discovered that neither threats nor flattery had any other effect than to make me sit in perfect indifference like a dummy.

The nuns then attacked me from another direction. Having discovered that I possessed a good voice and was fond of using it, they commenced to teach me to sing, and in a short while I was quite capable of singing thirty or forty of Tom Moore's poems. At home, my mother supplemented the efforts of the nuns and taught me many of the love songs and ballads of Connaught, both in English and Irish. On St. Patrick's day, 1869, at a school concert the sisters entered me as one of the contestants and much to their joy I carried off the first prize. I have related these trifles, not because there is anything in them, but to explain a matter which has puzzled many people during my life—that is, how I, being born and reared in the middle of England, came to be so well versed in Irish songs and music.

On the opposite side of the street to St. Peter's there was another school, belonging to the Unitarian Church of the Messiah. At that time the most distinguished member of its congregation was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who at times taught in the Sunday School. Between the scholars of the two schools there was constant warfare. St. Peter's Place, though a very narrow street, connected two very important parts of the town, and on account of the excessive traffic was being constantly repaved.

Every afternoon it was an object of general concern which school should be dismissed first so as to capture the ammunition. Usually it was the Church of Messiah boys; and then we infants had to remain in school till

the big boys had fought a battle and cleared a passage for us. Sometimes Mr. McCurdy, whether by accident or design I do not know, would dismiss us first. Our big boys would then rush wildly out and, having armed themselves with stones, would hold up the enemy till such times as we had effected a safe retreat.

Occasionally after leaving school, instead of going home I would turn in another direction and go to my grandmother's for tea. My granny was a woman of gentle birth and exceedingly pious. On one side of her living room she had erected a beautiful altar at which she used to perform her devotions. A large coloured statue of the Virgin Mary beautifully robed and crowned was always surrounded with candles and fresh cut flowers. On the wall, above the statue was a large crucifix, on either side of which were the pictures of two saints in an attitude of adoration. One afternoon whilst taking my tea with her a clergyman entered. After he had made the customary genuflexion, something on the wall caught his eye. He looked closer and then burst out. "God in heaven save us! Mrs. Fanning—man, what's this? Two dirty blackguards fighting across the body of our blessed Lord." Swish—swish. And with two strokes of his stick he had swept the offending pictures off the wall.

My uncle, it appears, had dethroned the two saints and replaced them with the portraits of his favourite fighting men, to conduct, as the cleric observed, "their fight across the body of our blessed Lord."

At other times there was another relative whom, without ceremony, I used to visit. As her family were grown up and married she was always pleased to see me and would sometimes keep me for several days. Every night just before we retired I noticed that my aunt cleaned the fireplace with scrupulous care. Then she made up a great fire and whitened the hearthstone. She would remain till it was perfectly dry and then carefully dust it. Then she would stand back, her arms crossed on her breast and contemplate the fire in an attitude of supplication. Then she would bow gravely and retire. One night I asked her: "Auntie, why do you make up such a big fire and clean the hearthstone before going to bed?" "Why, Avic? If the good people should do me the honour to visit my house during the night I wish to have everything in a condition for their warmth and comfort." These examples of piety and superstition are hardly compatible with the interior of a Birmingham slum of over forty years ago. Yet, I know of my own knowledge that they were common enough at that time amongst those who came over from Ireland during 1846-7-8.

In 1870 I left St. Peter's and went to the Oratory school at Edgbaston, belonging to the church of Cardinal Newman. Here again, as far as I remember, it was nearly all prayers and catechism. What else there may have been has certainly left no impression on me. Two things which stand out clearly in my memory are that I thought the school master, Mr. De Larne, who posed as a Frenchman, was really an Irishman named Delaney. The other matter is one I have no doubt about. Arriving late for school one morning, I went into a field on the opposite side of the road where a goat was picketed. Untethering the beast I marched boldly into the class-room with the goat at my heels, to the great joy of the scholars. Afterwards I had a personal interview with Mr. De Larne. I remember what transpired between us perfectly.

At this period I very frequently met Cardinal Newman in the corridors of the Oratory in Hagley Road. My father used to take my brother and me to eleven o'clock Mass and sometimes when about to enter the church we would meet his eminence. On such occasions the Cardinal had a habit of twisting one of my curls about his forefinger whilst he exchanged a few words with my father. I do not know whether the Cardinal had any knowledge of the political standing and sentiments of my father. Since that time I have been rather inclined to think he had.

In one respect my experiences at the Oratory were the same as at St. Peter's. Although it was in a better class neighbourhood, amongst people who considered themselves both enlightened and Christians, we were treated just like savages. The children pelted us with stones, to the great joy of their parents, bawling out as they chased us through the streets:—

Catholic, Catholic, quack, quack, quack,  
Go to the devil and never come back.

Such was Christian England in the mid-Victorian era. During 1871-2 another change came over our home, the nature of which by this time I was quite able to understand. A description of one Sunday will suffice to explain the whole. As I have said, my father used to take my brother and myself to Mass. After leaving church he would walk down Hagley Road to the Five Ways and calling at the Tukes Hotel would drink one glass of ale. Arrived home in Ladywood Lane, he would take down his churchwarden and smoke one pipe of tobacco. That constituted his whole week's consumption—one glass and one pipe. Then he would get out his violin and play Irish melodies till dinner was ready. After dinner he would gather us round the fire and read to us some Irish work, generally of a humorous character, such as the adventures of Mick McQuoid.

Nothing very striking or startling about such a character, one would think. And yet, behind this calm, quite unassuming exterior lay one of the most daring and active minds of the I.R.B. Well educated, a verse-writer of considerable ability, devoted to the national cause, this shy man was prepared to stake his life and the fortunes of his family in the interest of his country. As night closed in, first one stranger and then another would drop in till at last some half-dozen had assembled, and then my father would remark, "Mary, put the children to bed." My mother without question would immediately take us upstairs and would sometimes retire herself. At other times, after seeing us tucked safely away she would go out visiting her friends. On such occasions my brother and I would steal out of bed and creep downstairs and listen to what was going on below. In this manner we became aware of the subjects then under discussion amongst the chiefs of the I.R.B.

It appeared that after the failure of the raid on Chester Castle the Irish Fenian movement lay dormant for a time. But in 1871 their hopes began to revive; not so much with the idea of starting an insurrection in Ireland as of assisting a revolution in England. At that time Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was carrying on his Republican propaganda with his characteristic vehemence, and the Fenian chiefs considered that he was perfectly sincere and would eventually start a revolution in the Midlands with Birmingham as its centre. It was at that time a saying in the mouth of everyone: "The Prince of Wales will never reign." How the saying obtained its vogue I do not know. Neither do I know if Mr. Chamberlain ever had any direct dealings with the Irish extremists. But I do know positively that they were prepared to second his efforts in turning England into a Republic and to give him encouragement in his propaganda. Certain members of the I.R.B. were deputed to attend his public meetings, to watch developments, and to cheer him on.

It is no business of mine to recount how Mr. Chamberlain fizzled out as a Republican. I need only say here that at this time I used frequently to meet him on the streets and always doffed my cap to him—a salutation which he always most courteously returned. In after years this action struck me as curious, for Mr. Chamberlain was the only Englishman to whom we Irish boys ever gave a salute.

I remained at the Oratory till August 5, 1872, when in the afternoon this message arrived: "Send the boys Fanning home. Father dying." On reaching home we found that my father had died ten minutes before our arrival. So ended my school days at the age of seven years and nine months.

## Letters from Italy.

### XIX.—APRIL AT ANACAPRI.

Now that the rain and windy days of driving mist have gone, the spring has come back, but it is a new spring, more like our English midsummer. I come into my room to write this reluctantly enough, for the beauty outside makes writing a foolish thing. From the flat roof of my house I look across such loveliness of hill and green valley and sea that I wonder if I have not reached those "Islands of the Blest" which the Greeks fabled to be the dwelling place of the just when their earthly life ended. As I face the open Mediterranean Sea, I have the long ridge of Monte Solaro on my left, with white clouds of mist still hanging over its summit making dark bluish shadows on the sloping rock. Directly behind lies the little church and a cluster of taller houses blocking out Vesuvius and the mountains behind Pompeii, but this matters very little since the familiar look of Vesuvius brings one back at once to the cheap coloured illustration of the Golfo di Napoli and mars the feeling of rarity and isolation. Naples also is just cut off—Naples, my *bête noire*—and my view of the main land begins at Posillipo, and runs thence, as I have before described, past Baia and Procida to Ischia. To-day the heat-haze lies so dark upon the horizon that the faint image of my island of Ortygia is entirely lost, but for all that I can imagine Calypso, the beautiful of goddesses, weaving with the golden shuttle in her hollow cave and singing in a soft voice, while outside the tall Argos-slayer stays to look on the meadows blooming with violets and yellow selina, and Odysseus mourns beside the barren sea.

Far out at the end of the bay a schooner is drifting towards Sicilia, moving so slowly in the light breeze that at this immense distance she seems quite still. Her white sails, which would shine like a pale flower against a dark-blue sky, are grey-brown above the light golden colour of the sun-smitten water. She, truly, from her rig seems no ship of Greek heroes beating towards the columns of Hercules, but rather some Renaissance pirate, like di Gama, sailing towards the Bermoothes, or Drake, out for "a brush with the Dons." There is no other ship on the wide circle of waters, not the least fishing boat. It is as lonely as in the days before the first Greek galley came slowly along its shores.

In the terraced vineyards and the olive-gardens all the early flowers are gone. You may seek all day and not find one of the red-blue anemones which a month ago grew everywhere. Now the long red flowers of the tall gladiolus stand above the lush grasses, and the white campion and the snowflake (which Symonds thought was the Greek *λευκόιον*) show very clear under the shade of the sparse oaks and white poplars. On Monte Solaro the golden broom is thicker than ever, each sunny day bringing "more and yet more flowers" for the bees. At the end of the island, by the Faro, the hot slopes of steep rock are covered with the white fragile flowers of some odorous plant, whose name I cannot discover. Beside it grows a yellow flower of the same family, and in the barren soil strong creeping herbs. Now, when the sun grows fiercer the "whispering pine" makes a shadow that one seeks gladly, and the chance flute-note from some idle boy brings a sudden thought of the idyllic languor of the Daphis and Lakon of lost days. And far below lies the clear sea water, sometimes just frothing white about a sharp rock, more often moving gently in little ripples against the foot of the cliffs.

