

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1089] NEW SERIES. Vol. XIII. No. 13. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1913. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **THREEPENCE.**

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THOUGH the political situation is for the present static it would be a mistake to suppose that it contains none of the materials of explosion. As a matter of fact, the situation is the most serious that our generation has yet known. Apart from the problems actually in animated suspense, two features stand out which are problems in themselves. One is the progressive diminution of the moral credit of the Government at the same moment that its mechanical power remains; the other is the progressive enfeeblement of the Opposition or alternative Government. We have had before in England a Government that grew weaker in credit with age; we have had feeble Oppositions before; but not for a good many years have these two phenomena coincided in time to produce at once a Government that is discredited and an Opposition that is without credit. Concerning the Opposition it may safely be said that never in history has an Opposition behaved with the levity and the anarchy of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law's party. From 1906 onwards they have committed nothing but blunders which the lowest caucus-clerk would be dismissed for committing; and in addition to these errors of conduct they have perpetrated every intellectual folly so that at this moment every loyal member of their party is at his wits' end to discover the policy or programme to which he is to be loyal. The series began, we may say, with the rejection of the Budget—a step which we said at the time would lead logically to the present situation. But logic is not by any means the line that political events in particular need follow. There are innumerable accidents in politics of which the strategist can always take advantage if he is awake to any purpose. The Insurance Act, as everybody now knows, was just such an accident as

might have served the Unionists not only to recover their own party position, but to undo the earliest stages of the Parliament Act, and thereby at least to postpone Home Rule and the other measures now in the muzzle of that Act. The Unionists, however, miscalculated the popular opposition to the Insurance Act; they under-estimated it then and most of them under-estimate it still; with the result two years ago that they threw away the chance provided them by the Welsh providence and with it, as it turns out, their last hope of staving off the Bills they profess to loathe.

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So much for their strategy; but their ideas, as we have said, are no less confused and, indeed, contradictory. On the first plank of their programme, namely, Tariff Reform, with the best will in the world to discover their intentions every honest student of politics must confess himself baffled in his attempt to define the Unionist creed. What, in the name of reason, is their Tariff Reform either as a theory or as a policy? It eludes us, both as economists and as politicians, altogether. Protection we can understand; practically everything that is maintained without producing a commercial profit is necessarily under protection. A scientific tariff also we can understand without approving of it, since it aims at the rational end of safeguarding a given standard of wages by the inadequate means of stereotyping existing wages. But the Tariff Reform of the Unionists is neither Protection nor the establishment of a scientific tariff; that, at least, we can confidently say. What it is, however, we cannot say, nor can Mr. Bonar Law, nor can Mr. Austen Chamberlain, nor can Mr. Austen Chamberlain's father, though he rose from his bed. A plank so slippery as this is not a safe thing to walk, still less to rest a party on. In brief, its continuance means disaster. Equally chaotic is the attitude of the party towards the Parliament Act, towards Home Rule, and towards the Party system as a whole. It is rather late in the day for the House of Lords to base its rejection of any Bill on the fact that the electorate has not considered it. This fact has never stood in the way of the House of Lords passing any Act in the past, and it is, therefore, merely hypocrisy to reject the Home Rule Bill on this ground. Now the Insurance Act, if you like, was a Bill the country had never considered; moreover, its passage through the Commons notoriously exceeded the speed limit even of a House dependent on the Government for jobs; finally, by every sign of the deaf and dumb alphabet which is the only language the public is privileged to address to its rulers, the Insurance Act was hated and its delay by the Lords would have been welcomed. Did Lord Lansdowne then plead that

the Bill should be postponed for the verdict of the country? We know he did not. Consequently the country is now likely to treat his present appeal with the indifference which he has fairly earned.

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On Home Rule itself it appears unmistakably to the English electorate that the Unionist Party, despite all its wild talk, is really making a catspaw of Ulster and has no intention of carrying out its threats. If we believed these threats there is nothing but the Tower for Mr. Bonar Law. To assume that the Leader of his Majesty's Opposition and the prospective chief Minister of the Crown is in earnest in offering unconstitutional as well as constitutional assistance to the Ulster fanatics is to convict him of premeditation in a national crime. We do not say that a portion of the old fogs of Ulster are not in earnest. Their belated religiosity, indeed, makes of Roman Catholicism the bugbear it used to be for us in England several hundred years ago. But that the atheists who, of course, compose the Unionist Party, should be prepared to support the mediæval zeal of the Ulster Puritans is beyond our polite belief. England at any rate is not now prepared to countenance a religious war outside of the Sahara; and Sir Edward Carson as a Mad Mullah with Mr. Bonar Law as his lieutenant, does not exactly strike us as even serious figures. No great interest, we are certain, is likely to be shown popularly in this country in the doings of Ulster. At best we shall watch the comedy with the attention due to a modern play. In staking their second hope of success upon Ulster and against Home Rule, the Unionists are, therefore, again reckoning without their England. And what must be said of their alternate offers and withdrawals of settlement by the ordeal of General Election? Who, we must ask in bewilderment, is really the final authority in the Unionist Party? Has it a head at all, or is it many-headed? Mr. Bonar Law, it will be remembered, promised one day to repeal the Insurance Act, and on the following day withdrew his promise. Similarly Lord Lansdowne on Tuesday offered to consent to Home Rule if a General Election should declare for it, and on Wednesday allowed Lord Curzon to repudiate the offer. Now which or who is here the authority in the Unionist Party, Lord Lansdowne or Lord Curzon? We do not know, and we fancy that neither of these leaders knows either. The party, indeed, has no single head, and consequently no policy beyond the day. We say nothing now of the folly involved in submitting a single issue to the general electorate. The next election will, as we have repeatedly said, be fought upon the Insurance Act, and upon that mainly. If even the Government were disposed to resign for no other reason than to gamble with the Unionists on Home Rule, the decision of the electorate would refer to the Insurance Act and not to Ireland. Every caucus expert knows this very well. The truth is not concealed even from the babes who lightly pull the strings on the Opposition front benches. It is, in fact, another dash of the hypocrisy of the Unionists that makes them imagine that their call for an ad hoc election on Home Rule can possibly lead to a decision on that subject. We conclude that the party is worm-eaten with lies and incapable therefore of standing squarely on its legs. It is not in truth a party at this moment at all, but a faction of the coherence of a dog-fight. The present Government may be bad; it is bad; but the country is not yet prepared to exchange bad for worse.

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How low in credit the Government has fallen few people, however, have as yet any clear idea. Perhaps it is as well for them that they have not; for with only the Unionists as an alternative Government the case might appear hopeless and the result on public opinion might be to produce panic. It is fortunate for the Government that they started their career seven years ago with a stock of credit so enormous as to allow of subtractions unprecedented in number and amount in any previous Ministry that lived. The usual explanation,

we know, of the success of the Liberal Party at the polls in 1906 is that Chinese Labour was under discussion; but a mere negative like that cannot account for the subsequent popular support of the party when Chinese Labour was abolished. There must have been a great deal of credit accumulated in favour of the party to enable it to survive its own conduct since the death of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Credit, after all, is in politics exactly what credit is in commerce; it is equivalent to capital and can be calculated in its amount by a strictly analogous method of reckoning—weighing we call it. And credit is expended when mistakes are made and added to when the conduct of the party in question is a fulfilment of their promises and of the popular expectations based on them. In the Debit and Credit sides of the Government's account there are items, some of which balance one another, but others which must be reckoned as sheer losses of prestige without any counterbalancing gain whatever. Of these it is needless to say that the Insurance Act is by far the greatest. The final total loss to Liberalism entailed by this measure is beyond present computation. Our opinion is that Liberalism will, indeed, never recover from it, certainly not while the measure remains unrepealed in its main principles. Lesser, though still considerable subtractions of credit fall to the accounts of the Marconi affair and its known and still to be known sequels, of the Government's conduct of the Women's Suffrage agitation, and of its treatment of economic questions. These together make up such a sum of discredit that we are almost arithmetically convinced that little credit now remains in the Government's exchequer of prestige. Of the Marconi affair it is probable, too, that we have by no means heard the last. Its effects are still delayed in the slow minds of the public, but they will appear in consciousness in due course. By the same defects of character that originated the first offence, indeed, fresh offences have been and are now about to be, so it is rumoured, committed. Nothing, for example, could have been in worse English taste than Mr. Lloyd George's speech at the National Liberal Club after his confession of error in Parliament—unless it be Sir Rufus Isaac's speech to his constituents at Reading. The pair of self-confessed criminals (for their blunders were crimes in statesmen), fresh from a dubious and chary absolution, immediately proceeded to take back in effect all that they had admitted under the constraint of the House of Commons. The effect upon the country we can only faithfully describe as morally revolting. A good many thousand citizens mentally registered a resolve, after the National Liberal Club speech, never to listen to the Devil when he is sick again. But these speeches, we believe, are as nothing to the rumoured coming appointment of Sir Rufus Isaacs to be Lord Chief Justice. No means exist in a democratic country, we admit, of preventing such an appointment being made even while the stink of the Marconi affair is still in the air. Sir Rufus Isaacs happens to be a charming personality to those who know him out of business hours; he is popular with his confederates of the Bar; on him rest the hopes of the Jews, who have never had one of their race a Lord Chief Justice before. Everything conspires to make of one of the worst characters in English politics the ultimate authority in the administration of English law. And we cannot prevent it! What we can do, however, is to warn the Liberal Party that this step will be their last, or if not their last, almost their last. The warning, we fear, does not amount to much; even if the event takes place and we are proved right, the punishment, we fear, will not be great immediately. But the governing classes are creating for themselves by this and the other measures we have named a vacuum of distrust and of hatred into which human nature will pour its destructive force one day with tragical violence.

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If, as we say, there were an alternative Government ready to assume responsibility with the confidence of the

public, the declension of the present Government might be contemplated with pleasure. Or if, again, no measures requiring the moral support of the community were in the custody of the Government, its statutory existence might be allowed to drag out without our anxiety. But as certainly as we have not the first alternative the second is equally not available. By evil chance it falls that at the very moment when the Government has least driving and sustaining power in public opinion, the measures in its hands require most if they are to be carried through. Our reference is not in the first place to particular policies—departmental policies they might almost be called—such as the substitution of oil for coal in the fast cruisers of the Navy or the terms of the tendering for the Imperial wireless chain; though on both these matters much more confidence is asked than the public is prepared to give. Mr. Churchill's brazen speech, for example, on the subject of the oil contract with Lord Murray of Bogota does not convince us any more than does Mr. Herbert Samuel's defence of the revised Marconi contract that their respective procedures are as urgent in the national interest as they make them appear. They may be, but the grounds are still concealed from us, and *carte blanche* is no longer a card we play with confidence. Measures of a much greater and more enduring importance, however, are the Parliament Act and its preambulatory proposal for the Reform of the Lords, and Home Rule with its inevitable sequel in some sort of Federalism. Politically, these measures, formulated and prospective, will determine the *political* constitution of the nation for at least the rest of the century. Citizens yet unborn will suffer or enjoy under the constitutional forms now in process of crystallising as they will not have to endure the passing effects of the minor measures we have just named. The question is therefore whether the present Government that has these changes in hand has the moral force and credit to see them through without aborting them. There is no doubt whatever that these changes are urgent; there is even no doubt that they are inevitable; their time has come. But whether they will result in a degraded or in a renewed nation depends wholly upon the atmosphere and the spirit of the times that see them accomplished. The signs, we confess, are of bad omen. In one party there are no statesmen and in the other there are statesmen yoked unequally with quacks, charlatans, and worse. It will be a miracle if the constitutional revolution through which we are passing does not leave us politically a century out of our course.

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These are political matters, however, only, and serious as they are, they vitally affect no more than, at most, one in ten of the adult male population. *Magna Charta* was also a great political event, but its purview, as we now know, did not include four out of every five of the population, these being economically serfs. Similarly, as the fact is now being realised, the majority of our population are serfs of a different variety, but of the same order, namely, wage-serfs, bound to an employer for profitable work in exchange for sustenance. Of these real politics takes no account since, being semi-proprietary and thus wholly dependent upon their masters, their power in politics is conditional upon the goodwill of their free owners. It is, in fact, an honorary power, but not in any sense a responsible and self-directed power. On the other hand, the proletariat class as the proprietors of the economic power of labour constitute a problem in themselves compared with which even the greatest present political problems are insignificant. What is Home Rule to the ruin of English rural life? What are the principles of the re-constitution of the Second Chamber to the principles of the re-constitution of national industry? In the two latter of these contrasts we are met by problems moreover in the solution of which not only more than political intelligence is required, but more than the co-operation of a single class. Politics may be the luxury of the wealthy, as labour organisation has hitherto been the necessity of the proletariat, but both must meet and

unite their efforts if the economic revolution now in train is to result in more than national extinction.

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Of the rural or the urban problem there is no doubt in our mind which is the more immediately pressing—it is the urban. The rural problem, with all its difficulties, can wait for the simple reason that it can. The "Times," with its usual accuracy of misjudgment in English labour affairs, has lately begun the publication of a series of articles (by Mr. Stephen Reynolds we should guess from the vocabulary) on the subject of the Land; but all we appear to be about to learn from them is that agriculture is absolutely as well as relatively a declining industry and that its employees are dwindling at the rate of ten thousand a year. Important as it is, and more important as it will become, to deal with this alarming spilling of blood from the heart of England, the problem created by the emigration of rural workers to the towns to compete in the unskilled trades with the sweated city proletariat is the more immediate. At a pinch the agricultural labourers can live on their wages, and as many of them as remain in the villages are sure of employment, or at least of subsistence. But exactly to the extent that the agricultural employers dismiss their men it does not follow that the city employers can absorb them. On the contrary in practically every great urban industry, in slack times of course most of all, the number of unskilled labourers seeking employment is greater than the demand—and, as agriculture declines, this excess of proletariat production over capitalist demand will grow. There, if you please, is a problem worth the consideration of statesmen, and not only worth consideration but shortly about to command it. The obligation, however, is first upon the self-elected leaders of the Labour movement itself, for assuredly unless they are prepared with measures of rational reconstruction the employing classes are prepared with nothing better than irrational force. It was only last week, for example, that we ventured the opinion that the action of Lord Gladstone in South Africa would be beggared in an emergency by the action of the Government in England. Within a day or two our forecast was confirmed and at Leith the dockers on strike found themselves faced by police, by bluejackets, by gunboats in the near offing and by battleships in the far offing! This is not politics, it is war; and only the owl-blindness of the Labour politicians can conceal the fact from them. What, we ask, is the plan of campaign against a declaration of hostility such as this? It is useless to pretend that the support of the Government even in great political affairs is of more importance than the support of their own class in economic affairs of life and death. It is not only useless, but the pretence is as treacherous as it is vain. There is not a Labour M.P. whose presence in Parliament at this moment is not a skulking from the enemy and a cruel cynical betrayal of the men whose shoulders he straddles. If they have no plan at least their duty is to be on the field of battle; and the field is at Leith, not at Westminster. Forty Labour M.P.'s at Westminster are forty Government votes on as many questions that matter as little as they are understood by the proletariat. But the presence of the forty Members at Leith, if even they only went to play billiards in the local inn, would prove, we venture to say, a match for all the bluejackets and battleships at the disposal of the Government. It is a waste of words, we fear, to recommend this simple plan; but such plans must be the commonplace of the Labour Council which we hope will shortly be formed. The first steps, we repeat, towards the emancipation of Labour from the wage system must be taken by the Labour movement itself. The need is crying; the conditions are favourable; and the fullness of time is come. Let the politicians settle their politics, but for the proletariat there is only one problem, to organise its only property, namely, its labour, and to direct it under a single plan towards abolishing the servitude of the wage-system.

## Current Cant.

"J. D. Rockefeller is one of the rose-bushes in God's garden."—Dr. BUSTARD.

"Thank God our present German Ambassador and his wife are helping to bring about a better understanding of English art and artists among the Londoners."—The "Mask."

"Admirers of Mr. H. G. Wells—who include everybody."—"Everyman"—"Literary Notes."

"We shall shortly publish in 'Ideas' a series of articles possessing a remarkable interest. The articles deal with life at Broadmoor, the great criminal lunatic establishment. . . ."—"Ideas."

"The mad and spendthrift mood of the nation is coming to an end."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The great tomfool whose name is McKenna,  
Who becomes a tom cat when in a dilemma."—  
Mrs. MANSELL MOULLIN.

"The Churches are rousing up and cleansing themselves, and they are thinking of the social conditions of the people."—CHARLES W. CRUMP.

"William Archer . . . full of enthusiasms, but never controlled by them; original, but not perverse; cultured, but never pedantic . . . best of all combinations. . . ."—"Everyman."

"A profound impulse from the East and a masterful formality from the West have joined together to create a new perfection of conscious life."—LASCILLES ABERCROMBIE.

"Within the next ten years we shall follow the example of most European countries in providing . . . such actors as Forbes-Robertson with regular and honourable employment."—"Poetry and Drama."

"The Duchess of Manchester has introduced to London society a new American dance entitled the 'Fish-walk.'"—"New York Herald."

"I am bound under terrible penalties not to allow anyone else to do the work to which I append my signature."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Nothing but the regular Army stands between our social system and anarchy."—"VANOC."

"Your grandmother was a good one.  
Your father was a better.  
But you are best of all."  
—Salford banner in honour of the King's visit.

"As wages are largely dependent on the value of the work done, it follows that the raising of the average level of any section of the community in regard to their innate capacity for productive work would be accompanied by an increase either in the wages or in the leisure enjoyed by that section, whilst the total amount of bodily and mental effort necessary to produce a given volume of goods and services would also be lessened."—MAJOR LEONARD DARWIN, D.Sc., in his presidential address to the Eugenics Education Society.

### CURRENT CINEMAS.

"A picture palace is to be built on top of the Bow Railway Station."—"Daily Chronicle."

"His Holiness the Pope has given permission for the daily life at the Vatican to be cinematographed."—"Evening News."

### CURRENT CONFUCIANISM.

"Bahatism is not really Orientalised Sidney Webbism."—"Daily Express."

### CURRENT CRAWLER.

"It is very good of your Majesty to take notice of your grandmother's old soldiers."—DANIEL NORWOOD.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE Balkans have very nearly crowded out China, but the Far East is, just at this moment, of slightly more importance to us than the Near East. Little is being done to bring the war in the Balkans to a close, and it will fizzle out almost of itself within the next few weeks. But plenty is being done in China of a nature likely to give us trouble later on.

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When it became clear to everybody who is in touch with what may be dignified with the name of Chinese political circles that President Yuan-Shi-Kai intended to form a new dynasty, with himself as its first head—a probability pointed out in these columns long ago, almost as soon as the revolution was over—counter-intrigues naturally began. It was only lately, however, that these counter-intrigues were supported by the Japanese Government, which had taken alarm at the strong position that Yuan-Shi-Kai was undoubtedly making for himself. There were a few assassinations, duly chronicled in the papers, but it was only within the last ten days that the opposition to Yuan grew sufficiently formidable for an attempt at deposition. A Confederate Government was established for the South of China, armies were organised, generals appointed to commands, and a regular military advance was made into the northern territory sacred to the President.

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From the few telegrams which have come to hand it is not easy to understand the position of the different armies; but it seems clear that the President can count upon 70,000 or 80,000 troops in the Hankow-Kiukiang area, though in the other war zone, the Pukow Railway district, the northern troops are few. Part of the Pukow Railway, indeed, is in the hands of the Southern troops; and the (Southern) Kiangsi army, under General Chun-Hsuan, is rapidly advancing. So delicate is the situation that there is even some talk of Yuan retiring into his native province of Hunan and there making a last stand.

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It is all very terrifying, but one main feature of present-day Chinese affairs must be borne in mind. The internal situation of the country is sound, its revenues are in good condition, and it is stated that the Southerners, if they are victorious, will protect the foreign bondholders. All this is really a subsidiary matter: the main point is that a ruler of the type of Yuan-Shi-Kai is a necessity to the country in its present state. If Yuan disappears, and if his place is taken by anybody else, or by two Presidents, one for the North and one for the South, then we may expect China to develop, in due time, into a Far Eastern Persia.

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This is the real danger; and it is, apparently, a danger of such imminence that the representatives of the Powers would do well to give all the support possible to the President. Otherwise, we may have a scramble in which India, as a near neighbour, will unquestionably be involved, not to speak of Indo-China, which is the concern of the French Government; and Japan and Russia. In addition to these various nations, all with special "interests," we must not reckon without Germany, who, although she has no special force available in Asia, can always bring pressure to bear on Russia if Russia is engaged in Asiatic adventures. Reliance, however, is placed in London on Yuan-Shi-Kai's williness, though the old fox of the East has never been in such a difficult situation before.

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I have suggested that the Balkan War will fizzle out of itself simply because the Powers are doing so little to stop it. It is useless sending "recommendations" and "advice" to the capitals of the Balkan States. So long as the Great Powers are not prepared to back up their advice by force, no attention will be paid to it. Hands

were raised in horror when the Turkish army was sent out to occupy the Enos-Midia line, and all sorts of threats were made, including the threat of a British naval demonstration at Constantinople. But up to the time of writing these threats have remained mere threats, with a further decline, in consequence, of the prestige of the Powers among the peoples of the Balkans.

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Of course, we all know that the real chance of the Powers will come later on when, exhausted and yet unsatisfied, Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece definitely come to terms, with Roumania, holding the balance of power in the Balkans, looking on. It has been intimated with adequate directness that Austria will look on the proposed Sofia Conference as a "lower court," whose decisions will have to be checked and, if need be, revised by a higher tribunal—the higher tribunal in this case being, one supposes, a court presided over by some Austro-German Teutonic combination. This Austrian comparison of a lower and a higher court may not be particularly inapt: for the judges in both kinds of tribunals have been known to disagree.

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The higher court will, however, consist of more Powers than Austria and Germany; but the groupings may, for the time being, be much the same as they were before the war. In other words, though the Triple Alliance is no longer a military factor, we shall probably find that, as a rule, Austria, Germany, and Italy will work in harmony, and will be opposed, where there is any disagreement among the judges, by Russia, France, and Great Britain. We must safeguard ourselves, however, by saying "as a rule," for there will be a few instances in which British interests will conflict with those of Russia and will run in line with those of Germany—notably since the Bagdad Railway agreement has been reached. Again, Roumania will in all probability side with Russia and will be supported by her in turn; and, if disagreements reach such a pitch that force has to be thought of, the judges will doubtless be reminded that the Roumanian army is fresh and in good condition, with just enough fighting experience to make it wishful for more.

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Besides, I am not satisfied from the ordinary telegraphed reports that the Bulgarian army is so very hopelessly beaten by the Serbo-Greek combination as we have been given to understand. With Roumania in the field as a definite enemy, Bulgaria is obviously helpless; but with Roumania satisfied, there is just a chance—a bare chance—that Bulgaria could still inflict severe enough losses on her former Allies as would enable her, at least, to secure better terms than those offered. The Serbo-Greek conditions of peace, I am informed, would leave Bulgaria with Adrianople, which is not so very far from her present frontier, and with no further territorial gains as the result of the war. Hence Bulgaria's despairing appeals to Russia, to France, to Austria, and to Roumania. The Roumanian demands, by the way, are really extremely moderate.

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The American Ambassador has left Mexico, and the Mexican Ambassador has left Washington. This does not necessarily mean an outbreak of war, although it is the customary procedure before hostilities are begun; for the United States does not want war with anybody at the present time. But Señor Emerito de la Garza, before he left, talked with a great deal of directness about the attitude of the United States towards his country. The Huerta Government, he pointed out, was the only authoritative Administration in Mexico, but President Wilson will neither condemn it nor recognise it. He added that the United States Government had better not try to interfere in Mexican affairs, for it could not command enough men and money to make such interference effective. All very true—quite a nice little quarrel. And what of Japan and Magdalena Bay?

## Towards a National Railway Guild.

It is significant that the trend of trade unionism to-day is towards the universal organisation of crafts. The latest—and, incidentally, the largest in the world—is the National Union of Railwaymen. Substitute Guild for Union, and, along with this, change the idea of partnership for the idea of subordination, and the Guild system will have begun.—THE NEW AGE, June 26, 1913.

FEW who have read and pondered THE NEW AGE articles on Guild Socialism will have done so without feeling intense and sympathetic interest in the subject, and the principles advocated will be looked at by different individuals mainly from the standpoint of their possibility of application to the industries of which they themselves have intimate experience. Thus the Guild ideas have appealed to me as eminently practicable for adaptation to railways in particular.

The paragraph in THE NEW AGE of June 26 is confined to railway trade unionism, but if we look higher there will be found commercial organisation in other grades of the railway services which could be inoculated and adapted to the Guild system. Serious difficulties are to be encountered, but I foresee none greater than those which have been, or are constantly being, successfully combated in the building up and perfecting of the transit business, whilst the advantages to the community and the workers would be enormous; still my purpose is to indicate at least one consideration of vital importance in approaching the "guildisation" of the railways, and concerning which I confess to not feeling optimistic.

