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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

GENERAL ideas, unfortunately, are generally ignored or misunderstood. Otherwise there is no proposition that has been more clearly and conclusively proved than the proposition that economic power precedes political power. Since, however, the semi-rationalists of the Labour and Social Reform movements are still infatuated with their practical fallacy and imagine that by some hocus-pocus they can reverse the natural sequence, there is nothing for it but to employ particulars against them whenever these present themselves. During the last few weeks it is well known that balloting has been going on inside the Trade Unions on the subject of the continuance of the political levy. Under the recent Trade Union Act the members of unions are only to subscribe to the electoral expenses of Labour candidates if they feel disposed and their political members are in a majority. The results so far must be as disappointing to the expectant Labour Members of Parliament as they are pleasing to ourselves; for in the major number of unions the number of members who even took the trouble to vote has been a fraction of the whole, and in several unions, even of this fraction the larger fraction has declared against the political levy. The conclusion, of course, to which politicians like Mr. Snowden and Mr. MacDonald will come is that the mass of the trade unionists are ignorant and apathetic on matters that vitally concern them. They will deplore in private the want of class or public spirit in the rank and file of Labour, and in public continue on their political course as if they had the whole proletariat behind them. We, on the other hand, having no desire to be carried into Parliament on the backs of a class for whom Parliament can as yet do nothing, declare that in deciding against political action or in only feebly supporting it, the instincts of the working classes, whatever their reasoning may be, are not only sound politically, but

they are sound economically. It is quite a mistake to suppose that class-politics is either meritorious or necessary. We, who advocate class economics, have never advocated class politics. On economics the various classes of the State are divided and must always be divided until a new national organisation of industry has displaced the existing system of profiteering. But on political matters a class view, however much such views exist and are tolerated, is an offence against the unity of the nation. Lord George Hamilton speaking in Parliament for the railway interest is as much out of place there, but no more out of place, than Mr. Crooks speaking on behalf of the Woolwich workers. Some dim realisation of the impropriety of subjecting national interests to personal or class or trade interests would seem to have entered into the minds of the rank and file of trade unionists. They are, in short, better politicians without knowing it than either the Hamiltonians or the MacDonalds and Snowdens.

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But though political action should prove, as it cannot, to be the sole means of emancipation from the wage-system, it is clear now that as an instrument the political Labour Party is ill-constructed. It is even worse than feeble, it is more dangerous to its own friends than to any conceivable enemy. Its brief period of existence has seen it develop all the faults of the most reactionary caucus existing outside Russia. From first to last, the efforts of its leaders have been directed to suppressing every sign of life within its ranks, to burking every radical discussion or criticism of its policy, to cutting itself off from every intelligence above that of its own average, and, of course, to bribing its own docile officers with the intention of making loyalty worth their while. The mistakes—if they can be called mistakes and not the natural and inevitable doings of a party based on a fallacy—committed by the Labour Party have, as we all know, turned everybody against it who is not paid in one way or another to support it. They have done more even than that, they have brought not only the party but political action into such discredit that we doubt whether any considerable body of the rank and file will again listen without jeering to the professions and protestations of any Labour leader who avows his desire to get into Parliament. The corruption of the rest of politics is bad enough; the stench arising from the Marconi affair still pollutes public life; but the last tatter of popular belief in the comparative incorruptibility of the Labour Party has disappeared with the publication last week of the “jobs” extorted or accepted by the Labour caucus on behalf of its friends from the Liberal Government. According

to the "Times" the number of active workers in the Labour and Socialist movement who have in the last six years been appointed to Government posts is (without reckoning the sprats), three hundred and seventy-four, and their total annual salary averages a hundred thousand pounds. Of these sheep turned dogs over a hundred have found a billet under the Insurance Act, and another good hundred are barking at their late friends from over the counters of the Labour Exchanges. A pretty state of things for a party that set out to make war upon the jobbery that maintains the present system of industrial organisation! A pretty commentary on the "idealism" of the Labour leaders, upon their disinterestedness, upon their hearts bleeding for their class! If the political Labour party can survive this evidence of its paid collusion with the supporters of the existing system, its strength will be greater than we imagine. For our part, the title of Labour Member is henceforth a synonym of a member of the long firm of sharpers. Every aspirant to a Labour Parliamentary membership must in future expect to be asked how much in addition to his salary he hopes to make by commission on his patronage.

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It may be said that some hope lies in turning out the present gang and replacing them by men of a better character and sworn publicly to abstain from putting their friends into the till. But, as Sir Henry Maine long ago pointed out, corruption is indispensable to caucus politics. Who on earth would sweat himself in obscurity to return a Mr. MacDonald unless he were confident of being paid for it? A natural born leader, a popular figure, a great man, a representative, in short, can undoubtedly command the sacrificial services of thousands; they are only too willing to back him wrong or right. But a mere politician, still more a political party like the Labour Party, very soon dissipates the glamour of his first appearance, and with it the spontaneous support the glamour of greatness ensures. Thereafter it is pay, pay, pay, in one form or another. We defy, in fact, a party to exist without corruption unless its leaders are popular enough to command unpaid support. The statement is axiomatic. But precisely to the extent that an organisation becomes a machine, popular leaders are extruded from it and only the cadgers and dodgers remain. In other words, a caucus is necessarily both mediocre and corrupt; it cannot better itself, and it cannot be honest. Look, for instance, at the party-system of the main parties in England, both of them more honest than the Labour Party. The spring of the machine, it is obvious, is the secret chest containing the party funds. Each party has its fund, and the members of each depend upon it as abjectly as a wheel depends upon the supply of power. But in addition to the mere funds, the party in power has patronage amounting now to two hundred millions annually to dispense. The sum is simply beyond realisation. Yet every penny is under the dispensation finally of the Government of the day to allot at its own pleasure. With so much to spend currently and with the party funds to fall back upon when out of office, the wonder is that a single independent Member is in Parliament or a single "injudicious" question is ever asked of the custodians of the loaves and fishes. The obstacles to honesty, at any rate, are well-nigh insuperable; and only such good fortune as falls to anybody upon earth but rarely, or a great family or class tradition, can ensure the return of unpolluted candidates to Parliament or their stay there uncorrupted. We conclude that, for the present, the case of the Labour Party is hopeless; for there is not a man of genius among them, and their traditions are base. Worse still, they instantly unite to quell any signs of genius or passionate honesty in the movement they control, and thus to ensure that manly genius or honesty shall never appear among them.

* * *

Before accepting President Wilson's purging of lobbying as evidence against the foregoing, we have yet to see the accommodations American business men will

be able to make. It is not to be denied, at first glance, that the besom of the new President is stirring up a lot of dust—but the question is how soon the dust will settle again. In addition to the party funds and the ordinary spoils of office, the American Government has at its disposal (as one caucus here desires) the patronage of the tariff, in consequence of which the profiteers of America subscribe not only to the first in return for the second, but to the current expenses of their politicians for tariff schedules down on the nail. The extent to which incessant "lobbying" has been carried on in America would be more credible in England if our own procedure were as crude. As it is, our governing classes have learned long ago to conduct most of their operations behind the scenes and before the Parliament of their choice has assembled. Unlike Walpole, who cared not who made Members of Parliament so he might subsequently deal with them, our own wirepullers deal with candidates first and allow them to be made members afterwards. In America, however, both processes, it appears, have been necessary, simultaneously and successively. Members are both made by the bosses and afterwards "dealt with" on every occasion when business is involved. The revelations of Col. Mulhall in particular may be cited as evidence of the system at work. The National Association of Manufacturers, numbering 225 masters' organisations and over 4,000 individual firms, maintained a permanent organisation at Washington to "influence" legislation positively and negatively. With hundreds of Congressmen in their pay and, of course, the Press in their service, they succeeded in extracting from the Legislature the Bills they desired and in killing every measure they fancied might damage them. The whole Taft Tariff Commission, it is said, was either nominated by them or subsequently accepted their pay. It was to break down this organisation that President Wilson issued his recent exposure. Henceforth, as far as his great influence extends, "lobbying" of the ancient sort will be either impossible or comparatively ineffective. So, at least, the enthusiasts say. But what is to prevent the profiteers of America learning finesse as our own profiteers have learned it? From being gross and almost open, corruption will, we are certain, become refined and secret. It will not be less, but only less obvious. Instead of Col. Mulhall and his Association, America will have a Sir Charles Macara and his. Corruption, we repeat, is inseparable from the maintenance of an unnatural system of industry under which nine out of ten men suffer and with which they are therefore inevitably at war.

* * *

Returning to the Labour Party, a proposal is now on foot to bring about the union of the British Socialist Party, the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society, and to attach the first named, with the rest, to the Labour Party. There is not, as we have often said, the least reason in the constitution of these parties to make this course undesirable. Though the leaders may personally differ on trifles, in essentials they agree beautifully. The leaders of all three little groups have a single eye on Parliament; they all therefore believe in political action; they all pretend to fancy that Westminster is the way to emancipation. Since this is the case, division among them is to be deplored for their own sake. United they can stand as candidates with a chance of becoming members; divided they fall to the bottom of the poll on most occasions. If the objection be raised that a moment ago we were denouncing political action as useless, and are now urging these three groups to more effective, because united, political action, our reply is that, like Nero, we prefer our fallacies on one neck. To differentiate between the B.S.P., the I.L.P. and the Fabian Society is to injure our minds in microscopy. Not a principle worth enunciation is to be discerned dividing them. Their economic fallacies they have in common, and their political infatuation is a family trait. Nothing, we say with M. Vandervelde, who came over from Belgium to marry the parties, should prevent the banns being put up and the ceremony completed.

We can think of no lawful impediment, but, on the contrary, extend our best welcome to the union and the hope that the three may soon be only one.

* * *

No doubt this appears to be a counsel of despair, or perhaps of irony. We do not attempt to conceal its nature; but, on the other hand, we contend that it is the only means that exists for getting the bubble of political action pricked once and for all. While it can be supposed that political action fails by reason of the inefficiency of the Labour Party or by reason of the divisions in Labour's political forces, political action will always remain as the "ideal" method of emancipation. The MacDonalds and the Snowdens, equally with the Hyndmans and the Peases will always be able to say that if the party were united politically, or if the group in Parliament were more efficient, political action would work wonders. While more than sceptical of this result from political action without an economic force to support it; while, in fact, we deny that the most complete unity of political purpose or integrity of political method can possibly bring about anything more than the amelioration, at the expense of all, of the conditions of some, wage-slaves, we are nevertheless disposed to encourage the various groups to make a trial. If fools must learn by personal experience and cannot learn by history or by reasoning, the best advice to give them is to plunge into experience under the most favourable circumstances, and to learn there that in politics they can only, like Mr. Lansbury, splash about. The emancipation, we repeat, of the proletariat is not, however, accomplishable by political means. Government does not exist to re-distribute property, but to preserve it. Its function is not revolution but conservation. Its power is dependent absolutely upon the will of the owners; it is they who make and unmake Governments precisely as they can and do make and unmake the fortunes of wage-slaves. Until this dependence of political power upon economic power is understood, not only will political power produce nothing, but we are afraid the economic power of the proletariat will never be collected into a monopoly.

* * *

The economic purpose, unfortunately, of the Labour movement is rather more difficult to understand than its political purpose. Any Tom or Dick can understand the object of the Labour Party in Parliament; it is to return a majority of members and finally to form a Labour Ministry. That, we say, though utterly impossible is quite intelligible. But ask almost any trade unionist or Socialist what end economic action proposes for itself and he has nothing like so clear a reply. We, it is true, have offered him a reply: it is the abolition of the wage-system; and we have likewise defined the method, namely, the creation in the trade unions of a complete monopoly of their labour property. Independently of strikes (about which we care no more in the abstract than Mr. Snowden), independently of political action or of collective bargaining, wage-boards, or any other means or intermediate objects, the mere creation of all-inclusive unions, the mere knowledge that a union possesses a monopoly of its labour, would, we contend, have more effect upon legislation than twice forty Labour Members in Parliament. It would mean that employers of the labour so consolidated would meet their men on equal terms for the first time in history. Each side would possess a monopoly, the one of capital, the other of labour; and it would be impossible, given equal intelligence, for either party to make more out of the resulting production than the other. As a matter of fact, we confidently predict that the first union that controls the whole of its labour will be invited to enter into partnership with its federated employers upon equal terms! We shall see a movement towards co-partnership of a very different kind from that advocated nowadays by Sir William Lever and others. The question will then arise of what

the State will do. Will the State be able to afford to see Capital and Labour united to profiteer at the public expense? A trust of capital is bad enough for the public, but what would the public say to a combined trust of Capital and Labour? The State, it is clear, must intervene when the offer of co-partnership is made and in place of the capitalists substitute itself. Thus would the first National Guild be formed, consisting on the one side of the State as the supreme owner of the means of industry, and, on the other, of a Guild possessing a complete monopoly of its labour. But this, as we say, though rationally clear and practically possible; though it affords the only intelligible means and definition of "emancipation," is still a dark saying to the Labour movement. And a dark saying it will remain until those who understand it and have no interested motive in delaying its recognition set about making it known and understood.

* * *

At Morpeth on Saturday last poor Mr. Burt proved that he had spent all his diligent years in the Labour movement without knowing what the movement is really striving for. But we can only regard as a Labour representative a man who represents the Labour movement. A leader who merely presents or reflects his movement, who has not divined its object and cannot define it and make it intelligible and articulate to his followers, is not a representative at all. At best he is a delegate, a convenient gramophone to receive and to blare out the confused counsels of a multitudinous babel. At worst, he is a blind leader of the blind. "Unless," said Mr. Burt to the miners, "unless they altered the present industrial system absolutely—and he was as profoundly dissatisfied with it as any man could be—they could have nothing better than collective bargaining under independent chairmen. *Let them not abolish the present system until they had something better to put in its place.*" Well, what is that better system which may conceivably alter absolutely the present system with which Mr. Burt is so profoundly dissatisfied? No hint of it was contained in his speech, and no hint, we venture to say, will be found in all Mr. Burt's speeches. And the reason is plain. Mr. Burt has no idea what the new and better system is and no notion even of how to begin to displace the existing system. His appeal to the miners was indistinguishable from the appeal made by any sensible employer. In effect it was to make the best of things as they are in the hope that we should muddle through to Utopia. But is it necessary to say again that the proletariat cannot muddle anywhere but to a worse hell than they now occupy? Is it necessary to say that, even if the proletariat should subside in a woolly muddle of sentimentality, the employing classes will do nothing of the kind? Fancy asking the international financiers, trust magnates, federations of employers, and other profiteers to put up with profoundly unsatisfactory circumstances, not to look ahead, and to risk nothing lest their present plight should be worsened. We inherit, like everybody else, a traditional respect for Mr. Burt. We have heard, however, more good of him than sense from him.

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On the subject of Co-partnership a naïve address was delivered by Sir William Lever a week ago to his employees at Port Sunlight. He began by making it clear that he did not recognise that his workmen had any right whatever to share in "his" profits. Co-partnership for him was a "sound business proposition." "You," he said, "do not make the profits in this business. The directors do. If you men made the profits you could leave me to-morrow and go make it for yourselves. It is you and I together who produce the money." There is, as our readers will see, a contradiction here; but the error in logic is nothing to the error in economics. It is true that Sir William Lever's ability makes him a fit and proper supervisor of workmen, and probably his men would have sense enough to choose

him as a master in their guild. But his notion that all the directorial ability in the world can make goods and consequently profits without the co-operation, willing or unwilling, of workmen reveals his further assumption that his men are simply machines. In fact, he specifically denied them the right to share in profits on the analogy that "a saw or a hammer has no right to share in the profits of the man who makes articles with that saw or hammer." It is distressing to have to point out to a belted knight that a man with a saw or a hammer cannot make profits, but only utilities which he can exchange. A workman cannot "exploit" a machine. It is more distressing still to have to urge once again that men, even wage-slaves, are not of the nature of saws and hammers, and cannot morally be classed with and treated as mere tools. Wealth is produced by labour operating on raw material. Profit, however, is produced by capital operating upon labour. Sir William Lever grows rich not by labour, but by forcing labour to produce more than he pays it in wages. A B C.

* * *

A different view of the "right" of labour to share in profits was expressed in the "Daily News" by Professor Macgregor, of Leeds University. Professor MacGregor has not yet realised that "profit" in the economic sense can only arise under the wage-system and would disappear if the latter were abolished; but his approach to this position is very near. Profit-sharing as an act of grace on the part of the employer he rightly dismisses as an impossible basis of industry. Grace will never be so common in any industrial system as to establish profit-sharing as a general rule. If there is to be profit-sharing it must be on the basis not of a concession which morally need not be made, but upon rights. "On the market-view of wages, however—that labour is bought and sold like any other commodity—such a right to share in profits no more exists for the seller of labour to a business than to the seller of coal. The sale closes the transaction. [This market view, as we have seen is Sir William Lever's view and is also the common view; it is the very basis of the wage-system.] But, continues Prof. MacGregor, "if labour, because it is personal is regarded as being already in partnership with capital. . . . the argument is good that the profits of certain businesses ought to be shared with the work-people." *Ought* to be, we may note with gratitude to the first orthodox economist we have discovered writing in this strain. But "*oughts*" imply obligations, obligations imply rights, and rights require power to enforce them. It is true that they do not cease to be rights because they cannot be enforced at any particular moment. Nor are we such Philistines as to maintain that right and force are one and the same thing. Right can exist without force, force can exist without right; but it is the business of man to attach force to rights. That, we would say, sums up the whole mission of mind upon this planet. It is, we dare affirm, the purpose of man. Every spiritual truth is grounded upon it. The duty of wage-slaves to enforce their right is therefore spiritually imperative. They are rightly damned until they do. Will Professor MacGregor now confirm our suggested means, that of establishing in the trade unions a monopoly each of its own labour power?

* * *

We have not at this moment the patience to examine in detail the "great" educational policy outlined by Mr. Pease on Wednesday last. The clouds of glory trailed by Lord Haldane some months ago have been made to fade into the light of common day under the dull rays of Mr. Pease's mind. The "spiritual values" of the former have descended to the "building" of the latter. To regenerate education we must build more schools! Lord Haldane, again, assured the world that the educational system was to be reorganised from the top downwards. We replied, with every teacher, that it must be reorganised from the bottom upwards. With a trim-

mer's ingenuity Mr. Pease has reconciled our extremes by undertaking to begin the work in the intermediate and secondary schools. These, he said, are the "broken arches" of an otherwise complete system. The top, he virtually contradicts Lord Haldane, is satisfactory. The bottom, he virtually informs us, is likewise satisfactory. Only the schools that are neither at the top nor at the bottom—where in fact, nothing is begun and nothing is finished—only these are defective. For this reason and for this alone, it appears, we need mildly censure ourselves as "compared with other nations." "The defects," he said, "of our so-called national system of education were two: it was not national, and it was not a system." Loud laughter, we are told, followed this determined bon-mot. But the further truth was not uttered and would probably not have been greeted with laughter, that neither is it education. These Peases, however, will certainly have their way. Under them we shall complete the system and make it national; but to the same degree we shall destroy education. Let us repeat, though it is now too late, the suggestion we offered when the new Bill was first announced; a suggestion not ours alone, but unanimously endorsed by every teachers' organisation in England; the reform of education can only be begun by reducing the size of the classes in elementary schools to human dimensions. Every other reform is contingent upon that. Every other reform is a sham without it.