A month ago, when one looked across the gardens, the olives and the few pines made the only green; all the fruit trees were covered with white and pale-red blossoms. Now the only flowering tree is the quince,

and the dark grey-green of the olive is almost lost among the sun-litten new leaves of pear and cherry and oak. The wisteria is all gone, but the white and red roses droop over the pergolas or climb above the walls, the bright orange fruit still spots the green, and beside the lanes huge plants of white marguerites make the whitewashed walls look almost dirty. The vines are in full leaf; those on my balcony make delicate patterns against sea and sky. From the roof I see four trees, each of a different kind, clearly outlined against the dark cobalt water. The young palm moves light, almost yellow, plumes in the gentle wind; the golden-green leaves of the locust-tree shine the clearer for the dark clusters of the ilex-tree beside it, and just when the sea is bluest rise the brownish trunk and almost black branches of a stone pine. Between the palm and the pine lie almost all the greens to be devised.

At night now the moon is full, and two or three hours after dark rises above the peak of Monte Solaro, beautiful whether the sky is clear or faintly clouded with mist. Last night the mist rising from the hill steamed up like the smoke from some huge censer, a piece of beauty Byron has amateurishly described in "Manfred." The silence was intense and endless, the white walls of the houses gleamed in the still light, and the far sea lay utterly still against the sky. And then suddenly a dog began to howl, another took up the cry, and yet another. It was a desecration; I prayed fervently that the dogs might die at once, but as a polite German, to whom I told the grievous tale, said: "Mais le Ciel n'a pas entendu votre prière?" I hated those howling pups with a vicious, degrading hate; I would have dabbled in their gore with the delight of an early nineteenth century dramatist.

When I fell asleep two hours afterwards they were still howling disgustingly.

I guess the Lord's an American—he's a business man, and he ain't got time to waste over fool poets.

Apropos des bottes—it is time someone frankly asked the Americans why on earth they pollute Italy with their commercial corpses. An appreciation of the culture of Italy is the reward of a consummate scholarship; which of these tourists has it? To love the beauty of Italy one must have known the deep passionate love for Greece, one must remember the growth of the Greek colonies and their fall, the lordship of Rome, the pomps of the Emperors, the inroads of the barbarians, the days of Belisarius, the strife between Lombard and Goth and Byzantine, the Norman and the Saracen struggling for supremacy along the Neapolitan coasts, the growth of the Republican cities of the North, the strange passion of the Middle Ages, and the bitter lusts and beautiful arts of the Renaissance. Are these anything to you, O Pittsburg and Middle West? Was it for you that the white marble became the body of Aphrodite and the clay took the form of Madonna in a circle of fruits beneath the hands of the della Robbia?

I do not deny that some Americans are very charming, and that the old countries contain people as unpleasant as the worst of them. But in Europe they remain where they are, and do not disturb the pleasure of the legitimate traveller. These transpontines are insensible to the beauty about them; ignorant and noisy, or ignorant, gauche and silent, they are equally offensive. They care for nothing but the mere act of travelling, for the "comforts" of the hotels, which have been erected to satisfy their Philistine greed, and to meet the sordid ignoramus of their own class, who are similarly defiling the loveliest lands of Europe. Like the restless adulterers in hell they fidget from pension to pension, degrading the native population by their habits, and annoying artists and gentlefolk with their insufferable presence. Talk to them and try to find any intelligent knowledge or love of the beauty about them—if you can. I would have them shot back to the sordid cities of their pestilential "civilisation" as nuisances intolerable to the mind of cultured Europe.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

## Readers and Writers.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., who died suddenly last week at the age of fifty, has a better right to a note here than in the political columns. As a *littérateur* he had the advantage of aristocratic descent, high position and personal charm. To these were added a touch of pathos in the sense that everyone had of him of his predestined futility. From one point of view, he was a typical Renaissance figure, English edition; and his nearest parallel is Sir Philip Sidney. He was a born orator, a witty and genial conversationalist, a statesman, a scholar, a poet, a writer, a man of fashion, and an Adonis into the bargain. With all these gifts, however, he had not the character to sustain any one of them properly, still less to sustain them all. He was, in fact, too talented for our times. In these unhappy days of specialism and ill-health, a man with many gifts must either carefully select a few for serious employment and deny the rest or take the risk of squandering them improvidently and aimlessly. The health and energy of the real Renaissance are lacking in us. The squandering, however, is not ignoble even though it may be wasteful. The ideal of mastery in all the arts simultaneously is one to cherish most perhaps in an age when every external condition forbids its fulfilment. We cannot produce, it is true, the supreme types of the Italian Renaissance, each consummate in many arts, but that marvellous period of blossoming was preceded by a long winter and a somewhat turbulent spring, during which many characters were ruined, sacrificed to the perfection of their successors. Mr. Wyndham, though incomparably less gifted than his type which I take to be Petrarch, preserved in the heyday of plutocracy a living, if pale, image of æsthetic aristocracy.

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Messrs. Constable announce for immediate publication the translation of Constantin Photiadès' work on Meredith. The original was published in Paris in 1910, and was the first study of Meredith to appear in France. I do not know what other interest than comparative curiosity this work has for English readers; for assuredly M. Photiadès has nothing to say of Meredith that has not been said by English writers. Before my eyes at this moment are no fewer than fifteen considerable volumes on Meredith, not to mention pamphlets and booklets and bibliographies. Their authors include J. A. Hammerton (the bulkiest), G. M. Trevelyan, Richard le Gallienne, Richard Curle, Walter Jerrold and Sturge Henderson. Without exception, however, these writers are eulogists and, in the main, indiscriminating eulogists. The obligation under which many of his contemporaries (Stevenson, Barrie, etc.) felt themselves to Meredith accounts well enough for *their* gratitude; but the business of the critic is judgment. Who, after all, has yet passed judgment on Meredith? I have looked again at my edition of M. Photiadès' work to see whether I had missed in him the element missing in our own commentators. But no, I have assured myself that he too is among the eulogomaniacs. In his chapter on Meredith's "Teaching," he does, it is true, reduce Meredith's philosophic background to the simple conceptions of the "Spirit of the Earth" and the "Comic Spirit"; but no more than a mere description of these is attempted. On the other hand, Meredith's views on women—the crux, I should say, of Meredith's "philosophy"—are passed over with an interrogation that required an answer but received none. Why, asks M. Photiadès, have women, particularly French women, ignored Meredith as a rule? "An ardent and chivalrous champion of women, who almost worshipped women's intelligence, he has nevertheless received no reward from women for his zeal in their cause. With their gift for advertising their heroes, they have never advertised Meredith. Why? Is it because Meredith is too serene, too gentle, and does not hammer, like Nietzsche, on their senses to get at their reason?" Interesting question! But how strange

that a writer who could frame it could leave it without an answer. It has received an answer, however, in these columns.

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If it has not—and everything cannot be printed, even in THE NEW AGE—most assuredly we shall find it in the forthcoming work by Sir Almroth Wright. With a genius for happy malice which a satirist might envy him, Sir Almroth Wright entitles his book, "The Unexpurgated Case against Women's Suffrage."

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Justice Darling must have been guilty of a little irony in quoting Rabelais in his judgment on the militant suffragettes. For other reasons than those which apply to Meredith, Rabelais also is no favourite of women. Indeed, I know amongst many women who read, only one or two who read Rabelais. The passage read and translated by Justice Darling should be read as well in its context. It occurs in the concluding chapters of the first book, the book of Gargantua. The Rule of the Thelemites, the order of ideal anarchism, of which the one clause was "Do what thou wilt," did not contemplate, for all its equality of the sexes, their identity. Rabelais was as far from the epicene as from the obscene; for of both he made, to their eternal discomfiture, a huge joke. Of the women in the order he wrote: "Never were seen Ladies so handsome [Fr. *propres*] so dainty, less forward, better taught with their Hands, with their Needle, in every womanly Action that is honest and gentle, as were there." I should like to have seen the effect of this passage on the court presided over last Saturday by Justice Darling. I'm afraid the reporters would have had to add "Titters in court."

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What can be expected, however, of women when they are encouraged to excel in everything save in those things in which alone they can excel? On every hand, both by their own leaders and by men who should know better, they are now being exhorted to become men and to despise the virtues natural to their own sex. "Many people," said Mr. Pease, the President of the Board of Education, the other day, "many people were under the impression that domestic service, for instance, is a servile occupation in comparison with typing." True enough, but who are the people who say it and help to make it true? Those to whom typing is of more intelligible importance than the infinitely difficult art of home-making. But Mr. Pease need hardly have recommended "novel-reading" as a means of house-training. "The discussion of novels," he thought, "would be a very suitable method of employing part of the time of the girls under domestic instruction." Carried by the girls with acclamation!

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One of the curious phenomena of the day is the revival from time to time of writers we once thought comfortably dead. Mr. Hall Caine was the sensation of a season or two a few years ago, and having had his vogue he ceased to be; but by a turn of the fickle wheel, he has been brought back again into publicity via America. The contract into which he has now entered—by cable—with Mr. Hearst, of New York, is one of the latest records in business. For the exclusive serial rights of Mr. Hall Caine's works of fiction during the coming five years, Mr. Hearst has agreed to pay the sum of £20,000. After this, the most passé of writers need not despair of boom beyond boom in their declining years. They have only to remain in the retirement of discredit for a few years and heal themselves of their grievous wounds at the hands of critics, to re-emerge like new men and to take America by storm. The incident suggests a succession of careers for the accomplished boomsters; a kind of perpetual cycle of popularity. When England has been exhausted they can pass to the Colonies, thence to America, and thence home again where a new horde from the elementary schools will greet them as newcomers. I am old enough, however, to remember Mr. Hall Caine's first

appearance here. America deserves her turn of him and is welcome to him.

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The complete works of Francis Thompson which Messrs Burns and Oates have just published in three volumes at 6s. net each, appear contemporaneously with a "Study" by a Frenchman, M. K. Rooker (Herbert and Daniel). It is difficult enough for the most intelligent foreigner to appreciate the niceties of one English poet, but it is practically impossible for him to appreciate the comparative niceties of two. Everybody will remember the fate of Georges Brandes when he came to compare Byron with Shakespeare. His conclusions almost destroyed his reputation as a European critic. M. Rooker, with many second-rate English critics, is misled by Francis Thompson's admiration for Blake, into reading into Thompson's work the qualities of Blake; but except in vocabulary the two had almost nothing in common. Because Francis Thompson wrote of visions and carried about with him the "Songs of Innocence," it does not follow that his visions were on the same plane as Blake's. Properly they were not visions at all, but, at the best, vivid mind-pictures. When Blake writes that he saw an angel in a tree at Peckham or had a conversation with Ezekiel or the Prophet John, you feel from his narrative that though not startling to him, these visions were nevertheless none of his conjuring. They were as independent of his own volition as the normal world. Francis Thompson, on the other hand, merely conjured such spectacles in intense fancy before him. I remember a dozen in illustration. Take this:—"See how there the cowl'd night Kneels on the eastern sanctuary stair." Does anybody see in that the record of a true vision or not rather a picture created by the imagination? Similarly even in the line often quoted to parallel Blake:—

The butterfly sunset claps its wings.