The railways of the British Isles are only made possible of management to-day by a system of specialisation from top to bottom, and as this system is only vaguely known to the general public it is useful briefly to describe it.

The National Union of Railwaymen typifies the outside or uniform staff which is more or less well known, coming as it does in contact with the business public, but at present the "Cloth" remains outside trade unionism, and is little known.

In the first place wide divisions have been adopted on the different railways, a few of which are: General managers, secretaries, good, mineral, passenger and parcels, carriage and wagon, solicitors, engineers, estates, horse, signal and telegraph, audit and accountant, stores, advertising, police, steamship, hotels, etc. One department is fairly typical, and a sketch of the goods department, the ramifications of which are perhaps the most extensive, will best serve the purpose of illustration.

At a goods station the work is sectionised somewhat after this manner: Inwards (goods received from other stations); outwards (goods for forwarding to other stations); accounts, abstracting (where statements or "returns" are made to auditor or accountant, and to railway clearing house on traffic the earnings upon which concern more than one company); warehouse rent and wharfage, bill of lading, etc. (at ports), grain, mineral; and other sections varying with the system of management, the size of the railway, the importance, situation, and staple trades of the town where the station is. Each of the sections will have its head, and all of them will be more or less presided over by a chief clerk of the station, but above him the real head will be the goods station agent.

Passing upwards from the station, whose staff is or should be actually in contact with the movement of goods, we next come to the district goods manager's (or district goods superintendent's) office. This office will most likely have some sixty stations of varying sizes and descriptions under its control as to goods business, although it may possibly be that passengers and parcels transit is also included. The office will be sectionised into staff, claims, rates, demurrage, trains, general, etc., the staff of each being under separate specialised heads, and under one chief clerk, the control of all being by the district goods manager, who thus

knows all that is worth knowing affecting the goods business of his sixty or more stations.

In the case of a large railway there may be from half a dozen to three times that number of district goods offices in various parts of the country, which in turn come under the government of a chief goods manager.

The sections of a chief goods manager's office are nearly enough described by repeating all the district office sections and adding a few more, such as outdoor, indoor, operating, commercial, Continental, etc. The chief goods manager is responsible for his department to the general manager and directors, which remark also applies to the heads of others of the various divisions first mentioned; though the goods division has no exact prototype in the other departments, as their ramifications are not so great.

There are flippant members of the travelling public who know exactly how railways should be managed, but as they are not readers of THE NEW AGE, I may say that an intricate and delicate organisation of huge dimensions is in the hands of able officials, and it is around the selection of officials that my remarks centre.

To-day there are definite interests to be served in the shape of the shareholders, who appoint directors to watch those interests, and the directors, personally or by relegation, appoint the officials. One of the most important, if not *the* most important, function of the general manager is to see that suitable men are found for the various positions of consequence, that there shall be no round pegs in square holes (the big holes at any rate). Everything depends on this, and in the main, having regard to the interests to be served, it is done exceedingly well, notwithstanding that judgment may often be vitiated by agnation, self-interest, or outside interference. It would be better done, too, were the general manager able to devote more of his time to acquainting himself personally with the staff as far downwards as he could possibly reach. Moreover, it is done very simply: a vacancy arises, the immediate superior recommends to the powers above a suitable person for the place if he can, or if not he asks for such person to be found elsewhere. The recommendations are usually regarded where the general manager or directors have not themselves knowledge of eligible nominees. Under State management purely it might be equally simple and efficient, but what would it be under a national guild?

The ideal method would be the democratic one, but, in actual practice, most cumbersome and erratic. Agnation and its kindred evils might be avoided, but at what cost to efficiency!

Why does democratic election of representatives to Parliament, city councils, town councils, etc., result in selection of gramophones instead of men? I suggest it is because the democracy have no knowledge, or very little, of the qualifications which should be required of their representatives.

Democratic election in the case of the heads of lower branches would do for the important reason that those branches know what is required; they know who would make a good cartage foreman, shed foreman, foreman porter, inspector, or ganger, because they know the duties, and are not to be confused by claptrap; but as to the full merits necessary in a station agent, district manager, goods manager, general manager, chief accountant, engineer, their knowledge is as limited as it is concerning the qualifications of a Secretary of State, and they are as fitted to elect him as to elect a poet laureate.

It might be argued that each grade should elect its head, elevation by one's peers, but the partial development of the peers themselves after spending years of their lifetime in one narrow line, where flunkeyism or silent indifference in subordinates and repression by superiors contribute to make them unfitted for forming broad judgments. True, after many years of guild development, when short hours and less pressure upon both men and officials, and higher standard of living have been attained, and thus made it possible for everyone to become more spiritually developed, an improvement might be expected.

No! I think that in the first stages, except where the duties of the selected are confined to one department, and not to the supervision of various departments of different natures, the appointments must continue to be made from above. The writer has a practical and lengthy experience of railway management, and could name half a dozen capable officers, any one of whom could undertake the Guildisation of the Railway System in less than five years, if given a reasonably free hand.

HENRY LASCELLES.

## Property v. The Wage-System.

By the Authors of "The Real Democracy."

THE editor has very kindly allowed us to take up another page of THE NEW AGE in defence of a rival propaganda. Accordingly we propose in this article to set out very briefly some observations on the "Rejoinder" which appeared in THE NEW AGE of July 3 in reply to our article, "The New Age and the Real Democracy" in the same issue.

It was our endeavour in that article to answer all the material objections that had in more than one notice been urged against our defence of the principle of Property. But it is now evident that if we are to get the issue between us clearly distinguished, we must disregard all controversy that turns upon what may be called matters of secondary importance, and devote our whole attention to what is of primary importance, namely, the wage-system.

But before we take up the main argument there is a preliminary point with which we must deal in passing.

In the "Rejoinder" you have expressed your opinion that "it is hardly worth time and ink to particularise as to the scientific meaning of the word 'property.'" You who would abolish the system of the private ownership of the instruments of production, cannot stay to consider what "property" is! "It is not worth time and ink to particularise" about such a trivial matter. Then, why all this pother about "property" and exploitation? "Oh, but property and the wage-system," you reply, "are inseparable." But surely, if property is the progenitor of the wage-system, how can you affect to treat it with indifference, as not worth a definition, a mere "matter of context"? You say to us in effect: "Our argument is quite sound as far as it goes. To ask us to test it further is mere confusion-mongering." But you cannot escape a difficulty in this fashion. The question of "property" is the difference between us; and if you will not debate it to a conclusion, then for very lack of argument your default must be taken as an admission. Only those who do not grasp the real question at issue, or who do not yet perceive what is essential to its resolution, can dismiss the conception of property as immaterial in this debate.

We may now turn to the central purpose of this article, namely, to the consideration of the wage-system.

It will not have escaped those who have followed the attacks made upon our position in the "Rejoinder" of July 3, and the previous articles, that they bottom upon the contention that it is impossible to erect a system of propertied guilds upon any other economic basis than the wage-system. That is to say, it is the element of "property" in the constitution of the guild that introduces, and the absence of that element that excludes, the wage-system. And since it is the wage-system that must be abolished, the first step is rigorously to exclude every trace of property from the institutional fabric of the guild.

This, we think, summarises quite fairly the argument you have used. But lest we should even innocently misrepresent you, we will give your own words, taking them from your article "A Rejoinder."

"Capital can only exploit labour by maintaining the wage-system. The way, therefore, to prevent the exploitation of labour by capital is to destroy the wage-system. Our critics agree that the wage-system ought to be abolished, but shrink from the conclusion." (The next sentence suggests the conclusion, and it is to it that we would particularly direct attention). "How

can the members of their Owing Guilds derive a proportion of this income from personal capital invested in the Guilds unless the wage-system is retained? . . . . If they sincerely wish the wage-system abolished, then their whole case for an owning guild falls to the ground."

Caught in a generous mood we might conceivably admit the validity of your argument, but not without having to confess a very impoverished understanding. It may be obvious to you, indeed, it may be obvious to every reader of *THE NEW AGE* except ourselves, that under all circumstances it is impossible to suppose the existence of an owning guild and not to suppose the contemporaneous operation within it of the wage-system. It may conceivably dawn upon us next week that this is so. What the wage-system is, we think we know. We accept your analysis of it. What a propertied or owning guild is, we think we know. But how they are so related, and in what particulars, that a propertied guild necessarily involves the wage-system, this we must avow, even at the risk, however imminent, of being intellectually discredited for ever, we do not know. Yet it appears to be so clear to you that you will not waste ink and paper setting out your reasons.

Perhaps you will retort that we have missed the real drift of your analysis of the wage-system, that we have read it without understanding or appreciating its significance. If so, it will not be a very difficult matter for you to put us right about it. The material point in our view is that we cannot discover how you link up your condemnation of the wage-system with your condemnation of the principle of property. Nor do we think it possible.

You have yourselves repeated again and again what you understand by the wage-system. It is not incumbent upon us to go behind your own formulas or to read into them what they do not contain. The "wage-system" is the system under which workmen receive "wages." And "wages" are the price paid for labour as a commodity, or, what, you suggest, is the same thing, represent efficiency-remuneration.

Now, if you will not take us any further than this, are we not justified in asking what is the connection with "property"? Indeed, we go further. If this is all you have to tell us about the wage-system, why should you or anyone else object to it at all? You cannot ground your whole advocacy for a social re-setting merely on your definition of wages, however accurate that definition may be. Where, indeed, will you find the man who will boil with indignation on being informed that wages are the price of labour as a commodity? We do not at all under-rate the driving-power of your propaganda; but to suggest that it is solely derived from an analysis which in itself discloses no particular reason for hostility, nor any obvious human consequences, would be to credit a small cause with a great effect.

Of course you do no such thing. You condemn the wage-system and quite rightly, not because your analysis tells you that wages are the price of labour as a commodity, but because you know that whether your analysis of it be adequate or not, it does as a matter of fact involve consequences that degrade and debase society. But even now you have not brought us to the stage where the connection between "property" and the degradation of society is obvious.

The whole point, we should have thought, in tracing the degradation of society to the wage-system was to make it clear that if you wish to abolish the evil you must strike at the root of the evil. It remains, then, to ask how is it that where most men receive an efficiency remuneration and no more, there you get a servile society? The answer is this: You get a servile society not only because the amount, kind, and even application of efficiency remuneration are determined not freely between the giver and the taker, but solely by the giver who is guided by the nature of the work he has in hand, and who adapts his payments accordingly; but also because the men who receive are content to be so manipulated towards another's end and do not enter any protest. That is to say, it is a society whose

very basis is a denial of the right of the citizen to frame his own end, to direct his own activities, and to re-act upon the conditions of the world in which he lives. It is for these reasons and no other that we oppose the wage-system. Upon it reposes a society whose very constitution vitiates the whole principle of the democratic ideal.

Now, such a system once established has a double operation. Not only does it reduce the wage-earner to a negligible factor as an active unit in the economic sphere (for he is paid according to his needs as a "hand," and no more, and it will soon be an indulgence of the past to let him spend his earnings in his own way), but also it reduces him to a negligible position in the political sphere. Just as his economic demand is non-existent, so is his political demand non-existent. It is or ought to be obvious, therefore, that the only escape that is possible from this double state of economic and political impotence is to create a demand that shall be effective not only to transform him into an active self-regulating economic unit, but also into an active political unit, capable of giving some political embodiment to his views and desires. And there is no reason to suppose that what is inadequate to the one will not be adequate to the other.

We have already attempted in the "Real Democracy" (p. 31 et seq), but apparently with no great success, to point out that an effective economic demand requires as a very condition of its existence and operation *some* bargaining power at least: that is to say, some economic resources: that is to say, some property. But the receipt of efficiency remuneration is equivalent to the receipt of what is sufficient for the immediate purposes of one's occupation and no more. A wage is not in itself either a reserve sufficient to constitute it an immediate instrument of bargaining against one's employer, or capable of providing the stored resource by way of excess of present needs, which is necessary to the formation of a permanent weapon of bargaining. And what is true of the conditions of economic re-action is true of the conditions of political re-action.

It follows necessarily from this that where men receive wages they possess no right whatever either to the absolute amount of the utilities they produce (for their wages are determined independently of that amount, though there may be, and often is, an incidental relation between the two), or yet to the control of the activities that are exercised during production. And they do not possess this right because they are lacking in effective bargaining power, that is, in an effective reserve of property. An economic reserve means no more than the undisputed right of ultimate control over some wealth, that is to say, the ownership of such wealth.

So it turns out, then, that both to the effective exercise of the power and the right to re-act upon society as to the like exercise of the right of economic expression, which is as necessary to a healthy system of industry as to a just and human scheme of distribution—one requirement, and one only, is common and indispensable, namely, an economic reserve that is ordinarily adequate; that is to say, a sufficient and normal equipment of *property*.

These are our reasons for attacking the wage-system; and not only are they ultimately different from yours, but also, we contend, more fundamental. It is the wage-system that destroys property, and by property alone can it be destroyed. The proposition that a guild which is propertied necessarily involves the continuance of the wage-system, is a proposition that has no visible means of support whatever.

To sum up, we may give the following quotation as expressing, with great force and in small compass, our present contention. "The essence of servility lies in the absence of the right or the power. Freedom implies both. But our proletariat have the political right without the economic power. Civilly endowed with the right to sell or withhold their labour, the power of withholding it is limited by their propertyless-

ness to a few weeks at the outside. Only so long, therefore, as their savings last have they the power as well as the right of bargaining. In short, they are politically free, but economically servile."

Unfortunately, we cannot give you the reference to this quotation in "The Real Democracy." It is not to be found there at all; but in THE NEW AGE of December 5 last, at page 102.

So perhaps the Guild Socialists are not very far from us after all.

\* \* \*

[It is unfortunate that our correspondents have again failed to state accurately the argument they attack. The consequence is that all we can do is to correct the mis-statements, in the hope that these corrections may suffice.

i. We are condemned because we stated that property is a term only understood by its context. The word "property" has no precise economic connotation. Thus, land is property; shares are property; a watch is property; so also is furniture. Now observe the result. Our correspondents assume that because we condemn capital as an agent in the exploitation of labour, we therefore condemn property. They proceed to ascribe to us the statement that "it is the element of property in the constitution of the guild that introduces, and in the absence of that element that excludes, the wage-system. And since it is the wage-system that must be abolished, the first step is rigorously to exclude every trace of property from the institutional fabric of the guild." We hope we never argued anything quite so foolish. The reasons for excluding the plant and assets generally from the guild are based upon practical considerations altogether remote from any such contention. Do the Rota Club writers seriously contend that property and capital are interchangeable terms, and that all forms of property have the same economic significance? They hint that they know how to discriminate, and that we do not! As it is patent on its face that we would destroy the wage-system and organise the Guilds to the great end that more wealth—wealth is surely property—may be produced and equitably diffused, we are utterly at a loss to understand how we have given the impression that we object to property. Our own words in our "Rejoinder" are surely clear enough: "Capital can only exploit labour by maintaining the wage-system." Observe, "capital." To use the word "property" in that connection would be misleading and unscientific. Our correspondents must not put words in quotation marks which we did not use.

ii. We have never affirmed, nor thought, that a "property guild necessarily involved the wage-system," and we have never, explicitly or implicitly, condemned "the principle of property." Our words were scrupulously accurate: "How can the members of the Owing Guilds derive a proportion of their income from personal capital invested in the Guilds unless the wage-system is retained? And if the wage-system be retained, then the Owing Guilds are mere variations of our existing joint-stock system." Clearly our words applied to the capital exploitation, by a proportion of the members of the Owing Guilds, of the non-propertied wage-earners also in the guild predicated by the Rota writers. This has nothing whatever to do with any "condemnation of the principle of property." The two arguments are in totally different categories. We now add, in the light of the subsequent discussion, that there is absolutely no difference in principle between a Rota Guild and the South Metropolitan Gas Company. Our correspondents are again on the horns of a dilemma. If they advocate owning guilds without the wage-system, then they are Syndicalists pure and simple; if with the wage-system, then they have been anticipated by the late Sir Joseph Livesey. We have repeatedly explained why we reject the Syndicalist argument, and our advocacy of wage-abolition strikes equally at the root of the South Metropolitan Gas, the Furness scheme, Sir William Lever's co-partnership ideas, and the Rota Guilds. All these are in principle not to be distinguished.

iii. Our correspondents contend that it is possible to suppose the contemporaneous operation within the Guild of the wage-system—within a Guild, bear in mind, that condemns the wage-system. Our only observation is that such an organisation is not a guild but a joint-stock company. The principle of the Guild is outraged by any such suggestion. Lincoln remarked that no nation could continue to live "half-slave and half-free." And so of the guilds. They either accept or reject the wage-system. If they accept it, we are no longer interested in it; if they reject it, then from what fund can be drawn those "returns to capital" for which the Rota writers argued in their previous article?

iv. Their answer apparently is this: "An effective economic demand requires as a very condition of its existence and operation some bargaining power at least; that is to say, some economic resources; that is to say, some property." This is as self-evident as that twice one makes two, but it contributes nothing to the discussion. The worker's "bargaining power" is his capacity to organise his labour into a monopoly. That is the purpose of a guild. And, in the final analysis, this constitutes his property. By means of this monopoly—this property—the worker can and will acquire other forms of property. But the accretion to the workers of property in such forms as he desires it is clearly contingent upon the abolition of wages and the organisation of labour monopoly.

If our correspondents had done us the honour to believe that we understand the meaning of the word "property," and had, in consequence drawn substantial instead of formal distinctions between their conception of guild organisation and ours, this little discussion would have proved far more fruitful and suggestive.—  
ED. NEW AGE.]

## "Charity"—Old Style and New.

Old Saying—"The greatest of these is Charity."

SCENE.

(British School of Statistical Research. The object of this school, founded by one of our most eminent publicists, is to train young men and women for social work on the *Statistics Method*, viz., by Tabulation, Registration, Documentation, Inoculation (of statistics) and—opponents of the system say another word ending in —ation. The triumph of this method is that the individual disappears—or it might be truer to say is of no account whatsoever. In the school records giving details of 20,000 persons and families visited by the students, the only so-called personal detail ever given is according to whether the visit is paid to (a) the family or man, woman, or child, or (b) the environment, throwing light on habits, etc., public-house, shop, etc. In every case the student works under the auspices of the Social Settlement of the District, which, from being at one time a sort of miscellaneous sentimental centre is now rapidly becoming a Statistical Diffuser—needless to say, far more useful to the State.)

Mr. Hamblin, rather bull-doggy, short sandy beard (tufty), spectacled, sits at desk with numberless papers. Two young ladies busily typing.

Mr. HAMBLIN (rings bell; clerk appears): Oh, thank you, Mr. Saunders. I will now see any students who are in for the Appointment posted in the hall. How many are there, Mr. Saunders? Only two. That's good. (Turns to typist): What are the details, Miss Brock? Will you have the goodness to refresh my memory. It's a big north of England manufacturing firm. The lady is wanted to visit the homes of people away through sickness or otherwise, and to interest them in art and literature and the home.

Mr. HAMBLIN (absently): Ah, yes, great scope, great scope. (Clerk, ushering in a lady not quite young. Fine, noble face. Has seen much sorrow and experienced life. Probably 40. Not one sign of old age. Quiet, very sweet grey eyes and manner of speech. The dress is the more modest, dignified kind that until lately women of 40 wore. Black

costume, black hat. Although perfectly, exquisitely neat and spotlessly clean and well-brushed, there is just a suggestion of shabbiness. A little colour comes into the lady's rather wasted face as she sits down at a motion of the Superintendent.)

Mr. HAMBLIN (dry, mechanical tone): How long have you been engaged in research at the school, Miss Willis?

Miss WILLIS (very soft cultured voice): Only since the beginning of this term . . . .

Mr. HAMBLIN (showing signs of vexation, and rising): Oh, but that won't do at all, at all. Our students only take appointments after they have had three years' training and handed in their Statistic Thesis. (About to ring bell.)

Miss WILLIS (rising, labouring obviously under nervous strain): Oh, I am sorry. But I have had years of experience with girls—and my father having been the vicar of one of the big manufacturing towns, I know the people through and through, and love and admire them. I know the *homes* of these people. I have been with them when their babies were born; I often stayed all night when the midwife—(two lady typists give a stealthy stare of disapproval)—had to go on to *another* mother—and I have been with them when the breadwinner has been brought home dead, killed in a mine or accident. . . . I came to the school because I felt I needed. . . . (SAUNDERS appears.)

Mr. HAMBLIN (obviously bored): Ah, yes. But experience is nothing, nothing at all—in fact *even* a drawback. Introduces the *Personal*. . . .

Miss WILLIS (who has plenty of pluck, interrupting): The personal! What *better* can you have if the personal means sympathy, kindness, insight?

Mr. HAMBLIN (dignified but polite): Good afternoon, Miss Willis. Next applicant, Mr. Saunders. (Enter the very latest brand of the new "intellectual" woman. What in older ages would have been called "gawky." Moves with quick, jerky movements of a very decisive nature. Dressed in the latest approved fashionable costume for the non-fashionable intellectual woman: tight skirt, obviously wears no petticoats or corsets, straight down. There is a certain *smartness* visible. Clothes good and new and thought about. Everything expensive. Rather good looking. A curious *hard* type of features and what would once have been called *bold*. Now considered merely the frank charm of a woman who knows what she's about and does as she thinks fit. No timidity about *her*. Shakes hands with Superintendent and seats herself without being asked. Is probably 25, and so far as one can tell from her rigid sort of cool outlook on life, has had a very good time. The "professional woman" writ large in her walk, features, eye-stare, voice—which latter is hideous.)

Mr. HAMBLIN (pallid eyes look pleased): Oh, *you* in for this, Miss Bell. Oh, *that's* good!

Miss BELL (perfectly unconcernedly): Yes—I thought I'd start on something now. Let's see, it's £150, isn't it, Mr. Hamblin? Rather poor for a University woman, isn't it? Do you know if they intend to raise it?

Mr. HAMBLIN (soothingly): Yes, I expect so, Miss Bell. It will be work that should yield good results. But—do you think you will—er—like the life—in one of the manufacturing towns? It's very smoky, and—er—the places these people live in—er—are terribly overcrowded [archly]. We shall expect brilliant reports from you—and really splendid *results*. (Confident smile on the part of Miss Bell.)

On the strength of being appointed to this interesting post Miss Bell read a paper at the Minerva Club that evening on The Budget for the Working Class Family of *More than Eight Persons*—as It Is and as It Might Be on Lines of Thrift.

[Six months later Miss Bell is referred to as one of "our most valued workers."]

## SCENE II.

Armed with pencil and a bulky book Miss Bell, after having instructed her taxi man to wait at the top of the court and come in search of her if she didn't return in thirty minutes (whereupon the taxi man remarks encouragingly: "Oh, you'll be all right, Miss; they've 'ad a lot of you suffragits there; they're the respect'ble pore there"—a piece of information which Miss Bell, having not one particle of humour in her whole composition, received with a stony stare), after which, as I was about to say, when the taxi man interrupted, she went in search of Mrs. Bridle, who had recently brought into the world her seventh infant, about which there was very illegitimately a great fuss and much rejoicing, and much more legitimately some drunkenness. Mrs. Bridle inhabited, with her overflowing à la Teddy Roosevelt family, two small rooms at the top of tenement flats. Miss Bell walked up with her decided step, and her nose somewhat in the air. As she ascended she made inquiries as to the residence of Mrs. Bridle, and the sympathetic comments from "Pore dear, she do 'av trouble, she do" to one or two unprintable criticisms, did not amuse or shock her. Out for "statistics," anything of this sort, the human sort, was superfluous, somewhat of a nuisance.

Mrs. Bridle was in her bed, very clean, as the district nurse had "seen" to her, and the room itself, though horribly bare, was clean and smelt clean. Mrs. Bridle's eldest girl, a handsome child of fourteen, was looking after her mother and the four days' old baby. In all essentials of life, in all things that counted, Becky, her curly black hair neatly brushed from her fine forehead to flow behind, and her black eyes wonderfully soft as she surveyed her baby brother, an additional burden upon her time and strength, as the child knew—as I say, Becky had fifty times the knowledge, the insight, and the wisdom of the conceited "Intellect" that stood wearing an air, not exactly of critical disapproval, more of inquiry—the sort of high school teacher attitude of examining for herself and presenting her Report.

Her tone was a delicious blend of the cheery considered proper to address to a poverty-stricken mother under the lamentable circumstances, and the patronising.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Bridle. I wās asked to call by Miss Page. She is *surprised* that Mr. Bridle did not take the deaf and dumb child to the hospital as she had arranged."