* * *

At the conference of the British Medical Association held at Hove last week the devastating effects upon the morale and intelligence of the profession from the acceptance of the Insurance Act were revealed in the flashy poverty of the subjects of discussion. "The Breeding of the Superman," if you please, was the title of a paper that gave rise, we are told, to one of the most animated debates of the session. The halfpenny papers positively discovered a topic for the silly season in it. With intense sympathy and respect for the minority of doctors who resisted and still resist the degrading Act, we must nevertheless say that the profession as a whole has not now the standing and credit to enable its association to promulgate opinions on the Superman or even upon Man without exciting the ridicule of the sensible. But a few years or even months ago our apprehension was mingled with our hope that the medical profession might become the most powerful body of saviours in the world, surpassing in beneficence, because acting without superstition, the work attempted by the Church in past ages. Their tragical fall to the bribe of Mr. Lloyd George has shattered this noble prospect; and we see no escape now from a return to superstition of a worse kind than we suffered formerly. From Christianity the world will now turn to Christian Science, and the medical profession has the responsibility for it. The discussion whether the Association should form a Trade Union and, presumably, affiliate with the Labour Party, has no interest to us. Doctors have proved themselves unequal to the obligations of a Trade Union, still more of a Guild. Three out of four are avowed blacklegs. In a trade union they would be called scabs.

* * *

The rot that was manifested in the profession a year ago was, however, no sudden seizure. We should perhaps not be far wrong in attributing to the medical persistence in vivisection long after the practice has been condemned by the best moral opinions, the weakness of the profession both within and without. Argue as they please about it, the more they defend vivisection on utilitarian grounds the more they put themselves wrong in the court of taste. On just such grounds we could defend cannibalism, infanticide, the Inquisition and many other horrors condemned in anticipation of reason by the more far-sighted moral and æsthetic judgment of man. And the suspicion which even vivisectors must entertain that they are out of step with the

advanced intelligence of civilisation can only have the effect of leading them to suspect each other and, in the end to despise each other. The Bill to Prohibit the Vivisection of Dogs was, we are sorry to see, dropped on Wednesday, in consequence of the opposition of the medical profession. This, we must be allowed to say, is yet another nail in their coffin. It is true that no reasonable grounds exist for exempting the dog among all other animals from vivisection. Mr. Galsworthy's earnest pleading for the Bill by no means convinces us that the case of the dog differs from that of the rest of the animal kingdom. On the other hand, common sentiment does attach to the dog a special significance. It is the "friend of man." And our treatment of it after inducing its confidence adds treachery to cruelty. But if the mere reasons against vivisecting dogs are inadequate, the reasons in favour of it are much more inadequate. Utility we put out of the question since everybody will define utility according to the end proposed. For immediate purposes it may be that the vivisection of dogs is highly useful; but so also are many other horrible practices. A longer view might show that immediate utility is purchased at the price of deferred disaster. We think this will prove to be the case with vivisection. The commonest defence, however, of the practice is the appeal to the panic of emergency. Would you hesitate between killing a dog and sacrificing your child's life? Professor Schäfer puts this view most cogently in his letter to "The Times" last Saturday: "I love my dog, he says, even more than many of my own kind. If the question arose of sacrificing my dog to save my own life I might hesitate. But if it were a question of choosing between the life of my dog and that of my wife, or child, or friend; nay, even the life of any man, woman or child—were it the meanest beggar in the street—and that of my dog, I should not hesitate to sacrifice the dog." This is perfectly sound and, if the dog could speak, we believe it would accept the position. The lower should always be prepared to be sacrificed to the higher. But emergency and certainty are one thing, while common practice and speculation are another. Normal conduct cannot be based upon extreme cases. We ought not to act in cold blood as if it were hot. The medical profession does not live in a state of research which is perpetually in crisis. It has not to choose on the spur of the moment between vivisecting animals and allowing human beings to die. There is no certainty that the choice is necessary. If, therefore, they continue to choose as if every cut of their knife were worthy of the Victoria Cross, we can only assume that they are demented and fitter for an asylum than a hospital. It is more just, in all probability, to assume that they like vivisection and have the barbarians' curiosity for research by cruelty.

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If our readers will do us the justice of comparing our notes of a fortnight ago on the South African Miners' Strike with the most recent public cables from Johannesburg, we shall not need to recapitulate the conclusions in detail to which we then came. Both the Government and the Opposition Press in England have now been persuaded that the outbreak in South Africa and the subsequent military proceedings were neither unanticipated nor unprovoked by the mining magnates; but, on the other hand, that both were carefully pre-arranged. The facts that a month before the strike took place, the mine-owners insured their property *for three months only* against riots; that the old Volunteers had been disbanded; that the military (*our* military) were under orders shortly to leave South Africa; that they were in full force near the mines; that the provocation in the Kleinfontein mines was deliberate; that the "proclamation" of the public meeting was postponed to an hour before its appointed time—all these facts pointed unmistakably, as we said, to a plot as certainly planned as the Jameson Raid. Only in this case the plot was to provoke the South African proletariat and not a Boer

Government. But this plot, as recent cables prove, was no more successful than the Jameson Raid; it drew blood, it is true; but not, it appears, enough to satisfy the magnates that the danger of a general strike had passed away. In consequence and with the continued collusion (whether innocent or guilty) of the South African Government, a fresh plot was hatched with the same intention as the first, namely, the suppression by force of the labour and democratic movement in South Africa. It is plain from the cables published in the Press and confirmed by our own that the second plot was better planned than the first. Still more military were concentrated upon the Rand; provision was made for temporarily closing down the mines; the natives were to be got away from possible mischief; and a wedge was to be driven between the railwaymen and the miners so as to leave the latter completely isolated from all help. When these measures had been taken, the miners were to be once again provoked, and once again, but on a larger scale, they were to be shot down by English soldiers for venturing to demand their elementary rights. The lesson so taught them would, it was supposed, last them the rest of their lives.

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We have not yet information enough to say with any confidence whether this second plot will succeed; but that it is well laid there can be no doubt; and that nobody in England will stop it we are, unfortunately, almost certain. The Government has naturally no intention of interfering in the domestic affairs of a self-governing dominion, even though its right is established by that dominion's impudent use of our troops. They will postpone judgment until the event is over and in the meantime leave the magnates to act at their discretion. As little effective action can we expect of the Labour Party whose leaders, we now know, are in the pockets of the governing class. A single Plimsoll among them, not to say a Palmerston, would have damned Parliament to its face and made every other business impossible until the outrages on British citizens in South Africa had been thoroughly discussed. But alas, there is not a Plimsoll even in dilution in the whole party; they are rabbits to a man. The need, it is becoming daily more clear, is of a Trades Council of War armed with all the power of the organised unions, sitting permanently like Parliament, and charged with the duty of protecting its members abroad and at home. We venture to say that such a body, constituted, as it might be, of the Congress Parliamentary Committee (a fifth wheel in the coach at present) would exercise power enough to deal even with South African mining magnates.

"A LATE RISER."

Already the clear light of early morn
Unlocks thy windows. Now the wakeful swallow
Is twittering in his nest. Thou, Parmeno,
Sleepest as if the night were in her youth
Or had half spun her course.

The dormouse yearly sleeps the winter through,
Forswearing food the while; but of thy sleep
Food is the cause, in that thou drinkest much,
Distending thy repasts into a cram
Of fearsome masses.

Thence not a sound can touch thy folded ears;
Thy brain is burdened with a heavy sleep;
Nor does the splendour of the glittering light
Assail thine eyes.

Arise, thou simpleton, or thou shalt be
Flayed into pieces with a rod. Arise,
Lest the long sleep of death may come whence thou
Least fearest. Parmeno, snatch up thy limbs
From the soft bed.

AUSONIUS ("Ephemeris" I).

Current Cant.

"The life of the journalist is suffused with Religion."—
C. SHERIDAN JONES.

"When the first animal took it into its head to be reasonable it became a human being. . . . Prejudice is Life."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"It is not so much the quality of Kipling's verse that counts as the amount of new vision he gets into his poetry."—BERNARD LINTOT in "T.P.'s Weekly."

"Warm lovers these London girls are. They are like the Romans. . . ."—"Plain Talk."

"For five pounds a man may be intellectually rich for life."—J. M. DENT'S ADVERTISEMENT.

"I find no evidence of the decay of the sense of sin amongst the people generally, for the latest novels and the newest plays—so to judge from advertisements—deal with sin. The nation is alive to sin."—Rev. S. F. COLLIER.

"The hoardings are the poor people's picture gallery, and the posters are helping to educate popular taste; so, we may hope that, in time, crude and ugly things will no longer have any demand."—MABEL LUCIE ATTWILL.

"Do not miss 'The Bastard.' . . . Goes with a swing. . . ."—"Everyman" Advt. in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"It would be fatal to ignore the existence of those who hold responsible positions in the Church."—"Morning Post."

"To the shepherd's and fisherman's passion for personal holiness the modern man can ally, as an added factor of enjoyment and power, the treasures of knowledge accumulated since the passing of Christ."—HORACE HOLLEY.

"Mr. Masefield sets out, not to paint the town red, but to paint the sea blue. . . . It is ugly, but it is, therefore, art."—H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

"Some readers will think that Mr. Frank Frost should be seriously reprimanded for writing a story so baffling and so engrossing as 'The Grell Mystery,' for if we take it up, things that matter must wait until we have found out what really happened at the house in Grosvenor Gardens."—EVELEIGH NASH.

"Queen Mary never touches tobacco."—"London Mail."

"The 'English Review,' that brilliant exposition of robustious realism."—"News and Leader."

"The all-night motor-bus is the beginning of a new life for London."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Mr. Wells is almost the only novelist we possess who dares to generalise boldly, and exclaim the meaning of modern problems."—"The Nation."

"A statesman, a poet, or a prophet would find Europe susceptible to his suggestive energy . . . the whole western world is hungering for the light and warmth of a constructive thought."—Professor SIMON PATTEN.

"The King and the Queen, who have repeatedly shown their deep interest in education, made a new departure on Saturday."—"Daily Mirror."

"Mr. Middleton Murry who is a poet. . . ."—"News and Leader."

"Sir Herbert Tree . . . remains the 'Peter Pan' of the stage. . . . The man of business that has never ceased to put Art before money."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

CURRENT DISTINCTION.

"The successful revival of 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' at the St. James's Theatre is an object lesson on the art of play-writing."—"The Era."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THERE was once a powerful fifteenth or sixteenth century Sultan who, when informed by a courtier that the Austrians had defeated the French (or vice versa—I forget which) replied: "Don't bother me. If the pig swallows the dog or the dog swallows the pig, what does it matter to me?" The story occurs to me apropos of an article by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in a recent "New Witness." He defends the Balkan States from the strictures of certain critics, including myself, by saying, in effect, that the various Balkan nations are like the old Crusaders: they combined to defeat the Infidel, and now they are quarrelling among themselves to decide whether their policy shall be national or imperial.

* * *

A curious defence, surely. For the philosophical charge against the Balkan States is not so much that they are fighting one another as that, as in the case of the very Crusaders mentioned by Mr. Chesterton, they have not suited deeds to words; they are not attempting to harmonise practice with profession. The Moslem, like all Oriental races, has never been anything but logical; and there is no remarkable distinction between what he says and what he does. He came in by the sword and went out fighting; but he would never have suggested that he wanted to conquer Constantinople in order to relieve the distress of the local Moslems. It was left for the Crusaders, mediæval and modern, to use this form of excuse for a campaign of conquest.

* * *

And, as a matter of fact, the theory of imperialism and nationalism won't work. The Balkan States did not quarrel among themselves because there was a difference of opinion over a question of confederation or nationality, but because Bulgaria was desirous of securing all the power for herself, leaving her honest Allies out in the cold. Bulgaria wanted, first, territory; second, power; and, third, a large indemnity. No wonder that the other States combated these claims. But we have not for a long time heard a word about Thrace and the liberation of the Christians. No one seems to remember that the Balkan war was begun in order that certain Christians might be freed from alleged Turkish tyranny and placed under their morally lawful rulers. All this is overlooked; and so no protest is made against a mad scramble by Greeks and Servians for territory containing a huge percentage of Bulgarians among the population, or against the Bulgarian claims to territory inhabited chiefly by Greeks and Servians, or against the Servian claims to Bulgarian territory inhabited almost entirely by Roumanians. Such is the welter and confusion of races in the Balkans that all these things are left out of the reckoning. Vidin is a town in Bulgaria inhabited mainly by Roumanians. The Servians are advancing on it via Bielogradshik. There are a dozen similar cases; so many as to make the situation almost farcical. The fact is, the Crusaders were superior land-pirates, and the Balkan States are imitating them.

* * *

No diplomatist hopes for a permanent peace in the Balkans. This is why the Powers always supported Turkey; and England has latterly backed up Japan for the same reason. Religion does not count in matters of high politics; nor does race. The Turks were once a united and harmonious nation, and even in the present anarchical condition of the Ottoman Empire there is more unity and statesmanship to be found in it than among the Allies. An intrigue dislodged M. Gueschoff in favour of Dr. Daneff in Bulgaria; M. Pasitch, the Servian Premier, could hardly withstand the party in opposition, in which M. Novakovich seems to have played a prominent part; and even in Greece M. Venizelos is being threatened. There was a change in the

Montenegrin Ministry weeks ago; and even the Roumanian Cabinet swapped horses when crossing the Danube, though fortunately without fatal results. But imagine such a series of intrigues at such a critical time, when the conquering countries had to put themselves on good terms with the world in order to secure generous treatment for themselves! It is true that we had a khaki election ourselves in 1900; but the circumstances were very different. There was no underhand intriguing to get rid of Lord Salisbury, or Mr. Balfour, or Mr. Chamberlain; a Conservative Government went out and came back.

* * *

The Powers, of course, have no right to complain of the Balkan States. If it had not been for the inertness and timidity of the Powers themselves there would have been no war. The only factor which has stirred up the Cabinets within the last few days is the re-occupation of Adrianople by the Turks. This is "flouting the will of Europe," if you choose; but no more than the Balkan States have flouted it—indeed, much less. We have only to recollect the spurned "advice" and rejected "commands" given by the Powers to the Balkan States to realise this. The Powers could not but be inert in the circumstances; though I am inclined to think that their lethargy has been beneficial to all parties. It was evident that it would be a very difficult matter to coerce the Balkan nations in their megalomaniac condition; so the Powers were at least discreet to let them alone. Again, the effects of the further fighting have so greatly weakened the Allies that peace, although far from permanent, is practically assured for a generation.

* * *

The Powers have still to decide what territory shall be handed over to the belligerents. They regard it as impossible that Turkey shall be allowed to remain in possession of Adrianople; but the Turk will probably get what he expected as a result of this coup, viz., a "rectification" of the Enos-Midia frontier line in his favour. Italy refuses to approve of too great an extension of Greek territory, and has directly intimated to the Hellenic Government that if the Greek claims to certain of the islands and to the Salonika-Kavala coastline are persisted in, the advisers of King Victor Emmanuel will have to reconsider their views on the division of the Epirus and on the Albanian boundary lines. Janina, as I mentioned a long time ago, is the lever which can be used here. Greece will secure Janina only if she shows herself "reasonable" in other directions. As always, the most stubborn struggle will be between Russia and Austria, the former supporting Servia and the latter Bulgaria; and these small States will gain or lose exactly in proportion to the diplomatic victories of two great Powers. And diplomatic victories, as we should all know now, are based on the amount of force at the disposal of the respective parties to the negotiation.

* * *

China and Mexico are still troublesome features of international affairs. The dangers of the Chinese outbreak I referred to last week; and since then the news to hand is not reassuring. More concern is being caused by Yuan-Shi-Kai's position than would appear from the newspaper comments. The wily old President is being hard pressed. That would not matter so much to us if it were not that the interests of so many European financiers are being hard pressed with him, and that Japan, an ally of ours, is supporting his enemies. The absence of no fewer than six representatives of European Powers from the Chinese capital (Pekin for the time being) is undoubtedly a piece of gross carelessness, and more will be heard of it by the parties concerned; but all that can be done to help Yuan is being done.

* * *

Mexico raises the bugbear of the Monroe doctrine—one would have thought that the United States might

well have outgrown this piece of political machinery by now, but no. The deadlock is this: if the United States undertakes to protect European interests in Central and South America, while refusing to allow any European interference, and yet finds herself unable to carry out her bargain at a critical time, what is to be done? Shall she definitely annex Mexico or permit Europe to interfere? We all know she has decided on annexation; but Mexico is wicked enough to threaten to defend herself if attacked by the United States. A "joint demonstration" is spoken of; and if this is unsatisfactory Europe will be permitted to intervene.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

We arrive next at the principle of degree. It is true of any spiritual or material thing you care to name that its usefulness for your purpose corresponds to its degree or quantity. In other words, it is not a question of whether we want discipline or guns, but of how much discipline and how many guns—a fact generally lost sight of. Your modernist takes refuge in long, mystic words, which he separates in his mind into categories of good and evil, like the characters in a third-rate melodrama. Thus to a certain type of mind "liberty" is wholly good, "militarism" and "bureaucracy" wholly bad; whilst the opposing edict sees the world clearly divided between a good principle called Discipline, and a bad principle, called, indifferently, Socialism or Anarchy. This error strikes at the very roots of reason. It denies the very principle of degree and order which determines the value of everything in the world. Its victims lose all capacity for judgment upon any subject. Nothing is possible to them beyond the gabbling of catalogues of abstract nouns, the waging of limitless logomachies, in which great shadowy terms wrestle with one another without the hope of a decision.