I see no similarity of mind whatever. The line conveys a fancy, and a silly one at that. As little had Blake and Thompson in common in poetic form. Blake wrote like an inspired man, Thompson like an inspired bookworm. Blake's inspiration was always life, the life around him or the experiences of his own spirit. Thompson's verse had practically no relation with his life, and threw no significance into it. The famous "Hound of Heaven" is an extravaganza of conceits which not all my verbal recollection of it after a period of at least ten years can persuade me is poetry. "Up vistaed hopes I sped and shot precipitated adown titanic gloom of chasmed fears. . . ." These are simply boldly mixed metaphors, not new perceptions of truth forcing themselves into language. And even in Thompson's best lines, those concluding the "Anthem of Earth," he could fall to pieces in the end: "My little trouble is ended in a little peace." The first "little" here is insincere, and the second makes it mawkish. I do not know what place awaits Francis Thompson in the history of English poetry, but he will not be with Blake, nor with Shelley. I should place him myself a little below Crashaw.

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Referring to George Brandes, whose correspondence with Nietzsche appears (or re-appears?) in translation in the current "English Review," I hear that he is due to lecture in London during the coming autumn on European Literature. On this subject he is second only to S. Beuve, and in his epic qualities he is S. Beuve's superior. In Denmark, where this distinguished man still lives at the age of 70, the Young Denmark Movement is forming itself by criticism of him. I have no objection to the rising generation thrusting the old aside if they think they can better it; but Brandes is not merely the previous literary generation of young Denmark, he is the only past they have. I doubt if Europe would have heard of Denmark unless Brandes had invented or discovered it for us.

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Wrong principle may set nothing right, but unprin-

ciple must increase the wrong. A Mr. W. G. Faulkner, who ought to be relieved of his pen, has been writing in the "Daily Mail" on the increasing use of Yankee slang by the English. He finds that what he calls the "insidious growth" of Americanese is due to the development of the moving-picture business. Innocent lads and lasses as well as budding criminals are nightly taught by the cinema proprietors to accept expressions which would sound brutal from the mouths of fish-porters and old galley-men. We must all do our utmost, as we understand, to correct this latest and sufficiently degrading tendency. I share Mr. Faulkner's "serious misgivings." I seriously misgive upon the future of the English language, as nothing is more certain than that time misemployed by the shameless is revengefully attacking our tongue. Cinema proprietors seem incomparably less blameworthy in this matter of defiling English than the despicable new-spelling fraternity. But I add Mr. Faulkner himself to the list of deliberate defilers. Pretending to protest and protect, he uses his opportunity to teach the readers of the "Daily Mail" something like a hundred repulsive expressions.

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A letter in the column next to the above scandal, signed "C. Willeby," which signature I take to be a misprint, may amuse some of my readers. The correspondent eulogises the late Mr. George Wyndham, "one of Henley's young men . . . perhaps the most notable . . . there existed many qualities in common between them. . . . Wyndham with his keen poetic sense, his almost uncanny feeling, etc. One went to either for the most keenly discerning and sympathetic, etc., with never a qualm as to the sureness, etc. To myself who owe much to both. . ." The whole epistle is only twenty lines long, and I have omitted *at least* a dozen further clichés.

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At first reading the little catalogue of great women, compiled by Mr. S. West, may have seemed unjustly sarcastic. But an American lady who has been trying her best to make a roll of 1,000 notable women is now crying her failure. With all the will in the world, and the utmost charity to biblical women, Miss Castle cannot enumerate for the "Popular Science Monthly," one thousand names since "the dawn of history." A sad commentary, as she remarks! And what a mob are these names! Jeanne D'Arc and Queen Victoria, Charlotte Brontë and Charlotte Corday, Cleopatra and the Empress Joséphine, are three astonishing couples. It is as if one were to make an immortal roll with Wat Tyler and Prince Albert, Grant Allen and John Fenton, Elagabalus and the King of Sicily. This shocking list of Miss Castle's, which is eked out not only with biblical women, but with poor old Queen Anne, should if anything might, do something to moderate the pitiful boasting of our would-be competitors. By the way, has anyone ever made a study of queens-regent? The number of these, neither murdered nor even disowned by their indignant sons subsequent to majority, would, I should say, work out at something less than one per cent.

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The illustrations of Indian Architecture contained as a supplement in the present issue of THE NEW AGE are reprinted by the kindness of the Editor of the "Rajput Herald" (published monthly in London), in which magazine they appeared last month, together with an article by Dr. Coomaraswamy. While the subject of the building of the new capital of India at Delhi is still one of discussion and not merely of regret, the photographs here re-published should convince anybody of taste that Europe, even with Greece as its tutor, has little to teach India in architectural art. For a compendium of the subject, the best book known to me is also the latest: "Indian Architecture," by E. B. Havell. (Murray. 30s. net.) It is illustrated by hundreds of photographs and drawings.

R. H. C.

## Views and Reviews.

THE number of people who do not read THE NEW AGE must be legion; and Mr. Mackmurdo is one of them. From cover to cover of his book\* there is not a reference to us, although whole arguments (such as those concerning the nature of representative Government), and actual phrases, such as "active citizenship," seem to have been transported bodily from this journal. Mr. Mackmurdo is more inclined to pose as an original thinker; and, certainly, he has made such a hash of Guild-Socialism that I am not likely to insist too strongly on his obligations to THE NEW AGE. Let him have full credit for his originality; let him assert that "we should introduce compulsory insurance against unemployment, accident, sickness, old age, and premature death," and crow, in a footnote, "this has already been introduced since the above was written." Prophecy after the event is a device that deceives no one; we know that it means only that the writer would like to be taken seriously, and that he hopes that by the assertion of some personal power, some "genius," he may distract attention from his real sources of knowledge. To misunderstand THE NEW AGE, it is not necessary to read it; the ideas are now in the air, and at second or third hand it is possible to hear such a garbled account of them that an original thinker, like Mr. Mackmurdo, might be able to make something of his own from them. Still, it is strange that so many of the passages have such a familiar sound.

The three "pressing questions" are profit-sharing, women's suffrage, and electoral reform. I suppose that a suffragette regards women's suffrage as a "pressing question" when she is safe in the arms of a policeman; but no one else regards it as such. In this instance, Mr. Mackmurdo is not obviously indebted to THE NEW AGE; every argument except one against the extension of the franchise to women has been stated by everybody else, and, really, no argument against women's suffrage could be wrong. The one argument that is indubitably ours, Mr. Mackmurdo does not quote; for, as it relates to the wage-system, it would have contradicted his perversion of Guild-Socialism. That women should not enter politics, but should flee from wavery, was our argument; and as Mr. Mackmurdo contemplates the enfranchisement of male and female members of his guilds, and all of them as wage-slaves, this argument was useless to him.

It was not without intention that the series of articles on Guild-Socialism was preceded by a series on the abolition of the wage-system. To us, Guild-Socialism is only a means of achieving that end; and the first series was devoted to showing how everything that was found objectionable in modern life was directly to be traced to the wage-relation. Everything turned on that definition, "wages is the price paid for the commodity called labour"; and the social reactions, as revealed by politics, psychology, even by religion, were there described. It was shown that amelioration was impossible, that the first condition of any improvement in the people was the abolition of the wage-system. If that were not clearly understood from the series of articles (and if people did not understand the definition, it is not likely that they would understand the argument), the proposition stated at the end of "Notes of the Week" a fortnight ago ought to have illuminated the meaning of the whole series.

\* "Pressing Questions." By A. H. Mackmurdo. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

"Until the wage-system is abolished there can be neither improvement nor progress in the lot of the proletariat." That is the thesis that THE NEW AGE has been, and is, defending; and the quotation of it will suffice to show how absurd it is, in our opinion, that anybody should "steal our thunder," and attempt to use it as a sort of royal salute to capitalism.

That is what Mr. Mackmurdo tries to do. He imagines that it is possible to utilise the Guild idea for the maintenance of capitalism. He implores the "Noblemen" to adopt it: he assures them that manipulation cannot dispense with management, and that management must be indebted to capital, but that all three factors in production are entitled to an equal share in the profits. Labour is not a commodity, he insists, it is a form of capital; and, as such, is entitled to interest, or, to use the correct term, usury. By inference, his argument is that it is not the wage-system that is objectionable; it is the private property in profits, and the selfish use or misuse of them. But even if the employer will surrender a third share of the profits, as Mr. Mackmurdo thinks, that does not alter the fact that he controls these men's lives from the outset, that their citizenship remains passive, and their position that of servitors. While an employer can engage men at a subsistence wage, which Mr. Mackmurdo assumes and states, the mere share of profits at the end of the year will mean nothing more than that the employees have a little more money to spend, of which the landlord will promptly relieve them. For this, everybody is asked to surrender something, but labour is asked to surrender most; for we are told that "labour must surrender a certain liberty—the liberty to leave master after master for the sake of some temporary increase of wage—and he must surrender this in return for the better maintenance which labour will receive under a more generous system of employment."

The Guilds, to us, are economic organisations; to Mr. Mackmurdo, they are a means of abolishing the direct election of Parliamentary representatives, they are only an instrument of electoral reform. The principle of representation that he states is that representation of occupations is the only possible form of representation. We are to have not a National Parliament, but a parliament of agriculturalists, artists, engineers, and so forth. As though this were not bad enough, each occupation will have dual representation. It is assumed throughout that the interests of masters and men are not identical; and, as Mr. Mackmurdo says, "we must therefore have two separate Guilds for each occupation: one to which the masters will belong, one to which the men will belong." These Guilds, be it noted, are not for economic purposes; they are to exist only for purposes of election of members of Parliament. "Briefly, then, our proposed electoral reform is this: Every adult worker and every adult employer, both male and female, becomes a member of some Guild. By means of this membership every active citizen fulfils his political duty, and in this way. He elects to a seat upon the Guild Council, some member of his own Guild who is resident within the elector's district. Having elected to the Council the best man he knows of, his political duty ends." The Council then proceeds to elect its representative; and Parliament is to be composed of equal numbers of representatives of masters and men. As the representatives of the men will only represent subsistence wages plus a third share of the profits, and the representatives of the masters will represent the ownership of the means of production, the salary for management and two-thirds of the profits, we can see at once how much influence Labour will have over its own destiny. The Labour Party will shout for joy at the prospect of equal representation with the masters; and labour will wonder, after a few years of this wonderful scheme, why things are just the same as they were in the days of 1913. There is a proverb warning us against putting sharp tools in fools' hands; otherwise, I should invite Mr. Mackmurdo to read THE NEW AGE.