Mrs. Bridle sat up, the nervousness and combined weakness of her pale oval face, with the same mass of dusky hair that Becky had, spiritualised the remains of great beauty. Obviously Semitic, for she came of Jews, at present she was nothing, though like the respectable of her class, the children went to the Sunday-school. Her face flushed; there were almost tears in her eyes.

The door had been left unlocked after Miss Bell's entrance, and another child, a handsome brown-faced boy of twelve or thirteen, had stolen in. He had seated himself on the bed, and as he saw the distress on his mother's face a look of furious anger and hate came into his. He took his mother's hand, pale as a society lady's, and fondled it, his own grubby paws being wonderfully gentle.

"Yes, Miss," Mrs. Bridle said nervously. "I was that put out when I heard their daddy had forgotten all about it. He was rare put out over me"—the poor woman paused, glancing at Miss Bell as if hoping for a few words of sympathy; but that intellectual countenance showed no sign of any emotion of this sort.

"Nurse says it was touch and go with me, Miss, and I'm sure I'm that weak still."

"Oh, well," Miss Bell said with a condescending smile at her own philosophy, "four days *are* rather early, aren't they, to expect to be as strong as giants. I expect you know all about giants," she said to the brown-faced boy gazing at her, in the tone that people use who have no experience of children, more especially the children of such a menage as the Bridles, absolutely virtuous but struggling. God, the sordidness of this poverty! The brown-faced boy turned away his head. When Becky, standing near dandling the babe, afterwards reproved him, he said if he hadn't he was afraid 'e'd have been "spitting" at her.

"Well, now," says Miss Bell in her most business-like way, "What about this child, Charlie Bridle?" (reading from her notes) "The point is, when can Mr. Bridle go with him. You must tell Mr. Bridle he must put aside *everything else*. Nothing else is of any consequence. This deaf and dumb child must be reported upon by Dr. Budge. You know, Mrs. Bridle, it doesn't matter about us grown-ups. But the children, the coming generation, the mothers and fathers of the race to be—we want to get a healthier stock."

What was Becky, with those beautiful melancholy eyes thinking, as the tiny mummy-like thing on her left arm, she softly soothed and patted it with her right. Was she in her strange wisdom wondering what this stupid, cold-hearted woman meant when she thus talked of poor, half-witted, deaf and dumb Charlie?

"Then," says Miss Bell briskly, still reading from her notes, "there's a great deal of complaint about your children, Mrs. Bridle. It seems that Walter Bridle absented himself five times this week from school. Is that the naughty boy?" (playfully). One of the children from outside put in his head, but instantly retreated at hearing himself thus designated.

BECKY (softly apologetic): It was when mother was first took ill.

Miss BELL: Yes. But you are old enough to see that your little brother goes to school. And, couldn't you wash them? They look dreadfully dirty.

Mrs. BRIDLE (feebly, much flushed): Give me biby, Beck, and take Wally and Jim to the yard and wash them. . . . Joyful voice of eight years old Walter, rushing into room. "Oh, mum, there's Miss Queenie come, and she's give us thruppence each and this," holds up a bag with intense joy. "I've got one too, mummy." Enter a young lady very obviously of the music-hall, somewhat slenderly yet fashionably attired in a dress that frankly shows her legs, her tight skirt being slit up to the knee. "Well," she cries in a loud, pleasant voice, stopping to kiss Becky, "How's the invalid. See what I've got." . . . The children hang round her as the highly-coloured yellow-locks-young woman exhibits a great bunch of immense black grapes. The children gasp. "Oh, mummy. Oh, Miss Queenie."

Mrs. BRIDLE (looking uncomfortably from one young woman to the other): Queenie, dear, this lady is from the School Board. (Acute annoyance on face of Miss Bell.) It's so unfortunate the childer being so dirty and everything so—to the stony Miss Bell—this young lady is a dear, dear friend of ours—

Miss BELL (uninterested and determinedly showing it): Indeed. I *should* have liked to have said one or two things to you, Mrs. Bridle, but—

Miss QUEENIE (the fine pink colour deepening to scarlet): Oh, I'll make myself scarce. Good-bye, dear old lady; don't you worry—you buck up—(gives something like a snort). I thought Nurse didn't want you to 'ave visitors—'ow's that about Board School lydies? Well, t'aint my job, I s'pose. Come on, kiddies. (Toss of head in direction of Miss Bell—disappearance of Miss Queenie, principal boy at one of Dalston's picture shows.)

Mrs. BRIDLE (timidly): Miss Queenie's such a good girl. She lives with her granny, and she's so good to us. My children just worship her—and we hope she'll get Becky something—

Miss BELL (severely): Surely, Mrs. Bridle, the head-teacher at the school where Becky goes can suggest to you something better than—(great disgust)—going to a music-hall. I should have thought a respectable woman like yourself would have been ashamed for your daughter to go about with a woman dressed like. . . .

Miss QUEENIE (who has entered unobserved, her face crimson—fury in her eyes, mingled with contempt): "Dressed like what," she asks shrilly, restraining herself in the most laudable manner from pecking out that woman's eyes.

Mrs. BRIDLE (feebly): I'm sure this lidy didn't mean. . . .

Miss BELL (putting up her eyeglass and gazing coolly at Miss Queenie's attire. She puts on a sort of drawl): I certainly do not wish to see Mrs. Bridle's young daughter wearing a dress of that sort.

Miss QUEENIE: What's the matter with my dress? Ain't it as smart as yours? (very withering).

Miss BELL (with an amused smile that would make any decent human person glad to smite her): Oh, much smarter, dear lady. But it's hardly, well—quite nice to display one's legs with such frankness.

Miss QUEENIE (soothingly to Mrs. Bridle): It's all right, dearie, I ain't going to 'it 'er. Don't be afride. (To Miss Bell) What's the matter with my leg. It's a 'andsome one, ain't it? Perhaps you might want to do the syne if you'd a leg worth looking at. (She is overjoyed to see Miss Bell flush angrily. Then Miss Queenie turns in her furious wrath, and her words come quick.) "You —." (I think I'll leave this a blank.) "You come 'ere to this dear and grumble at this and that. Kids ain't washed; p'raps *you'd* like to 'ave a biby a few days back and get up and scrub the fam'ly! P'raps she ain't got the fam'ly wash done: [mockingly]; she did ought to 'ave laid up with that there biby in the morning and been at the tub in the afternoon. 'Ave you blood in that body of yours? Ain't you a *woman*, to *feel* for this pore soul? Sending *you* 'ere with your eye-glass, and yer notebook! My leg! It's a jolly sight better worth than your 'ole, etc., body. . . ." (Habitually polite and restrained, on occasions like these Miss Queenie's native instincts had full play.) "Yer wants to be strapped, and them as sent yer to pry and poke with yer sneerin' airs. My," and the girl's neatly and firmly corsetted bodice trembled, "I'd like yer to 'ave a lot o' kids and bring them up respectable as these 'ere are. I bet your mother, if you ever 'ad a mother, didn't bring up seven kids on 10s. a week, and some weeks *nothing* come in to git grub for their dear little empty tummies." (As she had placed herself between Miss Bell and the door, the former lady, notwithstanding her anger, judged it imprudent to move. She had endeavoured to carry on a conversation with the invalid in a nonchalant manner, but the poor woman had sunk down exhausted on the bed, her eyes shut.)

The Music-hall pet glanced at her. Her face softened—the tears came into her bold blue eyes: "Pore dear," she said softly. Then her mood changed, and she pointed with scorn to the door, giving the discomfited Miss Bell dismissal with an air of an empress. "You can tell them as sent you, with the compliments of Miss Queenie Montmorency, that we've no *use* for you and the likes of you. You can *fade*." Although Miss Bell did not need to be requested to "fade," and didn't grasp the meaning of the word, the gesture was unmistakable. With a forced smile upon her face and a "Good-day, Mrs. Bridle," Miss Bell retired. Her "report" of the visit to the Bridle's was limited to a couple of statements, culminating in "Most unsatisfactory."

FRANCES L.

## Democracy—The Great Dead-End.

By Grant Hervey

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

WHEN so many women in England, as well as so many men, are pushing and shoving at what they conceive to be the triumphal car of Progress, it seems a pity that so few have taken sufficient thought beforehand to inquire what Progress really is. No one, whether at the periphery or at the centre of the British Empire, can fail to notice the tremendous and entirely useless amount of din created in England by the Woman's Suffrage movement, for instance. And no one with any brains at all can resist asking this pertinent question: Why do these Pankhursts and Drummonds not take a year's spell, and make a serious intellectual effort to discover whether Democracy leads anywhere, for a start? Why don't they set up a small international committee, for example, with branches in Australia and New Zealand, as well as in America, and produce a General Report (a) on the working of Parliaments, and (b) on the value of Parliament as a machine for the production of Real Progress? I venture to say that if such a book could be written, and read, it would kill the whole worldwide Woman's Suffrage movement—in so far as that movement means merely getting and using a vote—as dead as Julius Cæsar.

Political action never oppressed a people nor uplifted it. Whether its government be autocratic or democratic, a people expresses through the mouth of its politicians the spirit by which it is animated. Women are slaves to-day, the Pankhursts say in England. Men also are slaves to-day in the same country, licking their Lloyd-George insurance-stamps and tramping around and around, vote by vote, in the everlasting circle called—by a refinement of irony—Popular Representation. Well, then, since women are slaves and men are slaves, will it do women the slightest good to grasp that wheel whose protruding spokes are seen in the handles of the ballot-box, and march around in the same endless circle of Parliamentary elections—triennial or septennial upheavals, which replace one kind of legislative blockhead with another—as Man?

When everyone is searching diligently, not to make things equal, but to find out who is really SUPERIOR—then English men and English women will obtain Real Progress, and not before. All good things contain laughter. Consequently, if the whole futile struggle of Suffragism were not so mournful, one might heartily laugh at the movement which, in its very essence, seeks to make woman the political *equal of man*. The average man—it matters not whether he be an Australian elector in Melbourne or Sydney, or a British elector in London or Liverpool—is anxious to escape from his precious equality, anxious to become something quite essentially other than he is. Only, the ladder of popular representation, by which he endeavours to climb, steadily telescopes into itself; and although his feet are constantly moving up the rungs of the ladder, the average man remains exactly where he was. Is there no competent woman within the whole vast triangle of the Anglo-Saxon Suffrage movement, taking Melbourne as its apex, and the line from London to Chicago, as its base, with brains enough to see this?

Woman's problem—and man's problem as well—is to find another ladder, a social and industrial staircase that will *not* collapse nor telescope into itself. Democracy is the great dead-end. Or, to change the meta-

phor accordingly, the average man, who elects the average Member of Parliament, is like nothing so much as a puffing and fussing yard-engine in a railway depot. The average man gets up steam at election time, and butts this party or that party into shape, precisely the same as a yard-engine butts first one string of freight-cars and then another into line. Then a man in a signal-tower throws a lever, and off the yard-engine goes to repeat the process at the other end of the depot; whilst the big freight-engines hook on, and pull the strings of loaded cars away to invisible destinations. This is exactly the political depot function which the average man discharges. He is kept busy communicating energy all the time. On one track in the United Kingdom he butts the Tariff Reform string of legislators into line, and on another track he assembles the Lloyd-George-Social-Reform-down-with-the-Dukes-and-up-with-the-Slave-Owners' train. The engine of land-monopoly goes off with the first, with Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne on the foot-plate (Question: which is the stoker and which is the driver?); whilst the more powerful engine of labour-monopoly goes off with the other. As for the average man—that peripatetic yard-engine of British and Australian politics—what happens thereafter to him? Why, a Harmsworth or a Cadbury throws an unseen lever in the editorial signal-box of the "Daily Mail" or the "Daily News," and off goes poor puffing and pushing Mr. Average Man to the Land Reform or Education-Reform tracks, at the other end of the political depot; where stacks upon stacks of other stolid blockheads, called candidates, are waiting to be loaded into other freight-cars called Parliamentary seats.

In Australia we have our local Harmsworths and our beautiful Cadburys, who act in their editorial signal-boxes precisely the same as Lord Northcliffe and the founder of Bourneville Model Village act in England. It is not necessary to specify their names. But the point to be strongly stressed is this: that the average man, like the average yard-engine, never does get out of the political depot; and that his energy is discharged at election time in marshalling trains that are hauled away by other and infinitely more powerful engines—engines whose headlights glare and whose pistons throb on industrial grades that are far beyond the common plodders' sight. Women, it follows as a consequence, are fools—that is, those of their number who are ardent scramblers after votes. Why? Because the possession of the vote would convert the average woman into a mere political yard-engine like the average man. Double the electorate, and you double the power of the individual who throws the levers in the signal-box of the "Daily News" and the "Daily Mail." And the Pankhurst push of political imbeciles call that Progress—thereby proclaiming their incapacity and hopeless mental serfdom.

The idea of Democratic Freedom is an abortion brought forth by Western minds after an unsuccessful attempt to assimilate Eastern culture. As the world grows older, it is in the very nature of things that life should become harder and more difficult to live. The idea of Democracy, with its motto of "luxury for all," is a flat denial of this. Therefore, Democracy is a denial of the law of Life. In exact ratio as the sun cools, man requires new scientific attainments to keep alive on earth. So, as his intellect grows, and his emotions cool, and his illusions fall away, he will require new spiritualities and a firmer, deeper courage for greater issues. The idea of Democracy, again—so beloved of the Pankhursts—is a denial of this, since it presumes that Man can get along in the present, to say nothing of the future, equipped with the worn-out spiritualities and the Asiatic varieties of pessimism that have served him, after a fashion—but always with the healthy pulse of Greek optimism beneath—in the past. Consequently, the stereotyped Democracy of England and Australia is an express denial of the law of Continual Existence. "Eat! drink! and be merry!" says modern Democracy, "for religions are dead and

humanity has no goal—save this!” The goal, of course, is eternal, but Democracy cannot see it, therefore it affirms that the goal does not exist. Democracy, in short, is tired of effort, tired of climbing. Democracy says, “Rest! peace!” Life whispers, “Struggle, climb!”—and anyone with the ability to think will perfectly understand how this poverty of the Democratic mind, as exemplified since 1906 by the Liberal Party in England, and now about to be exemplified by the Bryan-Woodrow Wilson Party in the United States, must re-act in the domain of foreign affairs.

No inquirer into that department of Anglo-Saxon policy can go far without a keen perception of the nature of that eternal problem. Democracy knows no more of the unexplored dominions of its faculties and emotions than to find pleasure in betting on horse-races and shouting noisily at football matches. Protestant in the mass, and barren as a consequence in its intellect, the mob-mind of Manchester is reduplicated upon the racecourses and football grounds of Melbourne and Sydney. At such Saturday-afternoon sterilities, it is interesting to notice, the Australian Labour Member, like the Australian Liberal (so-called), is always careful to attend. Our Commonwealth’s “advanced”(!) politicians put forward as their highest creed the creation of “an enlightened Democracy.” This is an utter impossibility, because enlightenment means Democracy’s end. What could be more absurd than this typical platitude of the average politician—that enlightenment can be taught in schools like arithmetic; that patriotism can be taught; that reverence and admiration can be taught, and all by teachers who do not possess a knowledge of these things themselves?

Here, then, is the real domain for woman’s highest activities. But from this field of action the celibate Pankhursts of England, like the celibate Vida Goldsteins of Australia, would be excluded; because patriotism, reverence and admiration can only be instilled by patriotic, reverent and admiring mothers—not by sterile virgins on the drab rampage. And before a mother can admire, she must possess a man-mate worthy of admiration—a husband who is a *Man*, not a parody on manhood, who points towards a picture of Lloyd George, as the Moslem fronts towards Mecca, before he licks his stamp. Of what proportion of the fathers who shuffle and hurry to business—*Business!* that modern synonym for legal robbery—from the suburbs alike of Melbourne and Manchester, of Sydney and London, of Brisbane and Birmingham; of what percentage of these, considered as potential soldiers—to be weighed in the balance of foreign affairs—can it be truly said that they are fit and proper objects for maternal admiration?

What are the predominant characteristics of our unfettered and Democratic people? Precocity of youths plus the childishness of men. Hence an equality and an identity of interests—interests in the futile and the inane—that persists through life. The “advantage” of this is that a man of seventy can talk football with a boy of ten, and so results good conversation—in the suburban sense! In Australia, and especially in the larger cities—the “homes of Democracy,” such as Sydney and Melbourne—these “advantages” are specially to be noticed. One cannot ride on a tram or enter a suburban railway-carriage without receiving an object-lesson in the “benefits” of Australian Democracy. All have money, hence all have the same clothes. All enjoy the same pleasures—God save the mark!—in short, all of them play all the time at follow-my-leader; wherefore the mob-mind is as barren of initiative as hell is barren of benedictions.

Democracy needs a master with a purpose. For the last fifty years we have been training our slave instincts well. Given an assured lease of power, Lloyd George would guarantee to breed on Government farms a type of citizen who would fetch and carry profits to his Liberal-Nonconformist master with dog-like docility. Australia is full of shouting statesmen who are prepared to work the same miracle. Intellectual insolvency

is as much the predominant characteristic of the average Australian as of the average British politician. To sit in the Australian House of Representatives, or in any of the six State Legislatures, is to gaze at serried rows of mental bankrupts, with here and there an astute political engineer, mis-called a Premier or an Attorney-General. The Welsh Lloyd George, at one end of the Empire, manipulates the insolvent Liberal majority in the House of Commons; and at the other end of the Empire, for the last three years, the mentally bankrupt Labour majority has been similarly manipulated in our House of Representatives by another Welshman, William Morris Hughes. Providentially, the Prime Minister of Australia is Scotch; and, therefore, something has been done—not much, but still a start—towards giving Australia a wider outlook, as well as a higher status, in foreign affairs.

We, who wish to ultimately sway the destiny not alone of Australia, but that of Europe and the United States, desire first of all to work in the cause of creating a newer and finer race south of the equator. To put new wine into the ancient bottles of the colossal but fattily degenerate British Empire is no part of our ambition. We stand for a New Imperialism, to be built upon lines commensurate with known processes of natural evolutionary science and biology, and not patterned after the gorgeous but ineffective mongrel nationalities that have risen and fallen—some of them are still falling—in the northern hemisphere. We do not expect as yet to do much with the masses either in Europe, the United States, or in Australia. Our business is to organise the thinkers. To-day, with a national election in full swing, we are not putting a single candidate into the field. Why should we? Our field of action is the domain of ideas; and a general election, under a Democratic form of government, is a time when ideas are as completely at a discount in Australia as they are banished in England at similar periods, by Harmsworth-and-Cadbury, Ltd., from the editorial signal boxes of the “Daily Mail” and “Daily News.” It is much better and much more useful to appeal to a limited but powerful electorate of the best minds in Europe and America; and to invite those minds to co-operate with us in solving this tremendous problem—how to exclude the influence of blatant democracy in regard to foreign affairs.

A few men who think will be worth more than a thousand Members of Parliament during the next decade. Democracy in England, as in America and Australia, has got to be superseded, and a finer, more efficient organisation established in its place. In England this task will be more difficult than in the case of this Commonwealth, or in that of the United States. Around every constituency in Great Britain, considering the legislature as the ultimate machine for the expression of the nation-wide idea, is an atmosphere which is an aftermath of the feudal tradition. This influence, working unconsciously, is bred into the bone of every Englishman, causing him to look with a slavish and bigoted eye for a representative—no matter how great a blockhead—who has a stake in his part of the country. Provincialism is a word with relatively little meaning in Australia, because it has no tradition behind it. But provincialism means a lot in England. It is one of the deep-rooted causes of the instability and unpopularity of the English Labour Party. The influence of the old squirearchy is still rife, and must be reckoned with. John Burns can never be dissociated from Battersea. In Australia it is all mess—a democratic mess that bubbles and seethes with a common political temperature.

In England it is not so. There are horizontal as well as perpendicular lines of cleavage. These English classes are worth fixing in precise terms. There is an idle, rich, pleasure-loving, aristocratic class; there is a prodigious and powerful middle class; there is a proletariat, the most powerful in numbers and the weakest in power—over-worked, under-fed, stolid, melancholy and devoid of all enthusiasm; and there is still another class—and they are all quite distinct—which divides into two sub-classes: first, the quasi-intellectual profes-

sional class, and the plutocrats. These last are the men who rule. It is the class to which such persons as Harmsworth, Pearson, Cadbury, Mond, and the rest of the men who own and operate the Press belong. These are the men who count to-day. Theirs are the legions, journalistic and otherwise, that revolve around the political periphery of the average human yard-engine, miscalled an English elector. Australia, to such men as Harmsworth and Cadbury and their satellites, is an unknown quantity. Even if it were desirable from an Imperial point of view, the Mond and Cadburys would look with disfavour on any general policy of emigration. These plutocrats who pull the strings do not want an English exodus—they want cheap labour. Any impetus that is being given at present to the diffusion of surplus British humanity has been brought about because this inner circle of rulers is somewhat alarmed. It realises that it has allowed industrial matters to get within the danger zone.

The House of Commons belongs to-day to this ruling class. No one can effect anything within that House unless his views run parallel with the views of Harmsworth, Brunner, Pearson, Cadbury, and Mond. Take the case of Balfour—one of the cleverest men that has sat in the House since the days of Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, and the other great play-actors. Why has Balfour accomplished nothing? Because he was not prepared to be putty in plutocratic hands. Because he saw too clearly the many facets of truth, and therefore would not go the whole hog—as the expression runs—with any one particular side. His forte at best was to kill stone-dead with his cool wit and varied erudition the passionate purposes of fervent young iconoclasts such as Victor Grayson aspired to be. The idol-smashers have always been frozen to death by a process of withering sarcasm, or else they have gone back in time to the desert of democracy, there to thaw and blaspheme. Few Englishmen there are who clearly recognise what a board-room kind of place the House of Commons has become. The maiden speech of the ex-Socialist member for Colne Valley, its effect on the House, also his subsequent political history and haranguing of mobs after his suspension from Parliament, simply exhibits an extremely interesting cross-section of modern democracy in England. The submerged English masses have marched in a hopeless circle—and Grayson's case is merely a segment of that circle—since 1832.

This House of Commons recalls the ancient Polish Diet, with its law of *Nie pozwalam*. No one man can do anything without the consent of all. And the representatives of Harmsworths, Ltd.—of course, they do not put their real constituencies after their names in the papers—are there to see that nothing which the plutocracy objects to is done. All inconvenient things and people are shelved, precisely as they would be shelved in the board-room of any chartered company. The experience of Hilaire Belloc, together with his book, is but another section from the Grayson-sampled circle. Ex-miners and amateur Nonconformist preachers contribute the strength of the Australian Labour Party. Not so in the House of Commons. There the wave of Graysonian indignation breaks at its highest on the icy and entirely sophisticated surface of men from the universities—clever men whom a Grayson may hate and a Belloc denounce, but whom neither the one nor yet the other may despise, for the very simple reason that such men as these, who do the plutocracy's bidding, know quite emphatically what's what. These men have got to be fought with their own weapons, since with them a bold lie will meet with greater toleration than a slip in grammar or a garbled quotation from the classics. The odds are hopeless when fiery iconoclasts like Victor Grayson are pitted against cunning, calm, smooth-mannered barristers like Rufus Isaacs and F. E. Smith.

The crudity of Australian "Liberal" politicians, when compared with men like these, is appalling. That, to a great extent, accounts for the temporary success of the Australian Labour Party. But the lesson to be drawn is this: that the British Empire will go down because

of the plutocrats, who have neither patriotism nor a sense of historic reverence; who are intent on profits and on profits only; who own the Press and work the elections from their Fleet Street signal-boxes; who watch the futile puffings and pushings of each human yard-engine, as a net result, much as a signalman might lean out of the window of his signal-tower, at a moment when traffic business was slack, and watch some string of freight-cars being shunted into line.

Quite clearly, if this is the situation, then the doubling of the electorate through the passing of Woman's Suffrage would be a tremendous disaster. The electorate requires to be reduced, not increased. Any means that will split up the democracy into groups, and transfix its attention upon guilds or groups, is deserving of acceptance as a measure of purest statesmanship. Deflect the attention of the democracy from the House of Commons, and the rule of the plutocracy comes to an end, because it is only by an exploitation of the passions, appetites, and crude imaginations of the mob, through the Press, that the serried scores of blockheads and the few odd dozens or so of smooth, calm, cunning barristers and their kind are elected to the House. Reduce the size of the electorate, and the proportion of intelligent, far-sighted, severely critical electors rises. Double it, and the reverse is the effect. What is to be feared is that the Harmsworths, as a matter of plutocratic expediency, will take up the cause of Woman's Suffrage and force it through. In that case it will be all up with England, for so long as women, with their narrow, sexually-limited ideas, are fed up with the proper amount of prurient legislation, they will assent to any other kind of unspeakable swindle under the sun. Hence, it is dangerously probable that the present Press-opponents of Suffragism will swing round ere long and convert the House of Commons—whose primary business is the maintenance of British prestige in foreign affairs—into a species of democratic madhouse, with Mrs. Pankhurst in the Speaker's chair to play the part of a demented Fool-Britannia.