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I start with an example from civil disputation. Some months ago one Bernard Shaw, a dramatist (of whom it is even truer than of Byron that "as soon as he begins to think he is a fool") disputed upon the public platform with Mr. Hilaire Belloc. The subject was Socialism, and the size of the audience proved that London contains quite a number of persons with a historic interest in that subject. Anyhow, in the course of his argument Mr. Belloc raised the objection to the proposals of the Socialists that, if they had been executed, they would have resulted in the tyranny of a soulless bureaucracy (or words to that effect). Upon rising to reply the gifted Irishman extracted from his rival by laborious cross-examination, the admission that bureaucracy and bureaucrats must exist in any state, and Mr. Belloc's ideal state among them. "How, then," he said, "can you object to bureaucracy? You admit its necessity in your own ideal conditions." I am of opinion that the percentage of sane persons in that gathering (which was run under the auspices of the Fabian Society), cannot have exceeded four; but even on that estimate there must have been a dozen persons in the room who perceived that to the mind of Shaw bureaucracy was an entity like the French Republic, one and indivisible. The idea that Mr. Belloc might conceivably approve of x measures of bureaucracy (as planned for his own ideal state), and disapprove heartily of $x+y$ measures (as provided in the proposals of the Socialists) apparently found no place in the Shavian mind.

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Such misconceptions have caused untold confusion in military literature. A man goes to a public school

and thence, via Sandhurst, to the Army. If God is more than usually unkind to him he replaces Sandhurst by the university, in which case his doom (like that of Mr. L. S. Amery) is sealed for ever.

* * *

At school his infant mind is debauched by sentiments such as the following (to be found in every history book): "Discipline is always superior to numbers." This is instilled into him as one of "history's lessons." It seems all right, and anyhow he knows nothing to the contrary, so that he takes it in and repeats it like a parrot. At Sandhurst he meets a considerable number, all of whom have read the same books of history, and all of whom are repeating it like parrots. When he arrives at his regiment he finds 800 men, all of them bent upon inflaming one another's ignorance by repeating the aphorism which they learnt at school in loud and confident tones like parrots. Others of his kind attend the university and become the military correspondents of the daily Press, where they confirm and extend the school-book's error by repeating it in "special correspondent" articles—like parrots. At length the whole of the military world becomes a mass of screaming parrots, where Reason seeks in vain to find a hearing. If Reason does contrive to get a word in edgeways, she suggests that the aphorism should be amended to read: " x measures of discipline can overcome y numbers." The statement that superior numbers can never in any circumstances make up for inferior discipline is as though one should say that pennies can never in any circumstances make up for shillings. Of course they can—provided that there are enough of them. If anybody disbelieves this obvious fact let him take a company of Grenadiers and try to conquer China. The survivors might contribute their experiences to the daily Press under the title of "Discipline v. Numbers."

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Thus the problem of the Territorial Force is not whether numbers can ever vanquish discipline, as Mr. L. S. Amery and his fellow-parrots do assert (counting upon the automatic response of a well-trained public that they cannot—parrot calling to parrot. O Lord, all Balliol is gone over us). The question is whether a force possessing, for argument's sake, 4 measures of discipline and 8 of numbers can stand up to a force possessing 7 of discipline and 3 of numbers. Whether it can or can not is a matter of opinion, but there is no excuse for omitting to state the case correctly. Such are the lamentable results of neglect of the principles of degree. It only remains to be said that there are few traces of such neglect in French, or even German, military literature: but then France and Germany have neither of them our public schools and universities.

* * *

Well, well, let them rest in peace. The dead may bury their dead. We do not care so long as the work is efficiently performed and our nostrils are not offended by the decomposition. Of the fifth principle—that of growth—it is unnecessary to speak at length. The modern world, so far from neglecting it, is far too fond of dwelling on it, and particularly on its more unpleasant parts. "Altered conditions," the "march of progress," and all the rest of it are the stock-in-trade of journalists and politicians, which is, generally speaking, about the lowest strata to which an idea can percolate.

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Such are the principles underlying the Science of Organisation. Most of us have an instinctive grasp of some of them—a few of all. I will conclude as I commenced, with saying that, whilst theory mastery does not produce an organiser any more than the mastery of the principles of perspective produces a painter, yet they are indispensable to a comprehension of military affairs. They provide some guarantee for clear thinking, or, at least, of understanding of the clear thoughts of others.

Towards a National Railway Guild.—II.

THE future development of railway administration in this country is in the direction of unification of management of the numerous privately-owned lines. Whether this is to be done under private enterprise, by State ownership, or through guildisation must be settled sooner or later.

From the separate interests, the commercial and travelling public have exacted facilities and concessions in advance which should only have been given concurrently with unified organisation. Faced by ever growing demands, and hampered by Parliamentary restrictions (the illogical effects of many of which are easily demonstrable), the separate railways have had imposed upon them an intricate system of interchange workings, the wonder of which is that it has not become cumbersome to the point of impracticability.

From illustrations of the complexity of railway management to-day, the reader may see what problems Guild Socialism would solve, whilst leaving men who have the technical training of a lifetime free to anticipate and solve the lesser difficulties to be expected in the building up of a National Railway Guild. A passenger books a first or third-class ticket from a south of London station to a destination in Scotland; it may be ordinary "excursion" or "tourist"; it is improbable that it would be a "season" ticket. He might possibly travel in a south of London company's carriage all the way and the train be hauled by one, two, or even three different companies' engines. Consequently, although the fare is paid in one amount, each company must receive something for its work proportionate to the service given. The division between the companies of an ordinary fare differs from that of an excursion fare, and a tourist fare from both. The mileage travelled over each company's line varies, and the allowance paid to a company for providing a first, third, or composite carriage for the journey is not the same. The ownership of the engine or engines which haul the train has also to be taken into account. Notwithstanding all this, a fair share of the amount paid for the ticket is given to each company.

Take another case: A fortnight's specimen copies of new novels have accumulated and are sent to Mr. Randall for review. The sender consigns the books by goods train, carriage to pay. As most of the productions will consist of lurid sex novels, and the total weight be about five tons, they should be loaded in a gunpowder van; but as the companies decide what are inflammable goods by chemical analysis only, and not by literary examination, they are actually loaded in an open wagon, sheeted and roped and labelled. On their arrival, because they are not worth a paragraph in THE NEW AGE they are refused, sender is wired for disposal instructions, but has disappeared, and the goods are sold to defray expenses realising waste paper prices.

The charges are divided amongst the companies having regard to a few small details such as the miles of line of each company passed over after crediting extra amounts in the case of specially expensive bridges, viaducts, tunnels, London lines, and short lines which have cost more than the average to construct; the carting done at the stations of the two different terminus companies; the stations provided by the two terminus companies; the station work done (loading and discharging), credit to the company furnishing the wagon (according to its description and dimensions) and tarpaulin; credit to the company for delay to the stock at destination. We will leave out sea freight, Customs duty, port charges, boatage, lighterage, and warehousing. In the end the carriage charges are treated as a bad debt, and the waste paper proceeds divided. The wagon, tarpaulin, and ropes are sent back, and a record is kept of the dates and hours

these are passed from one company to another, forwarded from sending station, and received at destination. All this is done on both journeys.

These divisions of receipts occur by the hundred thousand. To say how they are arranged would be more tedious than it is to describe the need for it.

The genius that has evolved and made possible the smooth working of such arrangements could if released from the solving of these and similar complex problems initiate a National Railway Guild and be as successful in overcoming difficulties yet unforeseen, but of a far less difficult character.

The time is ripe now, but once let rot set in through the physical and moral decadence which would assuredly follow permeation by the sabotage so glibly spoken of by one of your correspondents upon syndicalism, and the opportunity will have gone in this country for ever—the men would be past spiritual redemption.

HENRY LASCELLES.

In South Africa.

I MUST ask pardon for touching again on the subject of segregation. It is still very much to the fore here. General Hertzog when he was Minister for Native Affairs gave it as his opinion that our only hope of maintaining white predominance lay in separating the natives from the whites, but he went no further than this. He gave us no idea of how he proposed to carry his idea out. However, he stated quite truly that the question was one requiring much time for consideration, and I think it likely that in time he would have evolved some more or less workable scheme.

Where angels feared to tread General Hertzog's successor has stepped in with a forced "Natives and Land Bill." This Bill is a milk-and-watery attempt to bring about segregation, and the best thing that can be said of it is that it is not likely to become law, and is probably not very seriously meant. There has been some little outcry about the extent to which natives have been buying up ground, and the main provisions of this Bill are to the effect that neither natives nor whites shall be permitted to buy or rent ground excepting in their own respective areas, which are to be defined. Chapter V of the Bill also renders illegal the acquisition of land by natives for communal tenure.

It is possible the Bill may have had some value of a provocative nature had not Mr. Sauer (one of the wily old politicians before mentioned) inserted a clause to the effect that no restrictions against the acquiring of land in the Cape province shall have effect if such restriction should prevent any person from qualifying as a Parliamentary voter. This clause would serve to place the natives of the rest of South Africa under an additional disadvantage as against those of the Cape; it saves the Minister's face in his own country, and kills a not otherwise very valuable Bill.

But as a good deal of time will be wasted in the discussion and the native affairs department put to a good deal of extra work, we may as well give this subject of segregation further consideration before finally rubbing it off the slate.

Any genuine native policy which is to be adopted should be uniform for the whole of the Union! Surely this needs no emphasising. Is South Africa, which is now a unity as far as its government goes, to make of its natives, simply on account of locality, fish of one and fowl of another? The Union has inherited a different native policy with each of its provinces just as it found differing laws in regard to mining and many other matters, and one of the chief incentives to Union was the desire, most particularly in regard to native affairs, to see one law running through the whole country.

While compulsory segregation might be almost possible of accomplishment (with a good deal of hardening of heart) in the three other provinces, in Cape Colony it could only be carried out with the extremest injustice. The natives and coloured people

there would certainly rebel. It need not be discussed; no such glaring inhumanity is ever likely to be attempted.

As to non-compulsory segregation, from the native point of view, this can be welcomed, but it will be of very doubtful value to the whites. It is a question whether it is not better to allow natives to go on buying ground as at present (at its worst it is a small thing) rather than that large tracts of land should be set apart for them upon which they may settle or not as they please.

What class of ground would be set aside for active occupation? It is certain that the strongest objection would be raised by the farmers here against the cutting off of any big stretches of fertile well-watered ground in healthy parts of the country. Scarcity of good running water is one of the curses of South Africa. Natives, excepting those already in locations, would strongly object to going to dry parts or to the low, unhealthy veld. The result will probably be that the Government will be asked to undertake very large irrigation works in certain parts of the country as far from the neighbourhood of white people as possible; in such parts as Namaqualand, Griqualand West, Bechuanaland, the Protectorate, and—if terms can be arranged—parts of Rhodesia. When the ground has been demarcated and irrigation works completed, the trouble will commence. The greatest tact will be required in dealing with the different tribes who will be anxious to settle on the new ground.

It is certain that if the land is fertile and water sufficient the tracts selected will be occupied quite voluntarily, but it will be just as certainly found that no relief will be felt in regard to black pressure in our towns. The applicants for ground will be mainly young chiefs with their followings, who already occupy native territory, but wish for more room. Neither natives nor coloured people at present domiciled in towns and villages will take the smallest notice of the invitation to move away from their present places; only brute force could make them do so, and this will not be resorted to.

What is it that is hoped to be gained by segregation? For the native: freedom from "white" influence and interference so that they can develop along their own lines—guided from the top by a representative of the Government and, doubtless, by white missionaries. For the white man: relief from economic pressure, and removal of the possibility of socially intermixing.

Is it likely that these ends will be attained under non-compulsory segregation? It is perfectly plain that they will not! The advantage to the whites will be nil while at very great expense to the country (for apart from the outlay for reclaiming the land, irrigation, and so on, the Native Affairs Department will require to be increased, and several highly paid posts created) a certain number of locations will be made which will place those natives occupying them in a better position than before as far as coming out to work is concerned.

There is a large number of people in this country very genuinely concerned to find that the native, as a man, generally loses tone both morally and physically, when he comes under the influence of our civilisation. These people are not usually those who would allow the economic factor to rule them in coming to a decision, but there is a far greater number to whom the economic question appeals first, second, and nearly all the time.

But although these may argue on different lines and from totally different points of view, they eventually arrive at a perfect agreement in deciding that total compulsory segregation of white and black would be the ideal situation. There is a class (though small) which holds that it is possible for black and white to move about and work together while remaining racially and socially entirely apart. These are invariably nice people and good. There is also a class (powerful though not numerous) which contends that, this being a sub-tropical country, the white man cannot be expected to do hard, rough labour here, and that we must depend upon the native if works are to be

advanced, industries established, and so on. This class is composed mostly of wealthy, selfish hypocrites. Naturally both these latter classes are opposed to segregation. There are also other points of view fairly represented in the country which I cannot give here.

It can be taken that most of these views are held somewhere in the House of Assembly. I cannot say whether Mr. Sauer has any conviction on the matter at all, but one knows that, whether he has or not, and with every desire to rule autocratically, he will trim his sails to suit the wind which may be blowing strongest at the time. The question calls for a bigger man than any one of our Ministers has yet shown himself to be.

SEVOTA.

P.S.—Since writing the above, the report of the speech made by Mr. Sauer in introducing his Bill has come to hand, and I would add that the Government apparently feels itself compelled (by circumstances which have nothing whatever to do with native affairs) to push on with this precious piece of legislation. Ministers may have to face the country soon, and expect to have a pretty rough time. Nothing has been done, but they will now at least be able to say that something is being attempted. We pay for the fun of the thing. The "dodge" in the Bill is that natives will not be permitted to buy or rent more land until a delimitation Commission has been appointed and has completed its work. This is at the pleasure of Ministers.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

ALTHOUGH the Government were aware that the crop of 1879 in its principal articles was ten million pounds' worth below the average; that the potato crop, the principal food of the people, had dropped from 60,652,000 cwts. to 22,273,000 cwts., they took no measures to meet the situation, and merely ridiculed the popular agitation. Before going to America, however, Parnell had addressed a series of public meetings at which he had enunciated a doctrine which at last forced them to realise that the policy of the ostrich would not pay in the present instance. At New Ross Parnell declared: "Either the landlord or tenant had to go; they would give the landlord a fair rent for a settled term of years and then all rent should cease."

On the appearance of this pronouncement that illustrious "Castle Hack," Cardinal McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, a man who spent his life in running up and down the back stairs of Dublin Castle for the purpose of betraying his own people, came forth and publicly denounced this declaration of Parnell's as "An immoral doctrine which would receive the reprobation of holy Church." No one in Ireland, however, paid any particular attention to the eminent toady; they knew him of old. Davitt was touring the Western province, forming branches of the "Land League," and advising the people to look to their own future and not concern themselves about the landlords. Then the Government struck what they thought was a crushing blow. They arrested Davitt and some of his comrades; but this only added fuel to the fire. Then they arrested the secretary of the "League" only to discover they had to release him again without prosecution, which brought on them the contempt of landlords and tenants alike. They then gave the tip to the Duchess of Marlborough to form a distress fund. The Lord Mayor formed another, and they set to work to accuse and abuse each other, all in the name of holy charity.

In the meantime the Irish in England had not been idle. Concerts, bazaars, raffles and drawings were got up from one end of the kingdom to the other. Subscription lists were opened to which people of every class and creed contributed. Music-hall and theatre managers gave special performances, "the whole proceeds to be devoted to the relief of Irish distress."

This, surely, was an advance on '48; but then, there was no chance of denying this famine as there had been of the earlier one. But what is more significant still,

the people ignored the advice of the clerics on this occasion. In '48 the clerics advised the people to stand quietly by and watch the food which they themselves had raised being carried away for rent while they were left to die of hunger. But Davitt's advice—let rent be the last and not the first consideration—was now being observed.

When Parliament met on February 5, 1850, the Irish Members moved an amendment to the Address, condemning the Government for not having taken adequate steps to alleviate the existing distress. Government protested it had a plan; in fact it had two plans, which, when put in contrast, will exhibit as no other measures can, what was the real nature of the thing called English government in Ireland.

First, the Government proposed that if a tenant having paid his rent and exhausted all his resources in the effort, should subsequently find himself and his family dying of hunger in consequence, the local authority could borrow money on the security of its own rates for the purpose of feeding him. In other words, when you find the dog is dying owing to my having sneaked his food, prolong his agony by feeding him with his own tail, joint by joint.

Contrast with the above the provisions made by their friends for the landlords. A million of money was advanced to them from the Irish Church Fund, repayable in twenty-seven years. The first two years was totally free of interest, and only one per cent. interest was to be paid for the remainder of the term. Nothing that I know of could convey a better idea of what English Government in Ireland meant to the Irish than the above items.

Having passed the above measures Lord Beaconsfield, to the astonishment of the country, suddenly resigned, and announced the end of his wretched government in an electioneering address in the form of a letter to the Lord Lieutenant. The Irish replied to this manifesto of Disraeli's, declaring it nothing less than a declaration of war on Ireland, and called upon the Irish electors to vote against Disraeli as the mortal enemy of their race and country, and the common enemy of the peace and concord of Ireland and Great Britain.

At the General Election Mr. Gladstone swept the country, and the new Parliament opened on May 20. In the Queen's Speech it was announced that coercion in Ireland would be dropped. This was all right as far as it went, but the Irish wanted more than that. Give us a Bill dealing with the land question, they demanded. I haven't time, Gladstone replied. It really is impossible to handle such a subject in such a short Session, he whimpered. Well, said the Irish, if you can't deal with the land, let us have an interim Bill in order to stop evictions—such a Bill as this—and John O'Connor-Power tabled his "Compensation for Disturbance Bill."

The Government hummed and hawed for a time, and then Buckshot Forster said "he would do something in that direction." The something, as might be expected, would have proved more beneficial to the landlords than the tenants, so the Irish rejected his proposals, and O'Connor-Power's Bill held the field, and the Government were forced to take it up. The necessity for such a measure was beyond dispute, as proved by the eviction returns. The number of evictions were in 1878, 1,745; 1879, 1,098, and in the first six months of 1880, 1,073. The landlords, in fact, were at their ancient game of wholesale clearances. O'Connor-Power's Bill was carried in the Commons by a majority of seventy-eight. In the Lords it received its quietus.

"Abandon all hope ye who enter here—if you contain anything beneficial to the Irish people," was the motto of the Lords. Said Lansdowne: "It is a Bill which appealed to the most sordid instincts of the people." My Lord of Salisbury characterised it "As a thing for feeding wild beasts, which the Government could not tame." The wild beasts, of course, were the Irish people. But even these gems of wit and wisdom were outshone by the degenerate Jew who a few months before had thrown up the sponge. Said Disraeli: "The Bill was likely to excite the minds of an imaginative

people. It would occasion conflicts and involve them in trouble and disaster." Dear me! The very things which Disraeli declared he dreaded were the very things which arose out of its rejection. But they threw it out all the same by a majority of 231.