A. E. R.

## King Death.

O Lord of all this seething pageantry,  
Emperor and King and Pope of Life in one:  
Deaf to the limbec of the reeling spheres,  
The swift succession of the suns and moons,  
The silver clangour of the beaten stars  
And the shrill crying of man's hapless race:  
Omnipotent art thou, Confessor Death!  
To thee, all things are as frail, flitting shades  
Flickering across the mirror of the years  
That are reflections of Eternity.  
Thy mark is on the countless zones that spire  
In one vast flume before the face of God  
Thy hand is on the living and the dead  
Changing worn shapes into some newer form,  
Converting oldness unto stranger life,  
Slain in its turn by thy fierce dominance.  
Thine is the dank, brown earth, the creeping worm  
Blinded of eye but most a-gape of mouth.  
Thine is the rot that wipeth out decay,  
And waste left in thy dim, alchemic stills  
Transforms and grows to sudden rarity.  
The pillar crumbles and the empty hall  
Becomes the haunt of lizards and black toads:  
Till Nature breaks the chilly marble up  
And paints her lichen on the barren walls.  
O Vanity of vanities, O Life,  
Hast thou e'er gained one brief reply from Death?  
Canst thou but gage a little deed of his  
Or show an evolution of his thought?  
Nay, he is immaterial, thou art his.  
And through his portals lie the gates of birth.  
All the vague, serried armies of the past,  
The pomp, the feasts, the fires and the song,  
The names that echo yet amid the hills  
Of arrogance, or wisdom, or delight,  
Were vassals to his ageless empire  
And have passed out into the Nevermore.  
O boaster look behind thee and be sad!  
Remember the huge, common fate of Man  
And the great caves of night that have no end.  
Abelard sleepeth soft with Heloise,  
Marc Antony forgat Egyptian sighs,  
The winds of Hell that beat through Dante's dream  
Have since forsook Francesca and her love,  
All these sweet lovers are with lowlier.  
No lure of voice, nor eyes, nor lips, nor hair,  
No ceaseless call upon a tender name  
Can pierce the grave-shroud and the chill cere-cloths:  
We cannot rise as at Gethsemane  
For all the tears of weeping Magdalene.  
Where is the hoard of Croesus? The calm face  
Of Wise Suleiman? Where the luting tune  
Of David leaping o'er the Eastern peaks  
Amid the sunlight and the lily-bloom?  
The heart that yearned, the hands that grasped the  
reins  
Of power and tyranny as Hannibal,  
The strength of Samson, the wild, barbar wars  
Of Alexander and the Persian hordes?  
All song is lilted and all love is loved  
But whilst King Death is master none are dead  
Nor will we tire of the old, old cup  
Of mingled gall and honey we must drain.  
As long as men are born in ceaseless line  
So long will there be birth and marriage-bells,  
The grave be like unto the nuptial couch  
When pleasure is consumed and sorrow numb.  
Still priestly chant rises to carven domes,  
The crape floats out in wavy billowings,  
The shine of tapers lights the fleeing soul  
To the Death-Moloch whom it owed its life  
And paid the ancient debt by its return. . . .  
What are thou, Death? Some who dared image thee  
Made thee a deity in Babylon,  
A goddess Nin-ki-Gal, a Life-In-Death

With subtle Syrian wisdom in her gaze  
 And in her palms the seeds of birth and thee.  
 The Norseman called thee Hel, a blue-gray ghost  
 Whose face was hidden in cold deep-sea mists.  
 To Islam's sons thou art one Azrael,  
 A mighty angel in an azure sphere  
 With flamy sword and dusk, avenging eyes.  
 Greece named thee Proserpina, pale and wan,  
 A languid woman set mid poppied vales  
 And swards of subterranean asphodel  
 In gardens where all slept the whole night through;  
 And we, limn thee a clattering skeleton,  
 A nodding skull, a spectral shape of bone  
 Bearing a reaper's sickle in thy arm.  
 Yet Death, thou art not one, but all of these,  
 E'en as thou wert the weary, mummied corpse  
 Wheeled round the festal board of Ægyptus  
 Before the guests, when mirth waxed high and gay  
 Reminding them of their mortality.  
 Amid the climax of their fleeting lives;  
 Even as that dark, sullen slave who stood  
 Beside the Cæsars in their chariots  
 And spake of thee among triumphal shout.  
 O thou art more! Yet between thee and me  
 Is the closed door, the silent, stony wall  
 Which none have crossed whilst quick with thy disease.  
 A veil is on mine eyes and the old gods  
 Have wound it tightly to a film of Fate.  
 Yea, I have learnt thy dreaded monarchy  
 And so I bow the knee amid my tears  
 And bend my head to bear the thorny crown  
 And take thy dole of fine and flaky dust,  
 The bitter leaven of my heritage.  
 Have I not plead to thee without avail  
 And struggled to unloose thy mortal yoke?  
 Have I not tried to woo one single word  
 From those who went before me in vast strength  
 And in my dire failure hailed thee King?  
 Take my purged heart, my proud yet broken soul  
 As tribute of my worship, O lord Death!

REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

## REVIEWS

**Eugenics.** By Edgar Schuster. (Collins. 1s. net.)

Mr. Schuster's volume is as unsatisfactory as every other exposition of Eugenics. We find him debating the question of heredity v. environment, whereas, for all practical purposes, the question is really of heredity and environment. Whether acquired characteristics are transmitted to progeny, or which of them are transmitted, or by what means they are transmitted, are not really practical questions, unless it be proved that the transmission is inevitable. The multiplicity of factors that complicate the process of reproduction at present make any prophecy of the probable results of conjugation futile: moreover, the fact that, as Ribot said, "the eggs of all animals not only possess the same anatomical composition, but chemical analysis can only reveal in them a few infinitesimal inequalities, still, the one produces a sponge, the other a man," makes us sceptical of all theories about the germ-plasm. Nor is it by any means certain that the Eugenic ideal in practice is feasible. It is easy enough to produce pedigrees of two or three generations, which seem to prove that a particular quality or defect is necessarily transmitted with greater surety in certain families than in others; but it is by no means so certain that ability is necessarily transmitted in an increasing degree, or that the unfit, as they are termed, necessarily procreate only unfit people. The fact of degeneracy is always forgotten when Eugenists talk of the possibility of improving the human race by breeding only from the most perfect types. "The millions of human beings," says Ribot, "making up a large nation, as regards itself and others, are reduced to a few thousand men, who constitute its clear consciousness, and who represent its social activity in all its aspects, its politics, its industry, its com-

merce, and its intellectual culture. And yet these millions of unknown human beings—limited as to manner and place of existence, quietly living and quietly passing away—make up all the rest; without them there would be nothing. They constitute that inexhaustible reservoir, from out of which, through a rapid or sudden selection, a few individuals rise to the surface; but these favourites of talent, power, or wealth themselves enjoy but an ephemeral existence. Degeneracy—always fatally inherent in that which rises—will again lower their race and themselves, while the silent work of the ignored millions will continue to produce other ones, and to impress on them a distinctive character." This idea of ascent and descent is proved by Galton's inquiry into the inheritance of ability. "Among the descendants," says Mr. Schuster, in his quotation of the results, "36 per cent. of the sons were eminent, 9 per cent. of the grandsons, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the great-grandsons; among the ascendants, 26 per cent. of the fathers,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the grandfathers, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the great-grandfathers." It would seem, then, that four generations before and after the birth of a man of eminent ability, it would be impossible to distinguish his ascendants or descendants from ordinary people. It is probable that the liability to disease may follow some such course; and, if so, without some definition of normal resistance to disease, the Eugenic ideal is not a practical one. It is so easy to say that tuberculous parents, for example, must produce children with a tuberculous predisposition; but even if this were proven, which it is not, we want to know how long this will be true. For how many generations, also, will those who are immune remain immune? In short, is it possible to exclude all except hereditary considerations, and yet produce a practical policy? Mr. Schuster quotes some experiments on mice, which tend to show that the predisposition to cancer is inherited. But Dr. Forbes Ross has said: "I have good reason to believe that cancer is not in any way a hereditary disease. Certain families are more liable to cancer than other families, however; but I have noticed that those subject to cancer are all of the same generation; they are usually brothers and sisters, and as such are brought up under the same conditions as regards habits and the cooking of foods." As a social policy, Eugenics has to prove first of all that the environment is really perfect, and secondly, that unfitness can be eliminated by eliminating the unfit. If tuberculosis, for example, is a disease of civilisation, which is suggested by the fact that nomadic races are practically free from it, what guarantee have we that by prohibiting the reproduction of tuberculous people, we shall eliminate tuberculosis? If, as Dr. Mott has said, insanity tends to die out in three generations, may it not be possible that feeble-mindedness itself may become normal in a similar space of time if the environment be improved? And when we consider that it is among the most successful people, the "fit," that infertility is most apparent, is it not equally obvious that, if the race is to persist, it can only be by the progeny of those whom it is now proposed to eliminate? Whatever may be the truth about these matters, we cannot regard the Eugenic ideal as a practical one until we have pedigrees of at least eight generations, which show a progressive increase or decrease in ability, and we have such information as will prove that success is really a matter of innate qualities or powers, and not of opportunity or position.

**The Practical Side of Small Holdings.** By James Long. (Collins. 1s. net.)

This is a handy little book for those who, having been reared on the land, are able to go back to it. For Mr. Long insists that, without experience, it is practically impossible to make a living on the land. But for those who have the soil in their bones, Mr. Long has much practical counsel to offer. There are chapters on choosing a holding, stocking a holding, dairying on a small holding, specialised and mixed farming, and the necessary equipment. In these chapters, all the multifarious

details pertaining to the agricultural life are dealt with, the cost of everything, and the probable return, are calculated, and every conceivable economy is indicated. But, as he says in conclusion, "the prospects of success upon a Small Holding depend chiefly on the occupier; although suitable soil is essential, and although good seed, liberality in manuring, and climate all play a prominent part in the process of production, it is brains that tell in the end. Thus without knowledge and the power to apply it, we cannot honestly say that a small holder has much prospect of success."