## The 20th Century Napoleon.

By Arthur Kitson.

(Abstract of Lecture delivered June 19th before the members of the Banking and Currency Reform League, at Caxton Hall, Westminster.)

If another Napoleon were to appear at this stage of our history with an ambition to conquer the world, what profession would he choose as the surest and easiest road to success? No military genius to-day stands the slightest chance of obtaining more than a title and a pension in these times of national alliances and combinations of the great Powers. No single nation, even if led by a Napoleon, could expect anything but disaster—if not annihilation—against the world in arms. The world's masters of to-day are not found wearing epaulettes, swords, and cocked hats, riding at the head of armies. These men are merely the puppets who move at the command or by the permission of those who control the financial affairs of the world. The world's rulers are men mainly conspicuous by their noses, who occupy quiet offices at the backs of the great banking houses of London, Paris, New York, Berlin and Vienna—men who know nothing of the smell of gunpowder except that used for killing grouse and pheasants. Your modern Napoleon is a moneylender, a credit dealer, a direct descendant of those whom Christ drove from the Temple!

The conquest of the world—which means the acquisition of economic and political power—has been achieved by a small group of otherwise insignificant persons who deal in gold and credit. A century ago it required courage, strength and skill of a very high order to conquer nations. The victor risked his life, and the vanquished were given at least the opportunity for self-defence. To-day the conqueror risks nothing. He works stealthily and in the dark. His victims know little or nothing of his methods. His weapons are

other people's money, together with certain apparently innocent Parliamentary and Congressional Acts of which he and his associates are the authors. His battlefield is the Stock Exchange, where, aided by the ignorance and superstition of the public, and supported by the Press and political economists whom he subsidises, the Napoleon of finance plays a sure game of "heads" he wins and "tails" the public lose! If the lion is the fit emblem of the military conqueror, our modern Napoleon would be best represented by the fox, or the rat.

Powerful as Napoleon was, he did not wield the power of the late financier Pierpont Morgan. Napoleon tried, with but little success, for years to cripple England's trade by closing foreign ports to our ships. Morgan was able to inflict untold losses upon the trade of not only England, but the world, by cornering the currency of the U.S.A. in 1893 and again in 1907. The intimate relation existing between finance and industry has grown stronger and stronger during the past fifty years until to-day the latter is absolutely dominated by the former. Money and credit, hitherto defined as the "tools" of trade, have become its controllers. The servant has become the master, the serf the autocrat!

During the past year there has been a great upheaval in the United States, where the tyranny of monopoly has been carried to greater excess than in any other part of the globe. The competition of capital has been gradually but effectively suppressed until the average American citizen is now reduced to the choice of starvation or becoming a corporation serf. The great national industries of the United States—transportation, mining, mineral, metal, agricultural, telegraph and telephone, as well as the insurance and banking companies of the U.S.A.—have within the past twenty-five or thirty years mainly fallen under the control of a small group of five or six money and credit mongers! For years past, the American people have found the conditions of life and the struggle for existence getting keener and fiercer without understanding the reason. It at last dawned upon a few thoughtful men that the root of all evil lies in the concentration and control of money and credit, and a Congressional Committee was appointed to make a complete investigation. The final report of the committee, recently published, is one of the most startling pamphlets ever published. It shows that during the short period of twenty-five years, Morgan and his associates acquired control of one-third of the entire wealth of the United States! Very little of this information (although the facts are sufficiently sensational to satisfy even the Yellow Press) has found its way into the columns of our newspapers. The reason being, that the alliance between our money-lords and those elsewhere is essential for self-preservation. The great financial maxim—addition, division and silence—which has conquered the States has been introduced into England.

How has this power been achieved? It commenced with the control of a single bank. Morgan was left a comparatively moderate fortune by his father, and the control of his banking house. Through acquiring shares in other banks he was elected a director of rival institutions and formed alliances with all the great banks and credit houses of New York, which soon extended to other cities. His one idea was to secure such a concentration of money and credit which he could control and direct, as to render competition of capital practically impossible. He bought up as many institutions acting as depositories of the public money as possible—banks, insurance and trust companies. The control of the Equitable Life Assurance Co. of New York was first bought by T. L. Ryan of the Tobacco Trust for 2,500,000 dollars, although this control consisted merely of 51,000 dollars of shares, paying seven per cent. dividends. And yet Morgan forced Ryan to sell this to him for 3,000,000 dollars—showing the value which is attached to the power of merely handling the public funds. The control of the two great New York insurance companies—the Equitable and the Mutual Life—gave Morgan the power of directing the investments of

assets, aggregating one thousand million dollars! In the financing of the great railways and industries, such as the Reading, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Steel Trust, etc., he made it a condition that his firm should be the sole financial agent to control the banking of their funds, the issue of all new loans, bonds and shares. With the control of all this money and credit Morgan was able to absolutely dominate the Money Market, the Stock Exchange, and even the Clearing Houses. It is said that he had only to express a wish that such and such a stock should not be listed, and forthwith it was withdrawn, that such and such a rival bank (against the officers of which he may have had a personal grudge) should not be allowed to clear its cheques at the Clearing House, and straightway the bank would have to close its doors. One New York newspaper openly asserted that no man could borrow one million dollars from any New York bank, no matter what security he possessed, if Morgan objected—that no banker dared to run the risk of offending this financial autocrat. "The power of life and death over our banking institutions rests uncontrolled in private hands," says the report of the Congressional Committee. It is known that during periods of currency stringency, Morgan's word was law throughout the banking world, not only in New York, but throughout the United States. Altogether the power of this one man was of such a nature, that he could at any time, by merely calling in loans and locking up the money at his command, have created a panic that would have shaken the financial and industrial world, in every country on the face of the globe! There was scarcely an individual residing in the United States, whose fortune was not to some degree directly or indirectly at the mercy of this man.

Now observe that the key to his success was the control of money. With this and this only could he hope to control all industries and wealth production. In no other line would such results have been obtained in so short a period—if at all. Those who imagine that land ownership is the parent of monopoly and the root of all evil, would do well to study the career of Morgan. The great landowners of America are the Astors, who amassed millions by purchasing farm lands which are now within the city area. It took the Astor family nearly a century to acquire by means of land ownership their wealth, which after all is but a mere fraction of that secured and controlled by Morgan and his associates through finance in a quarter of that period! No! the modern Napoleon would not adopt so slow, so clumsy a method of acquiring power as land purchases when a simpler and shorter cut to success is open! The same may be said of railway ownership. The Vanderbilts' wealth was also built up during a period covering at least three generations, and was acquired by controlling transportation. But by controlling money, Morgan got control of ten times more railroad mileage in fifteen years (in addition to hundreds of other industries) than the Vanderbilts obtained in sixty years. I say, then, that a modern Napoleon would choose finance as the swiftest and surest means for conquering the present-day world.

By destroying competition among capitalists, Morgan intensified the competition of labour to the point of madness or despair. Here let me say that most Socialists who denounce competition as an invention of the devil, confine the term to the struggle for bread among the workers, which the monopoly of capital has engendered. The paradise of labour would be to reverse these conditions, by organising a monopoly of labour whilst maintaining active competition among capitalists. The curse of competition has been due to the absence of freedom, to restrictions created by legislation! Had there been at all times freedom in trade, in the use of land, in banking and in production, competition would have been recognised as a wholly natural and beneficial stimulus to the development of the individual and of society. But the interference of the State—which has always been to the advantage of the few—has tended to confine competition to the workers. It is this that has rendered the system so diabolical to labour. On the other hand, it is

owing to the refusal of capitalists to submit to the same competitive conditions which they impose upon the workers, that protection owes its existence. Just now there is grave anxiety among the iron and steel producers of this country and Europe as to the effect which the lowering of the United States tariffs may have. If our so-called statesmen really understood the nature of the problems they have to deal with, they would see that foreign competition is rendered injurious by reason of the restrictions they themselves have placed upon their own people. What is the object of one nation invading the markets of another? And why is such an invasion dreaded by the producers of the invaded country and sought to be prevented? The object is certainly not merely to send goods in, but to take something away, and that something is what all nations try to preserve and confine within their own borders. The "something" is nothing more than purchasing-power, or debt-paying power, an entirely legal creation which each nation can alter to suit its own needs. If an industrial nation legalises gold as its debt-paying commodity, all other nations having the same legal tender laws naturally seek to take from it as much as they can, for the reason that the supply of gold universally is infinitely less than the demand for currency. Supposing such a nation threatened with the extinction of many of its industries, changes its legal tender laws and adopts a national paper currency, would not such local currency prove a sufficient protection? A foreign trader would then have only the choice of taking payment in the most convenient form to the purchaser. If he takes the national currency it is useless to him outside the country itself, and hence he would accept goods or services—which would stimulate the home trade and instead of one nation crippling the industries of another, foreign trade would be welcomed as mutually beneficial. This is the claim of the Cobdenites, made on behalf of our present so-called Free Trade policy. Their mistake, however, is in failing to recognise the fact that by the imposition of the gold standard—which the Jew money-lenders have fastened upon the world within the past 40 years—trade has completely changed in character, and has degenerated into a merciless struggle for gold. And by ignoring the baneful effect of finance upon trade and commerce, both our Free Traders and Tariff Reformers are merely beating the air. I offered the Tariff Reformers some years ago a far better scheme for consolidating the trade of the Empire than the one they are advocating. That was to repeal our present legal tender laws and adopt an Imperial paper money system which should be legal tender throughout the British Empire. Such a system would do more to cement the British trade than all the tariffs ever devised by the wit of man. But this would suit neither our domestic nor our cosmopolitan financiers, who prey and batten upon the present gold-fraud system, and therefore it is hardly likely our statesmen or legislators will be induced to listen to the voice of reason.

Every age has its particular kind of rulers—perhaps the kind it deserves. There have been Pharaohs and Alexanders, Cæsars and Charlemagnes, Mahomets and Philips, Fredericks and Napoleons. One may either admire or execrate such historic figures—according as one interprets their motives, acts and lives. But at least there is something awe-inspiring, superhuman, even god-like in the great conquerors of the past! It has been left for the present century to produce a type of conqueror the most ignoble, the most contemptible, the most ludicrous, the most miserable specimen of humanity conceivable—possessing neither courage, manliness, skill nor nobility in any direction, endowed merely with cunning, greed and avarice. After centuries of oppression and dog-like servility, Shylock appears to-day enthroned as the world's autocrat, the king of kings, the lord of lords! In no period of the world's history has the worship of gold been carried to such loathsome extremes as we are forced to witness every day. One can only pray for the speedy advent of Huxley's friendly comet which shall sweep this entire fabric into oblivion!

## The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

To those who were present at the Catholic Reunion held in the Town Hall in 1881, and could read between the lines of certain speeches, it was perfectly evident that some plot was being hatched against the national sentiments of the Irish people, and that steps were about to be taken to destroy it. Locally, this eventually took the form of a weekly newspaper given away free at the church door. The supporters of this move were the Bishop of Birmingham, the Duke of Norfolk, and other English Catholic aristocrats. Fortunately for us they began the first free distribution at what was called the children's mass, when we, divining the nature of the thing, and rightly judging its intent, captured and burned the whole issue. For the four months during which the paper was published we Irish youths had great fun. We would leave the church holding our hand out for a copy, and having got one would run along the street, dive through the school rooms, then up through the lower sacristy, and out at the church door again, getting paper after paper till the whole supply was exhausted. Then we would have a big blaze in our club room. By this means we effectually prevented any of the obnoxious stuff getting into the hands of the general congregation.

Having failed either to intimidate or to corrupt us, the Bishop and the Catholic nobility, against the wishes of Cardinal Manning, now resorted to their ancient dodge—an appeal to the Pope. He at all events could always be relied upon to do anything which would injure Irish nationality, provided it might promote the "English interest of the Vatican."

Amongst the Irish Members elected to the Parliament of 1880 was an Irish "Cawtholic" of the name of George Errington. He professed to be a Home Ruler, and was actually present at the meeting of the party at which Parnell was first elected chairman. The career of this gentleman from 1880 to 1885 would be incredible were it not so well authenticated. At the instance of Bishop Ullathorne, the Duke of Norfolk, and others, Errington was dispatched to the Vatican to intrigue against the Irish party and to induce the Pope to condemn the national movement. The Irish naturally objected to Errington's presence in Rome as the accredited though secret representative of the English Government, but all to no purpose. The hand of Errington soon began to be felt in the national movement, both in England and Ireland, and though I anticipate events I will deal here with this gentleman's official, though often denied, career, as it was afterwards discovered.

During the debate on the address in 1882 Errington's presence and position at the Vatican came up for discussion, members declaring that they should govern Ireland without the aid of the Pope. Mr. Gladstone put up Sir Charles Dilke to reply on behalf of the Government, and he declared: "That Errington had no mission but was only on a private visit." When we test this statement by our subsequent knowledge, we see how little faith there is to be placed on the word of Cabinet Ministers when treating of Irish affairs.

In 1882, writes Barry O'Brien in his "Life of Parnell," an Irish Catholic Whig member went to Rome. Before starting, however, he called at the Foreign Office, told Lord Granville of his intended visit, and said he might have an opportunity of discussing Irish affairs with the Pope. Lord Granville there and then gave him a letter of recommendation which he had authority to show to the Papal Secretaries of State. In the beginning of '83 we find this gentleman practically filling the post of English Envoy at the Vatican. The Government wished to use the Pope to put down Parnell and to control Irish affairs generally in the English interest. The Pope was anxious to re-establish diplomatic relations with England. Here was a basis of negotiation. Lord Granville dare not in the light of day send a diplomatic mission to the Pope. English public opinion would not stand that. But he thought that a private channel of communication might be opened through Mr. Errington, and

thus Downing Street could be kept in touch with the Vatican."

This discreditable intrigue, played against the English people as well as the Irish, was maintained till August, 1885, when the whole dirty business was exploded by William O'Brien, tapping the correspondence and publishing the following letter:—

House of Commons.

Monday, 15th May, 1885.

Dear Lord Granville,—The Dublin Archbishopric being still undecided [McCabe, the flunkey, was dead, and they were looking for another one], I must keep the Vatican in good humour about you, and keep up my communications with them generally as much as possible.

I am almost ashamed to trouble you again, when you are so busy; but perhaps on Monday you would allow me to show you the letter I propose to write. The premature report about Dr. Moran will cause increasing pressure to be put upon the Pope, and create many fresh difficulties. The matter must therefore be handled most carefully, so that the strong pressure I can still command may be used at the right moment, and not too soon or unnecessarily (for too much pressure is quite as dangerous as too little). To effect this, constant communication with Rome is necessary.—I am, dear Lord Granville, yours faithfully,  
G. ERRINGTON.

Poor, faithful, unsuspecting Irish. Their very faith was being used, even by their Holy Father the Pope, as the main instrument of their destruction. Not for the first time either, as I shall recall before finishing these papers.

I do not remember how this gentleman's presence in Rome leaked out in Birmingham. But we certainly knew of it; and just as certainly resented it. The consequence was that the Land League invited Parnell to address a public meeting in the Town Hall, and, to honour their patriot priest and spite the Bishop, nominated Father Sherlock as chairman of the meeting.

On the appointed day Parnell came, accompanied by John O'Connor-Power and T. P. O'Connor. The Town Hall was crammed with Irish in a state of feverish excitement. When Parnell and his colleagues walked on to the platform the people went absolutely wild. But Parnell just made a stiff inclination of his head and sat down. I was sitting right beneath him and watched him keenly. He sat rather low in his chair, arms folded, head drooping, eyes slumbrous and expressionless. O'Connor-Power spoke and spoke well, receiving round after round of applause for his patriotic declarations. Then came T. P. O'Connor. What a sorry contrast! He commenced with a pathetic snivel that would have made the fortune of a saved Salvationist. Said the most perfect of professional politicians: "Many's the time have I watched my poor mother, balancing the farthings on the palm of her hand, anxiously considering how she could lay them out to the best advantage." Phew! That wasn't the kind of stuff we had come to listen to. Many of us had not a farthing in the world to bless ourselves with, but I don't think we should have made the fact the burden of a lamentation on a public platform.

This speech of Mr. O'Connor was the subject of a discussion some time after the meeting, when I heard the following explanation given to it: "Although 'T. P.' did not leave Ireland till he'd reached man's estate, it required a residence of several years in England before he could discover there was such a thing as a national dispute between England and Ireland. And even then, he never fully realised it till after Parnell had discovered him in Mooney's in the Strand." However that may be, we all felt relieved when Mr. O'Connor sat down.

Father Sherlock then called on Parnell. What a change in the man! From the half crouching posture in the chair he literally sprang to his feet and then stood stiff and straight without a movement. And then a most extraordinary thing happened. While the people were cheering and Parnell was standing apparently so unmoved, his eyes, hitherto so dark and expressionless, began to light up slowly till at last they glowed like two lamps with the red light inside. It was the strangest thing I had ever seen. At last he raised his left hand, palm outwards, and the roar

of the people gradually subsided and perfect silence ensued. He began to speak slowly and deliberately, but in a few minutes his voice hardened and became terribly biting, every word being delivered like a stab at the enemy. He had just finished the following sentence: "All statesmen in public condemn the precepts of the 'Prince'; but all statesmen use them, and Gladstone is now using them in Ireland," when all eyes were directed towards the entrance to the platform and a wild cheer went up. Parnell stopped, surprised, and then looked in the same direction as the people. A strange-looking figure was advancing towards him, dressed in some kind of semi-military uniform, with a big red moustache in two twists. As soon as Parnell caught sight of the newcomer he bounded forward and grasped him cordially by both hands. It was the first feeling I had seen him display. The new arrival was James J. O'Kelly, M.P. for Roscommon. There was a whole world of difference in Parnell's attitude towards O'Connor-Power, T. P. O'Connor and O'Kelly. The two former he had never taken the least notice of. But during and after the meeting he appeared to be delighted at the presence of O'Kelly as if at last he had a colleague on whom he could rely under any circumstances.

The explanation of O'Kelly's presence was curious. Parnell imagined he was in Egypt or somewhere. But it appeared he had landed at Liverpool that day and was on his way to London. Whilst his train was stopping at New Street station he heard someone mention the name of Parnell, and, having discovered that the chief was addressing a public meeting, he broke his journey and came to the Town Hall.

In the ante-room after the meeting there was the usual crowding round and hand-shaking with the chief. I stood away watching him, and he appeared most affable with everyone. Perhaps it was my blazing admiration which attracted him. Anyway, he called me to him, and spoke a few words; of what he said I have no recollection. The only thing that struck me was the contrast between the low, kindly voice in which he spoke, and the terrible accents he had used on the platform not an hour before.

#### VINDICATION.

"Oho" cry the carpers, "an infantile matter  
To scribble these batches of verse that is blank,  
—Farragos of jejune and trivial patter  
On themes that are shabby, in style that is rank.  
This upstart young fribble, his tongue in his cheek,  
Could turn out whole reams of it, week after week,  
Till he or the reader grew mad as a hatter,  
—Each moment he's up to some metrical prank!"

Very true, dear companions, I crave your best pardon—  
You have, I agree, every ground for complaint.  
This babble of mine you are rightfully hard on,  
For some may be pleasing, but most of it ain't.  
I've ruffled your plumes, let me smoothen them down,  
Let me soften each wrinkle and banish each frown,  
Where you smart let me plaster Swinburnian lard on,  
Devoid of all rhymeless free-rhythmical taint.

O what shall I warble, of what shall I sing to you?  
O how shall I utter the rue of my soul?  
What gifts shall my deft-pinioned galleon bring to you  
On winds that are windy and billows that roll?  
Shall I chant of the dodo or toot of the snark,  
Or of raptures that dazzle, of sorrows that cark?  
(I am really most anxious to give the right thing to you.)  
Shall my lay be of rats or Minerva or coal?

Let me start:—"When the dragon of twilight is snoring,  
And the heaven is draped as the poets desire,  
When the forge in the foundry of sunset is roaring.  
When the gods roast potatoes around a green fire. . ."  
But what do I see? There is nobody here.  
They are gone! Is it boredom or envy or fear?  
(I should be most distressed if I thought I was boring.)  
Well, as nobody wants me, I'll stop and retire!

P. SILVER.

## English Pronunciation.

IN considering the pronunciation of words, we English need naturally not be troubled by the inflections of letters. All these we have from our youth up. Everybody knows, for instance, the simple inflections employed in the words we are going to discuss: *made* and *maid*, *fruit* and *root*, *beet* and *delete*, *voice* and *noise*; *ade*, *id*, *it*, *ru*, *oot*, *eet*, *ete*. Set out as simply as this these inflections show us our difficulties already half vanished. A person who can say *a* in a full round tone, then *ma*, *de*, *ade*, (do not hurry that *e* for the present) can say *made* as perfectly as a poet.

Remember that a poet is not to be finally judged by his rhymes, for in rhyming perfectly the difficulties are almost too much for mortal being—the fine poet is he who comprehends the subtle weight of words rhythmically combined.

We must, like Krishna addressing the heroes, enunciate every letter in each word; but rapid ease of such enunciation is not to be attained by the tongue without attention and practice, any more than skill in playing by the unpractised hand. Our tongue is a muscle, as amateur lecturers know to their confusion. After the mental attention has been drawn a few times to the *e* in *made* the obedient muscles will trip it off as easily as the trained finger does a grace note in music. Of course, this word cannot be pronounced by itself without the *e* being clearly heard; it is only when the word occurs in the middle of a sentence that even an untrained tongue will slur it. The difference between *made* and *maid* in speech is as absolute as in the spelling. The letters *i* and *d* combined spell *id*, and *maid* must be pronounced as fluently as possible *ma-id*. In the word *fruit*, English difficulty is with the *u* and not with the *it*. The French make great fun of our pronunciation of this letter, and one of the longest labours of students is in enunciating properly the *u* in *vu* and French words of this order. We English can say *usual*, *union*, *unicorn* with ease, but a great many people shirk the fine sound in *fruit*. As always, we must capture the vowel alone before we may take the allied consonants. We shall never, we think, find the letter *u* not followed more or less closely by another vowel, except when it begins a word: *fruit*, *tune*, *illumine*, *rue*, *duty*. And here is a strange thing—that all the English world pronounces *duty* fluently, while so many coarsely say *illoomine*, *froot*, *tyoon*, *roo*. The explanation is not simple; but where the latter part of the word is strong the tongue certainly tends to sharpen the *u*. The sound is not that of *yoo*; the combination of these letters is not to be found in any English word, and the adoption of such a spelling to indicate the sharp sound of *u* is simply disastrous. We seriously hesitate to suggest a spelling for this sound, but it is much nearer *ew* as in our whistling exclamation "*Whew*" than to the soft prolonged *yoo* ordinarily given. When pronounced correctly the letter *u* pinches in the nostrils.

*Oo* as in *root*, *moon*, is said low in the larynx, expanding it very widely while the lips are well rounded. *Oo* cannot help but be stressed, whereas in many words where *u* occurs, which is always followed by another vowel, the weight of the *u* is light and the word is balanced by the subsequent vowels; *tune* (where the *n* may not soften away as in *moon*, but must be distinctly added to the short *e*).

Where we have a vowel doubled as in *beet*, *root*, the weight of the word is laid upon this. The word *delete*, given by one of our correspondents, can only be produced correctly if the short *e* is enunciated as shown above.

We take it that the alleged difficulty of one correspondent in distinguishing the sibilants in *voice* and *noise* respectively, is neither very serious to himself nor a general hardship. In saying the very sharp sound of *c* in *voice* the tip of the tongue is drawn hard against the front of the roof of the mouth; the *s* in *noise* leaves

the tongue much looser. The letter *z*, again, leaves the tongue very nearly flat in the mouth. People who are tempted to say such a word as *business* as though it contained a *z*, should repeat the word *buzz* several times and then try to say *business* or *busy* in the same quarter of the world.