It was about this time that the man with whom I lived, an old friend and political comrade of my father's, said to me one Sunday afternoon: "I want you to go with me this evening, Peter." That night I accompanied him to a tavern on Hockley Hill. We found three friends already there, and after a while two more dropped in. One of the last comers invited us upstairs to a private room, and when we had assembled there he was "moved to take the chair." The chairman, Mr. William Hogan, addressed the company and reviewed the present condition of affairs in Ireland, and thought it was time the Irish in Birmingham were bestirring themselves in the matter. He ended his remarks by moving "that this meeting do resolve itself into a branch of the Irish National Land League." The motion was readily seconded, put, and carried. Mr. Hogan was elected president; a treasurer and secretary were appointed, and thus—by six men and a boy, was founded the first branch of the Land League in England, an organisation which, from that day to this, under various names, has played an important part in English politics.

Such humble beginnings gave no indication of our future importance, but we were soon a power. In a few weeks our numbers had so increased that we found it necessary to move to the Athenæum Hall to hold our weekly meetings. Later on Father Sherlock, the parish priest of St. Joseph's, in Moor Street, invited us to his school rooms in Catch-ems-Corner, an invitation which we readily accepted.

And now there opened a chapter in the history of the Irish in England, which, those engaged on the one side at least would rather have left unmentioned. Those feelings, however, are the last thing I am going to consider in these papers. Hardly had the League begun to hold its meetings in the schoolroom than the Bishop of Birmingham, the Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, intimated to Father Sherlock that he objected to the schoolrooms being used for such a purpose. Father Sherlock replied that the schools had been built by the Irish, were being maintained by the Irish, and could be used by the Irish for any purpose the Irish desired. The Bishop then declared he would use his authority to close the schools to Irish political meetings. The patriot priest told the Bishop he had no authority in the matter, neither over himself nor his schools. If the Bishop had any complaints to make about him let him make them to his (Father Sherlock's) own Bishop, John of Tuam, who he had no doubt would give him his answer. The inner meaning of this quarrel, which I have no doubt has sounded somewhat extraordinary to English ears, I will now explain. To enable those Irish Catholics who came to England at or after the famine to go to their religious duties (Confession) priests with a knowledge of the Irish language were "borrowed" from Ireland. Before the Irish famine the Roman Catholic Church in England was nearly extinct. But with the coming of the Irish, churches, chapels, and schools began to appear wherever the Irish had found a refuge, and yet the bitterest hostility shown to the Irish in England came from English Catholics. Never did Mussulman hate the Giaour with a more whole-souled hatred than this holy Catholic Bishop hated the Irish, although they probably formed ninety-five per cent. of his flock. He considered the whole duty of the Irish in England was to pay, pray, hold their tongues, and do as the English bishops directed.

Neither Father Sherlock nor the Irish in Birmingham were prepared to take any such orders from their enemy, bishops though they might be. As might be expected, greater numbers than ever joined the Land League, and every Sunday evening patriotic speeches were made, patriotic songs were sung, subscriptions were collected to aid the national cause, and resolutions carried condemning the Government.

Business Jinks.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

SCENE: The private office of Mr. Eustace Stratford, managing director of Eustace Stratford and Co., Ltd., nail and screw manufacturers.

Time: Early any morning.

The door is opened and a shrill voice announces Mr. Manningham Pendleton, senior partner of the firm of Pendleton and Sons. (After greetings have been exchanged): You want to speak to me particularly?

Mr. Eustace Stratford: Yes, I do. It's about this contract of yours. I don't see how I'm going to carry it out. Our men threaten to strike unless they get trade union wages, and of course that's out of the question. What with expenses and the rise in the cost of living it's hard to know how to make ends meet now.

M. P.: Just so—just so. What would the total extra amount be if you gave them trade union wages?

E. S.: It would mean an extra £15,000 per annum, and of course that's impossible. Why, we only paid out a 35 per cent. dividend last year, and it would mean reducing it by about 5 per cent.—and what would the shareholders say if I were to offer them that?

M. P.: Oh, of course that's quite impossible. Do you think they really will strike?

E. S.: Yes, I'm certain they would. They're being backed up by one or two other unions besides their own, and it would mean shutting up for at least three months, which would mean a very serious loss to the company. Not that it's that that's worrying us. What we are really anxious about is the position of the general public and also such people as yourselves, old and friendly customers. It's not so much the loss to us as the inconvenience to yourselves and the public.

M. P.: Oh, of course. I quite appreciate your point. Have a cigar?

E. S.: Thanks. Match? (They light up.) Of course the whole thing is done by these agitators—the men at the head of the unions, who know quite well that unless they can show something for their money they stand a chance of clearing out. They're a miserable, lazy lot of skunks, and bite the hand that feeds them, and annoy those who provide them with bread.

M. P.: Quite so.

E. S.: They walk about and draw their salary, which they wring from the members' funds, and they forget all the time that if it had not been for us, who employ them, the men would not have had any money to pay into the union funds. They don't think of that. And here we have to slave away morning, noon, and night, on behalf of the public, while agitators do all they can to dissatisfy those who should be most grateful to us. (Telephone bell rings.) Excuse me a minute. Yes. . . . Mr. Derwent wishes to speak to me on an important matter? Yes. . . . Yes, ask him in. (Hangs up telephone receiver.) My son wishes to speak to me. Perhaps he's got some news. (Enter Mr. Derwent Stratford, private secretary to Mr. Eustace Stratford, and also treasurer.) Good morning You don't know my son. . . . Mr. Pendleton My son. . . . (To his son): Any news?

D. S.: Yes, I've bought it.

E. S.: Bought what?

D. S.: Bought the car. It's costing just a shade over £1,200. The man wanted to sell me a more expensive one, but I thought I'd draw the rein you know. Anyhow, I've come for the cheque, as I want to drive the thing this afternoon.

E. S. : Oh, all right ! Bring it round and let's have a look at it. (To Mr. Pendleton) : You'll excuse me while I write the cheque, won't you? . . . There ! Here you are. Don't smash the thing up.

D. S. : Thanks. Good morning.

M. P. : Very nice young fellow.

E. S. : Yes, a good chap. He's got some sound common sense. None of these newfangled ideas. . . . Well, about these men. I don't know what to do. I don't want the public to suffer on account of the ravings of a few agitators. And, besides, you booked your contract at 38s. and the price is now 38s. 3d., and, of course, it would be a pity if you could not take advantage of the rise in the market.

M. P. : Oh, I wasn't thinking of that.

E. S. : Of course not, but still it would be a pity all the same.

M. P. : But the main point is the public.

E. S. : And in a slightly less degree the shareholders.

M. P. : Oh, but they're not so important as the public, you know. The public's the thing that counts.

E. S. : Oh, of course. We mustn't consider ourselves in this matter at all.

M. P. : Certainly not.

E. S. : Now it comes to this. The work of the world has to be carried on. These ingrates, with their material view of life and lack of ideals, want to stop the work of the world. We must find a way out. (Seeks inspiration in the other's face). . . . We must find a way out.

M. P. (dully) : Yes, we must find a way out. We must carry on the work of the world.

E. S. : If we allow the working-classes to believe they are our masters, industry will be paralysed.

M. P. : There are no non-union men round here?

E. S. : There were eight. Four of them were buried during the last strike. They died martyrs in the interests of the world.

M. P. : We can't get any from some other town?

E. S. : No . . . I don't like to . . . As a matter of fact I've found that non-union men are not good workers as a rule.

M. P. : I quite agree with you there.

E. S. : That wouldn't matter if there was a tremendous discrepancy between their wages, but there isn't. I don't mind unskilled labour if its cheap. You see everything's done by machinery. What I want is cheap labour.

M. P. : Ah !

E. S. : Eh?

M. P. : I've got it.

E. S. : Well?

M. P. : How far are you from Liverpool?

E. S. : Three and a half miles.

M. P. : Good ! Employ Chinese labour. It's dirt cheap.

E. S. : What?(doubtfully). Somehow or other I don't like to.

M. P. : Why not?

E. S. (rather disgusted) : I don't know. Doesn't seem nice to me, though, to employ Chinamen in place of Lancashire fellows.

M. P. : It's either that or shutting up for a few months. Besides, it'll teach the men a lesson.

E. S. : I don't like it.

M. P. : Oh, all right. Let them strike. Of course I shall want my contract carried out.

E. S. : I suppose I shall have to do it.

M. P. : Of course. What harm is there in it? A Chinaman's as good as a white man any day. Surely you aren't so narrow-minded as all that?

E. S. (stung) : Oh, no! . . . All right . . . I'll send over for them to-morrow . . . So that's settled.

M. P. : Good. Now I vote we go out to lunch.

The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.
The Collectivist Formula.

I.

AMONG the schemes which have been put forward as solutions of the social problem, Collectivism, by reason of its close relationship to current problems, has alone secured any measure of popularity. Having discovered that "unfettered individual competition is not a principle to which the regulation of industry may be entrusted," political philosophers rush to the opposite extreme, and propose to remedy the defect, first by the regulation, and finally by the nationalisation of land, capital, and the means of production and exchange; which measures, we are told, by changing the basis of society from a competitive to a co-operative one, will, by providing the necessary conditions, eradicate every disease from the body politic.

Such a remedy would be perfectly reasonable if the evil to be combated were that of competition. But it is not. It is true that competition, as it manifests itself in modern society, is a force of social disintegration. But this is not because it is necessarily an evil thing; but because the conditions under which it is to-day pursued are intrinsically bad. That the competition of to-day differs from that of the past, we unconsciously recognise when we speak of commercial competition. Competition as it existed under the Guild System, when hours and conditions of labour, prices, etc., were fixed, was necessarily a matter of quality; for when no producer was allowed to compete on the lower plane of cheapness, competition took the form of a rivalry in respect to the greater usefulness or beauty of the thing produced. With the passing of the control of industry from the hands of the craft-masters into those of the financier and the abolition of the regulations of the Guilds, the era of commercial competition was inaugurated, and what was formerly a healthy and stimulating factor became a dangerous and disintegrating reactionary force; for competition between financiers means a competition for cheapness, to which all other considerations must be sacrificed.

For the sake of clearness, therefore, we will define the terms competition and commercialism, as follows: Commercialism means the control of industry by the financier (as opposed to the master craftsman) while competition means the rivalry of producers.

Viewing Collectivism in this light, we find that it seeks to eliminate, not commercialism, but competition. In so doing it establishes more securely than ever the worst features of the present system. The mere transference of the control of industry from the hands of the capitalist into those of the State, can make no essential difference to the nature of the industry affected. In Belgium, for example, where the bread-making and shirt-making industries have been nationalised, it has been found impossible to abolish sweating, or to introduce a shorter working day.* This abandonment of the principle of social justice at the outset doubtless foreshadows its abandonment for ever; since, as Collectivists become more and more concerned with practical politics, the difficulties of asserting their ideals, together with the establishment of their system of organisation, will likewise be more and more increased. Moreover, after its establishment, the difficulties of reforming any State Department are well known; and how shall society be prevented from acquiescing in the present commercial abuses, under a collectivist régime, and treating them as inevitable evils?

This question is a very pertinent one, since, according to the economics of Collectivism, every industry nationalised must be made to pay, and a Government charged with the administration of any industry would

* "The Social Unrest; Studies in Labour and Socialist Movements." By John Graham Brooks.

become interested in its continuance as a business, quite apart from its usefulness or otherwise, or whether or no it had been called into existence by some temporary and artificial need of modern civilisation. Thus the Government at the present time, having nationalised the telegraphs, becomes interested in the continuance of gambling, the use of the system in connection with the turf and the markets being its real basis of support, and not the comparatively insignificant percentage of work undertaken in respect to the more human agencies which require it. Again, were existing railways nationalised, Government would become interested in the continuance of wasteful cross distribution, called into existence by the competition of traders. Similarly, the gradual development of municipal trading and manufacture would tend to militate against the depopulation of towns. And this conservative tendency is inevitable, since Collectivism can only maintain its ground as a national system so long as it justifies the claims of its advocates to financial soundness.

Co-operation in its inception aimed at the establishment of an ideal commonwealth, but the co-operative ideal has long since departed from the movement, and little but a scramble for dividends remains. In like manner it is not unreasonable to suppose that Collectivism, having made its appeal for popular support on the grounds of its capacity to earn profits for the public, would suffer a similar degeneration. The electorate, in their profit-making zeal, would certainly not remedy abuses if their dividends were to be lowered, for they would still retain the superstition that only by producing dividends could their finances be kept in a healthy condition. Inasmuch as the ultimate control of industry would rest in the hands of the financier, production for profit and not for use would continue. For what other test can there be of a financier's skill except his ability to produce profits?

In a word, Collectivism means State Commercialism.

So long as the people are attached to their present habits of life and thought, and possess the same ill-regulated tastes, a State Department, charged with the administration of industry, would be just as much at the mercy of supply and demand as at present, while the fluctuations of taste would be just as disturbing to them as the fluctuations of public opinion are to the politician.

This brings us to the great political fallacy of the Collectivist doctrine—namely, the assumption that Government should be conducted solely in the interests of man in his capacity as consumer—a superstition which has survived the Manchester School; for a little consideration will convince us that in a true social system the aim of Government would not be to exalt either producer or consumer at the expense of the other, but to maintain a balance of power between the two.

The policy of exalting the consumer at the expense of the producer would be perfectly sound, if the evils of the present day were caused by the tyranny of the producer. But is it so? It is true that trade is in such a hopeless condition that the consumer is very much at the mercy of unscrupulous producers. The cause of this, however, is not to be found in the preference of producers generally for crooked ways, but in the tyranny of consumers which forces the majority of producers to adopt malpractices in self-defence. Doubtless all trade abuses have in their origin been the work of individual producers. They grow, in the first place, because without privileges the more honourable producers are powerless to suppress them, and secondly, because consumers generally are so wanting in loyalty to honest producers, and are so ready to believe that they can get sixpennyworth of stuff for threepence, that they deliberately place themselves in the hands of the worst type of producer. In every department of life the successful man is he who can lead the public to believe that they are getting something for nothing, and generally speaking, if consumers are defrauded by producers, it is because they deserve to be. The truth of this statement will be attested by all who, in

any department of industry, have made efforts to raise its tone. Everywhere it is the tyranny of the consumer that blocks the way. For example, anybody who has followed the history of the Arts and Crafts movement and noted the efforts which have been made to raise the quality of English production must be convinced that this is the root of the difficulty. If the public were capable of a tenth part of the sacrifice which others have undertaken on their behalf, we might see our way out of the industrial quagmire.

This evil would not be remedied by bringing industry under State control. Rather would it be intensified. Art in the past had its private patrons, and while these continue some good work may still be done. But the artist is powerless when face to face with a public body whose taste recognises no ultimate standard, but taken collectively is always the reflection of the vulgarity its members see around them. As we may assume that private patrons would cease under Collectivism, so Art's last support would disappear also. Whatever good work has been done for the public during the past century has been in the main the result of accident. Collective control foreshadows, not the abolition of poverty in our midst, by the direction of industry passing into the hands of wise administrators, but the final abandonment of all standards of quality in production, owing to the complete subjection of all producers to the demoralising tyranny of an uninstructed majority.

The Document of Words.

By M.B. Oxon.

A FRIEND asked me lately what was the derivation of the word "Luck." He said that Skeat's account of it did not seem to him satisfactory. This appeared to me very probable, but I turned the word up in that authority and found: "Luck, fortune (Du—M.H.G.), M.E. *lukke* (15th C.). Not found in A.S. and Fries, *luk* is late. Derived from Du. *luk*. From M.H.G., *ge-lücke*, good fortune; G. *glück* (for *gelück*). The Fries. *luk*, Swed. *lycka*, Dan. *lykke* (like Du. *luk*) are borrowed from G. (*Kluge*). Perhaps akin to G. *locken*, to entice, allure."

This did not take one far, and the final suggestion of *locken* was so clearly a refuge for the destitute only that its introduction seemed almost an insult. The Century Dictionary, apparently, thought so too, but said in more polite language that it "seemed improbable, owing to the difference in meaning." As, however, it gave no further help I next applied to that treasury of knowledge, the Sanskrit dictionary. There I was fortunate enough "to come across it" at once: "*Lagna*, point of intersection of two lines, where the sun and planets rise, a lucky moment"; and close by, "*Lakshmi*, the goddess of luck," "whence," I presume, came Greek *lachein*, to obtain, and *Lachesis* (the Second Fate). So much for *locken*.

According to the manuscripts, the word *luck* is not found till the fifteenth century. Before that, *hap* was the word in use. But we find in the Gaeleic dictionary the same scheme of letters, *riach*, suggesting a very similar idea, *to graze the surface*. It has been suggested—apparently one of the foolish suggestions—that this word is derived from the E. *streak*, but I think no one could have suggested it if they had looked in the Sanskrit dictionary and there found the actual correspondent word, *rechha*, a scratch.

If we now look at *hap*, going rather deeper than the etymological dictionaries go, we find: Lappish, *Happetet*, to swiftly seize a chance; as well exemplified in *Hapig*, a hawk. This idea is rather similar to that of *riach*. In "Celto-Sanskrit" one was chosen to bear the meaning "luck," while in "Scandinavian" it was the other. Whether our present word "luck" was "reflected" to us by way of *lachein*, or whether it continued to exist here as a non-literary word, it may perhaps be possible to decide historically; but, clearly, suggestions like *locken* serve no good purpose, are only

the result of a restricted outlook, and themselves result in suggesting the erroneous idea that etymology can work in a restricted area. As a matter of fact, there are many words in English which are obviously the same as the Sanskrit, and likewise not apparently derived from it through the Mediterranean languages. The only likely explanation of this is that they existed before the two families separated. This eventually brings us by various roads to "Atlantis." The idea of a submerged Atlantic continent is still looked on as a foolish one, but to my mind it is far otherwise, and in fact the only postulate which helps to clear up very many of the difficulties of myth, history, race, and language. Donelly produced many arguments of more or less value in its favour, but the argument of language seems to me as cogent as any. If we can find words in Gaelec and English which are so old as to be identical with the Sanskrit, why not admit that these words are at least as truly British as they are Middle High German or Swedish dialect? Or if the object of a philologist is to trace the actual occurrence of words in the written book, why introduce the quite imaginary ones marked with an asterisk, as they so frequently do?

I have seen it stated, with Andrew Lang as an authority, that the same carved symbols are to be found on the coast of Spain, the isthmus of Panama, and the Firth of Forth. If so, this, too, seems in favour of old Atlantis, and I would suggest that anything, whether word, god, or myth, which can be found in Britain and also in distant Southern lands without any direct connection between them may better be considered aboriginal British than imported from Central Europe.