**The Soldiers Whom Wellington Led.** By Edw. Fraser. (Methuen. 5s.)

This book would be of more value if the matter which it contained were gathered from new or original sources and were not so largely a re-hash of the stock tales on the Peninsular War. These tales are very "stock," and generally quite misleading.

Unless somebody discovers unpublished letters or diaries of value, it is too late to hope for further light upon that side of the Peninsular War which matters—that is to say, upon the moral side. The geometric side has already been dealt with exhaustively, but, as usual, precious little is forthcoming on the subjects that really matter—dealing, that is to say, with the daily lives, quarrels, discipline, and morale of the officers and men. Until we thoroughly understand these, we cannot grasp the military value at any given period of the forces with which any given leader was acting, and until we know that we cannot judge of his manoeuvres. Mr. Fraser's book throws little new light on that subject, though it presents the old matter in an interesting way.

**Rue and Roses.** By Angela Langer. (Heinemann. 5s.)

Mr. W. L. Courtney assures us in a Preface that we shall like Anna, the heroine, when we get to know her. It is a doubtful introduction, but let us see. She is a governess, and, says Mr. Courtney, "endures the usual fate of governesses, being either bullied or made love to—bullied by the mistress, and on one occasion, compromisingly made love to by the master." Dear, dear; and to think we had believed this young person extinct. She come across a man who smokes his cigar, as she herself says, "with elegant ease." And you might conclude that you were reading a novelette below stairs if there were not about Anna that touch in the modern female diarist which foreshadows introspective spinsterhood of the worst kind. It is quite à la mode nowadays that men should write soppy prefaces to spinsters' self-revelations. Mr. Courtney, trotting up with stale old adulations which he cannot even trouble to freshen up ("rare charm," "leaping flames of love and passion," "passionate feeling," "but the reader must not think he is going to peruse the ordinary love story"), ought to be told not to be so silly. The book has no literary merit.

**Mr. Fleight.** By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Howard Latimer. 6s.)

"The story of Aaron Rothweil Fleight, millionaire, soap boiler, politician." Dedicated to "that unsurpassed writer of English, etc., etc., etc., R. B. Cunninghame Graham, of right King of Scotland," and many other unsurpassabilities, known to us as the begetter of the cowboy style in modern literature, and of other not so very distinguished pretensions. Mr. Graham is a man who professes to shrink from being called a writer, but one wonders whether he has ever published an anonymous word. "Mr. Blood (blud) and Mr. Fleight begin this novel, and the pair are also in at the death. The monde is such as our author affects by preference—very rich, very slapdash, very mixed, with a smatter of politics and social reform. We confess not to be able to make head or tail of the volume after even a prolonged sniff, but we do not mind dying ignorant of Mr. Hueffer's latest addition to the crackpots' library.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

WHEN the critic, in "Fanny's First Play," said: "It's just the ordinary sort of rot, isn't it?" he summarised all possible criticism of modern "drama." It is impossible to avoid the conclusion, whether the play comes from Manchester, from Israel, or, like the one now under review, from Liverpool. Mr. Ronald Jeans informed a wondering world, through the medium of the "Daily Chronicle," that he had spent three or four years over his "comedy of ideals," "The Cage." If the statement be true, Mr. Jeans has been wasting his time. One can amuse an audience of women without such forethought; and if it took Mr. Jeans four years to concoct such a feeble joke as that lately presented at the Court Theatre, he must be slow-witted. The statement was probably made to impress the public with the idea that Mr. Jeans exercised the meticulous care of the artist on his work. Ibsen, we know, required two years wherein to write a three-act play; and by simple rule of three, we might arrive at the following conclusion. As 2 is to 4, so is Ibsen to Jeans. Whatever the comparison may be, Mr. Jeans has not yet complied with the conditions laid down by Horace. "You will say nothing, do nothing, unless Minerva pleases," is the first condition. We can imagine the Liverpoolian asking: "Who is Minerva?" "Yet if ever by-and-by you should compose something," continues Horace, "let it have a patient hearing from some Mæcius as your critic and from your father and me" (all men, be it noted); "and then put the parchments in the cupboard, and let them be kept quiet until the ninth year. What you have not published, you will be able to destroy. The word once uncaged never comes home again." By simple rule of three, we might arrive at another conclusion: as 4 is to 9, so is a published play to an unpublished one.

For what, after all, is "The Cage"? It is the usual combination of three one-act sketches: a week passes between the first and second acts, and two and a half years pass between the second and third acts. The first act shows us John Barger, a business man so interested in his business that he really cares for nothing else, urging his son Max to devote more attention to business. Max, of course, has ideals; and, like Lear in his dotage, he "will do such things—what they are, yet I know not." Business is "The Cage" wherein his father has shut himself for life. He, Max, will not consent to barter his soul, his ideals of Life, for the everlasting routine that brings nothing but money. The obvious answer is to be found in "Bishop Blougram's Apology."

Stood you confessed of those exceptional  
And privileged great natures that dwarf mine—  
A zealot with a mad ideal in reach,  
A poet just about to print his ode,  
A statesman with a scheme to stop this war,  
An artist whose religion is his art,  
I should have nothing to object! such men  
Carry the fire, all things grow warm to them,  
Their drugget's worth my purple, they beat me.  
But you—you're just as little those as I.

John Barger, of course, does not quote Browning; and the idealist with an ideal triumphs for a time. He will throw up the business, and, of course, live his own life at his father's expense. But there is still an argument for the old man: Max will want to marry some day, and John Barger will not consent until Max is in a position to support himself and his wife. Max, with the scornful ignorance of youth, scouts the suggestion; exclaims: "Produce the woman," and the parlourmaid announces: "Miss Martin."

A week later, Max has to give his answer to his father. Will he devote himself to the business or to the Ideal? "But that I love the gentle Desdemona," said Othello, "I would not my unhoused free condition put

into circumscription and confine for the sea's worth." Love enters the soul of Max Barger, love for Irene Martin; and after the audience (or one member of it) has been bored to death by a flirtation between Irene and Toby Applebeck, and a few of Irene's aphorisms concerning the woman's proper way of treating men, Max surrenders to his papa, unconditionally. Then he proposes to Irene, who apparently refuses him because he has deserted all the Ideals he never had, but with which she nevertheless sympathised. He protests that he made the sacrifice for her: she protests that it is too great a sacrifice, and, failing to make Max retract his promise to his father, she goes to tell the father that she will not accept the sacrifice. But John Barger is opportunely ill, and the second act closes with more than a hint of tragedy.

In the third act, Max has become his father in appearance and habits. He is ruining his eyesight, ruining his health, by his excessive labours and his irregular meals and insufficient sleep. But the business flourishes, output is doubled, profits are increased; and Max has actually been building new works. A marvellous feat in two and a half years, unless the firm made patent medicines; but the idealist has done it, and perhaps an ideal business man could achieve ideal things with an ideal business. Then the comedy begins. Father and mother, and, of course, Irene, have been abroad all this time; and they know nothing of all these wonderful increases. Nor, when they return, are they at all interested. Papa has developed two new interests in life: he has become a valetudinarian (in the best of health, as most valetudinarians are) and an enthusiast for the game of golf. His conversation now is of his consultations with specialists, and of his prowess at golf: the works do not interest him. Mamma never was particularly interested in "the works," and travelling for two years and a half has destroyed even the professional interest that once she felt it necessary to pretend. But Irene is not married yet, and "all comedies are ended by a marriage," as Byron said with deadly double meaning; and the development of Max has placed an obstacle in the way of her regaining supremacy over him. She prescribes herself for Max as though she were a dose of medicine: he has become too absorbed in the business, he has become too much like what his father was, he is in "The Cage" at last. Of course, she has another cage for him; and by talking about his former ideals, still unspecified, she makes him angry, and the man is lost. What every man has known for years, that when a woman wants to touch a man's feelings, it does not matter which one she touches, she will win if she breaks through his indifference, Irene says; and Max takes his medicine within his arms, and lets the telephone bell go on ringing.

It is possible to think of more comic endings to the play; for example, Max might have married his secretary, and Irene might have been left to accept Toby Applebeck. But then, I suppose, the women would not have called for the author. Nothing is more amusing to a man who remembers that only one of every three persons in the United Kingdom is married than to see how readily women in a theatre will applaud the idea that they are the masters of men. The indifference of Max crumpling up before the assiduous sentimental attack of Irene was, to these women, a triumph of psychology. A mere man like myself could see Irene, in two years' time, like Mrs. Barger in the first act; handing out tea to lady visitors, apologising that Max was so absorbed in business that it would be unlikely that he would accept their invitation to open a bazaar. She sympathised with his Ideals; when they were formulated and were called Irene, she held him to his allegiance; but after they are married, what is there for her to do but become obsessed by the mystical matriarchal idea? One can hear her, in the watches of the night, proclaiming: "I am the Mother, the Source of all Life": and Max mumbling figures in his sleep. Four years wasted, Mr. Jeans.

## Art.

### The New English Art Club.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

HERE is an exhibition of pictures in which three perfectly distinct phases of modern life can be distinguished as easily as if they had been duly labelled, classified and hung in special groups by the artists themselves. You may have noticed the same thing before; but not so clearly, perhaps, as you do now at the Suffolk Street Galleries. For, the people behind these pictures, like the people one meets in fund-holders' drawing-rooms in Kensington, constitute essentially the bone, the flesh and the blood of this age, though like bone, flesh and blood they differ considerably in appearance and in their manner of functioning.

Let us just enter the Kensington drawing-room for enlightenment! There on the hearth-rug stands the sleek, successful K.C. He is one of the most beautifully coloured bugs on the jumbled rubbish-heap of modern times. He does not question the "system," because he thrives on it. The only things he questions, are the things which he would call "subversive" and "revolutionary"—that is to say, which probe too deeply beneath the surface, which are too dangerously human and make the air about his profession smell too badly. With him, are that opulent stockbroker over there, and that old Indian official. They all think this is a progressive age and take it just as it is, "without one plea."