## Readers and Writers.

THE appointment of Mr. Robert Bridges to the Laureateship concerns me no more than the office itself. If this office were not more or less of a national joke, one might be concerned to see it occupied by a man who confesses to being unable to enunciate the King's English. There is probably but one verse writer in England who would have taken the Laureateship seriously, namely, Mr. William Watson. (Mr. G. K. Chesterton, of course, would have taken it in jest and fulfilled its duties only in earnest—a combination as rare as misunderstood.) Mr. Watson would have loved the post and insisted upon the grandiose dignity of his place in the royal procession. Mr. Bridges will not give us anything nearly as picturesque a return for our money. If his influence should count for anything it must be for the worse, for the affected simplicity of his verse belongs amongst the foolish things that confound the wise. However, he is good enough for his day, which has produced for him the following characteristic eulogy. The Very Rev. H. C. Beeching, Dean of Norwich, writes:

If a Bridges Society were to be started after the fashion of the late Dr. Furnivall, in order to capture the interest of young ladies and guide their feet on this new path up Parnassus, it would be well to start them with "Eros and Psyche." The story would lure them on from stanza to stanza and canto to canto, and they would reach the end without exhaustion. And then they might be set to read a certain number of stanzas in the "Earthly Paradise," or even in the "Faery Queene," and register their symptoms. By this time they would have views of their own as to the right and the wrong way of telling a tale in verse; and they would be prepared to recognise that their new author who could take them over such interesting country at such an easy pace, without making them wade through high grass or lose their way in a jungle, was at least an artist, capable of adapting his means to his end, and doing what he set out to do.

There is a pretty glimpse of feeble insolence. The Dean, although daring only to seem half serious, will let the young ladies understand that, really and truly, he prefers the pigmy to the giant. A lady eulogist in the "Daily News" offers me her pet sample of the new laureate's "genial simplicity."

We left the city when the summer day  
Had verged already on its hot decline,  
And charmed Indolence in languor lay  
In her gay gardens 'neath her towers divine:  
"Farewell," we said, "dear city of a dream."  
And in our boat we stepped and took the stream.

A comparison with this of a few lines from Spenser may test the value of the Dean's advice to his young ladies.

By this the northern waggoner had set  
His seven-fold team behind the steadfast star  
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,  
But firm is fixed and sendeth light from far  
To all that in the wide deep wandering are.

\* \* \*

"The latest recruit," says "Everyman," "to the ranks of lecturers is Mr. Yeats. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Yeats is able to hold his audience after their first curiosity is satisfied." There's fame for you! There's interest! As a lecturer Mr. Yeats is now an old hand. He has been to America twice before, and on the last occasion brought back, I believe, the sum of three hundred pounds, legitimate spoils. He has lectured likewise in most of the large towns of England, in one of which I heard him not ten years ago. His manner in lecturing is, I hope, unique. It is the manner of the mystagogue with the material of the minor poet. Mr. Shaw is to my mind a much better lecturer; or rather he used to be, for his "record" has

now got very worn. At his best (when he was debating with himself) he was continuously amusing. Nobody could ever believe what he said, but nobody cared about that while he was saying it. Mr. G. K. Chesterton simply amuses himself on the platform in complete obliviousness of his audience; one feels one need not be there. The best lecturer I ever heard was Mr. Philip Wicksteed. He gathered the minds of his audience together and defied them to wander until he had led them to his conclusion.

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In the "Morning Post" a wild controversy has been taking place on the subject of "Snakes in —." No, on "Drama in England." Said Mr. Granville Barker: "We in England have no need to blush for our theatre—at least, we who provide its entertainment have no need." But if there is any blushing to be done, it is certainly the dramatists who ought to do it. The public cannot be expected to blush. They, the hungry sheep, look up as do also the managers of the theatres, and are not "entertained." "The trouble," says Mr. Cyril Maude, "has always been to find the plays." "What an opening," he adds, "for the ambitious author!" There is; the gold of Golconda awaits the successful author. The public to-day is prepared, not perhaps to endow a school of dramatists—a contradiction in terms—but to make wealthy men of as many dramatists as please it. Why are so few forthcoming? Our case, however, is no worse than the plight of the Continent, and, of course, of the overseas provinces. In fact, in the drama we are all in the provinces in these days. Again why? If this journal were in the habit of offering penknives, or tablets of soap, for the best letters on a serious topic, I should attach a coupon to this note. As it is, I shall answer the question myself next week.

\* \* \*

It will be realised one of these days that William Morris was one of the line of "culture-heroes" as the mythologists call them. With a genius for craftsmanship he appeared as a sort of Ark on the capitalist Flood at the very moment when the tops of craft-traditions were about to be submerged. Thanks to his practical work, and the literary work he inspired his pupil, Mr. A. R. Lethaby, to accomplish, the best craft methods of mediæval and modern times are now preserved for use at any time in the series of "Handbooks" published by Mr. John Hogg. When the trade unions have given up pretending to be politicians and recapture control of their crafts, the traditions are waiting for them. The latest of the series is on "Heraldry"—a subject which, at first sight, appears remote enough from proletariat economics. But I hope to live to see each of the unions with its armorial bearings and its officers on state occasions in gorgeous heraldic array.

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By the way, my readers may like to know that the title-page of THE NEW AGE was designed by one of the best "letterers" of to-day. Mr. Eric Gill, who collaborated, I believe, with Mr. Edward Johnston in the "Handbook on Writing." The whole front page of THE NEW AGE is (or used to be) exhibited as a model of modern printing composition in the technical classes of the London Education Committee.

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From intellectual paradoxes the transition to emotional paradoxes is natural, and our age is as full of the latter as the last generation was full of the former. The blunt term for both is humbug. Suppose I wrote that "sobs of delight stabbed the unutterable boredom of the episode"—how many readers would have the intelligence to declare me silly? Many, I hope. But how many will discover the same quality in the review of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers," that appeared in the "Nation" last week? A considerable part of the work "bored" the reviewer "beyond all utterance." Yet at other parts he sobbed at the "loveliness." Here is one of the "splendid things" which stabbed the unutterable boredom:

She was a puritan, like her father, high-minded and

really stern. Therefore, the dusky golden softness of this man's flame of life, that flowed off his flesh like a flame from a candle, not baffled and gripped with incandescence by thought and spirit as her life was, seemed to her something wonderful, something beyond her.

I confess that I am in the young lady's position; it is something beyond me.

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Of the series of shilling reprints now on the market the best in form are, I think, the Oxford "World's Classics." The latest that has appeared is John Galt's "Entail." This work of realistic fiction anticipated the Kailyard School by nearly a century, and, like most pioneers, outstripped its successors as much in quality as in time. Scott, with whom Galt was foolishly compared, read the "Entail" three times; so did Byron. Byron, in fact, told the Earl of Blessington that "the portrait of Leddy Grippy was perhaps the most complete and original that had been added to the female gallery since the days of Shakespeare." Of the other series an old favourite of mine has recently resumed a periodical activity—the famous Scott Library. After a pause of some years the "recent additions" come with meditated taste. Petronius' "Trimalchio's Banquet" is inaccessible, I believe, in any other form; so, too, is "Obermann," in spite of Matthew Arnold. Both are now to be had at a shilling. The very latest, however, is Newman's "Apologia" in two volumes, with all the Kingsley Correspondence, the Appendices and Supplementary Matter first published in the edition of 1865. I extend no welcome to the new volume of "Great Writers" (Walter Scott, 1s.), since the subject is Maeterlinck and the manner is eulogy. The author, Mr. Jethro Bithell, has lost his balance with too much reading—he has edited or translated from three languages—and seeks in Maeterlinck a profound philosophy that is not there. *Approfondissez les choses* by all means, but the profoundest treatment of surfaces is superficial. "To Johannes Schlaf, as to me, Maeterlinck's importance lies in the fact that he is *the* perfect type of Nietzsche's 'New European,' in himself a prophecy of the race our descendants will be when patriotism is." The number of "good Europeans" (I do not recall "new" Europeans in Nietzsche) is growing too fast.

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It is characteristic of the taste of Professor Gilbert Murray that in the "Home University Library" (Williams and Norgate), under his joint editorship the preparation of the volume on "The Writing of English" should be allotted to an American. Professor Murray's mind is eclectic; that is to say, it lacks unity, is anarchically tolerant of incongruities. Professor Brewster of Columbia University has naturally nothing to teach the English of English, however ripe unto the harvest America may be. And there are expressions in this volume which make a fastidious blood run cold. "Formal English composition . . . sports an aim or purpose." "There is little consensus of popular opinion as to the meaning of the term 'well written.' We *squint* at it." I do indeed, at the expression itself, and at the sentence preceding it. There cannot surely be a little consensus of popular opinion, since your consensus is absolute; and the feeble joint of "as to" has no place in writing outside the business office. These straws occur on two consecutive pages opened by chance. I fear great gales of looseness are blowing elsewhere in the volume; but I will postpone the adventure.

R. H. C.

## Views and Reviews.\*

I SUPPOSE that nothing is more surprising in connection with Christian Science than the ingenuousness of Christian Scientists. Each and all assume and assert that no one but the Christian Scientist understands Christian Science, and that the thorough and unbiased investigation of Christian Science can only result in the complete triumph of it, as a creed or philosophy as

\* "A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science." By Charles Herman Lea. (Dent. 1s. net.)

well as a therapeutic aid or method. But the ingenuousness becomes doubtful when we find that the very man who, after "investigating" the subject for five years and apparently being convinced of the truth or veridicity of Christian Science, asks others to investigate the subject, tells us in his preface: "I desire it to be clearly understood that I do not write as a Christian Scientist, but as a Free Churchman, who has proved by personal experience the value of Christian Science as a system of healing." If his own experiences of Christian Science have not led him to adopt its philosophy, his assertion that "the whole case for Christian Science rests upon the assumption of the truth of its philosophy and religion" is, apparently, only a debating proposition. The alternative conclusion is that he adopts the name of "Free Churchman" as a pretence of impartiality; but the device is not likely to deceive anybody. Either he is a Christian Scientist, or he is not; if he is, then his claim to be a Free Churchman is a falsehood, is one more error for the Christian Science practitioner to correct; if he is not, then the works have failed of their effect, according to his argument, and his argument is certainly not based on personal conviction.

What I must protest against is his assumption that the world, and particularly the medical profession, is ignorant of the subject. It is true that the medical profession, as a profession, has not yet adopted Christian Science as the only method of healing; I might remind Mr. Lea that the medical profession, as a profession, has not yet adopted homœopathy, for example, or hypnotism, or psycho-therapeutics generally, or the use of lachnanthes in the cure of consumption, or the use of potassium salts in the cure of cancer, or surgery for the cure of some forms of insanity. The reason probably is that the cure of disease is not a science at all, but an art; that there is a cure for everybody, but not necessarily the same cure. It is known, for example, that the personal factor enters very largely into the question of healing; that even drugs are not invariable in their action, but may be potent or impotent to produce an effect according to the person who prescribes them. It is conceivable that curative treatment is determined not only by the method employed, but by the person who employs it; that there is a doctor for every patient, as well as a means of treatment. If, then, the question for the patient is: "Find the right doctor": it is obvious that even the panel doctor may cure patients whom the Christian Science practitioner would be unable to relieve, and that the Christian Science practitioner would be able to cure some patients whom all Harley Street had condemned to death.

What is certain is that there is no wide-spread ignorance on the subject. It is almost impossible to read a book on psycho-therapeutics which does not refer to Christian Science, and admit its curative power. But the same writers are compelled to admit equally marvellous cures as being the result of quite other treatment; even patent medicines have performed miracles. It is not therefore apparent that the religious belief (whatever it may be) of the patent medicine vendors is thereby proved to be true; yet, if we admit the logic of the Christian Scientist, we must conclude that every cure establishes the truth of some proposition about the nature of the universe. But with that curious perversity of mind that makes Christian Scientists intolerable to ordinary people, they will only admit that a Christian Science cure proves the truth of Christian Science. What its failures prove, we are not told. Mr. Lea, for example, says: "Obviously, if the philosophy of Christian Science cannot be proved to be unsound, and cures are obtained in response to definite mental work, in accordance with its teaching, and on the assumption that it is sound, then such cases are prima-facie evidence of the correctness of that assumption." They are, of course, nothing of the kind; such cases are only a proof of the curative power of the assumption, in certain cases; they are never a proof of its truth. As well might one suppose that the miraculous

cures at Lourdes proved the truth of Roman Catholicism; or that the even more marvellous cures at the tomb of the Abbé Paris, in the eighteenth century, proved the truth of Jansenism. The cures only prove their own occurrence.

The assertion that Christian Science cannot be proved to be unsound is really absurd; the fact is that it cannot be proved to be true. If man is not material, but spiritual, then, like God, whose image and likeness he is, he must be unconscious of evil. Therefore, if illness is evil, he cannot be ill; and, therefore, Christian Science cannot heal him. The facts are otherwise. Men are ill, and sometimes they are cured, by Christian Science as well as by other methods. Indeed, it is impossible to distinguish between Christian Science and any other method in this connection. The doctor does not suppose that God is aware of the patient's illness, and will know of the cure; and the affirmation of the Christian Scientist that God cannot be aware of it, adds nothing to human knowledge or to medical practice. Yet it is only on flat-catching propositions like this that the philosophy of Christian Science is founded.

The assertion: "Prove that its philosophy is unsound and you destroy the whole fabric" is without warrant. The cures are admitted on all hands, but the philosophy is no nearer acceptance by philosophers. To the person cured, the philosophy is no doubt acceptable; as Matthew Arnold said of miracles: "In the judgment of the mass of mankind, could I visibly and undeniably change the pen with which I write this into a pen-wiper, not only would this which I write acquire a claim to be held perfectly true and convincing, but I should even be entitled to affirm, and to be believed in affirming, propositions the most palpably at war with common fact and experience." Less miraculous things than this may achieve similar results; for example, the provision of beer at election times, and of blankets and coals during the period of "nursing" a constituency, have been known to lead to the wholesale and heart-whole adoption of a political philosophy. How much more should a patient, restored to health by a person who assured him that a philosophy was the means to that end, adopt that philosophy! But the philosophy remains what it was at the beginning, a contradiction in terms; and the burden of proof cannot be shifted from the affirmer to the denier, as Mr. Lea thinks it should be, nor can psycho-therapeutics be accepted as proof of the truth of a philosophical paradox.

The fact is that there is no such general ignorance of the subject, as Mr. Lea supposes, to warrant the publication of this book. Christian Science has been investigated, for instance, by Hudson, and shown to be an example of his first "Law of Psychic Phenomena" that "suggestion is the all-potent factor in the production of psychic phenomena." It is nonsense for Mr. Lea to argue that "those who put forward suggestion, or indeed any other supposed cause, for these results, ought to show that they can regularly obtain results at least as striking by using these methods apart from the teaching and practice of Christian Science." Christian Science itself cannot regularly produce these results. Mr. Lea himself admits nine failures, perhaps eleven, out of forty-two cases; and the literature of hypnotism and suggestion is full of equally remarkable cures as those quoted. Doctors admit even the spontaneous cure of cancer, and of consumption, to say nothing of functional paralysis and allied complaints. What has to be borne in mind is that the formulation of a scientific law confers no power on anybody to produce results; the results are only invariable when all the necessary conditions are provided, and all the necessary factors are present in their proper order and strength, and what is indubitably true of all forms of psycho-therapeutics is that the personal factor is usually the determining one. The probabilities are that there is a use for all forms of healing, even allopathy, until some uniformity of type is reached by the human race; and that the claim of Christian Science to be the only form of healing is an exaggerated one in the present state of mankind. The physiology of faith and fear is fairly

well-known now, and the support that it gives to the claims of all forms of psychic healing forbids us to decry any of them. So far as Christian Science inspires faith, it is doing good work; but that good work does not abrogate the logical maxim that contradictory propositions cannot both be true.

A. E. R.

## The Jews of To-Day.

(By Dr. A. Ruppin, translated by Margery Bentwich. Bell, 6s.)

A PERMANENT element in a world of flux is a nuisance to the philosopher and disconcerting to the scientific observer. According to the most reliable of historians, and the most unreliable of sociologists, the Jews should long ago have ceased to be. Their existence upsets in awkward fashion the beautifully rounded systems which philosophers and sociologists have elaborated with infinite pains. Economists starting from the notion that supply creates demand and demand creates supply find a flat contradiction when they come to Jews. The world does not want the Jews—and even the Jews themselves do not for the most part want their Judaism. They lose it as fast as they can. Why, then, does not this people die? If it cannot die, why does it not live?

Such are the questions suggested by Dr. Ruppin's book, which has been very well translated by Miss Margery Bentwich. The book is full of valuable data relating to the Jews in every part of the world. It enables the reader to see at a glance the strength and weakness of the Jews of to-day and the problems which beset them.

Dr. Ruppin thinks the Jews are fast disappearing from the world through assimilation to the peoples among whom they live. This assimilation is, in his opinion, stronger than it ever was, and hence the Jews are doomed unless they make a vigorous effort to resist the strong tide. The beginnings of such an effort are already to be seen in the Nationalist movement among Jews, known as "Zionism."

In the early part of his book, which is an historical survey of the Jewish persistence, Dr. Ruppin does not go deeply enough into the subject. It may be folly to look for causes in the world, because we generally find what we wish to find. If, however, we do look for causes, we should look deeply. For instance, the author gives the following three reasons only for the Jewish persistence—their early appreciation of the value and power of money, their being hated by the nations among whom they lived, and lastly, their fertility. These have no doubt played their part, but it is astonishing that Dr. Ruppin has omitted the deeper psychological reasons for the Jewish survival. The above three causes still exist in considerable strength; the Jews still understand the power and value of money, they are still hated by the nations among whom they live, and their fertility has not yet sufficiently diminished to explain such rapid assimilation as Dr. Ruppin asserts and which his figures sufficiently prove.

The real reason lies deeper. The Jews have been kept alive as a separate people mainly by a deeply-rooted belief in themselves as a "chosen race," which was often accompanied in ancient and mediæval times by a healthy contempt for non-Jews. This belief is not mere "swelled head" or empty conceit. It is a firm conviction, religious in its intensity, that the Jewish nation is immortal. Non-Jewish nations believed in personal resurrection, i.e., that individuals persisted after death. Judaism never accepted this belief and if it obtains to-day among many Jews it is due to non-Jewish influences. The "chosen race" conception must not be confused with the "mission" theory. The mediæval Christian view accepted the Jewish separateness which they called a "curse" of God dooming the Jews to wander through the world homeless, despised and hated. This was the view of good tolerant Catholics. The modern Reform Jews by a slight adaptation of this Christian view have built up a "Mission" theory, whereby the Jews have been

destined to wander through the world despised and rejected of men in order to teach the world the knowledge of Truth and the love of Justice. In so far as this view is still common among Jews, it proves how far the assimilation movement has undermined the Jewishness of the Jewish outlook. No Jew with any sense of the dignity of Judaism could accept for a moment so humiliating a doctrine—a doctrine which gives to them all the sucering and the shame and to others the advantage and the honour. Such a doctrine of excessive humility and stupid self-sacrifice is so obviously Christian that it is a mystery how it ever came to be accepted by numbers of Jews. The "chosen race" view is quite different. It insists on the necessity of maintaining the continuity of a race which has produced remarkable results in the world of thought and ethics. This view explains many phenomena otherwise inexplicable. Why, for instance, do rich Jews, who possess two of Dr. Ruppin's three resisting qualities, infallibly drop away from Judaism in the course of three or four generations? It is because they are Jews in name only (when the name is not changed); they consider it the greatest honour to be mistaken for non-Jews. They have lost their "essentia," their most characteristic quality, the belief in their people and its powers. their pride in its achievements in the sphere of the mind; in short, they have lost their individuality. What more natural, therefore, than that, either by baptism or inter-marriage, they should be lost to their people?

Dr. Ruppin gives figures which show clearly the ravages made by assimilation of this kind among Jews. Millions of Jews have been lost to themselves and to the world. Leroy-Beaulieu's statement that "but for the secession of thousands of its sons in every generation to Christianity, Judaism would number four or five, perhaps even ten times, the total of its adherents," seems justified. Dr. Ruppin, seeing this disintegration in progress all over the world, is afraid that all is over with the Jews, in spite of a few statements expressing a hopeful outlook.

We think he is wrong in his pessimistic view. The Jews have always, as Dr. Ruppin himself states, lost heavily through assimilation. It is difficult to be a Jew, to understand and to realise the full Jewish individuality. The loss of Jews without Jewish individuality is no loss. Better far to have a useless limb amputated than it be a drag and a trouble to the body. The "remnant of Israel" is sound, and will save the Jewish people.

Another reason which has contributed to keep the Jews as a separate people, and which Dr. Ruppin has omitted to emphasise, is the remarkable wealth of strict ritual observances in which the Rabbis kept the Jews prisoned for centuries. It is only since the German Aufklärung and the French Revolution that the walls of the Ghettos—the external bond—have been broken down, and with them has disappeared the regard for Rabbinic laws and ordinances—the internal bond.

Dr. Ruppin's book requires to be supplemented by another book, "Ahad Ha'am's Selected Essays" (translated from the Hebrew by Leon Simon, 1912). The two books together will give an admirable survey of the conditions of modern Jewry, and the thoughts which animate the most thoughtful among them. Ahad Ha'am, the greatest Jewish thinker of to-day, goes much deeper than Dr. Ruppin into the causes of the changes in modern Jewry. Both writers, however, agree that the reaction against assimilation finds its strongest expression in "Zionism" or the "Love of Zion"—that Nationalist movement among Jews which aims at the restoring of conditions which will enable the Jewish spirit and the Jewish genius to express themselves truly and fundamentally. Such conditions must obviously include living in communities where Jews are in a majority and have opportunities for local self-government, the use of the Jewish language, Hebrew, and finally—the third factor without which the first two would be useless even if realisable—they must live in the land which is already Jewish by tradition and is becoming Jewish by achievement—Palestine.

S. LANDMAN.

## REVIEWS.

**University and Historical Addresses.** By James Bryce. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

It is a tiresome task to have to deliver set speeches, formal addresses, to "Universities, Bar Associations, Chambers of Commerce, and such like," and our Ambassador to the United States, during his six years' residence there, has had to do his share of this tedious and inevitable duty. He has published a selection of his utterances on various occasions; but even this selection might advantageously have been shortened a little. "Some Hints on Reading," "National Parks—A Need of the Future," "Architecture and History," for example, are not likely to add anything to the fame of the Right Honourable James Bryce. Similarly, "What University Instruction may do to Provide Intellectual Pleasures for Later Life," "The Landing of the Pilgrims in 1620," "The Beginnings of Virginia," are subjects which have been done to death, although American history may not be very well known over here. Mr. Bryce is not so dry in his style or method of examining problems as a man whom, in many respects, he greatly resembles—namely, Lord Morley; but he has neither the power nor the knack of treating these old subjects in a new way and thus making us feel interested in a new aspect of them, even though we may know a great deal about them. He was called upon to say something on these occasions, and he did his duty.

There are two addresses, however, to which we may properly give our attention, and they happen to be two of the longest in the book. They are "The Influence of National Character and Historical Environment on the Development of the Common Law," and "The Study of Ancient Literature." In the former, Mr. Bryce makes it possible for us to accuse him of the modern vice of suggesting rather than deciding; but the circumstances of the address were, presumably, such that all the points raised could not be finally dealt with. We will take one or two passages in this address and then attempt to complete Mr. Bryce's arguments as, we may venture to suggest, they might well have been completed had Mr. Bryce had time to extend his conclusions and to add to his comparisons and contrasts. He mentions the two great characteristics of the Common Law, and then a third:—

First, its firm grasp of the rights of the individual citizen. He is conceived of, he is dealt with, as a centre of force, an active atom, whirling about among other atoms, a person in whom there inhere certain powers and capacities, which he is entitled to assert and make effective not only against other citizens, but against all other citizens taken together—that is, as against the State itself and its visible embodiment or organ, the executive government.

Secondly, its recognition of the State and the executive as clothed with the authority of the whole community as being an effective power, entitled to require and compel the obedience of the individual wherever and whenever it does not trespass on the rights which are legally secured to him. To be effective, law must have not only physical force behind it, but also the principle of legitimate authority, the sense in every citizen that the individual free will has its limits, and can be exerted only within the sphere allotted to it. Liberty is, in a civilised community, the child of law. . . . From the equal recognition of these two principles there follows a third characteristic. If principles apparently antagonistic are to be reconciled, there must be a precise delimitation of their respective bounds and limits. The law must be definite and exact. Now, precision, definiteness, exactitude are features of the Common Law so conspicuous that the unlearned laity sometimes think they have been developed to an inordinate degree. (Pp. 45-47.)

This necessary definiteness, as Mr. Bryce explains, has been achieved largely by the conservative spirit of the Common Law and the constant appeal made to tradition by our lawyers. "Judicial decisions are given, legal decisions are made, as events bring them. There is no order among them except the chronological. Thus a law constructed out of them is necessarily wanting in symmetry" (p. 48). Now, we should like some student of English, Continental, Roman, and Greek law to

amplify that last sentence, for such an amplification would be most illuminating. Mr. Bryce does not appear to refer to the point again, but reminds us that English law, although it developed in its own original way, comes largely from Roman sources, and he suggests at the very beginning of his address that a Continental lawyer would look at the same problem from a standpoint very different from that of the English lawyer.