It is highly possible that there is a group of Northern roots—probably the Finno-Ugrian—which is as old as anything we know, and some of these are to be found mixed with others in the Scandinavian and Teutonic languages. But that these latter should be considered to so far antedate British as to be acceptable as the source from which it was derived seems to me almost demonstrably untrue. If I speak thus evilly of the etymologists it is not because I do not realise the very valuable work which they have done in bringing the science of words within a scope which permits even an ignoramus to make some show. My accusation is that, in common with many other sciences, etymology has let itself become bound by rules and the authority of great names, and is wasting its time on quite immaterial details.

Max Müller and Skeat, who I suppose exercise more influence in this country than any others, were both men of great erudition, but entire lack of insight. Curtius had insight, but worked over a restricted area. Kluge apparently had none. Men like Gesenius, who had both the knowledge and the insight, are neglected because they prefer to accept an obvious relationship which may not agree with any "law," rather than follow a rule which produces only dry dust. In this connection I would mention Fox Talbot. Though he, too, limits himself chiefly to Latin and Greek, he emphasises that there was a continual and mutual exchange between the classic and the surrounding barbarian languages. The result of the erudite workers has been to crush the life out of etymology by "laws" only locally true, and to give a false impression of the completeness of its deductions by ignoring the smallness of the area over which they work.

The desire to derive words within a circumscribed area of space and time leads the professional etymologists into many mistakes. Take, for example, the words *gate* (a road), *gate* (a door), *gait*, and *go*. Skeat thinks they may all be related. N.C.D. says the only connection is between "gait" and "gate," a road. Gate (1), a road, is always spelt with a "g"; gate (2), a door, used to be spelt with a "y." If we look in the Sanskrit dictionary we find *gati*, which means a *road* and *gait*. Though I should be sorry to differ from Mr. Whitney, there seems no reason for thinking it is not connected with *ga*, to go. Since gate, a door, is spelt with a modification of "g," we look under the modified

gutturals (palatals) and find *chut*, a scratch; *chhid*, to make a hole. So, that, apparently, the connection between our words is that gate (1) and gate (2) are entirely separate; gait is identical with gate (1); and both of them are connected with "go."

If we find the words in Sanskrit and English with identical meanings and almost identical spellings they must either have come North-Westerly without paying any attention to Grimm, or they existed before the time that Sanskrit separated from, let us say, "Celto-Scandinavian," and went South-East.

There are many similar examples. Take the word *Hie*, said to mean to hasten. Whether the historical balance in favour of this meaning is overwhelming I do not know, but I would note that many of the examples containing this word which are given by Murray contain also the word *quickly*, which would suggest a priori that the word *hie* by itself had not this meaning. If we look at Manx we find that *Hie* is the past tense of *goll*, to go, the two tenses in the subjunctive of which are *jagh* and *jem*.

Looking at the Sanskrit dictionary we find *Ha*, to bound away, depart, to leave behind, to quit; *Ja(m)h* is the frequentative of *ha*; *ga* is to go. So that in Manx we seem to have a verb built up of various scraps which correspond letter for letter with Sanskrit.

Of the verbs collected from various sources, *Be*, *Am*, *Shall*, *Was*, is perhaps the most interesting, and this for a reason which I have never seen noticed. The interest centres round *Am* and *Be*. *Am*, as is well known, comes from a widespread root, *As*, or *Es*, from which also comes our word *Essence*, a word which thoroughly conveys the meaning of the root. *Be*, on the other hand, means to be born—witness *phusis=natura*. The importance of this distinction has been forgotten in the West, and is still further obscured by our dictionaries, which equate both "am" and "be" with *exist*, which really only corresponds to *be*. The Sanskrit writers understood the difference between *as* and *bhu*, as, for example, in Bhagavad Gita II, 16, where "being" is said to be "non-essence," and "essence" "non-being."

But nothing but Dutch and such-like languages will do. For example, Skeat, when treating of the words *lop* and *lib*, meaning to castrate, says that *lop* is from Middle Dutch, and that *lib* "answers to an A.S. type *lybban* (which is never found [!])." As a matter of fact, the Sanskrit dictionary shows us the original word to be *lop*, to cut off, derived from *lup* (*lumpa*), the same word as *rup* and *rumpere*, to break.

So why bother with Middle Dutch? For even if the manuscripts should show that we have an earlier example of it in Dutch than English it proves very little as regards even the language of literature, and nothing as regards the language of the folk. I am glad to say that since Skeat's time people have begun to pay more attention to other languages than Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Latin, especially Whitney in the N.C.D., who, being, I believe, a Sanskrit scholar (which I am not), has made good use of his knowledge.

I am not merely advocating a return to Max Müller's Indo-Aryan roots, for there are no Indo-Aryan roots. By the time that what we call the "Aryan" language had come into existence the roots from which it sprang had put out a verbiage almost as complete as that which we have at the present day. We have to go further than this, it seems to me, and acknowledge a common origin of Sanskrit and Gaelec. To prove it is, of course, difficult, but there are many things that point this way.

Any word which appears both in Latin and Irish is always claimed as derived from the former, and though in many cases there are points which may well be argued against the claim, the simplest thing to do is to take words which are not found in Latin: for example, the following series:—Gaelic, *gar*; Sanskrit, *gharma*; Greek, *thermos*; Latin, *formus*; English, *warm*. *Formus-warm* is quite natural; *thermos-formus* is possible; *gharma-thermos* is not impossible; but *formus-gar* or *thermos-gar* are both quite unlikely, especially

as we have at hand *gar-gharma*. Moreover, the etymologists who question the derivation of thermos-formus-warm from gharma may quite well be right, for Samoyed has *po*, warm, which would suggest that thermos-formus-warm may be connected with *pa* and *fovea*, of which I shall speak at length later on. Further examples are *riach-rechha*, mentioned previously, and *retch* (said to be "derived from" A.S. *hraca*, spittle), against which in the Sanskrit dictionary we find *rechaka*, "emission of breath, evacuation." To extend the list to almost any length is only a matter of time and labour. A few other examples which I happen to have at hand are: Skt., *sna*, to bathe; O. Irish, *Snaim*, to swim; *Pak*, bake;¹ *Vrika*, plough (fork); *Jani*, wife (jenny wren); *Gribha*, handle (grip); *Grish*, grind (grist); *Guda*, entrails (guts²); *Hardi*, heart³; *Manu*, man; *Ara*, ore; *Ri*, to run; *Stob*, to fix a stake (stab)⁴; *Stamba*, the stem of a tree, also to stop⁵; *Veças*, a vassal; *Varkas*, energy (work); *Vara*, best (very); with these and many more examples before us it seems that the idea of a common Celtic-Sanskrit origin can hardly be ignored.

It may seem a fairly long flight of the imagination to suggest that many of the words which we now use, and have always been taught to look on as a gift from the Normans or the Dutch or the Saxons or the Middle High Germans, have really been "on the ground" here since the days before Sanskrit went South. But long flight though it may be, we have much farther to go yet. It seems strange that no one has suggested the trip, but as I have not met with the suggestion I will make it, for I venture to think that when etymologists have got over the absurd belief that Latin (or for very daring minds Sanskrit) is the beginning of all, they will begin to find some curious results, and probably very far-reaching—both in history, ethnology, and mythology. I have never met with the idea that there are some words which have a world-wide meaning, but that these exist I will now try to show.

It was the word *Pit* which first started me on the right track. Pit, the etymologists tell us, is derived from Latin *Puteus*, a well. As usual, the cart is before the horse. Clearly the man who first dug a pit did not do it expecting to find water; he did it for some other reason, and when water came in he called it a puteus, as a second name. But why did he dig a pit?

I chanced somewhere on the statement that of the two or three old Pictish words which remain to us one is *pit*, apparently meaning a farm. Here is our key: the first use of a pit was as a shelter, a very natural and obvious idea when once we have seen it. Do the various languages bear this out? I think they do.

Starting from English *Pit* let us make a list of words with a similar collection of letters and a similar meaning—taking them roughly in geographical order from West to East:

English : *Pit*, and probably *Bed*.

Welsh : *Bwth*, a hut.

Basque : *Pa*, a brasier or fire pit.

Lappish : *Bodne*, a bottom.

Hungarian : *Putri*, a flock shelter.

Samoyed : *Ped*, a nest.

Latin : *Puteus*, a well.

Greek : *Bothros*, a pit.

Egyptian : *Pa* (or *per*), an enclosure; *Pet*, the sky (drawn as a pot-lid).

Hebrew : *Beth*, a house.

Sanskrit : *Pa*, to shelter; *Patala*, a covering.

Japanese : *Ba*, an arena.

*The contents of these lists are not the result of great hunting and sifting. The languages were chosen to a certain extent as representing various possible divisions, but chiefly because I could easily get at these dictionaries. I think that all the languages at which I looked are included in the lists, with the exception of a West African dialect which I omitted, as there was some suspicion that it had prefixes like Zulu, and so might be misleading. It is, therefore, most probable that if twice the number of languages had been looked at, the lists would have been twice as long.

Maori : *Pa*, a stockade; *Pataka*, an enclosure.

Quiché : *Putina*, a flock shelter; *Puytu*, a well;⁶ *Putu*, a calabash.

Here we have two ideas closely interlocked, *Pa*, to protect, and *pet*, to shelter, or cover, both of which appear again in a more modern form in Latin as *foveo* and perhaps *fodio*.

Treading very close on these we have a number of other *pets* and *buds*, meaning to spread, whether it be the wings in flight, or the petals in opening.

This is by no means an isolated case. Here is another quite as widespread:—

The letters *kb*, or *gb*, seem to suggest what may be called, as a primitive idea, "a humpbacked stump"; a very useful article before the introduction of nails and mortising chisels. It is represented in English by such words as *gable*, *gibbet*, and *coop*.

Gaelec : *Caob*, a bough; *Ceanan*, a stump; *Cabar*, a beam; *Cub*, a coop.

Basque : *Gupi*, a curve, humpback.

Lappish : *Gabos*, deformed; *Gubbo*, a stump; *Gable*, a top-beam.

Latin : *Gibbus*, humpbacked.

Greek : *Kuphos*, hollow.

Hebrew : *Gb*, humpbacked.

Egyptian : *Kb*, an angle.

Swaheli : *Komba*, to hollow.

Zulu : *Geba*, to incline, as a bough; *I-gumbi*, an angle; *Isi-fumba*, humpbacked.

Sanskrit : *Kubh*, hollow.

Japanese : *Kubu*, a stump; *Kabuti*, a lintel; *Kubo*, a hollow place.

Maori : *Kopa*, an angle, crippled.

Here again we have two associated meanings, the roof, and the hollow which it encloses, for example:—

Japanese : *Kubo*, a hollow place.

Basque : *Kubel*, a copper; *Kubu*, a bottle.

But these are not so clearly to be separated as *pa* and *pet*. The etymologists have gone wrong again on the root, *pa*, this time through mere carelessness. To quote Skeat's "Select list":—

"Pascere (pa—pasc) to feed—pabulum, pannage (M.E. pasnage), pastel, pastern, pastille, pastor, pasture, pester, repast. (*✓PA*, to feed.)"

But unfortunately these words have a root *pas* or *pasc*, which is as different from *pa* as is *pet*. It is far from improbable that we should add yet another similar root, *pak*, whence our word *Bake*. It is almost as widely spread as the others, and finishes up with its modification to *f* in Latin as *focus*. So that long before Romulus was thought of there were, surrounding the word *pa*, to protect; *pet*, to cover; *pas*, to feed; *pak*, to warm; and all of them go back through such unknown ages that perhaps the Giants who were in the land in the days before Adam used them too.

A PRAYER.

O Lord (if one there be whose high control
Can guide my wand'ring feet o'er crevass'd ground),
From endless hell I will not save my soul
And leave unplumb'd life's deeps of joy. Unbound
I'll let my hot heart go. But, Lord, I pray
(If mortals' pray'r can pierce thy star-paved floor)
That thou my reckless hand wilt ever stay
From doling alms out to the luckless poor!

LOUIS SORDELL.

¹ "Root PHOG, cf. φωγευν."

² "Derived from A.S. *geotan* to pour. Root GHEU."

³ This is an interesting word, for its root is *hrid*, and the Irish for heart is *cridhe*.

⁴ "Apparently from Swed. dialect *stabbe*, a thick stump."—Skeat. But why go to a Swedish dialect?

⁵ This is an extraordinarily interesting word, for we see that the two languages agree even to the extent of a secondary meaning, and one not very obvious at that.

⁶ Strangely like *puit*, no doubt, but had it been a Latin word, it would pretty certainly have come through the Spanish, which is *pezo*.

English Pronunciation.

It has been pointed out to us that our paragraphs on the letter *u* were not stated to have been concerned solely with the pure sound of this letter. Of course we were dealing with the true letter throughout, the inflection as in *but* seeming to have perplexed none of our correspondents. In fact, most frequently the pure vowel sounds set a man conscientiously considering his speech. It is not well to be discovered uttering coarse vowel sounds among people who enunciate them finely, for the power of money to divide people is, to say the least, no more inimical to friendship than a coarse pronunciation; howbeit, the will to equality works more surely and swiftly in the latter than in the former case. Most of us might maintain existence more easily in the company of a yokel than of a cockney. The yokel's vowels will be in many districts pure enough, only too prolonged, suiting his slow tongue; the cockney's are coarse and too rapid, a repulsive combination.

We note that Professor Rippmann is now busily confusing the linguistic notions of the "Daily Citizen." Among his more casual remarks occurs the following: "Mr. Asquith rhymes morn with dawn, as we do in Southern England." Who are we? One hesitates to believe that even a Georgian poet would be allowed to rhyme morn with dawn in public, at least more than once. Mr. Asquith might use his position, as we all know, to force anything upon us; but even he has not yet ventured to publish his unofficial reforms.

Professor Rippmann would have the readers of the "Daily Citizen" suppose that the world is very much agitated about the correct stress upon syllables, quoting *decorous*, *illustrate*, *remonstrate*, *sojourn*, *adjourn* as awful examples of our absurd and spirit-wasting language. But whether a man give the stress to the first or the second syllable is no great matter compared with his coarsening or his mincing of pure sounds. On the subject of stress, we may be certain that the smoother pronunciation will tend to prevail. Personally, we have never heard *de-cór-ous* or *il-lis-trate* or *sojourn* among educated men; we have heard *re-món-strate*, and very pugnacious it sounded; but the speaker was proving his knowledge of old china, and perhaps must not be taken too rigidly. Our really serious handicap in combating the assaults of the new spellers and other phonetical innovators is that we cannot come across any well-conditioned persons who speak as badly as these great reformers would have us believe. We know not the folk who say, "My dörter iz ded: whot a lot ov langwij we du have tu lurn nowadaiz!" Professor Rippmann makes a statement which very much suits our purpose in this article, as we intend to notice a word whose derivation has survived in speech even a universal misspelling, whereas the professor would like to believe that "usage cares not a straw for derivations," a point to note, so he writes.

Last week we invited readers to test the differing sounds of *s* and *z* as used respectively in *business* and *buzz*. It is the word *business* we are now to consider, but we may remark in passing that of the comparatively few words we use containing the letter *z* almost every one has a foreign derivation, and most of them are technical terms or names of things, and have been taken over with no change at all. The words which end with *z* are comic ones—*buzz*, *fuzz*, *whiz*, *quiz*; there are only about half a dozen all told. We have a few corruptions of the Anglo-Saxon *s*, as *haze=hasu*; *dizzy=dysig*; *blaze=blaese*.

We do not take kindly to *z* and have reluctantly allowed it to domesticate here; yet this very unpalatable sound is selected by the unhappy new spellers to show us how to pronounce if we would be sound-hearted Englishmen! The hard *s*, as in *civilise*, is as gruff a sound as we care for, and if it were not for the mispronunciation offered in the dictionaries, we should probably find no one to-day writing *z* where all the world enunciates hard *s*.

Coming to our word *business*, we stigmatise it as one of the rare freakish English spellings. Regretfully

we admit that the unfortunate English child, doomed to learn to spell his own language, must waste his precious time in committing this spelling to memory, with no possibility of help from his well-spoken teacher unless general practice come to spell the word with an *i* or a *y*. The Anglo-Saxon was *bysig=busy*: and we offer this example, which we cannot be accused of going out of our way to seek, as an instance of what we might do with Professor Rippmann's dictum. A grandfatherly person assures the present writer that he has formerly seen business spelled *buisness*; this form would be borne out in common usage by such companions as *build*, which comes from the Anglo-Saxon *byldan*; *guilt* from *gylt*. If, instead of clamouring to shorten the child's study of English, our professors were to insist on his being allowed much more time for this, there would be no market for the flood of quack publications of this and that system of new spelling. One is goaded to the worst suspicions regarding persons who, like our phoneticians, quote Chaucer in the original while offering us a kind of spelling which makes Chaucer's script by comparison as simple as an epistle from one's veteran uncle.

Present-Day Criticism.

OUR correspondent, "C. E. V.," writes for advice upon a subject to which we address ourselves with the best will in the world. His inquiry is regarding what literature there may be for the legitimate entertainment of persons who do not care for the best. The question very much concerns us all, but especially those of us who are aware that the true minor standard in literature, which is honourably allied to the major, is in danger of being altogether lost. The major standard can never be lost, for it belongs to no single nation, whereas minor work is always local.

So long as a nation keeps together, it is always free for the descent of the spirit of genius, though this spirit take the awful and warning form of an Aristophanes or a Juvenal; after the advent of the supreme satirist there is no more hope for the nation that breeds him. But between the periods of men of genius in an uprising nation, there is a period of art. In such a time appear men of very great talent who instinctively ally themselves to genius by their service in formulating, practising, and passing on the laws of the creators. It is the commonest thing in this tin age of ours to find little persons starting up with some wretched novelty which they believe, and are by ignorant applause confirmed in believing, to be a veritable discovery of creative law. When their poor notion is neglected after a day or two for some other they attribute their neglected position to the proverbial neglect of the great; but, in fact, the great are never neglected even in their own lifetime. Was Homer neglected? Impossible—if it is true that his works were only orally preserved. Was Chaucer neglected? Not even at the beginning of English civilisation. When we come to other names—Pindar, Sophocles, Virgil, Shakespeare, Goethe—in literature; Phidias, Michaelangelo, in sculpture; Beethoven in music; Da Vinci, in painting—to mention only those that come uppermost in memory—we may reassure ourselves that the creators do not incarnate for neglect. The instances, moreover, of temporary disfavour during lifetime usually have a political explanation as in the cases of Dante, and of Racine, who was, as it is said, driven into contemptuous silence for half a century after the pre-arranged failure of his "Phaedre." In the first rank of art—which is less than genius—the failures during lifetime are many, and among these men you will find there has often been much wastage of emotional force, culpable or otherwise. But among them, also, are the artists, devoted to the great standards, and only less in power and gift than the creators. To these we would send such as are appalled to retreating before the works of genius. "Whom Jove hates hate the Muses," said Pindar. But less than Jove may not be quite so severe. Our all-too-human selves are sometimes accused of this mighty loathing for people-

who dare not approach the sublime creators, but we humbly protest that this accusation comes from misunderstanding.