Near the window, chatting in low tones, are two sad, tired-looking ladies. Their smart clothes hang about their spare bodies loosely, and in their eyes there is a look of famished discontent. They are not discussing the horrors of this age, because they are sufficiently depressed already. They spend their time in dwelling in stupid romantic dreams, which are as remote as possible from slum-land and from labour questions. They think Maeterlinck's "Serres Chaudes" one of the most exquisite books of poems ever written. Oh, and has dear Ada read that little jewel of a verse on "Ennui"—"Les paons nonchalants, les paons blancs ont fui," etc., etc.? Yes, Ada has, and she adds, with a dyspeptic hiccup produced by boiling tea, that it brought tears to her cold, weary, blue eyes. Maeterlinck understands. Only Maeterlinck understands. He, alone, can transport these poor suffering useless females—wives of the successful stockbrokers and lawyers—unto the clouds. He alone gives them the sand-hill in which to hide their throbbing heads. "Nothing *real*, please!—our nerves are raw as it is!"

Then there are a few young people, who perhaps, do not yet know enough, and who, with the wanton bravery of youth stoutly face this age with as many of its horrors as their short and busy lives have allowed them to see. They think there is picturesqueness in the grey corpse-like colouring of a London landscape. If they ever get to know the worst they will begin to doubt this veiled beauty; then some will turn with their mothers to Maeterlinck, and others will become social reformers.

At the New English we have these three categories of people: (1) the cynical inartistic upholder of modern times—the transcriptist; (2) the fugitive from the age—the fantastic idealist; and (3) the brave youth who tries to face the whole system stoutly—the realist within his limitations.

The interesting feature about modern exhibitions is that class 2 is on the increase. Let me mention some of the noticeable examples of this group at the Suffolk Street Galleries. There are "The Head of the Simplon" (No. 60), "Juniper Hill" (No. 148), "Vintage in North Italy" (No. 150), "Orpheus" (No. 153), "The Back Gardens" (No. 169), "The Ibex" (No. 185), "The Ten Virgins" (No. 188), "A Pageant of Flowers" (No. 190), "Le Faubourg" (No. 202), "Pont Royal" (No. 204), "Aragonese" (No. 205), "The Visitation" (No. 208), "The Stone Breaker" (No. 212), "Spring in Mountains" (No. 222), "Nausicaa and her Maidens" (No. 231), "Mas Catalan" (No. 244), and "Little Vineyard"

(No. 253). Including one or two other pictures by the painters of the subjects already mentioned above, we find that about sixteen per cent. of the oil work at this exhibition, alone, is of the kind which is fleeing in panic before the realities of the age. This is significant enough; more particularly if you remember that about a third of the pictures are not worth including in any category at all.

Charles M. Gere, Robert Gregory, Spencer F. Gore, J. E. Southall, Maxwell Armfield, Margaret Gere, R. J. Enracht Mooney, Derwent Lees, Darsie Japp, Gwendolent Ravarat, and Charles W. Ward, are the artists responsible for the above work; and please do not think that it is all bad or inferior in treatment. On the contrary, No. 190 by Mr. Mooney, No. 186 by Charles M. Gere, and No. 188 by Margaret Gere, show tremendous skill and nice taste in arrangement. There is, of course, as we know, such a thing as retreating in order—even from life.

Among the able transcriptists I would include Edward Buttar (No. 187), J. D. McIntyre (No. 218), Diana White (Nos. 221 and 225), Harold Speed (No. 230), Beatrice Bland (No. 232), Evelyn Cheston (No. 243), and Lilian E. A. Harris (Nos. 245 and 247)—i.e., four women to three men! But would you not expect that proportion? Women are essentially good transcriptists, good copyists, good transmitters, and they can be scrupulously conscientious at the work.

Among the braver, younger throng, foremost and by far the most interesting is Mark Gertler. His picture of the old Jew and his grandchild (No. 174), is a wonderful piece of painstaking and sympathetic observation, with an undercurrent of deep understanding which alone could have selected and emphasised the tremendous gulf separating this old, knowing, self-conscious, feeble and worn-out Jew, from this sublimely unconscious, slightly bored, robust, and life-loving little girl, standing on the threshold of life, and gazing at it with all the interest and steady gravity which only a child can show at its meals and at its games. The contrast in any case is thrilling; for, willy-nilly, one thinks of the marvel that this sanguine mass of fresh, untried will, vitality and flesh, should have sprung from that faded, sophisticated and stale old spirit on the eve of evaporating away. Mark Gertler has a way of compelling one's interest to descend below the surface. He is essentially a painter of ideas, a subject-picture painter, and as such I welcome him with open arms, especially as his manner—apart from a little stiffness which will vanish with maturity—is beyond reproach.

T. C. Dugdale's "Coster-girl and Child" (No. 140) also belongs to this category. But oh! what a difference! Still, I like T. C. Dugdale for having chosen this subject; the fact that he has seen in it about one quarter of what a greater artist and poet might have seen, is unfortunate, but it is not devoid of all promise. I once remember seeing very much the same subject treated by Gertler, and this experience made me perhaps unjustly fastidious. Renée Finch (No. 138) in trying to be brave, has succeeded in being merely ugly. We know that the modern woman looks very much like these women; but the love of being repulsive to no purpose is as irritating in a painter like Renée Finch as it is in the authoress of the average 6s. shocker.

To this group also belong Lilian Lancaster (No. 142), whose technical idiosyncrasy will soon master her if she isn't careful; William Shackleton (No. 207), who should decide once and for all whether it is his business to paint under an inspiration (*vide* Rodin on this subject), and Mark Fisher, who on occasion reveals a marvellous gift under, I believe, the influence of Millet—at least, so it struck me, judging from his pictures this year.

And now to refer to a few pictures which belonged to none of these three categories above-mentioned, and which are very delightful, let me call attention to F. H. S. Shepherd's three pictures, "The Bookman" (No. 154), "Waiting" (No. 198), and "The Modernists" (No. 210). It is always annoying to be

compared with anyone, more particularly when one is conscious of being the outcome of probably unique experience and efforts. But, if Mr. Shepherd will allow me to compare the pleasure I had over his pictures with the kind of joy I felt when I first saw a Ter Borch, or an Alfred Stevens (the foreigner), he will help me very much to simplify my task; for that is precisely what I felt. There is great ability shown in these three works, particularly in No. 198—a true colourist's mastery of pure colours, a Dutchman's conscientious study of detail, and a poet's power of seizing the atmosphere of a particular scene.

Among the other pictures that are interesting and enjoyable, I would mention "In a Studio" (No. 159), by David Muirhead; "Portrait of Mrs. Hugh Hammersley" (No. 149), by P. Wilson Steer; "Myrtle" (No. 156), by Ambrose McEvoy; "The White Cliffs" (No. 171), by William Rothenstein; "The Madonna of the Cornfield" (No. 180), by Essil Elmslie; "The Crinoline" (No. 200), by H. Bellingham Smith, and a really excellent little study by Josephine Mason, called "Lighting-up Time" (No. 224)—quite one of the nicest among the small things. It is a pity, however, that the carpet strips, which are not quite in perspective, call one's eye awkwardly to the bottom of the picture.

Let me recommend the first rooms for some excellent drawings and etchings. And in conclusion let me tell Mrs. N. M. Summers, that in spite of the darkest blue for the sky that her palette can give her, she will never get an effect of sunlight if she makes an architect's diagram of a town beneath it. Her drawings have no artistic merit whatever, because she is at present obsessed by an absurd mannerism.

## Pastiche.

### THE VERSATILE VICAR

—Preaches a Modern Sermon.

*"Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."*

I have chosen for my text this evening one of the most familiar, and, at the same time, most significant of our Lord and Saviour's precepts. At the outset I desire to emphasise the fact that this particular precept is, to-day, completely ignored. The simplicity of thought expressed by it—which if carried into universal action would, most certainly, alter the world, is, as by a social conspiracy, stolidly repudiated and regarded as an impossible piece of poetry of a purely superficial value. It is not difficult to find a reason for this attitude. Subconsciously, the human mind discards that which is incompatible with its logical development. Philosophers and psychologists possessed of a far greater knowledge of brain matter than myself have proved this over and over again. I feel, therefore, that it is my duty to demonstrate to you tonight as clearly as is possible, *an unfamiliar aspect of our text which the entire nation must grasp—that is, if we are not to deteriorate into a fifth-rate Power.*

This is the truth which I desire to prove to you tonight. . . . Humanity has come so far—she nears the goal—hope is at its zenith, when, Hey! Presto—a simple little text suddenly creates a wave of pessimism, and causes a slackening in the speed of the engine of Progress: while the hopes that humanity has cherished and pursued since it became a self-conscious and free-willed phenomenon seemed shrouded in doubt and agnosticism.

Now, difficult and involved as the truth ever must be, is it not obvious to every thinking man and woman present here to-night, that in order to build up our civilisation we have been compelled to make the period of youth—of the child: as fleeting and ephemeral as possible? The truth which we must acknowledge—even in the face of a sentimental public opinion, is this: that the ideal of our social system to-day is exactly the reverse of our text. . . . Not only must we become as unlike children as possible—but as quickly as possible. . . . *How else could the human race have progressed?* Conceive, for a moment, the result which would follow upon the immediate establishment of a Society in which every adult determined to base his or her conduct upon the psychology of the child mind! In the first place: is it not generally admitted that the child mind, is, in its nature, *absolutely Socialistic?* Class distinctions, for example, *have no meaning in relation to it.*

I tremble when I attempt even to visualise the consequences of a wholesale return on the part of all grown men and women to the ignorance of their childhood. *The collapse of our Social Structure would be instantaneous and beyond repair.* Once more would arise the bewildering chaos of the crowded nursery; involving the suffering and miserable destitution of more than *two-thirds of our people.* It is with a breath of relief that we realise that no such wholesale return to infancy on our part is possible—and our social system, which it has taken thousands of years for a patient and long-suffering humanity to construct, is impregnable secure.