We will venture to submit a simple principle on which the student may work—a principle which is, so far as we are aware, not generally known, if indeed, it has ever been laid down at all. We know that Roman law developed among a people who greatly resembled the English. "They were strong men and pugnacious men," says Mr. Bryce, referring to those to whom we owe the Common Law. "They respected authority; they could at need control their impulses; they were not given to change; they were not fertile in theory or invention." This is a description of the Romans as much as a description of our own ancestors. But it is obviously not a description of modern Continental races, and it is not a description of the Greeks. We know, too, that the Roman legal system developed as our own did, without any definite plan; and we know, on the other hand, that the Greek laws were all based on written constitutions. Our principle is, in short, that the Romans had no principles and that the Greeks had, and that the Common Law may be traced back to Roman law in exactly the same way as Continental law could be traced back to Greek law if Greek law were more seriously studied than it is in relation to mediæval and modern legal systems. It is significant enough that the Common Law has never been adopted by any new nation, if we except British-speaking peoples such as the Northern Americans and our own Colonists. The Code Napoléon, on the other hand, has formed the basis of the laws and constitutions of all the Latin countries of South America and Central America; and the principles of the Code Napoléon are seen in the laws of several European nations as well. We may, perhaps, often think that foreign laws are severe, or curiously applied; but we can never feel that they are arbitrary: for, like the laws of Greece, they are based on certain definite principles known to everybody. Our English Common Law, on the contrary, like the English constitution and the laws of Rome, is not based on any written principles at all; and, while being in its own way as severe and oddly applied as any type of law we may meet with abroad, it has the additional disadvantage of seeming and being arbitrary and irresponsible—we make up our principles as we go along. If the constitutions and laws of Rome and England, as developed, are compared with the constitutions and laws of Greece and of modern Continental countries, as written down in advance, we think the results will be found of great value and interest, and not merely to jurists. The address on the study of ancient literature is a very powerful plea for the retention of Latin and Greek, not on the reasonable enough though relatively absurd ground that they are "useful" for the study of etymology, but for many reasons of a more highly spiritual nature, one adduced by Mr. Bryce being that only by a grasp of Roman and Greek civilisation can we understand modern European civilisation, and only through a sound knowledge of Latin and Greek can we understand those two civilisations of the past. Mr. Bryce is right in emphasising the importance of the Greek language in particular, and the noble untranslatable lines he quotes from Homer to illustrate one of his contentions form in themselves as forcible an argument as any. One of the passages on translation may well be quoted:—

No translation gives, or comes near giving, the effect which the ancient classics produce when read in the original. The charm of that form is incommunicable, for the magic of words rests largely in their associations, and in what may be called the sympathy of sense and sound. The delicate fragrance of the ideas in their native form evaporates in the attempt to pour thought from the vessel of one language into that of another. This is especially true of poetry, and more true of philosophy, in which so much turns upon the use of precise terms, than it is of

history or of oratory. In stating and arguing about facts, less depends upon the suggestive quality of the words and upon their rhythm than when feeling as well as reason is addressed, either in verse or in imaginative prose. To estimate exactly how much is lost in translation is not easy.

To these two addresses, then, and also to "What a University Man may do for a State" and "On the Writing and Teaching of History," we commend the attention of NEW AGE readers. In his other addresses Mr. Bryce is inclined to roam at large without a sufficiently definite object in view.

**Fallacies of Flagellants.** By Henry S. Salt. (Humanitarian League's Publications. rd.)

A mercilessly accurate summary of the "arguments" of the flagellants, concluding with a wittily done "Noodle's Oration on Flogging." In view of the "Criminal Law Amendment Bill" recently introduced by Dr. Chapple with the support of the Whipping Willies, all unsated and clamouring for the extension of flogging, the above pamphlet should be circulated as widely as possible.

## Bhawan and Martand.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

Is there another spot in the world so beautiful as this?

I am sitting in a little orchard on the sunny mountain-side, overlooking the Vale of Kashmir. Little blue patches and swirls disclose the rivers. Bright yellow fields of mustard and linseed dot the emerald meadows and purpling ploughlands. Long lines of green show the poplar avenues that traverse the valley, and, at intervals, are little villages peeping through a bower of chenars and poplars. At last all fades into a noon-day haze at the foot of the distant black cloudcapped hills. But stay! Is that cloud, or is it a snow-field seen through a rift? Then I begin to realise that there is only a thin strip of cloud lying across the mountains; and with the cloud stretching at their sides, the mountains seem dancing with outspread wings. Above it, far above it, rise the peaks and the chasmy slopes, radiant as the path of the celestials when they gather in India's palace.

Is there another spot in the world so beautiful as this?—as this sunny, fertile valley, girt by the pure white circle of snow with its myriad peaks fading into the pale sky. At dawn, before the vale is to be seen, how fair are the cloudless peaks in the radiant light, and at eve, reflecting the rosy glow of the sunset!

The valley was once the bed of a gigantic lake for whose pent floods the gods broke down the mountain barrier that filled the gorge of Baramula. Now, through numberless streams and lakes flow the waters of the valley, springing from the holy founts that roof the snake-gods' palaces and from the trickling mountain rills born of the melting snowflakes on the edge of the mighty glaciers. Where the deep blue waters of the lake rolled in the mysterious Himalayan depths, now blooms a lovely sunlit land, cool with abundant breezes and crystal streams. Imagine the English countryside, sunburnt, bright with bracing mountain air, its villages shaded by mighty groves, and peopled by a laughing shepherd-folk tending their flocks on grassy lawns beside the poplar avenues; imagine this, and you may realise a twentieth of Kashmir's beauties!

This morning I climbed the ridge above the orchard. For an hour I scrambled over stony watercourses—the very nest of avalanches—full of little yellow bushes and clumps of broom. Looking down I saw the beautiful vale of the Jhelum. At last I stood upon the summit. How different was the scene! I saw impenetrable green pine-forests covering range upon range of hills. In the valley between them dashed the noisy glittering streams of the rocky Liddar. The land seemed stony and bare, except where a mighty grove of chenars—noble, lofty masses of starry emerald leaves and russet berries—shaded a few houses and barns clustering round a spring. The pilgrims' road to the distant

shrine of Amarnath, marked by rows of willows and poplars, led away through the villages past the pine-clad hills up to that snowy cave beneath the two peaks that towered over the vale, reflected in its countless blue streams. Turning, I saw this rugged Liddar Valley, merging into the serene province of the Jhelum—the true Vale of Kashmir. It broadened, and between the village groves were tiny patches of meadow and ploughland. They grew larger and larger, and the tracery of their borders wound more fantastically. The last green pine-clad hill ran down to the pilgrims' avenue; and, then, but for the river crashing along its stony bed, the valleys were joined indistinguishably. Larks and blackbirds sang around me, and beautiful Kashmiri birds flew past in flashes of orange, green, and blue. Many a little yellow-breasted bulbul fluttered up to me, inclining his impudent head with its curious bedraggled crest, less timid than even a robin on a daisy-spangled English lawn.

And yet the blue sky is rarely cloudless with the monotonous cruelty of India. Often, lying in this upland orchard, shaded from the sun by an exquisite young chinar, I have watched a storm sweep over the Jhelum valley. A grey transparent mist shrouds the distant peaks, draping more densely the diminutive lands beneath. Thousands of little silver flecks show where the rain is flowing away. The veil floats along the mountains, and the peaks over which it lay stand out cold and clear, unsmooth with the pure new fallen snow. Suddenly it expands as it leaves the range, and comes nearer over the valley. A cold wind springs up and shrieks through the grass and the trees, humbling the fragrant purple irises ("grave-flowers" the Kashmiri calls them) blooming above a Mussulman burial ground. The shouting ploughmen thrash their bullocks to the willow copses. "The sun grows pale with obscured rays, the birds begin to cry in shrill tones, and dreadful sounds ring through the sky." The heavy raindrops patter down on the shivering leaves of the trees, yet through the shower I can dimly see the white snowflakes falling on the peaks above.

The rain falls more softly, more slowly, as the sun shows it streaming down; they cease, little by little, and the sun's warm rays light up the jewelled grass and the tiny wild flowers, the birds sing again, and the little blue rivulets clatter down the fragrant mountain side.

Below the orchard is the village of Bhawan, a Hindu tirtha—the site of a holy tank. At the foot of a hill is a small domed temple, about twenty feet high, within which is a small white marble image of Sarga, the Sun, upon his fleet-horsed chariot. Near the temple, on one side, are two red-painted embossed images, one of Hanuman, the monkey-god, on the other is a small stone with a snake carved roughly upon it. Three or four crumbling stone steps lead down to a small square tank filled with clear water from the spring beneath the shrine. A plank leads over the little canal that joins this to a larger stone tank, surrounded by houses for pilgrims. The approach to the spring from the village is through a grove of most beautiful chenars, whose leafy branches mingle into a cool sighing roof. In the tanks are thousands of holy fish, greedily following the pilgrims as they walk solemnly round, and fighting in a thick struggling mass, like a swarm of bees, for a cake of flour piously thrown to them. Beside the plank, beneath a huge old tree, leafless in this bower of greenery, sits an old Sadhu, covered with dust and ashes, with his begging-bowl beside him. I do not know which Yoga he is following, or even whether he is an ascetic or a fraud. He did indeed greet me with a noisy song and an outstretched palm when I rode in from Islamabad one evening a week ago; but now that I have come every day, he recites to me the praises of distant Amarnath, which he visits in the autumn with thousands of other Sadhus from the plains of Hindustan. Now, in the spring, the path is impassable with snow. Yesterday, when the old Yogi had spoken to me, he rose stiffly from the position he had sat in all day, and repeating mantras, shuffled with difficulty round the tirtha. First, walking over the plank and

dropping a tiny speck of ghee, sacrificial clarified butter, into the water, he approached the red-painted Hanuman and dabbed on his nose a tiny speck; he did the same to the four-armed god behind; then he climbed the steps to the temple, and, knocking twice on the locked door and calling to the god within, he placed the holy morsel on a protruding board. He passed down to the Naga stone, and placed the ghee on the top. Then turning to the fishes in the smaller tank he offered them the tiny remaining portion, smiling and pointing his lean forefinger as a greedy brute leapt up and swallowed it. All his offerings together had not covered his thumbnail. In the Mahabharata, Lomasha, instructing Yudhisthira in the virtues of the tirthas, says: "O virtuous one, a man should go to the excellent tirtha called Vimala, where to this day may be seen fishes of golden and silver hues. By bathing there he soon acquireth the region of Vasava, and, his soul cleansed from every sin, he attaineth to a high state of blessedness. Proceeding next to Vitasta and giving oblations of water unto the Pitris and the gods, he obtaineth, O Bharata, the fruit of the Vajopega sacrifice. That sin-destroying tirtha known as Vitasta, is situate in the country of the Kashmiris, and is the abode of the Naga Takshaka. Bathing there, a man certainly obtaineth the fruit of the Vajapega sacrifice, and, his soul cleansed from every sin, he attaineth to a high state of blessedness." I do not know whether Bhawen is the tirtha Vimala, but I am told the spring at Vernag rises from Takshaka's palace—and the Pundits here will not, or cannot, enlighten me.

Half a mile away, where the avenue turns round a base of a rugged limestone range into the Liddar valley, there is a small village from which a decrepit zigzag path leads up the face of the hill to an ancient cave temple. As I paused breathless at a locked door cut in the very rock, a Pundit, with his yellow caste-marks carefully painted on his forehead, hurried up after me. Like all Kashmiris he wore over all his other clothing a long, single outer garment with its sleeves hanging empty. This clad him from his neck to his feet, and beneath it he held his bulging earthenware fire-basket, filled with live coals. Coming up with me, he salaamed, and, after the usual frantic attempts to find his sleeve, his hand came out into the afternoon with the key. I entered a dark, lofty cave. The Pundit set fire to a handful of wood for a torch, and, stumbling up some broad stone steps, I could see the shrine, cut completely away from the sides of the cave. It had been roughly shaped and polished into the usual trefoil-arched pyramid-roofed "cella," and contained a small lingam. I scrambled round it on a narrow path covered with loose stones, a sure sign that no one came there now to do his "puja." The Pundit guided me out of the cave and down through the village to another cave a few hundred yards away. A stony pathway led up from the road to an almost invisible arched doorway upon which was carved a padm—a lotus. The Pundit bent down and shuffled backwards through the hole, holding out the rekindled torch to light me. I followed him cautiously. The passage was about two hundred feet long, sometimes barely three feet high, and always only just wide enough to let us crawl through. At last it led into a round domed chamber, in which scores of squeaking bats fluttered about in terror. The Pundit showed me a recess, where there lay two or three bones of a Sadhu who had died there. All round little drops of water fell from the rough black walls. We crouched down and groped our way out, with the fearful bats dashing in our faces; and we passed out of the dismal passage into the charming groves of Bhawan.

A mile away, high up on a little shelf on the mountain side, stand the ruins of Martand. Alone among the ancient Hindu temples of Kashmir, it possessed cloisters and colonnades and exterior recesses and shrines in addition to the cella. Standing beneath its beautiful trefoiled arches among the mighty masses of stone that once were noble columns and tanks, I gazed along the fertile valley from the nullah of Kisthwar, far away in the East, to the snowy streak in the sky

that is the western border of Kashmir. Such is the mighty view from this ruined temple, which even now, roofless, broken, and desolate, its doorways shattered and its pillars fallen, is a sight inconceivably noble, a proud trophy of Hinduism in this Mohamedan land. For even the watchman of the temple is a Mussulman, with all his fellow-villagers, who sing and pipe to their flocks along the flowery meadows beneath the ancient walls, and, tenderly bearing the forlorn lambs, hunt the stray ewes out of the ruins, crying shrilly after the beasts as they leap across the mighty blocks of stone. Every ruin in India has its watchman or "chowkidar," who lives well on the tips he receives from visitors and whatever work he can do in the neighbourhood of his charge. Knowing usually just a little of the history of the place, these men insist upon declaiming it, and expect a few annas bukshis for their undesired assistance. Lest he should lose the post on a complaint, he keeps books for chits, or references, from the visitors. At Martand, amid a colourless host of remarks in this style: "Anwar Mir, chowkidar, showed us round the ruins to-day and was very polite." I found an occasional sparkle of wit: "Anwar Mir, chowkidar, opened two gates for me satisfactorily, for which I gave him four annas," "Mr. Justice Blair Hering outside his jurisdiction could not do justice to this abominable nuisance who dogged his steps"; and from a warmly welcomed Babu, "This man is a gentle hospital." In the visitors' book the usual statements are equally dull: "Visited temple to-day with wife, very fine"; from a woman, "Baby is crying, so must be oph"; from an American tourist, rare birds in Kashmir, "Finest I've seen in a round-the-world tour"; but I discovered a terrific controversy among the faded pages of fifteen years ago.

A certain very old gentleman, Colonel Coburn, who, besides his other activities, started a timber firm and a visitors' agency (which has now fallen into the hands of an American, and should be avoided), claimed in ten scratchy pages of hysterical Christianity that the Kashmiri Hindus (most of them now forcibly converted to Mohamedanism) were originally the Jews who had fled from Palestine after crucifying "the only really sinless saint, our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," and that they had built this temple after the style of that in Jerusalem (the wrong end of the stick). Thus he explains to his "dearly beloved brothers and brethren in Christ" the noted faithlessness and treachery of the modern Kashmiri.

"If," concludes the old gentleman, not untruthfully, "you should find a wounded viper lying on the road, do all you can to care and restore it to life, for he will be grateful to you for it and repay you the debt of gratitude he owes you for what you have done for him, but if you find a Kashmiri in the same condition, get off your horse and kill him outright, for if you do him a good turn and save him, he is sure to be ungrateful and do all the damage he can in return! But all the fingers of one's hands are not the same length, as a native saying here is, and there are many noble exceptions to the above rules, and a good Kashmiri servant, like a good Scotch or Irish tenant out of their own countries, is about the best one can find."

To these ten pages "A Kashmiri Pundit" replied: "I have read with interest the funny remarks of Col. Coburn about these ruins and the origin of the Kashmiri Pundits. After reading those remarks I am disposed to reverse Darwin's theory and hold that people who live to a great age are likely down into the same animal to whom Darwin has traced the genealogy of mankind." A Kashmiri Pundit, forsooth! It reeks of the Bengali lawyer. And I much prefer the statement of an English traveller, a little later: "Very interesting ruins, but saw no Jews at all."

And then, yes, and then, there is this: "A very impressive place, interesting owing to my dear heathen forefathers and relatives believing in the sanctity of this spot, which I do not.—P. M. Rudra, Srinagar, 1898."

O these emasculated brothers in Christ!  
Was the fool blind?

## Pastiche.

A LETTER TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Dear Sir,—Being a Tory, and a red-hot one at that,  
Some of the things you've said and done fairly upset my fat.  
There was that confounded Budget of yours, well, it made me twist and squirm;  
And I don't mind telling you, Mr. George, I called you a regular worm.  
But now that it's been working a bit and is fairly on the run,  
I don't think the squires and landlords in general will be so badly done.  
Of course, you can see, by the sprawl of my pen, I'm only a working man;  
But I've always voted Tory, and will as long as I can.  
But to come to the point in question, which is the Insurance Act;  
I thought you were giving away too much, and that's a fact.  
When I heard of the ninepence for fourpence, I said, I hope he won't persist,  
Or else, I said, he's no more nor less than a blood-red Socialist.  
But now and again when I pick up my paper, which is always the "Daily Mail";  
I see a bit about benefits which 'ud turn a Socialist pale.  
For instance, in the paper for Monday, the 30th ult., page 8,  
There's a bit about someone called Holloway, who got told off pretty straight.  
June 6 he signed at the Labour Exchange, and said he was out of work;  
I haven't any doubt myself he was one of the sort that shirk.  
June 10 he had the blessed nerve to call at the office again;  
And they told him to call in six days' time, so he had no cause to complain.  
He pitched 'em a yarn of his wife being ill, and one of his children dying;  
But you never know when to believe these chaps, they're most of 'em mostly lying.  
On June 17 he was told he must wait another three days more;  
At the end of which time he'd be entitled to a useful two and four.  
Of course, like a blooming sponger, he comes along on the stroke of the clock;  
But they did him another winger; crumbs! He must have had a shock.  
'Strue as Gawd, he was down at the office *again*, on the very next day.  
I suppose he thought the poor blooming clerks had nothing to do but play.  
But they put it across him proper, and I don't blame 'em a bit;  
For a blighted, rotten perisher like that ain't got any pride nor wit.  
He had the cursed impudence to say he didn't know how He was going to get on without the brass. He must have been a cow!  
But the clerk (good luck to him) says, "Look here, I've jolly well seen you before.  
You bally well sling your blooming hook! Get out, you! There's the door!"  
And so I say to you, Mr. George, this National Insurance Act,  
Though it looked like pampering wasters at first, with a little gumption and tact  
Can be squared up a little bit, same as Mr. Holloway found;  
And make the Socialists look jolly blue, and all their schemes confound.  
They thought they were going to get a nice haul, and plunder like anything;  
But you know how to stop their capers, and rotten malingering.  
And so I say to you, Mr. George, for a Radical you ain't bad.  
You rotted a bit with Marconis, but every man has his fad.  
And I say, down with the Socialists, whoever else comes on top.  
And now, as it's getting rather late, I'll dry up my ink and stop.  
I wanted to talk about those shares, but that's another story;  
So I'll just sign myself, yours respectfully,  
A WORKING MAN AND TORY.

A PHANTASMAGORIA. BEING THE LAMENTABLE RESULT OF PERUSING MODERN FRENCH POETRY.

I linger in the Gambrinus  
Before a tapering measure of Pilsener,  
Amber-hued, mellow-savoured.  
On my right  
Two Magyars are quacking  
Agglutinative polysyllabic commonplaces.  
On my left  
A nondescript diner, whose visage  
Betrays the wit of a moribund cod-fish,  
Is gorging  
Frankfurter Würste mit Sauerkraut.  
(It must be Sauerkraut  
Because  
It has the pungent fragrance of size.)  
Opposite me  
A glossy and high-domed cranium  
Shimmers above the "Berliner Tageblatt."  
While all around me is surging  
In regular decadent manner  
A polychrome ocean of noises.  
Blue noises, green noises, yellow noises, red noises,  
And so on.  
And a purple odour  
Of faded plush, Turkish cigarettes and German newspapers  
Encircles my brow and tickles my nostrils.

Close at hand I behold  
Wiggleby  
With a lady in pink.  
Wiggleby  
Battening on Leberwurst.  
Wiggleby  
Author of "Emblems of Transcendental Cosmography."  
(But we feign not to see each other).

For twenty-two minutes  
I have toiled at a stubby cigar  
Inhaling curious vapours.  
But now  
I am glutted with Pilsener, I am weary of my cigar,  
and I tire  
Of Wiggleby and the non-Aryan quackers  
And everybody, including myself  
(Good decadent touch, that!).  
So I call the waiter. My voice rings out as the voice of  
a superman:  
"Herr Ober!"  
Whereat the azure clouds of smoke are aquiver  
And the waiter arrives, and I give him sevenpence.  
(Twopence being a private donation  
For his magnanimous service).  
I wave aside his avowals of gratitude  
And garnering all my belongings  
I stroll into Regent Street.

Now if I had written this exquisite fragment  
In prose,  
You would not have read it.  
But since I devised these  
Resonant fetterless strophes  
According to principles practised in Paris  
You will read it  
With an unbounded delight,  
And in hours of depression  
You will fly to its blissful perusal  
Again and again and again!

P. SELVER.

THE VERY PROSAIC SONNET OF AN OPTIMIST.

Here are some trifles that my spirit hates,  
And that I, therefore, do my best to shun :—  
The fool who chivvies rabbits with a gun.  
The gospel-mad evangelist who prates  
Of heaven's golden floor and pearly gates,  
And how these glories should be missed by none.  
All publishers and editors (save one).  
All phrases coined in the United States.

Flappers and barbers and the "Evening News,"  
French grammar and the theory of free-will,  
The lank-haired tribe who toady round the Muse,  
Hash, telephones—and sundry more. But still,  
Though many are the things that I condemn,  
The things I love by far outnumber them.

P. SELVER.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## LABOUR IN POLITICS.

Sir,—Your oft-reiterated contention that the political importance of wage-earners is and can be no greater than their economic importance (meaning thereby the degree to which they have secured, by organisation, effective control over their labour power), while unintelligible to the politicians of the Labour Party, is well enough understood by capitalists in America. A striking proof of this occurs in the recent Press disclosures of what President Wilson has called the "insidious lobby." In November, 1909, according to documents made public to-day, the National Association of Manufacturers employed their leading secret agent, Col. Martin M. Mulhall, to make a thorough investigation of labour conditions in the Eastern States. His report, dated November 15, contained the following significant passage:—

"I intend to keep up a correspondence with a number of the prominent Labour workers of that State [Massachusetts], which I will be glad to submit to you for consideration at any time, and I feel that this correspondence will thoroughly convince you that the Labour vote in Massachusetts is only a bugaboo, the same as it is in all other States, for it has been clearly demonstrated in the past, on two occasions, that Gompers, Mitchell, or no other Labour leader can sway the Labour vote for many reasons.

"First, because there is less than 10 per cent. of the Labour vote organised, and the American mechanic who is not organised can always be controlled by a conservative employer of labour. This has been proved to be the case by the greatest political leaders that we have ever had in this country, and I am positive it is the case in Massachusetts."

RONALD S. CRANE.

Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A., July 5, 1913.

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## EQUALITY OR EQUITY.

Sir,—In the suggested alternative to the wages system—namely, "a national equalised apportionment of incomes" (given in the letter you kindly published last week)—the word "equalised" was misprinted as "equitable," and the sense was altered thereby.

The use of the word "equalised" is correct because it describes what you said in Guild Socialism XIV (page 422). Discussing your statement that the miners might value their services "at an average of 80 when other Guilds would prefer an average of 75," you said, "undoubtedly the ultimate way out would be by a speedy approximation of all labour values to one common standard."

The process of equalising the apportionments would be carried out by the higgling of the Guild "hierarchies" of officials, and the "common standard" would become a national one as and when "the Guild democracy," which would be "at the back of this hierarchy and finally dominating it"—as described in Guild Socialism XIV—became effective.

The reason why I claimed (in the headline last week) that, if "R.I.P." might fairly be applied to the Socialism of Industrial Democracy, as is the desire of your article on "The Death of an Idea," "Resurgam" would also apply because, in ultimate analysis, the aim and end of Guild Socialism, as far as the apportionment of the produce of our combined industry is to be concerned, is similar to that stated as Economic Equality in the composite idea of what you have called "Fabianism"—that very "Fabianism" which you decently interred in THE NEW AGE of July 10.