We have never attacked those writers, humanly honourable artists, who have upheld the traditions of the creators. We have attacked the decadents of our day, diseased and conceited fools with their notions of having surpassed the great tradition. We would destroy such men not in the least because they are dangerous to this tradition, but because their revolting imitation of art, their misuse and misplacement of the beautiful has the chance of decoying the present generation from its real hope, the hope of preserving the minor tradition. When we find the author of "Hilda Lessways" decrying the author of "David Copperfield" we say that here is a bad influence in power, and as critics we make it our business to do what we can to moderate this bad influence. When, however, we find a Georgian poet exalting a Georgian poet above Milton, we only laugh a silent but tremendous guffaw and say that here is a bauble. The major tradition is beyond any assault; but the minor is not. Now let us name the best hundred of these minors, or as many of them as space permits.

But first let us object to our correspondent's suggestion that the average boy will not read the Iliad if he gets the chance. He does not get the chance. He is made to plough through a little of Homer in the Greek; but the English translation of the Iliad still costs twelve shillings, and we dare swear that not one English boy in forty thousand has ever seen it. Try him with it and see if your pleasing experience is not the same as ours. It is well known that a child will make its way through enormous volumes, the mere bulk of which terrifies a semi-educated adult. In the pleasantest time of the youth of the present writer we read through with never-tiring interest the whole of Dickens and Thackeray, most of Scott, all of Charles Kingsley and the Zend Avesta of Zoroaster. We do not recommend the last-named as a gift to youth, but only mention it as an instance of what youth will cheerfully undertake. To parody one of the now almost forgotten dithyrambs of women suffragists—"There are no heights too steep for reading youth to scale if adults will only point the way by leaving the books about." Give your boy Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Lytton, Kingsley, Mayne Reid, Kinglake, Creasy, Marryat, Walter Besant, Dumas, Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper; give him "The Swiss Family Robinson"; "Robinson Crusoe"; "Masterman Ready"; "Arabian Nights"; "Don Quixote"; "Morte D'Arthur"; "Pilgrim's Progress"; "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; "Midshipman Easy"; "Ingoldsby Legends"; give him any book of travels you can lay your hands on, no matter what it may be—he will probably read every word, even the introduction—Mungo Park, Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Lane, Neufeld, Slatin Pasha (ah! do not give him Stanley; let him learn trickiness from others, if he must), Nansen, Mary Kingsley, Froude (Oceana); but there is no end to the thoroughly sound books we might name. Take one of Messrs. Dent's catalogues and offer your youth any twenty books he cares to select for a beginning: and pray heaven he does not select any that you do not yourself know at least by name, for so he will be safe from Messrs. Dent's editor, a gentleman of the feeblest possible taste where this is unguarded by tradition. Give your son, your nephew, your ward, your friend, all the wide range of this list, and then, if he likes none of it, give him up, do not plague him any further when you see him devouring "Tit-Bits," Penny Dreadfuls, or the "Daily Mail." Do not, we repeat, suppose that because you are too old or too busy to read what you ought to have read in youth that a boy will find time and energy similarly in need of economy. Whatever ideas you may have, doubtless gathered from the busy pedagogues of the present day, of preparing the child for "life," remember that he will not share. He is living while you are troubling his life with your interference. Childhood is a life, boyhood is a life: let these lives alone as much as you can—for this is the way to ensure a slow developing but a manly England.

Readers and Writers.

It is by no means the case, as a correspondent suggested last week, that I should be sorry to find my obiter dicta endorsed by every one of my readers. The prospect, of course, is centuries off, but it is none the less pleasing to contemplate. The supposition that there is anything necessarily stimulating in variety of opinion is merely a survival of the laissez-faire days of criticism. It rests on the sceptical doctrine that there is nothing exact and absolute in the region of taste; *de gustibus*, etc. But there are, if we can only accept them, canons of taste as fixed as the canons of mathematics. Their appreciation depends, however, upon a capacity for measuring quality in terms of quality, a capacity almost wholly undeveloped in these days.

* * *

Quite a number of correspondents have asked me to confirm or correct their guess as to the name of the work of art I had in mind a fortnight ago in referring to the "purest work of genius produced within the last five years." I am happy to say that they are all, without exception, correct in their guess. What I should now like to know is why, during the last four or five years, these correspondents with a neglected masterpiece in their hands have done nothing to make it known? Some of them doubtless are prepared to grow indignant over the stories of dead neglected geniuses and to believe that had they been alive when Keats was dying in obscurity, or Chatterton was starving, or Blake was eking out a living by engraving, they would have moved heaven and earth to compass their recognition. Well, here is now their opportunity, for the writer is still alive and still unknown, and the book is still languishing on the market. By the way, a conclusive proof that the work breaks new ground and is marked by genius is in the fact that the "Times" reviewed it indignantly and the "Spectator" refused to review it at all. Both these journals have a natural hatred of genius; one attacks genius and the other ignores it.

* * *

All publishers, like sheep, are going astray in the production of series of handbooks on this, that and the other. The lastest is the firm of Constable, which has projected a shilling series under the title of "The Threshold of Science." I do not see such a series selling in a market that is at once crowded and overcrowded with similar booklets. Science, too, is at its very dullest to-day. There are no good popular scientific writers, and the state of the whole subject is profoundly unattractive. I am not saying, of course, that discoveries are not being made; they are. But their character arouses none of the hopes associated with the scientific work of the nineteenth century. In those days the scientist was something of a prophet and had a message of hope for mankind. But the message has proved to be empty of inspiration; and all that science has done is to improve machinery and to depress man. Save to specialists and workmen on the make Science is to-day of no importance.

* * *

In last week's "Sphere" Mr. Clement Shorter comments on my note on the absence of advertisements from THE NEW AGE. It was not my explanation, as he assumes, that this absence is due to the "dangerous character of the journal"; it was the explanation offered by the editor of the "Advertisers' Weekly," who, of course, knows less of advertising than does Mr. Shorter! Mr. Shorter, however, continues that THE NEW AGE is not "dangerous, but only offensive." Is there really much difference in these terms in the mind of the editor of the "Sphere"? To be dangerous to him is, of course, to be offensive to him; and several of my colleagues have been that, and probably will be again. His explanation that THE NEW AGE has no advertisements because it is "offensive" is, moreover, absurd. Plenty of inoffensive journals fail to obtain advertisements. On the other hand, the most offensive journals are often full of advertisements. But it is characteristic of the men of commercial letters that their first thought

when a contemporary journal fails to make a commercial success is always that the fault is with the journal. That there can be anything wrong with "business" is never their supposition. I may now say, perhaps, that THE NEW AGE does not seek advertisements and employs nobody to look for them. Advertisers may come to us if they like; but we shall not go, as other journalists go, cap and lie and bribe in hand, to them.

* * *

America is extreme even in the matter of literature. Most of the literature of America is extremely bad, but some of it is just as extremely good. I recall now one of the most illuminating works on the origins of poetry ever written—"The Beginnings of Poetry," by Professor Gummere. Who Professor Gummere is, or what other works he has written, I do not know, but this particular treatise, which I read eight years ago and still remember, is worth reviving. It was shockingly reviewed, of course, in this country, both as coming from America and as dealing seriously with an interesting subject. The "Spectator" coolly dismissed it in a dozen or so lines as "beyond them" to appraise; and that was the last the world heard of it. An American writer of less simplicity, but of equal seriousness and thoroughness, is Mr. Paul Elmore More, author of the "Shelburne Essays," the eighth volume of which appeared last week with Constable's ("The Drift of Romanticism." 5s. net). He is not an Agnes Repplier, whose essays were the joke of English critics some years ago, nor a Mr. Huneker, who touches nothing that he cannot vulgarise by smartness. He belongs to the critical school of Coleridge and De Quincey, that is to say, to a school whose tendency is rather to labour than to neglect the deeper questions of literary criticism. For instance, in his latest volume we find him describing Romanticism as "the illusory substitute of the mere limitless expansion of our impulsive nature for the true infinite within the heart of man." The description is fairly accurate and leads Mr. More to sound conclusions in regard to writers like Beckford, Pater, Fiona Macleod and Nietzsche. But how many readers can follow the description to its application? Mr. More has also, it appears to me, the defect of orthodoxy—he fails to realise the inevitability of heterodoxy and the consequent necessity of parodoxy. The classic is for him, as it is for me, the perfect literary form; all form, in fact, is classic. But the romantic should be recognised, when it arises, as a challenge to form, as an impulse demanding severer forms to contain it.

* * *

The retirement of Mr. Harold Hodge from the editorship of the "Saturday Review" after fourteen years reminds us again of the existence of that journal. But for little events of this kind, the reading public would scarcely be aware of its existence. In former days—before Mr. Frank Harris began to edit it—the "Saturday Review" was the sole journal in England that could damn an author with a single review. The complementary test, however, resulted in failure; for I never heard that the "Saturday Review" could make the reputation of an author in any number of reviews. The prestige thus created lasted during the interval of Mr. Harris' editorship, and was even a little enhanced under his control; but his innovations proved to be incompatible with the old traditions and when the latter were resumed under Mr. Hodge they were found to have faded almost to nothing. During the last fourteen years, indeed, nobody has opened his "Saturday Review" with the pleasurable apprehension of an intellectual shock. Mr. Hodge, we are told, "desires to devote himself to social reform and political work in which he has always taken an active interest." Ah, now we know why his "Review" has been so dull.

* * *

The little gang of duffers calling themselves the British Academy are having the usual luck of the stupid in England, where, as Hood said:—

Only propose to blow a bubble,
And, Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

A wealthy lady, the aunt of Professor Gollancz, the honorary secretary of the Academy, has lately died and left to this body the sum of six thousand pounds. Of this, £2,000 is to provide an annual lecture or essay on a philosophical subject; another £2,000 is to provide an annual essay on Art; £1,000 is to provide a prize for an annual essay on some "mastermind"; and the interest on the remaining £1,000 is to be given annually to the author of some philosophical work published or in manuscript. I am quite certain, of course, that the good lady was not aware of what she was doing and had no intention of creating obstacles to her avowed wishes. At the same time I dare swear that her benefactions will reach the wrong people every time, barring the accidents which happen even in the best-regulated Academies. For it is like asking a Government to vote itself out of office to expect an Academy of paying reputations to endow their predestined subvertors. By the instinct of self-preservation they will usually divine the danger to themselves lurking in the work of unknown men of any power; and, in the same spirit, they will do anything but advertise it. To secure Miss Hertz's annuities candidates must be able to prove that they are not only now inoffensive to the vested literary interests of the Academy, but can never be anything else. In short, their mediocrity is their qualification. Now if I had or should hereafter have, the disposal of a sum for the endowment of literature I should select my successor and give him freedom to spend and to select his successor in turn. He's an unfortunate plutocrat who knows no person more trustworthy than any Academy in the world.

* * *

I promised last week to offer my explanation of the prevailing vacuity of modern Drama. It is simple almost to the point of platitude: there is at present no dramatic movement in life! I shall be told that events like the rise of China, the Balkan War, the discovery of the Poles, and the invention of the aeroplane, not to mention the modern social movements of Labour and Capital, are as great as any that ever inspired a dramatist. But I shall reply that there is not a shadow of hopeful wonder, of awe, of grandeur, of beauty, of mystery, or even of human intelligent power in one of them. Go into the wilds of Africa and be out of reach of newspapers for a month or two, and the whole cosmic show fades into trivial gossip. But not only is there no movement towards any Promised Land that the heart may desire, but the tendency for some generations has been to elevate commonplace men and to obscure the heroes. Playwrights, like novelists, have been looking for inspiration in the flats and slums of civilisation where the only heroism possible is mere passive endurance. Active and aggressive heroism on behalf of ideas they hate with all the ignorant hatred of the lower middle classes. But to have a drama our playwrights must feel enthusiastic about either ideas or some man. As there are at present no ideas worth enthusiasm, and no men visible whose lives are dramatic, the drama which necessarily lives on life, is also of necessity dull and undramatic.

* * *

The "Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette" [what a title!] notes my disparagement last week of the novel in comparison with the play, but hesitates to take sides lest it should be committed to anything. Thus we balance ourselves on the fence until the cat appears! The novel, the writer thinks, is not necessarily a "tale of love"; and instances several of Balzac's to the contrary. Nor are plays debarred from treating of sex-love—witness several of Shakespeare's. Exceptions, however, do not constitute a rule. I am content to abide by the suffrages of my readers in this matter. Would they not expect a novel to contain a love affair as its motive? On the other hand, would they walk across the street to see a play which had no other motive? The writer admits my first contention in the following remark: "If sex-love is still almost the only subject of the modern novel the reason may be that the trend of the market is determined by the female

novel reader." I accept the admission, but the explanation is not correct. The female novel reader has not determined the "subject" of the novel, for that is fixed by natural definition for men as for women; she determines only that the tales of love shall be written for women rather than for men. My second, however, provokes the writer to say that the notion of "Fate," which inspires true drama as the notion of sex-love inspires the true novel, is scarcely to be found nowadays. Why? The reason is certainly not that Fate is less at war with Man to-day than formerly; nor is it that science has made us vulgarly familiar with the conflict of the soul with destiny. We know less if anything about the soul to-day than *Æschylus* knew. In consequence there ought to be more mystery in it and consequently an atmosphere in which drama might grow. But we do not feel it to be a mystery all the same. We are ignorant, and conceited about it. You cannot imagine our playwrights brooding darkly on the ways of God to Man; they would in all probability laugh at you for raising the question. No re-discovery of Fate is, therefore, likely to come from them—nor any drama.

* * *

Many of my readers will recall the name of Mr. H. H. Champion. He was a picturesque figure in the early fighting days of the Socialist movement in England, when Mr. John Burns, Mr. Cunningham-Graham, and others, were more of men than they are to-day. (Is that offensive, Mr. Shorter?) My last vision of Mr. Champion was of a top-hatted gentleman seated in contemptuous ease upon a platform from which his fellow speakers had been violently thrown by a provincial audience. His top-hat, I verily believe, made him invulnerable. At any rate, he was left unmolested, while the rest were receiving and binding up their wounds. Mr. Champion, I understand, now runs a book-shop in Melbourne, Australia; and an excellent book-shop I hear it is. He also edits a paper, "The Book Lover," of which I wish I could say that it is excellent. But it is not; it is poor. The opinions expressed are in most instances docile repetitions of the worst English judgments; they have not even the merit, in beginners, of originality. For example, Miss Elizabeth Robins' "Where Are You Going To?" is "powerful" and has "stirred the hearts" of people; the sale of the Browning love-letters makes the writer "a little bit sick"—not that they should have been preserved, but that they should have been sold to a private purchaser; Professor Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides have "thrilled the English-speaking people"; the Williamsonsons are "enjoyable"; and so on. I say this, I hope, without respect to the comments of Mr. Champion on THE NEW AGE. Indeed, they are mostly flattering. He speaks of its "caustic bitterness," its "fearlessness," and its "malevolence." The last named characteristic I for one would not attempt to deny or to disguise. I do not pretend to be God almighty, and to see nothing but the good in everything. Modern tolerance is always impudent contempt for an enemy or cowardly fear of him; when, that is, it is even so positive as to be preceded by any definite opinion at all! Mr. Champion professes to pity "Rhythm," in particular, for my colleagues' criticisms of that journal; but, like most untutored good Samaritans, he really adds insult to his victim's injuries. "There is much," he says, "that is good and earnest" in "Rhythm," though it contains a great deal of "tosh." The worst writer on it, he thinks, is "one Murry," who is "nothing short of a babbler and a penny-a-liner." As Mr. Murry was the editor of "Rhythm," I can fancy his gratitude for the ale and ointment provided by his antipodean champion.

* * *

A monthly magazine, often mentioned in these pages, is, I hear, to come to an end shortly. Its "idea" was, indeed, somewhat belated, for it set out to repeat the office of the "Yellow Book," which was to collect contemporary decadence and make a school of it. There is no life in decadence, however, nowadays; its future is past; and there is no genius like Beardsley to embody

the school in a symbolic person. Our "idea" to-day is brilliant common-sense—a phrase, by the way, which the "Daily News" borrowed of me the other day—and put to a poor use! Only those writers belong to the new age and have a future before them who can *write sense*. I emphasise both the writing and the sense.

* * *

Who is Ada Cambridge? In the "Times" of Thursday last nearly a column is devoted to her first book of verse (Heinemann, 5s. net). Throughout the review she is referred to as Ada Cambridge, just Ada Cambridge. Such familiarity, however, I find offensive in a double and even a triple degree: it assumes that I know the lady—and I do not; it assumes that the reviewer knows the lady—and he ought not to reveal the fact by such a means; and it unwittingly does her the injury of unmerited notoriety. For if the specimens of verse quoted are fair—and the whole review might have been written by her agent—"Ada Cambridge" had better never have published her work outside her native Australian bush.

Ye who can see the case so clear,
And scorn to cringe and moan,
Who follow humbly, without fear,
The soul's behest alone;
Content to suffer for the sake
Of faithful manhood, and to make
A loftier stepping-stone,
A straighter way, a smoother street,
For tread of unborn children's feet.

This stanza from "one of the best poems in her book" contains most of the qualities of the completely unpoetic. It is not quite so facile as doggerel, but it is more false than didactic platitude. Yet the "Times" hesitates whether to call it poetry, and inclines to the affirmative. Who is editing the "Literary Supplement" nowadays?

* * *

I have been too often caught by the announcement that a new edition of Mr. Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" was about to appear, to confide in the latest repetition of the stake joke. It is Messrs. Constable, however, who announce it this time. In the "Quintessence of Ibsenism" which appeared in its first and only edition in 1891, Mr. Shaw wrote himself out. He has added nothing since that is not an amplification of his first enthusiasm—or, should I say, a straining of his first affirmative faith through the superfine meshes of his wit. The doctrine he extracted from Ibsen was, of course, not Ibsen's at all; the later plays of Ibsen prove that; but it was a doctrine for the times, and Mr. Shaw took himself seriously as its prophet. The "Quintessence of Ibsenism" has, I believe, had more effect upon the modern feminist fermentation than any other intellectual ingredient. We shall see whether any virtue is left in it.