In conclusion, I would, however, warn you not to remain indifferent to the fact that other and more viciously subtle tendencies are slowly developing, which may prove of sufficient force, ultimately, to threaten our civilisation and undermine its very foundations. Only yesterday I was the recipient of a newspaper cutting which read as follows: "*It is estimated by Dr. Hyslop that in about fifty years' time half of the population will be insane and mentally inefficient.*"

Personally, I place very little confidence in Dr. Hyslop's prediction; but, on the other hand, coming, as it does, from so high an authority, I find it difficult to ignore. How such a national calamity will come about, I must confess puzzles me; for to-day, I perceive in profusion around me brilliant intellects in the firmament of knowledge. Education, look you, is almost perfect in its results. Our great commercial and industrial enterprises do not give us any intelligent reason to suppose that mental degeneration is in process. The Holy Church is rapidly coming into line—re-adjusting its vision; and this, I maintain, is a sign of the times pregnant with a defiant optimism which baffles, and will continue to baffle, a minority of malcontents from which no age in the history of mankind has ever been entirely free. They are, alas, a disease, festering upon the fair fruit of Life—a blight—inevitable, maybe, and as necessary in the scheme of things as are those pestilent disease germs with which our modern doctors are so successfully coping. . . . We will now join in hymn No. 131—during which the collection will be taken.

Hail to the Lord's anointed,  
Jehovah's blessed Son,  
Hail in the time appointed,  
His reign on Earth begun.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

ILLUSION.

The violinist pleased me well.

His hair was not unduly long.

He gazed upon the guzzling throng  
As if he wished them all in hell.

Then suddenly he turned and smiled,

Brushing a ringlet from his brow.

He caught the 'cellist's eye and now,  
As if it were an ailing child,

He raised his violin and let

The bow caress it ere he played—

I hazarded a serenade,  
A csardas or a minuet.

He moved his arm with stately pride.

Then from the strings and keys there broke

—It made a fat man nearly choke—  
The chaos of the "Wedding Glide."

P. SELVER.

BACK TO INDIA!

The Grand Moghul of the Indian inksters is Mr. Kipling; their Great God, the iron shard. But lesser gods there are: Materialism, Sensationalism, Sentimentalism, and the mightiest of these is Sentimentalism, that prude of literature. Hence our Tagore.

For lo! the Holy Virgin of the East was known of the Vulgar West, and her son is Tagore. Tagore, the Chandal! Tagore, the first fruits of the dead!

As in England, so in India! O vicious souls of England, know ye no fear? Ye who would guide the minds of men, ye who seek to feed their thought, wist ye not, or have ye never realised the Darkness of Retribution? . . .

So the Chandals of Hindustan may be divided into two great groups—those of Brahmin extraction and those of the Kshattriya bred. The Grand Moghul and his Empire belong to the Kshattriyas; the Chandal of a Brahmin worships the lesser gods.

Babu Tagore and Mr. Kipling! Hast thou, indeed, conquered, O pallid Philistia?

Behold! the new age calls: To India! O vicious souls of England, beware!  
IKBAL SHAH JEHAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

OPIUM AND FINANCE.

Sir,—An interesting article appeared in the "Daily News" last week written by a Mr. Harris, which, curiously enough, seems to have attracted little or no attention, notwithstanding the partial revelation given to an important phase of the Government's policy.

It will be remembered that immediately upon his return from the East, Mr. Montagu, the Under-Secretary for India, stated, with a great flourish of trumpets, that the Government could now positively announce the end of the Opium Traffic so far as China was concerned. This announcement was hailed with great joy by the Liberal Press and by the Religious Journals throughout the country. According to the recent article in the "Daily News," however, it appears that the end has not yet arrived.

It has been known for a long time that certain financial magnates had sent to China some millions of pounds worth of opium which the Chinese authorities refused to admit into their ports, and this has remained in bond for months pending certain negotiations regarding the Chinese loan. It has been recently stated by a well-known English citizen resident in China, that the £25,000,000 loan which Sir Edward Grey has interested himself in so strongly, is largely connected with the opium traffic, and the recent acceptance by the Chinese authorities of this loan involves their taking all the opium supplies which have been in bond for the past year or more to the extent of twelve millions of pounds' worth, and that the total amount of cash that the Chinese will receive in consideration of the £25,000,000 loan will not exceed £7,000,000!!

If this story be true it is difficult to find words sufficiently strong to characterise the deception that has been practised upon the people of this country in the announcement referred to above. That there is some truth in it, is evidently indicated by the "Daily News" article, in which the writer deprecates the forcing of opium on the Chinese whilst other ports, such as Java and Siam are open to receive the poison which the Chinese are vigorously trying to destroy! The deception and hypocrisy which must have been practised to bring about this state of things—supposing, of course, that the statements are correct—are almost unbelievable! And what are we to say of a so-called Religious Journal advocating the introduction of opium into certain free ports in order that the millionaire financiers who have speculated in this immoral traffic should be saved from pecuniary loss? Cannot something be done to expose this whole nefarious transaction?  
ARTHUR KITSON.

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THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The following communication was received by members of the society named, and is evidence of the correctness of your forecast that the Friendly Societies would be reduced under the Act to raising their levies or lowering their benefits. The latter is apparently to be tried first.  
S. H. J.

PLANET FRIENDLY ASSURANCE COLLECTING SOCIETY,  
Old Square, Birmingham.

Dear Sir,

RE TABLE 16.

May 16, 1913.

Owing to the very heavy Sick Claims in your District now for a considerable time, the Committee have found it necessary to take action under Rule 12a, Section 14, and they have decided on and from Thursday, May 22, that the following alterations shall take place in the Sickness Benefits under Table 16:—

- (1) No Sick Pay to be paid to any member for the first three days of any illness.
- (2) All members insured for more than 10s. per week full benefit shall have the option of receiving 50 per cent. only of the excess over 10s. per week, or of reducing their premiums and sick benefit to the 10s. per week rate. That means that, if at present a person is entitled to 15s. per week, he would continue to pay the present premium and only receive 12s. 6d.; or he would be reduced both in premiums and in sick pay to the 10s. rate.
- (3) Only Half-Benefit to be paid during the Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and August Holiday Weeks, where a member is in full benefit, except in such

cases where the member is confined to bed for the whole of the week.

On behalf of the Committee,  
Yours faithfully,  
J. SIMPSON, Secretary.

\* \* \*

#### THE FATE OF JANINA.

Sir,—As even the Austro-Hungarian proposal, as published in the "Times" in January last, excluded Janina from Albania, I can only suppose that the draft which S. Verdard saw was the one submitted by the Albanian Provisional Government.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.

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#### INSURANCE TAX RESISTERS' DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.

Sir,—I am a new reader of your paper, a chance one so far; I have only bought two copies, but so much do I like the specimens that I have placed a permanent order with my newsagent.

Your "Notes of the Week" greatly interested me; but imagine my surprise at your correspondence under the above heading; that Miss Margaret Douglas needs to defend herself seems to me superfluous.

I have never met her; it is one of the good things I look forward to; but I know a little about her work; she has led a very good "horde" in the fact that it comprises all classes, and the man has yet to be found who would work so thoroughly as she has; in fact, it would be, in my estimation, a calamity to surrender her work to a man; I am not a Suffragette or a man-hater; but I just know their dilatory ways—a smoke and a drink, perhaps a repetition, and "Oh, it will be all right! Things will muddle out all right in the end." Women work very differently *when* they go the right way at it.

Yes, time and money was wasted on the petition, but none of us thought it would be, and it ought not to have been. It merely proved we have nothing to expect from the King or either party. It is a case of every man and woman for himself or herself.

The Press boycott was, indeed, complete, speaking from my own experience; and we are most grateful to the "Daily Mail."

As Miss Douglas points out, there should be no general comparison between men and women, and yet, if odds have to be faced, at the present day men are put very much in the shade. Why?

It will never be known what has been spent by women voluntarily on the working against this Insurance Act. At headquarters they have kept account, but workers everywhere have not troubled to put down what they spent, because of working as volunteers.

I can only assure Mr. West that he must be somewhat ignorant of the whole matter, or he would never seek to disparage Miss Douglas in any way. My one wish is that the unjust Insurance Act, which was supposed to help the poor and does *not*, can *not*, and will *NOT* do so, will be swept away, or that it may be made voluntary instead of compulsory.

E. M. SHEPHERD.

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#### FEMINISM.

Sir,—I propose to be rather more cautious with Mr. Kennedy's reputation than its owner. Left, as he declares it may be, to take care of itself, it would go about giving people the impression that he was slightly mad. But the fact is merely that Mr. Kennedy is no controversialist, and should never let himself be drawn. His talents, which I am not denying, have been abused. He has allowed me to lead him on to appear to throw over everything he cherishes most, and all for the sake of discomfiting me, an obscure nobody, neither scholar nor mystic as he says, indeed with even more truth than he suspects.

We have seen him forget his previous articles in THE NEW AGE, and in his last letter he dismisses his work (only four years old) on Oriental religions, and Nietzsche with it by a side stroke, as though what he said yesterday were no evidence of what he may say to-day. Evolution must be more gradual than this when it takes place in public, and, reading between the lines, I take it that Mr. Kennedy is pretty much where he was before his chivalrous aberration.

S. WEST.

Sir,—Why all this personal bickering over the "Feminist Movement" in your columns?

It is, in my opinion, only a waste of time, and also your valuable space.

With all due respect to the intellect, capability, and organisation of the Suffragette movement, they do not, as yet, seem able to grasp the one and, I must say, the most important fact, i.e., only by direct or industrial action—which is allied to Guild Socialism—can they ultimately expect to acquire equal footing with man for the welfare of the country in general.

At present they are pursuing a veritable Will-o'-the-Wisp, which evades them at every point.

The tendency of the Suffragist movement is to retard, not assist, progress, and, if persisted in, will produce madness.

They are verging on hysterics already.

Take the Guilds of Women Co-operators as an example of good work and unselfish propaganda in connection with women workers in the movement, which could never have been accomplished by political action, i.e., betterment of conditions, shorter hours, pay during sickness, also assisting to abolish the sale of glazed ware.

It stands to reason, then, that the future lies, not in political action, but in economic control of our industries, without which votes are valueless.

Hatred is a weapon which, if used rightly against all things of an evil nature, will eventually remove them; but it must not be malicious, or it will bring its own reward.

As ye sow, so also shall ye reap: and the "lecture and political platforms" are no substitute for the Mount of Olives.

So the "women's movement" will only be successful when they have found the right groove to work in.

H. W. DICKSON.

\* \* \*

Sir,—I trust you will allow me to reply—briefly this time—to Mr. Terence O'Neill's criticisms. (1) If "Votes for women on the same terms as men" results in giving the vote exclusively to propertied women—which is not at all as demonstrable as he thinks—the fault will not lie with the W.S.P.U. or any section of women, but with men—the men of the past who have made such objectionable discrimination in the male vote, and the men of today who are too chicken-hearted to alter such a state of things. (2) I am not aware that the W.S.P.U. or any other women's suffrage society has agitated for adult suffrage. Why on earth should they put themselves about to secure votes for the young hooligans who man-handle them and break up their meetings, and by such conduct proclaim their unfitness for the vote? (3) Is Mr. O'Neill so sure of the vastly greater importance of economic emancipation over political that he is prepared to advocate the disfranchisement of men, so that both may start fair for his desired goal? Until he does, he and other men are fighting women with both fists in the industrial and every other field, while women have one hand tied behind them.