P. J. REID.

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## THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

Sir,—You say that "the price of liberty is intelligence." Will you tell your readers why you have taken the liberty to misrepresent a man and his work, either by not troubling to ascertain the facts or by ignoring them? Your attack upon Mr. G. Lansbury is neither intelligent nor fair. If you demand that he shall be quite sure of his "Guild Socialism" before discussing it, perhaps you will pardon one of your readers who demands that, if you attack a public man at all, you shall do so with the facts before you. It is a misfortune, if nothing worse, that you should accept any idea or fact picked up in the Press as sufficiently trustworthy to warrant your attack upon the ex-member for Bow and Bromley, particularly as the truth of the matter is quite handy in the shape of election literature. You taunt him with having resigned his seat owing to "prickings of conscience on the question of Women's Suffrage." You

may not remember, perhaps you never knew of, the bitter fight between Mr. Lansbury and his colleagues on the policy of the party in relation to the Insurance Bill, the Marconi trouble, the dock strike, not less than upon the subject of Woman's Suffrage. You certainly do not know that he was on the point of resigning over the Insurance Bill alone. Had you known these facts, and had you read the official literature on the subject instead of relying upon the Press, perhaps we should have been spared a paragraph of "Notes" and an "explanation and withdrawal," which do THE NEW AGE very little credit and not a little harm.

You gibe at Mr. Lansbury for alternately denouncing Parliament and striving to get back: this is exactly on a par with the Anti-Socialist argument that a man who is a wage-payer, or who flourishes on the wages system, cannot be sincere in attacking wage slavery. Like most other Socialists, Mr. Lansbury has attacked the House of Commons as at present composed, and is attacking the wages system, and is helping to change Parliament and to abolish wage slavery. Your reference to Mr. Chesterton and the "Daily News" would be quite good if employment on the "Daily News" had any possible resemblance to the House of Commons. If Mr. Chesterton had any power to alter the management of the "Daily News" by a public agitation, perhaps he would make the attempt.

Your last piece of misrepresentation—some would call it a lie—is that Mr. Lansbury is calling upon men to come out of wage slavery, and upon women to go in. Perhaps you would point to a single instance in his writings or speeches which can possibly bear this interpretation. Perhaps it is usual in an intellectual paper to skip over facts and publish editorial deductions only, in which case you will pardon me in this instance for requiring the facts. Incidentally one might venture the opinion that the position of, say, a workman's wife is one stage worse than wage slavery, as she relies upon a wage slave for her living.

If you demand intelligence in your critics, perhaps you will supplement your own with a little fairness.

EDGAR J. LANSBURY.

[Though he sets out with commendable filial zeal to correct us, our correspondent adds nothing to our information, and, far from convicting us of misrepresentation, misrepresents our simple statements of the week before last. For we never "taunted" Mr. Lansbury with having resigned owing to prickings of conscience on the subject of Women's Suffrage. On the contrary, we said that, if he had done so, we could have ranked him with the fanatics. Our statement was that Mr. Lansbury made Women's Suffrage a public excuse for a resignation he had long desired on other grounds. And in naming these other grounds our correspondent merely confirms our view. There certainly is no parallel between Mr. Lansbury's attempt to get back into a Parliament he denounces, and from which he resigned, and a wage slave's attempt to get out of the wage system which he denounces, and from which he would, if he could, resign. The two things, indeed, are exact contraries, not an exact parallel. Finally, we never maintained that Mr. Lansbury was aware that in supporting Women's Suffrage he is "calling women into the wage system" on behalf of capitalism. We give him credit for thinking the reverse, in fact. But a decoy is none the less a decoy for being unaware of what it is doing.—ED. N.A.]

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## ALIENISM.

Sir,—I was pleased to observe in your issue of July 3 a letter from Mr. Howard Ince, in which the writer challenges the idea that the security and betterment of the English race are possible whilst alien immigration is allowed to continue.

Mr. Ince did not say, and therefore I take the liberty of saying, that the various devices presented in the guise of Wage Boards, Guild Socialism, International Federation of Workers, are merely so many devices for obscuring the real question, and are supported, even if they be not originated, by persons who are known to be strongly in favour of alien immigration and of English emigration.

If there existed any real desire for the security and betterment of the English race on the part of those who are so full of betterment schemes, action would be taken to check the influx of aliens and the consequent outflow of the native population. We, however, know that the contrary is the case, and that, whilst every encouragement is given to the alien to come here, no efforts are spared to induce or to force the Englishman to emigrate.

P. VARNALS.

### THE I.C.S.

Sir,—It gave me much pleasure to read Mr. Benzie's article in last week's NEW AGE, entitled "The Representative Working Man."

As that highly organised institution, the I.C.S., has already has the assistance of at least three other "representative working men"—viz., G. H. Roberts, James O'Grady, and another—I should like, with your permission, to address to those gentlemen one or two questions.

Apart from the fact that they sanction wage slavery by their support of it, will they publicly announce that they have inquired into the wages and hours of the I.C.S. employees in all departments, both at the head office and at the stores, and whether the terms of employment warrant the support of even a Labour reformer? Can they prove that so few as half a dozen clerks, male or female, other than officials, are paid in accordance with the low rates demanded by the National Union of Clerks? Can they prove that even among the instructresses there are as many as 25 per cent. getting 30s. or more per week? (There are, I believe, about eighty or a hundred instructresses, some of whom were drawn from the unemployed teachers' market a year or two ago.) Have they inquired into the qualifications of the instructresses who mark the papers submitted by working men?

If these questions have not been inquired into, there is information in store for the "representative working man" who undertakes the task before accepting the "spouting" job.

Sir, this exploitation on the part of Labour politicians of the positions given to them by the wage slaves, always in the interest of the capitalists and to the detriment of the wage slaves, has gone long enough unnoticed, or, at least, unmentioned.

That delightfully official organ, the "Labour Leader," was busy some time ago "exposing" those Labour members who were too intimate with capitalist politicians. One of the "Leader's" chief contributors is an official of the I.C.S. However, I suppose the I.C.S. capitalists are not M.P.'s. But what difference does it make to the wage slaves whether their leaders hob-nob with capitalists who are M.P.'s or capitalists who are not?

DISGUSTED WAGE SLAVE.

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### MR. NORMAN AND "A. E. R."

Sir,—It is, no doubt, impossible for a reviewer on THE NEW AGE to approve of the publication of any book, especially when the author happens to have been a contributor to THE NEW AGE, and when much of the material criticised has already appeared in its columns. THE NEW AGE reviewer has a natural belief in his own literary judgment as against the failing sense of the editor of THE NEW AGE. Fortunately, however, the humble contributor pays more heed to the past approval of the editor than to the present censure of the reviewer.

These comments are drawn from me by the article on my book signed, "A. E. R." I should not have troubled to write except that the reviewer has made several grave misstatements of fact. It is wholly untrue to say there are no essays in the book. The article on Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt," in my judgment, should be so described; and there are others. The review of Mr. H. G. Wells's "Mankind in the Making," has this history. It was first published in "The Social Democrat" in 1905. In 1909, I showed it to the editor of THE NEW AGE, who apparently thought so well of it that he reprinted it on June 10, 1909. Why I should not again re-publish it, I do not know, it having had this stamp of approval from a quite independent person.

The article on the Gilbert and Ellice Islands was written at the request of the present editor of THE NEW AGE in 1908, and was derived from entirely independent material collected by myself. Mr. T. C. T. Potts is entitled to all the credit anyone can give him in this matter; but he is not entitled to credit for material I obtained at Somerset House, from reports of the company supplied me by the late Lord Stanmore, from letters written me by the same nobleman, and certain official papers published by the Colonial Office. Whenever I have made a quotation, I have given the fullest possible recognition; and it is a little hard to be accused of dishonour because one has not attributed one's own labours to somebody else.

The passage attacked in the review of Mr. Hyndman's book also has a history. The "friend" referred to was again the editor of THE NEW AGE, and on writing the review I drew his special attention to this paragraph, which he altered, and which has been left as he altered it. As a matter of fact, that interview had a very close relationship to public affairs, and had certainly nothing to

do with the private concerns of any of those who were present thereat.

The correspondence with Lord Morley was re-published from THE NEW AGE (here, again, the editor's view is truer than the critic's), because it was interesting as showing that even a humble person like myself could be subjected to interference by the Indian Government. It was some measure of the methods adopted against much greater persons than myself: that was its justification. Moreover, I think it is a matter of public interest that the post of any private citizen should be tampered with.

It is a mere invention to state that "The Calling of the Rooks" summarises "The Russian Advance on Russia," an article which I have never written, though, presumably, your critic refers to "The Russian Advance on India." The second article, "The Calling of the Rooks," was published in THE NEW AGE months after the other article had been read by the editor of THE NEW AGE. Is it likely that the editor would publish a mere summary?

It is incorrect to say that the same scandal has been "treated twice." All that I did was to repeat, in a few lines, some essential facts necessary to make plain entirely different points.

My effectiveness is a matter of opinion; but the instances given of failure are as unfortunate as the other errors of fact of the reviewer. The Denshawai Petition resulted in the release of the prisoners in a few months, and I was thanked by the Egyptian Nationalist Party on the occasion of that release. The publication of the correspondence with Lord Morley led to an abandonment of the policy of interfering with letters addressed to Englishmen in India. My efforts to secure British joint management in the Panama Canal were not successful; but the recent despatches of the Foreign Office to the United States are a vindication of my endeavours on this question.

I observe your reviewer does not mention the chapter on "The South African Intrigue." Even he has not the courage to suggest this has no historical interest. It is ridiculous to suggest that I advocate "ideal legislation." All the legislation proposed in the book is more practical than the series of fantastic proposals which THE NEW AGE produces month by month, only to abandon them; and abuse their present supporters, who had been led into them by THE NEW AGE.

C. H. NORMAN.

[It is a pity that Mr. Norman has not confined his reply to the matters in dispute between himself and "A. E. R.," but has thought fit to drag in irrelevant considerations. After six years, the uniform practice of THE NEW AGE in relation to signed contributions should be well enough known by habitual readers. While gladly publishing such articles in discharge of our duty to our readers of presenting the best materials available for judgment in public affairs, their personal signature surely relieves us, as it does the editors of the "Contemporary Review" or the "Nineteenth Century," of responsibility for their plenary inspiration. That they are, in our opinion, worthy of consideration is, of course, implied in our publication of them; but that they should be published over their author's names, and yet as our own final judgment is what nobody can fairly demand. We note that Mr. Norman, while apparently expecting us to agree with his signed contributions to THE NEW AGE, reserves to himself the right (quite properly) of disagreeing with our editorial opinions. He may criticise us, but not even another signed contributor may unfavourably review him! His concluding sentence, however, would carry more weight if it contained a single particular in support of its charge.—Ed., N.A.]

"A. E. R." replies: In view of Mr. Norman's propensity for publishing and re-publishing his correspondence, I shall introduce no new matter into this discussion; but will confine myself to his objections. He objects to my statement that "there is not an essay, in the literary meaning of the word, in the book"; he describes this statement as being "wholly untrue," and gives as an example of what he calls an "essay," his review of Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt." I might say, with legal brevity: "That is my case." Mr. Norman ought to be aware that no criticism, however detailed, is an essay, in the literary meaning of the word. An essay is an attempt to make an original contribution to a subject; it is not a discussion, or a series of quotations, but is self-explanatory, and should be a literary joy as well as an intellectual exercise. There is nothing of this kind in the book. Every one of Mr. Norman's "essays," except "The Last of the Liberals," "Enemies of the Poor," and "The Glamour of the Throne," is a correspondence, or a book-review, or a discussion, or a synopsis of history. Of the three exceptions, "The Last of the Liberals" is an obituary notice of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

man, the "Enemies of the Poor" is, in no sense, an original contribution to the subjects of vivisection and eugenics, and is certainly not a literary joy, and "The Glamour of the Throne" does not differ in intention and execution, although some of the details may be different, from any familiar Republican pamphlet, for example, Mr. G. W. Foote's "Royal Paupers." I repeat that there is not an essay, in the literary meaning of the word, in the book.

I never suggested that Mr. Norman should attribute the result of his own labours to someone else; but I did suggest that he might acknowledge a "comrade." I can find nothing in Mr. Norman's "essay" that I have not read in Mr. Potts' mere letters; and independent inquiry that does not produce new results has only a corroborative value. I shall still regard Mr. Potts, and not Mr. Norman, as the authority on the subject of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands.

I adhere to my judgment of the passage in Mr. Norman's review of Hyndman's reminiscences. The fact that the friend mentioned was the editor of this journal does not justify Mr. Norman's public parade of private affairs. Whatever turned on that interview is not disclosed; the passage is nothing but a reminder to Mr. Hyndman, and its proper context is a private letter, not a public review.

My strictures on Mr. Norman's "self-importance" have driven him to the extreme of public humility; but Uriah Heap is no more admirable a public figure than Mr. Stryver. It is no justification of the re-publication of a correspondence which Mr. Norman himself informs us is now out of date, to say that the writer was so very humble, and, in the same breath, to assure us that he was acquainted with "much greater persons" than himself. My objection to this correspondence was that it did not deal with public affairs; Mr. Norman informs me that "the publication of the correspondence with Lord Morley led to an abandonment of the policy of interfering with letters addressed to Englishmen in India." Sequence does not necessarily imply cause and effect, but let that pass. If the matter is now done with, if the postal authorities have reformed their ways, what public service is done by the re-publication of this correspondence, without even an intimation that Mr. Norman has succeeded in securing the privacy of his own correspondence? There is no other obvious motive for this re-publication than the self-importance of Mr. Norman, who wished to assure the public that he was acquainted with "much greater persons" than himself.

I am told that "it is a mere invention to state that 'The Calling of the Rooks' summarises 'The Russian Advance on India.'" Certainly it is: Mr. Norman invented that phrase. I said: "The Russian Advance on India" is summarised in "The Calling of the Rooks": a phrase that has a very different meaning. "The Calling of the Rooks" certainly deals with other matters, but "The Russian Advance on India" is summarised in it. Mr. Norman scores against me when he says that he never wrote "The Russian Advance on Russia"; and I can only apologise for my carelessness in correcting the proof.

It is indicative of Mr. Norman's mind that he should animadvert upon this error, which most people would attribute to the printer; and ignore the previous charge. The history of the imposition of the poll-tax on the Zulus is told twice: in "A Letter," it occupies two pages, in "The Honour of Liberalism" it occupies about three and a half pages. I am told now that "the Denshawai petition resulted in the release of the prisoners in a few months, and I," etc. Then why re-publish the "essay"? Its purpose, surely, was served—for it cannot be regarded as a work of literature; and, anyhow, why re-publish it without an intimation that the incident was now closed? The suggestion that "the recent despatches of the Foreign Office to the United States are a vindication of my endeavours on the (Panama Canal) question," is really an absurd instance of Mr. Norman's self-importance. Sir Charles Dilke wrote to him, and Mr. Norman has reprinted the letter in this book: "The drift of your observations is in the direction of our interfering in the exclusively American control of the Panama Canal. That, of course, was the view which was maintained in despatches laid before Parliament by Lord Granville and the Cabinet at the time when I was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office." If recent despatches seem to vindicate Mr. Norman's endeavours, it is strange that the Government should only have reverted to one of its discarded policies; and as the despatches were "laid before Parliament," it is very probable that Mr. Norman was as much indebted to those despatches as the Government itself is now. Mr. Norman's suggestion, in the circumstances, is preposterous.

I did not refer to "The South African Intrigue," be-

cause the whole thing is so very familiar to me that I have forgotten where I read it. The historical interest of the article is very little, for the whole question is so entangled with party politics that the truth cannot be established at present. Mr. Norman says that his proposed legislation is more practical, etc. For example, he prepared a Bill which he regards as a "constructive remedy for prostitution, poverty, insanitary conditions, and low wages." The first section reads: "When any person employed by an employer can prove to the satisfaction of a jury that the remuneration for such employment in coin and/or kind is inadequate, or that the conditions of such employment are unclean, insanitary, dangerous, harsh, and/or oppressive, an offence shall be deemed to have been committed under this Bill." Any offence is to be deemed a felony, and no fines can be imposed. That is what I call "ideal legislation." There is not the remotest chance of the Bill even being introduced to the House of Commons, let alone passed and administered in the interests of the people for whom Mr. Norman is legislating. The offences are not defined, and cannot be defined; and the simple proposition that you cannot alter economic processes by punitive legislation discounts all such "Bills" as the merest moonshine.]

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#### THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Randall's estimate of the economics of Jesus may be explained in several different ways. Was it meant for "Pastiche," and by some printer's error has it got dignified into an "article"? Or was it a Hyde Park "jinks," a take-off on one of the threadbare orators there? Honestly, I do not know. There is a further alternative: he may be pulling at Christian legs. However, in the interests of sport, I take the risk and regard the thing seriously. We have heard this kind of thing before, but so far as I know, it never got into print. But now Mr. Randall, hitherto reputed a critic, reveals himself in his true colours, an ignoramus of the first order; he lowers THE NEW AGE below the level of anything past, present, or to come.

I may remark that I say this, not because the subject is unworthy of serious criticism, or that Jesus should be immune from attack; far from it. If the economics of Jesus are unsound they should be exposed; but, surely, there are canons of criticism that must be observed if you are treating of, let us say, the economics of Satan; why not in the case of Jesus also?

First, I deny to Mr. Randall "the licence of the ordinary preacher." If he and all your writers make such a claim there is no further need for THE NEW AGE. Will your literary critics allow themselves the Rabbinical method of controversy? But Mr. Randall refutes himself in his statement of what I must call his new first principles of economic criticism. He remarks that the phrase "The labourer is worthy of his hire," has come to mean in vulgar parlance a standard of commercial justice, but that as originally uttered it had no such significance. In that case it is not a dictum of Jesus but of the modern crowd. If it be now false or true, an ordinarily honest critic will first determine what was meant in the original sense, and let modern developments go hang. This is precisely what the middle-headed and malicious Mr. Randall does not do. He disregards in his subsequent blather his own canon, and supposes himself excused by declaring himself too lazy, too ignorant, or too gross to refer to the Greek, consult the critics, or pay any regard to the spiritual meaning beneath the allegories of the parables. He prefers the "common practice," which, if I mistake not, he and others in THE NEW AGE have for long enough spurned.

For controversial purposes (by which Mr. Randall means sophistical purposes, or street-corner purposes), we are told Christ meant what he said. "For example, when Christ said to the soldiers:—"but stop! Christ is never reported as having said a word to them! Mr. Randall, if too lazy to look up the Greek, had better look up the English, and he will have to write us another column or two of trash on "The Economics of John the Baptist." (Luke iii, 3.) But I will save him the trouble. John was no Christian; he belonged to the apocalyptic school. Rightly or wrongly he thought he had a message, but it contained no "economics," but that people who had spare coats and food were to give to those who had none, tax-gatherers were not to rob any more, soldiers were not to do violence or lay false charges, but were to be satisfied with their rations. (Luke iii. 10-14).

It is clear that John (or Mr. Randall's Christ) did not know the wage-system existed, but, we are, nevertheless, told "he meant that the wage-system was just, and

admirable." Well, sir, the man ought to be tarred and feathered; but I think it is your fault; your economist has been reading too many "Notes of the Week," and has developed such a nose for discovering deeply-laid plots that he wanted to beat you. Well, I've beaten him.

Now let Mr. Randall put on Nietzsche's New Testament gloves, and read afresh in Matthew xix, 30: "But many who are now first will be last, and many who are now last will be first." I do not trouble to impress the meaning of this phrase on such a dishonest critic as Mr. Randall, but I insist upon his reading it, and noticing that the parable immediately following has nothing to do with economic doctrine—Ruskin notwithstanding—but is intended to illustrate that "the first shall be last, and the last first" (xx. 16). The employer, the workman, the wages, the conditions, the out-o'-works are all in the parable, because they were all in the society in which the parable was first told. It is the same with the wicked husbandmen, and the story of the talents. They are more or less pictures of contemporary life like the sower in the field, and the fisherman in his boat. Christ did not invent them, and no one but a stupid ignoramus, too idle to study the economics of the day in secular history, could possibly accuse Christ of being "the founder of capitalism." Has Mr. Randall ever read the story of Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt? A far more able "founder."

It is like casting pearls before swine to hint to Mr. Randall anything about spiritual meanings when he makes out from these parables that the Kingdom of Heaven is like the wage-system. But let us try his method and see how it works all round. The kingdom is like a draw-net—or a Grimsby trawling company; it is like a treasure hid in a field—or the very Rand itself, including the riots; it is like a sower—by machine on the Bonanza farms of Canada, as described by Kropotkin.

My word, how we are getting on! Mr. Randall's method beats "Notes of the Week" in fertility of discovery by leagues. Besides, "whether the foregoing is true in fact, or an exercise in imagination, the practical conclusions to be drawn from it are the same." Exactly so. It makes no difference when you follow the "common practice" of beginning and ending in dishonesty. But I give Mr. Randall an exegetical nut to crack by the Rabbinical method. What, if after all, the Kingdom of God is within you?

WILLIAM L. HARE.

[Mr. Randall replies: I have drawn a fair measure of abuse from Mr. Hare, and the fact almost convinces me that I have said something true of Christianity; but I miss the word "scurrilous." However, I will take it for granted. I do not think it necessary to offer any explanation of the article; I have caught the trick of mystery-mongering from the Gospels, and I am half-inclined to threaten Mr. Hare with eternal damnation for not believing my words. It is, of course, true that John is reported to have said to the soldiers: "Be content with your wages"; but when we find that idea carried to its logical conclusion by Christ, when we remember that John was supposed to be the forerunner of Christ, there is not so glaring an error as the false attribution might seem to imply. There is another error in the article which Mr. Hare might have corrected. Christ did not "proclaim" the awful consequence of confiscation; the crowd "proclaimed" it, but, as Christ did not correct the judgment, and elicited it by a leading question, we are justified in accepting it as Christ's judgment. With reference to Mr. Hare's interpretation of the parable of the labourers, it is, of course, as superficially sound as my argument seems to be superficially unsound; but I contend that the phrase "many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first," is utterly inconsequential. The phrase certainly precedes and follows the parable; but it is akin to nothing in it, and it cannot be doubted that the parable itself (whatever idea it may be supposed to interpret) does express in most emphatic language the economics of the wage-system. I chose these parables because they did deal with economics, and nothing else. If the Kingdom of God is within us, it is strange that the phrase should only be reported once; for the rest of Christ's statements suggest that it is without us. However, as salvation is of Jews, and the Kingdom of God is so unmistakably a figure of speech, it is not difficult to regard it as the idea of the wage-system, of which our present civilisation is the manifestation. The whole difference between Mr. Hare and myself is a difference of interpretation; he prefers the orthodox interpretation of Christianity, while I, finding that interpretation contradictory in itself and flatly denied by common practice, have been forced to reconcile Christianity and Christ. If the result is not pleasing to Christians, I can only say that I did not write the Gospels, nor establish Christianity. The interpreta-

tion I put upon the Gospels is a possible one, it certainly agrees with the present development of society; and it may stand for what it is worth.]

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#### YASMIN: A REPLY.

Dear Critic,—Had I but seen Mrs. Hastings' ghazal, before I wrote my former reply, I would have lifted the hat of admiration from the head of shame. I cannot accept your challenge to criticise this fine poem. I am no critic, and, in any case, I would not like to criticise a lady. And what could I say but praise? And praise is always such dull reading. Is there not, by the way, a misprint in the last line:—

"Wing the path to laughter may that Care dispels"? Should it not run:—

"Wing the path to Laughter, May! That Care dispels"? Or even:—

"Wing the path to! Laughter may that. Care dispels"?

It is then, dear critic, with humility that I accept your most ferocious strictures. True, I never defended my poetic skill against you, but merely my knowledge of the East: and you must forgive my saying that to call an author *personally* ignorant and impudent, as you virtually did in your original remarks, is a breach of etiquette, of a kind which, among our hot-headed neighbours, might have exposed you to a nasty sword-cut from the victim of the outrage. But of my poetry say what you will: you have the absolute right. I never have and never will write a line in praise of my own work. What, indeed, could I write? Though I pronounce "tune" *tyoon* and not *toon*, as you do, I suppose we poets must leave off our old, old habit now you tell me by implication it must not rhyme with moon. As for the red eye of Day, I regret to state that I saw several red sunsets in the desert, but perhaps I should not have mentioned it. I am sorry "glory too far shed" is pigeon English, as I have never been to China. I wish I could work a jolly phrase of yours, "stifling piffle," into my next poem. I am *beastly* sorry the gardener in white may not come one night or other: at any rate, that will keep him out of Clapham.

Finally, please accept my apologies for having written so feeble and occidental a lyric. I quite realise my remarks about the correctness of the metre of Yasmin were not worth answering. And you have done justly, if cruelly, in exposing my verses by the side of what I may perhaps call "Mrs. Hastings' Greenly Ghazal."