R. H. C.

Views and Reviews.*

THIS little book is interesting as being a synopsis of Catholic thought and teaching in relation to social affairs. It has often been said that the last enemy of Socialism will be the Catholic Church; and the reverend writer makes that clear in this primer. The Catholic Social Reformer, he says, differs from the Socialist in this respect, that he does not consider the present economic condition to be bad in its essential principles, but on account of its deep-rooted and widespread abuses. He says "that the elements of this problem are mainly three: evils, their causes, and their remedies"; and he reveals "four distinct sources of the evils which all deplore: error, vice, material conditions, and political action." Lest any enthusiastic reader should suppose that Dr. Parkinson is advocating industrial action, I hasten to say that, according to his statement, all Catholics "agree in the adoption of such specific remedies as clubs for young people, temperance associations, thrift and friendly societies, and so forth." He states that the evils of the time are "chiefly religious and

* "A Primer of Social Science." By the Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, D.D. (P. S. King and Son. 2s. net.)

moral," and as "practical measures" he suggests (and tells us that the suggestions were approved by Leo XIII) the formation of trade unions, the restriction of financial gambling, the granting of a living wage, the fixing of a maximum day's work by the trade unions, and "the promotion of obligatory insurance, the regulation of women's work, the prohibition of Sunday labour, protection against distress, the establishment of co-operative and profit-sharing enterprises." Practically all these things have been done, and the rest will follow quickly; with the possible exceptions of the restriction of financial gambling, and the prohibition of Sunday labour. Practically all these things have been done, and the results are before us.

It has also been said, with perhaps more justification, that the fight for supremacy in England will be between the Jews and the Catholics. As things are at present, the Catholics are losing in every respect; and for a very simple reason. The very means by which the Jews are obtaining the mastery of the world, and which Mr. Arthur Kitson described in the last issue of THE NEW AGE, are sanctioned by the Catholics. There is all the pathos attaching to a lost cause to be discovered in the statement that "he [the Catholic Social Reformer] desires a return towards the ancient organic structure of society: family, county or district, and classes." The effect of usury (I use the word in the same sense as Mr. Kitson, "wherever payment is exacted merely for use, that, properly speaking, is usury") has been that classes are metamorphosed and practically abolished, the county or district has ceased to exist except as a unit of government, and the family is being destroyed as quickly as possible. There is not an institution that stands in the way of the perfect working of economic law that is not in serious danger; and so long as reformers sanction the cause, it is a gratuitous exercise of compassion to bewail results.

Dr. Parkinson tells us: "The modern mind adopts the practice of lending money at interest as the most natural economic proceeding. This has arisen from the use of money for productive purposes, as under the form of capital in business. This condition, without excluding others, has justified the practice, and he would be a bold man who would condemn it. We must nevertheless clearly separate this from usury, the practice of which, in either of the forms explained, is always blameworthy. We should also remember that the Church has given but a constructive approval to the whole financial system of interest, and much might be said to show how injurious in many of its applications it is at the present time." The facts remain that the Church has approved it, and that it is impossible to distinguish in practice between usury and lending money at interest. The economic results are the same in both cases; production is stimulated for the benefit of a person other than the producer. But the effect of this stimulated production is that the producer becomes a slave to the money-lender, whoever he may be.

It is true, of course, that "the modern mind adopts the practice of lending money at interest as the most natural economic proceeding"; but the modern mind never stops to think of the results. Mr. Kitson, in his pamphlet on "Industrial Depression: Its Cause and Cure," has given an example of them. "If you have a factory filled with machinery and tools, etc., at the end of your financial year, when you make up your balance-sheet, you first allow for depreciation, so as to maintain your original capital intact, and you next allow yourself a certain interest—in this country five per cent.—on the capital before you commence to reckon your profits; and so it is universally. If an industry will not maintain these two items in regard to its own capital it is not considered very flourishing. What is the consequence of this system? It is this, that by far the greater proportion of the annual produce of the world is swallowed up in interest charges. Under five per cent. interest the principal doubles itself every twenty years. If you take the total capital of this country, which is employed in production and on which interest

charges are made, you will see that it amounts to about two-thirds of our entire annual income. Of course, I am including the rent of land in this statement, since it is a certain form of 'usury.' And if you carry this on throughout the world, you will also see that the system is an impossible one for any length of time. And if five per cent. was actually appropriated for every form of capital, there would not be sufficient left to maintain the producers at even starvation wages. Wealth is not produced at a sufficient rate nor continuously enough to keep pace with even five per cent. interest charges. And the result is that small capitalists are continually wiped out and their capital absorbed in interest charges on bigger capital."

There is another strange result of lending money at interest; it is that money never lent can obtain interest just the same as money that has been lent. Mr. Chiozza Money in his "Riches and Poverty" (now republished by Methuen at 1s. net) says: "Many railway companies have enlarged their ordinary capital by the delightfully simple process of multiplying by two. £100 of original stock has been changed into £100 of 'preferred' and £100 of 'deferred' As a consequence it is made to appear that the net receipts of railways are only about $\frac{3}{2}$ per cent. of their 'paid-up' capitals. But the nominal capitals have not been 'paid up'; and even in so far as the original capital is concerned, much of it is unreal." It draws dividends just the same. This is only one instance; but Mr. Money says: "Anyone who is interested in this point should examine the yearly return of companies registered which now shows not only the amount of capital 'considered as paid-up,' but the actual amount subscribed in cash and the payments for underwriting. In a recent return I find such items as this:—

| | |
|---|---------|
| Capital considered as paid up | £76,683 |
| Minimum subscription required | 7 |
| Amount allotted before beginning business | 16,729 |

and this:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Capital considered as paid up | £25,000 |
| Minimum subscription required | 8,000 |
| Commission for underwriting | 25 per cent. |
| Amount allotted before beginning business | £8,010 |

That is how a great part of £2,100,000,000 of registered joint-stock 'paid up' capital is made." After paying everything, including wages, salaries, wages of ability to managers and managing directors, royalties to patentees, all rents exacted by owners of area, "there remained a profit of £226,000,000, being over 10 per cent. on all the total paid-up capital, watered and unwatered, of all the joint-stock companies registered in the United Kingdom."

These facts will make no difference to Dr. Parkinson and the rest of the Catholics. They are satisfied that the evils of the time are "chiefly religious and moral," they do not agree with the Socialists that the present condition is "bad in its essential principles"; and they intend to reform the "abuses" of these principles. We get a very shrewd idea of the nature of the reform when we read: "In the event of an industry not being able to bear a living wage, what is the employer to do? 1. He is not bound to pay a wage which the business has failed to produce. 2. Neither is he bound in justice to pay a full remuneration to others in preference to allowing himself (a) a moderate interest on capital employed, and (b) a moderate recompense for his own industry. But (c) he may not set aside anything as net profit until he has paid at least the minimum rate of the living wage. Profits arise only after all expenses have been paid. Still (d) it would be greatly to the advantage of society if non-paying industries gradually disappeared, and gave place to others which can be worked at a profit. Lastly, if society wishes for a particular article of manufacture, it should be willing to pay the price of its production, and disdain to live on the sweated toil of others." Really this is beyond comment; but Dr. Parkinson ought to explain how that "return towards the ancient organic structure of society: family, county or district, and classes" is to be made if the present system is maintained as he desires.

A. E. R.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THERE are no plays to write about this week: drama in England is entirely dependent on bad weather, and, although Byron said that the English winter ended in July and began in August, there is a conventional English summer which serves as an excuse to theatrical managers to take a rest. I might, in a cynical mood, wish that the convention were an everlasting reality; but let us be charitable. One must live, audiences as well as producers; and after such a season as we have had, we all need a space for recuperation. I have touched my mother Earth by reading over my own articles on this subject; and I have noticed one extraordinary omission. I have never said a word in praise or blame of any actor in any of the plays that I have witnessed. By the "unitarians" in art, this will probably be accepted as a tacit proof of the excellence of modern play production; but I am not merely punning when I say that it is only on a cloudy night that the "stars" are invisible.

For it is certain (and every interpretative artist knows it) that if the work to be interpreted has any of the true qualities of art, interpretations should vary in excellence. The heat of composition is communicable: all actors want to play Shakespeare, just as all pianists want to play Chopin, and the desire is the spiritual equivalent of the "growing pains" of a child. It is only in dealing with the work of a creative artist that the interpretative artist can reach his full stature, can develop his utmost possibilities; the art of the actor, like that of any other interpretative artist, cannot thrive in an atmosphere of commonplace. Actors themselves are not always aware of this fact. I remember Miss Margaret Halstan being reported as saying that the triumph of the actor was in not being recognised until the end of the first act. That is probably a sound maxim for the detective; but its implications, as it applies to the art of acting, are precisely those against which I am protesting in this article. One implication is that characters in modern plays are so stereotyped that the only way in which an actor can save himself from going melancholy mad by sheer monotonous repetition is by "individualising" precisely similar characters, so that their resemblance is unsuspected by the audience. To state a case: Sir George Alexander has specialised in the "man of forty" type. Had he adopted Miss Halstan's idea, he might not have gone melancholy mad, and become a member of the London County Council. He preferred (as I think, with the truer instinct of the artist) to play all these similar characters in a similar fashion. He has, so to speak, committed Chinese suicide on the doorstep of the dramatist, to whose account must be laid the present decline of acting.

It was noted by Emerson as an English characteristic that "after running each tendency to an extreme, they try another tack with equal heat." It is not, therefore, surprising that the re-action against the "star" system should have gone to the opposite extreme. I said some months ago that the "star" system did produce at least one actor in a company. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, one of the few actors now retiring from the stage, was a pupil of Phelps, and was reared in the tradition of the "star" system. It is difficult to write of his acting without using superlatives; so I content myself with saying that, in this exemplary case, the "star" system produced acting incomparably finer than anything to be seen on the "advanced" stage. Nor was the general level of acting below the standard of these more perfectly "produced" modern plays; although I always rejoiced when I saw him, as Othello, smother his wife for playing Desdemona. The "star" system, because it made great successes possible, was obliged to tolerate apparent failures, which probably seemed worse than they were by contrast with their anti-types. But the modern method has eliminated apparent incompetence. I do not remember seeing one actor, during the time that I have been visiting theatres professionally, whose performance could be called inadequate. They

were all so damnably adequate that I knew that there were no real difficulties in their parts, that they were not creating characters, as the "stars" did, but simply exercising a certain degree of technical skill.

Technique is the end of art. It is the triumph of Apollo, while art is the everlasting struggle between Apollo and Dionysos. Technique is simply the means of expression, and without the impulse and the matter to express, it is a dead thing. As Browning's "Del Sarto" said:—

I can do with my pencil what I know,
What I see, what at bottom of my heart
I wish for, if I ever wish so deep—
Do easily, too—when I say perfectly
I do not boast, perhaps; yourself are judge
Who listened to the Legate's talk last week,
And just as much they used to say in France,
At any rate, 'tis easy, all of it.

It is precisely because technique can be taught, because it implies no heaven beyond, that acting is ceasing to be an art and is becoming a profession. Plays are written now which are "actor-proof," which call for nothing from the actor but a little self-confidence and ordinary mimicry; sometimes not even mimicry, for the actor has only to be himself to be the character. The characters, too, are types selected not for their dramatic value, but for the opportunities they afford of exercising the actor's skill in reproduction. The suburban "nut," as played by Mr. Lionel Watts in "Fanny's First Play," and Mr. Jeans' "The Cage," is an example. Here is a character without any dramatic value, whose comedic possibilities are exhausted in the streets; and the representation of it calls for nothing from the actor but a lack of all the spiritual qualities of the artist. It would be impossible to give a bad performance of such a character, and it would be equally impossible to give a good one; the character belongs to the unhappy mean of mediocrity, and could not be legitimately conceived by an artist.

The fault, as I have said before, lies originally with the dramatists. Those who have anything to say are as bad as those who have nothing to say; they have simply created another dramatic convention, which calls for the exercise of a slightly different technique. The repertory system has really only substituted the short "run" for the long "run"; it has not provided actors with any greater range of parts, for its plays are as stereotyped as those of the more unsuccessful "commercial" theatres. Its pre-occupations, as I have said in the course of these articles, are the same as those of the "commercial" drama; and the only obvious difference is one of degree. On the stages of the repertory theatre and its subsidiary societies, plays are seen that deal with the ordinary difficulties of life from the point of view of people who claim and obtain rebate on income tax; on the stage of the commercial theatre the same difficulties are dealt with from the point of view of the payers of super-tax. The effect on the actors is much the same. The upper classes do not act, and the middle classes only imitate the upper; with the consequence that the actor gets nothing to do in either case. The middle class brings its greater skill in "organisation" to the production of its drama; and the actor is thereby denied the freedom to do nothing in his own way. What the end of it will be, I cannot predict; but I am quite sure that we cannot have acting without drama, and that it is useless to argue, as Shaw did, that there can be no new drama without a new philosophy. Wherever there is the artistic impulse, there, sooner or later, will be art; and while I hope for nothing from the present set of playwrights, I think it possible that a younger school will arise which has forgotten the advice of the modern writers not to read the works of a dead author, and will at least be acquainted with the classics of our own literature. It is not, I think, too extreme to say that the man who has never read poetry cannot write prose; and the reading of poetry for any purpose other than that of artistic enjoyment will render impossible the communication of the artistic impulse. We want playwrights not only cultured, but inspired; and that they cannot be if they have one eye on the theatre.

Art.

The London Salon.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

It has been said that every man, if he could express himself fairly well, would be able to write a novel. It is assumed that everybody has vicissitudes and moments of triumph, obstacles overcome or circumvented, thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes in his life, and that these strung together in narrative form could not fail to interest if not to instruct. Personally, I doubt this very much. In fact, I would go so far as to say that if every man could write a novel of mere incident, much fewer novels would be read. And for the simple reason that one does not want to read about "life," as the general novel-reader understands it, if one is living, or has lived, it. As a matter of fact, it is probable that, as mere incident, a record of the every-day urban dweller's life would bore every one to insanity. Not only would the events be drab and ordinary, but also the character with which they were faced would be as good as a sleeping draught to all save, perhaps, the scientific statistician. Even the love romance in it would be such a sordid story of the lust-trap with the fatal church or registry office shutter, that people would close up the book with a feeling of giddy nausea.

It is absurd to assume that everybody has the character or quality in him to turn every event of human life into a scene worth reconstructing and repeating. It is absurd to suppose that everyone can have *experiences*.

The Allied Artists Association, however, take a slightly different view. "The keynote of this constitution is inclusion, not exclusion." It takes for granted that everyone who can purchase a box of paints and a few brushes, and, I suppose, pay the necessary subscription fee as well, can paint something worth exhibiting at the Albert Hall.

Beneath this view of things, there is a liberal, generous and good-natured estimate of human nature, the full charm of which, I, for one, would be the last to underrate. There is optimism and Christian charity in it. And where would optimism be nowadays if it were scrupulously discriminating? Where, indeed, would Christian charity be either? "Unscrupulous," which was the epithet Schopenhauer applied to optimism in general, certainly applies to the kind of optimism which believes that by merely making things "easy enough" you will turn the world into a revolving globe of high culture.

However, let that be, and let us walk inside. Let us enter into this atmosphere in which everybody's experience becomes of value; in which everybody, in fact, can experience things worth experiencing. It must be entrancing! A sort of haven or heaven des refusés—a sort of Paradise in which the limitations and constraints of this earthly shell are cast away by magic as soon as you cross the threshold.

For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Yes, that's all very well!—I had just seen simpleness and duty down the Exhibition Road, at the South Kensington Art School, which I shall discuss next time. But is this London Salon an example of simpleness and duty? Is it simple to allow each subscriber to show three works without submitting them to any selecting jury? Is it dutiful "to preserve the liberty of the artist," when it is obvious that what most of the allied artists most sorely need is a little severe discipline, schooling, limiting, placing, eliminating, etc., etc.?—not to speak of more drastic and harsher treatment.

Really this is a foolish age! On my way down to the Albert Hall from Notting Hill Gate I passed a small plot of open land, with a fence all round it. It was covered with weeds and wild flowers, and matted grass. And I was informed that this plot of ground was acquired some time ago by a benevolent society which turned it into an allotment garden for the unemployed—a place where they might rear their own cabbages and

potatoes—and that this expanse of tangled weeds was all that was left. At least, I hope I am not wronging the society in question, and that my information was correct.

In any case, the idea struck me as being very ridiculous. N'est pas jardinier qui veut. Certain virtues and certain gifts of perseverance, patience, and industry, besides skill and knowledge, are necessary, even for market gardening. Why should it be supposed that a poor unfortunate modern British workman, out of a job which was probably never calculated to rear any virtues in him at all, should be fit for gardening!

But this chance view of the waste plot of ground gave me an excellent simile for the Albert Hall. For not only had a similar idea been behind both; but the results, also, were very similar.

Inside that huge hall, your very nostrils became aware of the luxuriant growth of tares and of weeds, and even of fungi. Go yourself, and see whether I am over-stating the case. I never consciously over-state; on the contrary!

Perhaps it were best for all concerned not to be too particular about mentioning names, this time. It is the institution that is a mistake. These unfortunate individuals themselves are not responsible, any more than those jardiniers malgré eux were. Nevertheless, there are a few painters, here and there, in this show, who help to carry the whole thing off with a semblance of a decent swing, and to these, the public who stagger along those vast galleries should be deeply grateful.

Jean D. McIntyre is a serious, hearty painter, who is learning to master a difficult medium. Nos. 18 and 19, "Landscapes," are pleasing works. Janning Gangooly presents an old theme in "Kinchinganga at Sunrise" (No. 36), but it is not worse than its predecessors in the tradition; there is a wonderful serenity in the sky and in the silent ring of the hills. Mervyn Lawrence is "habile" in the extreme. "Underground" (No. 57), and "Stepney" (No. 58) show a command of colour and arrangement worthy of a better purpose. Eric Forbes-Robertson is, I think, better in the "Portrait of Sidney Buchanan" (No. 1,032) than in "Adam and Eve" (No. 109). Indeed, the former shows such promise—if the gentleman in question will excuse this expression; it is really the only one to be used here—that I would warn him not to indulge too much in the all too facile style of No. 109. Gerald Leigh-Hunt ought surely to try a more feasible, a more possible reconciliation between his two techniques, than he does in Nos. 111 and 112. It is disturbing to hear rag-time in the middle of a ballad. And yet Mr. Leigh-Hunt approaches perilously near to this sort of combination in "A Pathway over the Sea," and "Outward Bound." I believe that in both cases a better effect could have been obtained if he had attempted to merge the two techniques more harmoniously into one. This is especially noticeable in No. 111. Mr. Leigh-Hunt calls it "A Pathway over the Sea," but is he aware that, through his heavy and "impasto" technique in the bright reflection, he has actually turned it into a sort of solid pathway of chalk cobbles on the surface of the water?