J. BEANLAND,

Joint Hon. Secretary, Manchester Men's League.

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#### CHIMES FOR THE TIMES.

Sir,—To those who still have any doubt about the "edifying" tendencies of Professor Bergson's philosophy, the following passage from the "Church Times" of June 6 may give some sort of illumination. It is to be found at the end of an article, entitled "Bergson and Psychical Research," an article intended to inform the readers of Professor Bergson's recent address to the Society for Psychical Research:—

"If, however, M. Bergson's address was of interest solely to those who care for psychical research, we should not have troubled to notice it in these columns. But it is of intense interest and importance to those who care for religion. M. Bergson is not a Christian, but Christianity profits by his philosophy. He has put new weapons in the hands of the apologist. It is important, in the first place, that by his criticism of philosophic rationalism he has utterly discredited the most formidable enemies that religion has had for many years. Those who are left of the Huxley-Tyndall school are like so many Rip Van Winkles who find themselves in a new and strange intellectual world and in a psychological atmosphere in which they can hardly breathe. Nor is

M. Bergson's defence of the probability of the soul surviving the death of the body of no importance. He has destroyed the one argument in favour of extinction. Most important of all, though, is, we think, his defence and use of the method of intuition. The intellect, he tells us, was formed for a particular purpose—namely, to act on matter and for the purposes of life. It is quite at sea in dealing with spiritual things, because it is not intended for such purposes. In order to grasp spiritual realities we have to fall back on intuition. What he means by this is described best in the short essay, 'An Introduction to Metaphysics,' of which an English translation has been recently published. He opposes it to analysis, and describes it as 'the kind of *intellectual sympathy* by which one places oneself within an object in order to coincide with what is unique in it and consequently inexpressible.' Now this is the procedure of the mystic who has all along claimed that God is not to be found through the processes of the intellect. It is satisfactory to find, when mysticism has been so long under a cloud, that the latest thought is coming round to a recognition of the soundness of this, to many people, startling claim. The revival of mysticism that is going on at the present day owes more perhaps to Bergson than to anyone else, as readers of Miss Evelyn Underhill's books will have already recognised. More than one of those who listened to the eloquent speech of the French professor at the Æolian Hall must have felt they were watching the dawn of a new era, and that Mr. Arthur Balfour did not exaggerate when he said it was the most illuminating and interesting presidential address which the Society had ever received."

Mr. Balfour, Professor Bergson, Miss Underhill! Truly was it said of Christianity that it owed much to women.

The whole Bergson movement might be answered by Mephistopheles' words to Faust:—

"Verachte nur Vernunft und Wissenschaft,  
Des Menschen allerhöchste Kraft,  
Lass nur in Blend- und Zauberwerken,  
Dich von dem Lügengeist bestärken,  
So hab' ich dich schon unbedingt—"

(Cast but your scorn at Reason and Science, that embody the highest power of man—let yourself but be overpowered by the Spirit of Lies with his dazzling feats of magic—and then I'll have you in my grasp for certain!)

HAROLD DRUMMOND.

STRINDBERG.

Sir,—There is only one passage in Mr. P. Selver's reference to Strindberg in your issue of June 5 ("Readers and Writers") to which I must object. Mr. Selver says: "His two 'Blue Books' with their jottings on all manners of subjects are authoritative in Sweden." (Strindberg wrote, by the way, not only two, but four or five such Blue Books with miscellaneous loose speculations.) Now it is a great mistake to believe that these Blue Books are at all authoritative in Sweden. I venture to say that they have very little scientific value, if any, although these notes might be interesting enough for dilettantes in chemics, physics, biology, etc., as they contain many queer hints and fantastic suggestions. But in what way should these jottings of Strindberg's have any dominating influence? Should his Blue Books perhaps have inaugurated a new era in the development of the natural sciences, should his on insufficient chemical analysis founded "discoveries" in Sweden be looked upon as a masterstroke of scientific research? By no means. No one here considers these Blue Books for anything else but the whims of an erring, ever-searching and questioning, but in spite of all mistakes and blunders, powerful and genial intellect.

It is to reverse the importance of Strindberg completely when Mr. Selver says that "he was much more than a novelist or even than a playwright." In the very first place he was a playwright (as I have already pointed out in my letter in your issue of July 18, 1912), then a novelist and social critic—and in the last instance "much more" if you like.

Stockholm.

OTTO BUCHT.

DECADENCE IN PROSE STYLE.

Sir,—The remarks on Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater in reference to their prose style, which appeared in last week's NEW AGE, under the heading "Readers and Writers," cannot pass without some comment. To take Wilde in particular, no one will deny that he was a deca-

dent, and nowhere is his decadence more apparent than in his prose style. But the assertion that because Wilde, a decadent, paid over-attention to his prose style (the reference was to Pater, but it applied equally to Wilde), therefore, this over-attention was in itself a feature of decadence, is neither a logical conclusion, nor is it actually the case. For were it so then we must class as decadents Voltaire, Swift, and, in fact, all the greatest prose writers of the world, and only those can be exempt whose style betrays carelessness and thoughtlessness. Personally, I am inclined to regard as a higher type of art, especially in prose that work which reveals care and discrimination on the part of the author, rather than spontaneity and imagination. One of the characteristics most antithetical to the idea of decadence is that very impression of self-critical judgment and introspection which is felt in the best prose writers, and precisely where Wilde is least decadent is this very attention or over-attention to style which his writing shows.

But assuming for the moment that such a thing exists as over-attention to style, and that it is an evidence of decadence, the natural deduction to be drawn from such an assumption is that decadence implies an intensified and over-wrought culture rather than a disregard and denial of all that appertains to perfection and refinement.

NORMAN GREIFFENHAGEN.

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CURRENT REVIEWS.

Sir,—The "able and learned" critic of "The New Statesman," in reviewing "The Abbé Edgeworth and His Friends," writes, "He was the Confessor of Madame Elizabeth, the daughter of Louis XVI.," and that "he remained in France until Madame Elizabeth, the last of her family, fell a victim to the guillotine." If these precious crumbs of mis-information are supplied by the book under review, so much the worse for the book; if they fall from the table of the critic, well, *tant pis* for those he attempts to guide.

ARTHUR HOOD.

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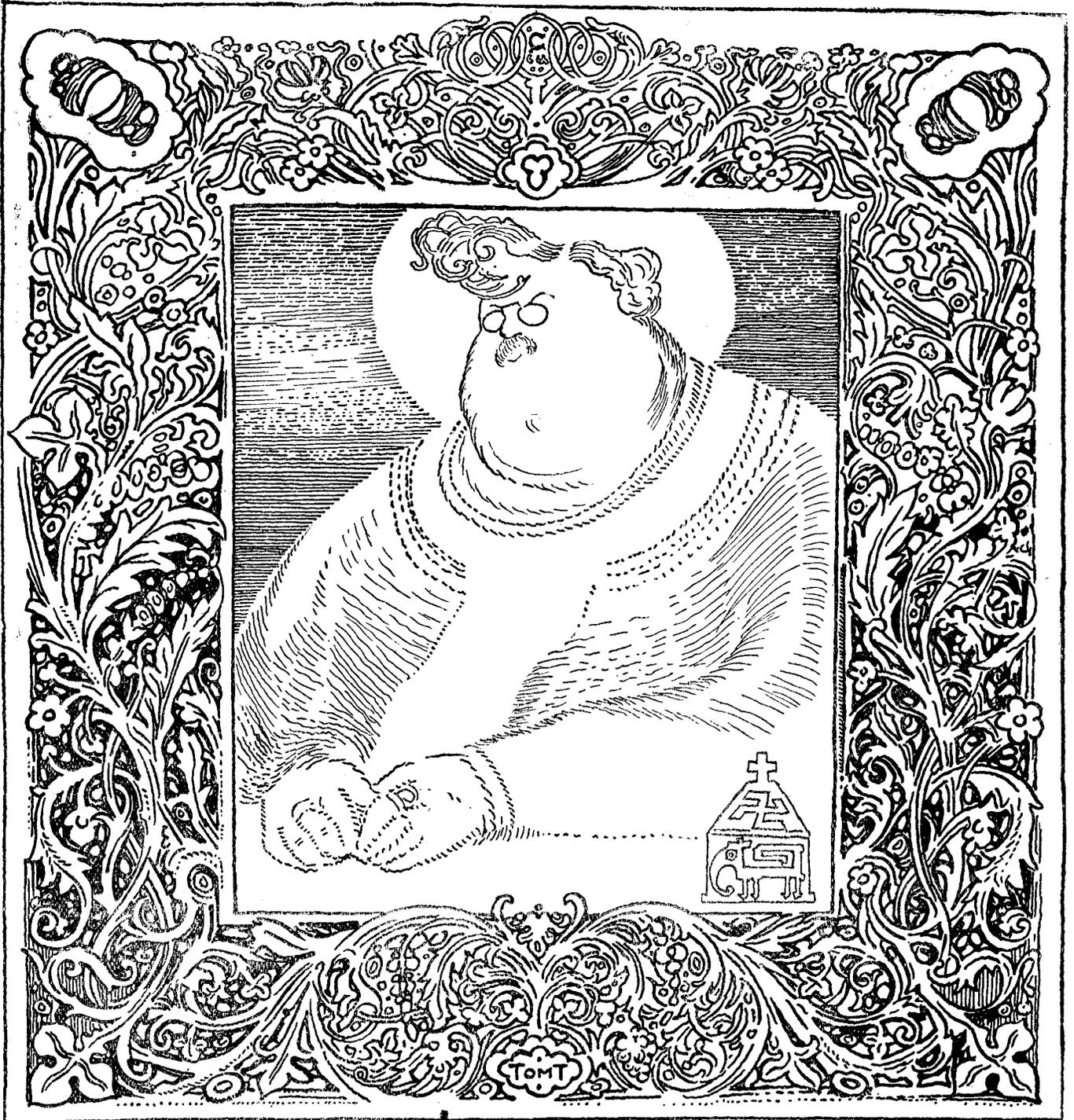
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