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

[Our reviewer writes: Mr. Flecker's letter is like Swift's lady who prided herself upon her haughty looks, which, however, nobody quite understood and everybody completely disregarded.]

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#### "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—The criticisms of THE NEW AGE, when directed upon our political and social life, are invaluable, because they are based upon accurate knowledge and sound economic principles. When dealing with other issues, however, may I say that in many things your contributors are neither accurate in their information nor sound in their critical principles. Again and again men of goodwill are alienated because some writers forget the Confucian maxim, "Be strictly correct yourself, but do not cut and carve other people." When men understand a subject, their caricatures are helpful and illuminating, but such offensive personalities as those of Mr. Charles Brookfarmer in "Hygienic Jinks" (July 10) are unadulterated piffle. Some of your readers, sir, have studied the Montessori system in Rome, and recognise the work of a woman of genius and inspiration. They recognise that her principles, when applied, will give us men and women of spiritual efficiency and mental initiative, who will not be content to be wage slaves. How absurd, then, for THE NEW AGE to admit such irresponsible meanderings as "Hygienic Jinks."

Coming to the current issue, we find the same irresponsibility in the article of Mr. A. E. Randall. He has built up for his own satisfaction, "without regard to the Greek texts, the results of criticism or even the spiritual meaning which may be supposed to underlie the parables," a house of cards, and over it he has placed the superscription "The Economics of Jesus." Shall we be justified in assuming that Mr. Randall "approves, if he did not invent," the American social system because he uses American agricultural life for his parable? Accepting his conditions, however, that "the Gospels are classics of English literature; for controversial purposes Christ said what he is alleged to have said, and meant what the plain English words imply," when Mr. Randall de-

duces that Jesus "approved, if he had not invented, the wage system, landlordism and usury," what does he make of the following passages?—

Matthew xxiii, 10.—"Neither be ye called Masters; for one is your Master, even the Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

Matthew xx, 24.—"Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whoever would be great among you shall be your minister."

Luke vi, 34.—"And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? Even sinners lend to sinners, hoping to receive again. . . . Do good and lend, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be children of the Highest."

The subject of usury was not a matter of serious debate in Church circles until the middle of the eighteenth century; up to this time it was unsparingly condemned. Mr. H. S. Rose, in his work "The Churches and Usury," a careful historical survey, gives the vigorous words of Bishop Jewell, who describes usury as such a "kind of bargaining as all men that ever feared God's judgment have always abhorred and condemned. . . . it is theft, it is the murdering of our brethren, it is the curse of the people. This is usury, and by these signs and tokens ye shall know it." Does Mr. Randall suggest that Bishop Jewell was wiser than his Master?

Again, he suggests that Christ invented a slave morality, or, at least, quotes Nietzsche to that effect. Adhering to the canons of controversy already laid down, what are we to make of Acts xvii, 6:—"These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also"? It is an accepted fact in historical circles that the early Christians were regarded as revolutionaries. "The imperial idea that Christianity was a danger to the State and civilisation itself was maintained with varying insistence. . . . from the days of Nero to the final victory of the Church under Constantine." Whatever the faults of Churchianity, the idea that Christianity inculcates a slave morality will not bear examination. Mr. Randall has erected a house of cards, but why let him erect it in a critical review like THE NEW AGE?

Finally, sir, I will further trespass on your space to ask "Sevota": Is it wise to refuse to support the missionaries in South Africa when he admits that "with the advent of the white man and his civilisation a change of morals is inevitable"? He speaks of a doctor anxious to save his own family stricken with disease. What should we think of such a man, who, when his own family had carried the infection, did nothing to stay the plague in his neighbour's dwelling? The whole question has been discussed by an eminent authority, M. S. Evans, C.M.G., a member of the Natal Native Affairs Commission, 1907, in his recent work, "Black and White in South-East Africa." He points out, as does "Sevota," the inevitable disintegration which takes place when white civilisation touches native civilisation, and then indicates that there are missionaries at work who clearly apprehend that only the natives can save Africa. His conclusion is that "it surely behoves all students of the problem, and all those who wish the best for the Abantu, to encourage and support those who are the only ones consciously taking in hand this essential reconstructive work. Especially should the student of sociology and those altruists who have seriously studied the question strengthen the hands of the more enlightened missionaries who desire to adopt the broader conception of the work I have tried to indicate, whose endeavours to advance the people are guided by a knowledge and an appreciation of the good that is in them, and who recognise that the advance may be on different lines to those we are accustomed to ourselves."

"Sevota" would not support the missionary work at all, I venture to ask: Is this right, in view of our invasion of native territory; is it proper or expedient, in view of the judgment of authorities who envisage the whole question? WESLEYAN METHODIST.

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JOHN MITCHEL.

Sir,—I am generally in agreement with Mr. Peter Fanning's contributions to THE NEW AGE. In his article of July 10, however, he seeks to create an impression concerning John Mitchel, which runs counter to what I have read on the subject. The following quotation from I. A. Taylor's "Revolutionary Types" puts my objection concisely:—

"In his sympathies he was narrowed by his intense nationality, alike the snare and the strength of the Irish race. . . . The combination of the native soil and the

native race was necessary to command his allegiance. He did not possess a spark of the enthusiasm for the cause of humanity at large, or of the love for liberty in the abstract by which the best and purest revolutionists of the preceding century had felt their blood fired; nor had he any sense of brotherhood with the men who, by other means and different methods, were engaged in a struggle of a kindred nature to his own. 'Socialists,' he says, with strange violence, 'are something worse than wild beasts,' and again, describing events in Paris in 1848, 'they (the Communists) were swept from the streets with grape and canister—the only way of dealing with such unhappy creatures.' It is more remarkable still that, when in later days the war broke out in America between North and South, his sympathies should have been vehemently engaged on the side of the Confederate States and slavery. Through his own country and her wrongs alone he made common cause with the men who in like case—as in Poland and Hungary—were struggling with their evil destiny. Had Ireland's wrongs been redressed, he would, in theory at least, have had no hesitation in beating his sword into a ploughshare."

H. B. DODDS.

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MORE "RULE BRITANNIA."

Sir,—The following song, which the author was moved to write under the afflatus inspired by perusing the "Statesman" for some minutes, is addressed to Mr. Sidney Webb, and will, it may be hoped, come to be sung at all gatherings of his admirers, with vigour, to the accustomed tune, in place of "God Save the King":—

"Rule Britannia, more rule is what she craves,  
For Britons ever, ever, ever shall be slaves."

R. W. WESTERN.

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HEALTH FOR INTELLECTUALS.

Sir,—May I be allowed a word in commendation of the articles on "Health for Intellectuals" and on "Consumption," by Mr. Harold Lister. Amid some doubtful generalisations he blows the fresh wind of calm, good sense amongst the bad odours of quackery and medical stagnation. Doctors do not concern themselves with the prevention of disease, and if you go to one with a disorder which makes life a little hell for you, he treats it superciliously as nothing, because it does not lay you prostrate. This makes the quacks' opportunity, and millions are paid annually for his pocket cure-alls for the miseries of constipation, indigestion, catarrh, flatulence, etc., etc., trifles which the ordinary G. P. considers beneath his business! The changing habits of the people, especially the avoidance of exertion in the open air; chaotic feeding, and the increasing vogue of quacks on health subjects, make Mr. Lister's articles particularly welcome, and most useful. F. WHELDALE.

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PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—The powerful writer of "Present-Day Criticism" always commands my deep respect even when he crushes my favourite idols. He is so honest, and has so severe a concern for the dignity of literature that other considerations are of small account before the white heat of his devotion to the preservation of the purity of his goddess. So much am I in sympathy with him, though a native of Philistia, that I feel it no impertinence to lay before him the following considerations:—

Readers of the best are very few. Readers of the second-rate are many. Readers of rubbish are legion. People who read nothing out-number them all. There is no compulsion, they do the one or the other, because they like it, or prefer it. Were there no literature but the highest poetry there would be few readers, and a harmless source and cause of pleasure would no longer exist. For the people thus deprived, what would our author prescribe? Or, given a youth with a great appetite for reading, but to whom Shakespeare, Homer, and Milton are as sounding brass, and even Plutarch a tinkling cymbal, what would he advise? C. E. V.

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READERS AND WRITERS.

Sir,—I would not say a word against the brilliant "R. H. C.," for my only fear when reading his paragraphs is lest they should come to an end. His judgments, even when somewhat in the nature of *obiter dicta*, are arresting and charming, though we do not always endorse them. Probably he would not be pleased if we did. There must be scores of friends of at least a dozen authors, each asserting that *their* particular idol has pro-

duced—though a stupid world does not know it—the “purest work of genius” of the century! When posterity, for whom so much is gratuitously being done, shall put up the winning numbers, may I be there to see!

Dostoevski—no: the greatest novelist who ever lived, no novelist ever was—whetted me with “Prison Life in Siberia,” and I, too, have been severely looking for signs of other translations, and my first information comes from “R. H. C.,” not from the booksellers. I have a constant fear that in the avalanches of rubbish annually published, some gem which I need, or am anxiously seeking, may be buried in everlasting death. I would give something for a periodical account of what is being published, and important articles—if any—in the reviews. Still more would I give for a synopsis or summary of contents, no review, and no opinions; so that I might decide for myself. There are thousands like me, I suppose, who have been “had” by commercial reviews, and would like a better method of getting at the book market. There’s a chance for a journal without advertisements.

JAS. LOCKE.

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#### PROGRESS IN EPIGRAM.

Sir,—In last week’s issue, page 330, “R. H. C.” pokes a little mild fun at the “brilliant” epigrams discovered by Mr. Baughan and the “Times” in Sir Herbert Tree’s “Thoughts and Afterthoughts.” Here is one of them:—

“Detraction is the only tribute mediocrity can pay to the great.”

Who would have thought it? And a knight, too!

In 1893 there used to come to our house an eminently respectable “ladies’” paper, called, I think, “The Princess”—not the novelette of a similar name. The two first pages were devoted to snappy paragraphs about the people who were then in the public eye. One of these paragraphs, I remember, recorded the fact that Oscar Wilde had written, in a letter to a correspondent who had sent him a parcel of caricatures culled from “Punch” and other periodicals:—

“Caricature is the tribute mediocrity pays to merit.”

This was in 1893! Who would have thought it?

EDWARD L. REED.

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#### ART CRITICISM.

Sir,—It is difficult to feel the same gushing gratitude for a man who warns you that you are “dangerously near” being “silly” as for him who calls out that you are dangerously near the edge of a cliff, or to a raging homicidal maniac. Nevertheless, within the limits imposed by the case, I thank Mr. Henry Jevons faintly for his caution.

I am now expected, I presume, to explain to Mr. Jevons precisely why I am not silly? Or can anybody be found nowadays who would be able to go about the world, as before, with the blight of such a dreadful insinuation on his mind? Is there a single member of THE NEW AGE staff of contributors who could endure for one instant the heart-searchings, and particularly the brain-searchings provoked by such a taunt from such a man as Mr. Henry Jevons? I confess that I am this style of member. I could continue on my way undisturbed. The trick is so simple, so palpable! Somebody is glad to have found what he conceives to be an error in your work. He knows that the characteristic of the age is above all vanity. If, then, he wishes to move you, if he wishes you to react, he must not approach you with his hand in the air like a pupil genuinely in search of information. I understand Mr. Jevons! there must be a taunt in his question, something that stings your vanity, something that forces you to mount the platform vociferously to vindicate the character of your intellect before the crowd. Cheap in the extreme! Very well, then—that is precisely what I will not do. Let me continue in this life with the blot of Mr. Jevons’ insinuation upon the character of my intellect. I am content. But let me tell Mr. Jevons, not as a taunt, not as a thrust to draw him, but merely as a plain, straightforward reply to his criticism, that what he has to say and what he appears to know, are both of a nature which would not have been incompatible with a more humble attitude on his part. In fact, I feel certain that if he really did come to me as a pupil comes to a teacher, neither of us would require to make any violent effort in order to play our parts to perfection. In such circumstances, I might be induced to tell him some of the things I know. Until then, I should advise him, in the words of Cyrano de Bergerac, “de ne pas sortir avec, per négligence, un affront pas très bien lavé.”

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

#### CURRENT CANDOUR.

Sir,—As one can scarcely tell too much, you might be interested to learn that Mr. Allinson describes himself on his doorplate as “Ex-L.R.C.P. (Edin.)”

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

\* \* \*

#### THE PRICE OF GOLD.

Sir,—It was with great interest that I read the article in a recent issue of THE NEW AGE, entitled “The Price of Gold.” The facts cited are terrible, and the more terrible because they are facts and cannot be gainsaid, and because the Press here (of which you have some knowledge, no doubt) either gloss them over or “censor” them altogether. Needless to say, it is common knowledge here among those interested in the matter, but little can be done, as the mining houses rule the roost both in and out of Parliament.

At the present time of writing, the workers of three mines are out on strike, and, unless the differences are settled quickly, there will be more before this reaches you. They are publishing a little paper entitled the “Strike Herald,” a copy of which I have forwarded to you under separate cover, thinking there might be something of interest to your readers following on such an article as “The Price of Gold.”

You will doubtless find it somewhat crude; but both sides are rather crude in their methods, as instanced by the article quoted from the “Pretoria News,” an organ ostensibly representing the Unionist Party, which also means the mining houses, and also by the fact that assemblies of more than six persons are prohibited under an old Act belonging to Kruger’s time.

There is, as well, an Industrial Disputes Prevention Act, which in this instance was broken by the mine managers in the fact that they altered (or endeavoured to alter) existing conditions without a month’s notice, and victimised those who refused to obey, but no prosecution took place.

Pretoria.

G. M. H.

\* \* \*

#### FEMINIST LOGIC.

Sir,—With your kind permission, may I be allowed to ask Terence O’Neill (NEW AGE, June 26, 1913), why should not he “or any other sane citizen” put himself about to secure votes for both Mrs. Moriarty and Mrs. O’Neill because, Mrs. Moriarty being a taxpayer and otherwise liable to the law’s operations, “Taxation without representation is tyranny,” and because, as a voter, Mrs. O’Neill may be better qualified to exercise the suffrage than a poor imbecile like Moriarty, who allowed himself to be “defuncted” by a “nagging” wife?

Every day, men like Moriarty and O’Neill are dying, leaving widows with and without children, but, as the (asinine man-made) law stands at present, those households are not represented in the Legislature, and will not be until the male children qualify for the franchise—unless the widow O’Neill re-marry, to have the O’Neill children’s destiny decided by their foster-father.

J. W. O’LEARY.

\* \* \*

#### FEMINISM.

Sir,—Will you kindly print the letter of a very ordinary woman, who seeks light and leading from your valuable publication? My letter is a humble protest against your leading article dealing with the right of woman to the vote.

I find it necessary to protest that woman is not undeveloped man, she is herself, and really does look upon herself with a little pride as being an individual with a separate entity.

The foolish things she has done have almost, without exception, been done at the urge of man. She has loved him so, but, and there is virtue in my but, she has at length awakened to the fact that she has spoiled the dear creatures to such an extent that if she did not pull up while yet there was time, both sexes would be by way of becoming drivelling idiots.

So she set about saving herself and leaving him healthily alone.

This attitude hurts a certain kind of man, but eventually it will heal him, so he must put up with the smart for a time, at any rate. Poor dear!

He must not worry. Woman knows what she is about, and also feels herself at liberty to make a few mistakes on her own. She may be making a big one in demanding the vote, but let her alone, she cannot possibly do any

worse than has the first horse, who was allowed to sleep with the stable door unlocked, and who has not yet returned.  
(Mrs.) A. HUI, ME.

P.S.—I wish you men had been clever enough to find homes for all women. We dearly love homes and children, but so many of us cannot get either, and even those of us who have both, have other interests, too—may be naughty of us, but we have.

Deary me, no!

Wage slavery is vile, but slavery without wages is unspeakable, and why are men so behindhand with those Guilds, which in one paragraph of the article, the writer claims that men *alone* must construct, and, in the other, says men and *women* together might construct.

Logic! Thy name used to be Man. Ichabod!

\* \* \*

FEMINISM AND COMMON SENSE.

Sir,—Having, as I believe, made my opinion clear that the rise of women has resulted in a general fall, I go on to the other causes of the declining marriage-rate.

Loose morals and offensively familiar manners being the two big beams of the great barrier against middle-class marriage, there remains to be considered the lesser structure: at least, what until recently, seemed to me much the lesser. I had not realised, for instance, how unquenchably bitter men are about the Married Women's Property Act and the related legislation in favour of women. Women never give one the case, except as I suppose they won it—on its face value. But coins are not always and everywhere currency; and women's valuation of the Property Act will probably help to depress the trade in marriage exactly in proportion as men learn their disabilities under this Act.

The crude, candid, and socially justifiable brigandage of the prostitute seems wholesome enough compared with that which married women are enabled to practise nowadays. The Act is used primarily for defeating creditors, but it may be employed as agreeably for the purpose of getting hold of a man's money with but one condition, a condition the prostitute also complies with; for a schemer may legally walk off with the whole of an ante-nuptial settlement after one cohabitation! What can be said for the honour of women who are proud of this privilege? It is only one of several degrading aspects of this Act. It was an ancient affair of honour that a bride should not go a pauper to her husband. We had always something, sometimes a great deal, to bring, but never less than a chest of plate and linen, a fat cheque, and clothes that nearly killed us to wear, they so wore out the fashions! Of course, these things were brought for the household. But even if we did not stay, one needed not to leave without a penny or a rag, because there was a man with a man's natural indifference to odds-and-ends. And here is the whole point of utter disgustingness in the Property Act. Middle-class men never had the habit of seizing one's property. If they spent the wife's money, it was with her consent—just as much as it must be now. And it is no very clever woman who will believe she has more protection now that her consent is a wholly responsible one than when her non-responsible consent was protected by the opinion of her whole circle. We go now to marriage taking with us no gifts. What property is ours is ours. We have deprived the man of his honourable responsibility, and ourselves of the incomparable advantage of being a trust. This may all sound feeble to some ears—but before I die, I shall see women trying to get back to it. We are losing all along the line of independence, and I prophesy a generation of duenna mothers (these very girls who are now flouting every canon of femininity in the desperate pursuit of ever-retreating marriage), with finishing governesses of the old immaculate, shrewd and entirely successful, kind. Duenna mothers make daughters very dear, as all difficult acquisitions are dear to men. Don't believe a word of this new "comrades" nonsense! Comrades of wives are perhaps valuable to backwoodsmen, but only so, even, in times of peace. The woman who will not crouch and load, but wants to shoot is, as everyone has heard, worse than the enemy. Comrades in London are certainly not desired by marrying men. At the seaside, this new comradeship has fooled the women into mixed bathing—the most incautious folly of a perfectly raw generation of females. I ask the women for the results of their self-exhibition. There are not any—at least, there is this—the men do not marry! The fact is that the human form is rather horrifying. An opportune flounce, kerchief, or frill is worth ten bare legs in average human estimation. I think that a naked Cleopatra would only

have provoked Shakespeare's passing ribaldry; her attire before Antony gave him a hint of her subtlety, and us a magnificent description. But you see how much there is to say, where almost everything women do re-acts contrarily to their intention. The broad truth is that physical publicity of any sort cheapens women; the stage is the first, and last, illustration of this principle—now that women are turning life into a sort of stage for self-exhibition, men are as shy of marrying them as they were, are, and always will be with good reason, of the average stage woman. I return for another glance at the Property Act. Before this was passed, the law was made that a man being sued for divorce may be required to pay the costs of his wife's suit and alimony into court beforehand—and whether she lost or won her case, none of the money was recoverable. Men did not mind this, or, rather, took it as the usual joke so long as they had usage of the wife's money; those who had no large dowry with the wife came off very badly—but things are always like that. Now that men have no dowry with a wife, they have still to bear the risk of having to answer a charge at considerable cost, whether the charge is proved or not. Among the practical bourgeoisie this trend of things is loading the dice against marriage, gamble as it always appeared. I suppose that women will say I exaggerate the caution and the self-restraint of men; and probably very young men and men of no property may flatter them that I do exaggerate. My reply is that men do not marry. Some of the women who will object viciously to my remarks, are as well aware as I am that they are surrounded by eligible men who do not find it agreeable to marry them. The fact is that serious men are sick of us and all our rant and greedy pretensions—and they won't and don't marry! It is an astounding mistake we have made of being seen everywhere instead of having to be looked for: add to our commonness, our legal achievements! But women always wonder what on earth men mean by "womanliness." I must see if I can find out.  
BEATRICE HASTINGS.

P.S.—By the way, a special article in the "Times" refers to the modern "bacchanalian orgy" of women outwardly expressed in their dress, while war and trouble is all around. The writer asks—Where is it all going to end? I know where it will end in England if my silly sisters do not soon get a little sense. But you see, Sir, I am no carping voice in the wilderness. There are others. I am trying to counter the wild Puritan howl that I hear being rehearsed everywhere by vindictive, disappointed frumps.

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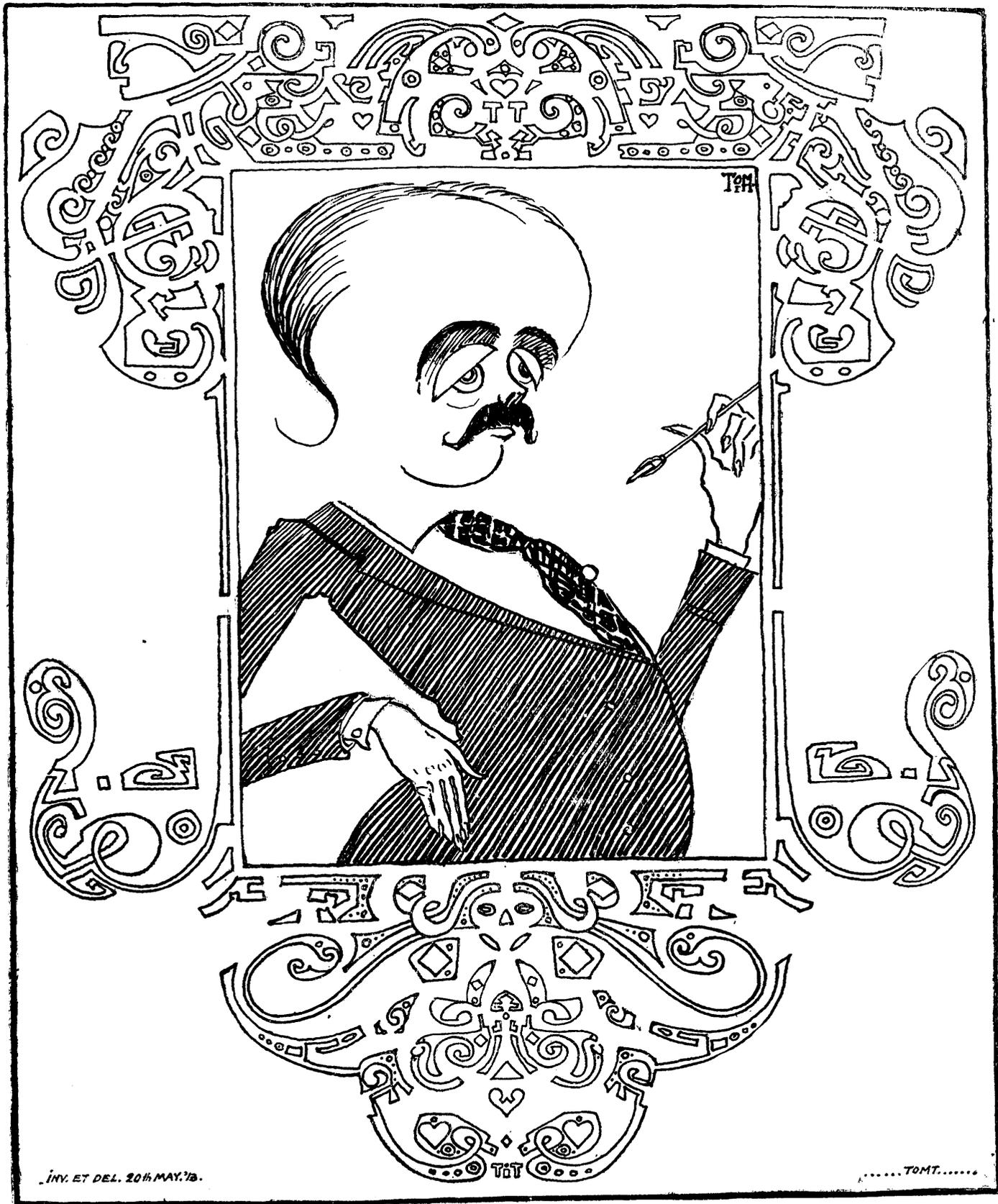
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