F. Caley Robinson shows a dainty taste in "The Outward Bound" (No. 116). I should have liked it better had he repeated the note of the boatman's lantern in the portholes of the steamer—or would that have been impossible? Edith Hungerford in 142, "In the Roar of the Sea," shows how excessive attention to detail can arrest movement, and how perfectly foam may be turned into snow, and water into glass, by an artist's excessive pains. Like Harold Gilman's work, it is by no means high art, but it is high technique, conscientiously studied. Nos. 190, 191, 192, are examples of good craftsmanship. Beryl Hight has surely given her picture, No. 206, the wrong title. I asked the secretary of the exhibition to show me the label behind the picture, and he kindly did so; but it was not *his* mistake. There was "Cyrano de Bergerac" written on the label itself! The picture, however, cannot be "Cyrano de Bergerac." It is by no means

the best work I have seen by this artist. Her modelling is a little scamped; but, of course, it is infinitely above most of its neighbours. Malcolm Drummond possesses powers of observation, but, I should think, little imagination. Nos. 324, 325, 326, are good workmanship. Finally Charles Ginner deserves notice as an honest, upright painter, striving, for the moment, simply at excelling in a weirdly striking and forcible technique.

Pastiche.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF SHOULD-BE LAUREATES.

MR. W. H. DAVIES.

I s'pose me pension done me in the eye!
How could a fly
Bloke like me,
What's travelled the States from Maine to Tennessee,
Play such a silly game
As hook a pension.
When laureateships was waitin' men of fame,
With seventy per ann., not to mention
A butt of Malmsey! Jinks, a bloomin' cask—
And I've missed that!
But what's the use to ask
Why I was such a fresh cat?—
I draws me singin' rags about me shame.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

Nobody mentioned me,
Nobody mentioned me!
Yet a little while aback
I had quite a vogue—alack!
How doth the busy world, my masters, wag!
One said I was the Lord of Song!
A second—of rhyme I was King!
The really last o' the Greeks—yet another!
Oh, for a sword,
Or sack to smother
Some ruinous, ruinous thing!

But burnish, Trumpets! Let the cymballed skies
Reek with the wrack when the hot and passionate
Embers of Poets' outraged destiny
Flit like the wingéd bat with succinct curse!
Blaze! Like a woman frailingly resolved,
The world shall sit in ashes! Wow! Evó!

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD.

Gor bli! That bally fool to get the job!
Well, you could knock me into next week's middle,
And still I couldn't solve th' 'mazing riddle—
Why Bridges gets it. Bridges! S'elp me bob!
And me writ "Pompey," "Nan," "Saul Kane," "The
Widder."
Oh, H. H. Fyfe, how art thou proved a kidder!
As true as hell, I dreamed the "Daily Mail"
Came out with "Laureate John Masefield, Hail!"
O pretty little bloody flowers, I sob!

MR. W. B. YEATS.

Kathleen. Sure, it's yourself has got left.
William. Sure, it's yourself.
Kathleen. Sure, it's myself has always been yourself's
 myself, an' niver myself at all, so sure it's
 yourself has got left.
William. Sure, it's yourself was nothing without me-
 self; so sure it's myself has got left.

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL.

When rosy-fingered Dawn, in sandals shod,
Tips with her chariot wheels the tardy East,
And lights like gems the stone, the moss, the clod,
And crimsons o'er the cow at matin feast,
And goldens all my locks—last, but not least:
Then do I deem it no such Ichabod
To be a lady-poet, not elect
For laureateships and other posts select.
But when the tremulous twilight hems me thick
With mine own ecstasies, and Dian's smile
Brings dreams of votes for Woman as for Man,
Then to my head leap thoughts with rapture quick,
That Our Great Cause was represented while
I ran, I ran, I ran, I also ran.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

MORE DISILLUSION.

It is not often that the despair which civilisation breeds in the hearts of men becomes fearlessly articulate. Yet, to-day, I have heard the voice.

I was looking into the shop-window of a newly-opened tobacconist's at the time, and these are the distressing sounds which I heard :

"Jee'h'suew—lov—ver—of—my—s—ow—owl
Let—me—to—thy—bussum—fly."

The voice rose in a crescendo above the noise of the street, and its quavering tone gave an added melancholy to the sordid thoroughfare. I did not turn to see what sort of a person the voice belonged to; I guessed, and stared more intently into the shop-window; indeed, so deeply did I gaze, that phantom-like, there appeared in it, the dim figure of a very old man, with one boot upon the kerb.

In the reflection, he seemed to have one foot suspended in the air, as though he were afraid to put it down. Then, I discovered that in the window, I could see the whole panorama of the street. The old man raised his voice again, and cried out with such passion, as emptied his lungs upon each word of the hymn. His face, during this exertion, was drawn like a mask into an expression of fixed agony, and to judge by the extreme rigidity of his neck, his vertebrae might have been petrified. Slung in a piece of old tape dangled a paralysed arm, and, in his right hand, he clutched a tin-cup for contributions. His upturned eyes, devout as with the ecstasy of religious insanity, suggested that in some obscure fashion perhaps Jesus really did love his soul.

A passer-by clinked a coin into the extended cup, and hurried on. As the coin fell it gave forth a hollow metallic sound, which reminded me of a cemetery bell. Now came the fearful voice again with accumulated force—

"Jee'h'suew—lov—ver—of—my—s—ow—owl."

The old man cast his eyes artfully from right to left, but without altering the fixed position of his head, or bending his neck. The pavement appeared to be deserted, a few spots of rain began to fall. The old man ceased wailing, and transferred the penny from the tin-cup to his pocket. But not before spitting upon it ferociously. I then saw two people approaching from the Broadway; a man and woman. The woman carried a large net bag which bulged with vegetables. The man, her husband, apparently, lagged by her side. From what I could see he appeared to have no eyes; but this was due, probably, to the diffused reflection in the window. No word passed between them; the woman peered straight ahead; her face, like that of the man's, was expressionless.

The old beggar, who had also caught sight of them from the corner of his eye, prepared to become articulate. He gauged their approach with great skill. "Jee'h'suew—lov—ver—of—my—s—ow—owl." As the last word wailed out, the couple passed slowly by, unconscious, it seemed, of the old beggar's existence.

Then the expression of fixed agony upon the old man's countenance relaxed. His eyebrows descended from their unnatural height, and settled in a frown over his eyes, which became fierce. He shot the receding couple a spiteful glance sideways, and muttered something angrily to himself.

By this time I was thoroughly interested. It is seldom that one has the pleasure of meeting an expressive face. And it is even more rare that one can observe it intently without the fear of appearing vulgar. That the old man was a shameless hypocrite, I had no doubt. The more I studied the varying emotions which flitted across his countenance, the more I became convinced that the inaudible words which he muttered so angrily when anyone passed him by without charity, were blasphemous. The fixed position of his head emphasised the expressions of piety, misery, rage, hate, and cunning which came rapidly one after another upon his elastic face. I was puzzled somewhat as to why such a man should rely upon a Christian hymn to extract coppers from obviously anti-Christian people. Was this aged parasite himself the perfect and unconscious symbol of Christianity? His destitute condition and the necessity for hypocrisy its logical outcome? He was at odds with the people from whom he begged subsistence. It was not for them that he acted so cleverly, but for the pennies in their pockets. I suddenly grew disgusted. The panorama of the street faded from the window. I became absorbed in the possibilities of a "Special" brand of tobacco which was advertised extensively upon bright, pink cards. It was the

invention of the new tobacconist. Very cheap, too—four-pence an ounce—"City Mixture," he called it. I entered the shop, and purchased an ounce packet. "I guarantee you'll find it every bit as good as what you're a' smokin' now, sir," said the tobacconist. "An' for every fifty coupons you collect, sir, we give you, *absolutely free*, a "Dillon" Patent Safety Razor, with six Sheffield blades—value, twenty-one shillings."

. . . But I was "had," all the same; the tobacco turned out to be stinking stuff. If I had known as much about "City Mixture" at the time of purchase, as I did yesterday, after my first pipeful of it, I should have given it away to the old Jesus man.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

A MOMENT OF FORGETFULNESS.

Faint whisperings of immortal lutes
Wake softly my imprisoned soul;
I rise to Beauty's sanctuary,
A treasured goal.

To liquid notes of viols sweet
I tread God's aisles to Beauty's tone :
Afar a golden city lies,
I walk alone.

O'er paths well paved in lovely pearl,
Where sparkling fountains shower and play,
Youth's myriad choirs come forth to greet,
In bright array.

Resplendent is the atmosphere
With sweets of rose and eglantine.
Enriching tones of colour run,
Like ruby wine.

The sound of great orchestral notes
Comes, o'er the heavenly crystal air.
And psalms of joy to Beauty's life,
And no despair.

My revered soul reveals to me
A giant gate, yet closed withal.
I may not enter but to still
Another's call.

Back, back to earth and shadows dark,
For no one calls my earthly name.
But sweeter was that moment fair
Than wealth or fame.

THOMAS FLEMING.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE RAND STRIKE.

Sir,—The miners are out on strike, and some of the other trades are out in sympathy. Our fool Ministers could think of no better way of meeting the situation than by hurrying soldiers to the Rand and drafting police from all parts. Of course, this has exasperated the men greatly, and spoilt any chance there might have been of quickly coming to an agreement. We have a rare lot of stiffs and blackguards in the town, and they are in their glory. They have broken windows and looted, and generally played up hell already, and, of course, it is all charged to the strikers. Phthisis is the main cause of the recklessness of the miners now. What does anything much matter to men who know that as surely as they are underground miners they are doomed to end their lives miserably in two or three years, or, at best, drag on a wretched existence with the spectre always over them, for a few years longer? There has been some shooting, but, of course, the wrong men have been shot. Not one magnate fallen yet, as far as I have heard. As usual, everyone in the place will suffer but those who are responsible for the whole thing. Utterly callous greed! Let us get the gold, don't talk about lives lost, people must die some time, and it can't be helped.

Public sympathy was to a large extent with the miners when the business started, but now that the public is feeling the discomfort and recognises that the strike may last some time, and there will be considerable loss in trade, and that the mining houses apparently hold the

whip-hand, and that some damage is being done to property, and that the blackguards of the reef and town are taking advantage of the situation, etc., etc., the rights or wrongs of the case are forgotten and the miners are damned without further hearing. But matters of importance are not being decided in this country now, according to public opinion as public opinion is reckoned here. The papers that have the guiding of it are capitalistic, and liars of the finest grade, and the public, almost entirely, outside of the man who actually works with his hands, is dependent upon the heads of the big houses for its living.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Since writing the above, quite a number of people have been shot down in the streets, and there is murder of the blackest in the air. When I came into town yesterday, I found little crowds sticking away in doorways and behind corners, and the reason I found to be that soldiers were lying down across certain streets looking along their guns. I crossed a street and went down towards the Rand Club, which was strongly guarded by the First Royal Dragoons. On the pavement near the club were two bodies stretched out, and the ambulance was busy taking corpses and wounded away. As far as I have been able to gather, no blank charges were fired as a warning; the crowd, with the usual hooligans and stiffs amongst them, of course, booing and making a fuss, and, no doubt, meaning mischief to the swell club property, was simply fired into *en masse*. This was not the only place where this happened, but there are so many stories about, with the usual exaggerations, that I don't care to repeat any of them. The night promised to be full of events, as the men had their blood fairly roused by this ghastly and cowardly business. However, it seems that Ministers have now realised where their folly in using troops was leading them, and the town was informed a little later that an agreement had been arrived at on terms such as the miners wished, and that the strike was at an end. I wondered when I heard this; it seemed to me that things had gone too far to find any such easy settlement. This morning, trams were running as usual, and one hoped that all was as calm as it appeared, although a reckoning would have to come some time, but, soon enough, ugly rumours began to fly about; the red flag was streaming out from motor-bicycles tearing through the town, and the tram-cars suddenly stopped running. I had heard two explosions about midnight, and wondered what they meant, and have learned that an attempt was made to blow up the store of a prominent citizen, who, so the crowd have it, shot a woman, from a window of the Rand Club, who was in a crowd demonstrating outside. This has apparently upset everything again, and the strike leaders can no longer control their people. That man's blood is called for, and he will be wise to take horse, or what he can, and get away, if he has not already done so, and never come back, that is, if he is guilty. I came in in a cab with four others, two of whom were young Dutchmen, and the talk was blank revolution. They went on to the Trade Hall, where a lot of men were assembled, and, as I came along, a man on a motor-bicycle, with red ensigns flying, called out as he went, "Meeting on the square at two o'clock"—and that is where we are now. The troops are out lining the streets again—more especially about the Rand Club—and the meeting may not be held; but it is likely that the night will see some ugly doings. It is possible that the leaders will get their men in hand again, and there has been no liquor obtainable for two days, but I expect that a section at least of them will refuse to be ruled—which is not in any way to be wondered at. One of the young Dutchmen in the cab, who was present during the shooting near the Corner House (Eckstein-Wernher-Beit) mentioned an incident; during a lull a man stepped out from his hiding-place with his hands in his pockets and called out to the troops—"Now, shoot me." He got three bullets on the instant, one through his jaw, and fell dead. Very, very bad, if true, and I see no reason to doubt it. The First Royal Dragoons will be proud of themselves now. I had to do with them a bit during the war, when they were known as the Sick Regiment, and were put to some outside spot where there was no likelihood of the enemy driving them away. They may have done things later on, but I never heard of them shining. The regiment was chiefly remarkable on account of the number of gold-safety pins and pretty nic-nacs which the weekly mail used to bring to the young officers. Now, that is all wiped out; they have seen active service; the regiment has drawn blood here in Africa—and the Kaiser is their Colonel-in-Chief. Hoch! The Royal Dragoons.

Well, it is a bad business; bad for everybody in this ill-starred country. As the book says: It is easier for a

camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich country to find peace.

MONDAY.

There are still crowds about talking all kinds of ways, but I fancy things will simmer down now. A paper has been issued by the Trades' Federation, and is being read with much dissatisfaction by the men about the streets—I have heard the leaders openly called traitors, which, being an interfering ass, I, as openly disputed—but which I think will have a sobering effect as laying to rest a great many exaggerated stories, and bringing matters forward for argument again. Personally, I think labour all through the country has strengthened its position enormously by the strike if it has the wit to see it. The railways are likely to be the next thorn in the official flesh. State ownership makes little difference—although State ownership of the mines would be bound to result in better health conditions. I have not read the paper which is out, but will obtain a copy for you. Your old friend, Gladstone, has got himself much disliked here over this business. We have no reason to thank the Home Government for sending us a man they could not trust in England. The cables have probably given you all the creeps, and will have made the miners out to be fair devils; on the whole, they are probably the best class of miners in the world.

LATE MEMBER JOHANNESBURG TOWN COUNCIL.

* * *

Sir,—We are going through troublous times in the Transvaal at the present time. The workers are in a state of revolt. Imperial troops have been firing indiscriminately on the people in the streets of Johannesburg, and to-day, Monday, July 7, will be held the funeral of sixteen of the victims of this legalised murder, including a woman and a little girl. The number of wounded are many, but we have no certain details yet.

Of all this you have possibly heard full detail long ago. My object is not to give you information, but to seek it, and what I and many more wish to know (should nothing come to light) is the fate of a cable dispatched to the Home Government from a monster meeting of Pretoria citizens, to the number of about 2,000, held in the Grand Theatre, Pretoria, on Sunday morning, July 6, demanding the recall of Lord Gladstone for his brutality in using Imperial troops against strikers, and his absolute incompetency to deal with the situation in a humane and just manner.

Needless to say, we distrust the Government in every sense. This cable may have reached its destination and been published; but, in our opinion, it is just as likely either that it never left this country or that it will be suppressed in England.

At the present moment the strike is officially supposed to be settled, but the "terms of peace" are far from agreeable to the workers, and treachery on the part of some of the strike leaders is suspected; and as the means of communication are in the hands of the Government, whom we have proved to have sent false reports to Pretoria, we do not know how things are really going. The railway workers are all out in sympathy with the strikers and to show their respect for the dead, and this means that all railway traffic is stopped in and around Johannesburg and the capital.

G. M. H.

* * *

EXPLANATION AND PROTEST.

Sir,—When I wrote my "Notes" of July 17, charging the South African mine-owners with deliberately provoking a strike while the military were present, I had ample knowledge that this was the truth, but I had no direct evidence to prove it that I could publish. Consequently I enumerated the circumstances known to everybody which supported my explanation, and then went on: "Whether the foregoing is true in fact, or an exercise in imagination, the practical conclusions to be drawn from it are the same." Mr. Hare in your last issue now accuses me of dishonesty. But surely a little over-honesty if anything should have been credited to me for stating that my charge *might* be regarded as an exercise in imagination when, in fact, I knew but could not publish my evidence that it was true. However, your correspondent may confirm for himself the reliability of my "imagination." In the "Daily News" of Wednesday was published the following cable from a "well-known solicitor in the Transvaal": "Financiers are apparently resolved to cause a general strike. The attitude of the Government is doubtful. Military forces are increasing. Scheme involves closing down of the mines, the grant of a moratorium, and the sending away of the natives. The situation is serious." This cable, I may now say perhaps,

merely confirms my "imagination" of July 17, and, incidentally, a cable previously received privately by myself. The relevant passage from my cable (which did not come from a "well-known solicitor," but from a NEW AGE reader of very high standing in South Africa) is as follows: "Mining groups after provoking second strike intend, Government assisting, finally crush Labour and Democracy South Africa forcibly. Eight thousand military and police now about Johannesburg. Arrangements made burghers come out, natives sent home, moratorium declared." Mr. Hare, I remember, was sceptical some months ago of my contention that the maintenance and extension of capitalism are due to a "conspiracy." He lives, it appears, in such a sugary world of sentimentality that he cannot believe that plutocrats are capable of conspiring against the proletariat or of provoking a strike when the circumstances are favourable. Of the good intentions of the capitalists, in fact, he can believe anything. The only people whose honesty he appears to suspect are the writers of THE NEW AGE. Well, I will tell him and his like (and their name is legion in the "Christian" Socialist ranks) that I am sick of their mawkish defence of capitalists and of their hypocritical pretence of being Socialists. Let them go and pray with their financial saints and leave us to tell the devilish truth to people with a little more knowledge of the world.

THE WRITER OF "NOTES OF THE WEEK."

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—A colleague of mine, unaware of my identity with my present signature, confided to me the other day that THE NEW AGE would be much more often discussed in the Fleet Street Press if that "damned 'Press-Cutter'" did not draw attention to their remarks and hold them up to ridicule. I protest, sir, that my intentions were and are honourable; I desired simply to acquaint you with what was being said of THE NEW AGE, and to make a bow on your behalf to the journals that mentioned you. If, however, my conduct is so forbidding that, like a hawk over a field of sparrows, my appearance is the signal for the silence of Fleet Street twitterings, I must ask you to disguise me as a mere parrot—a bird, I understand, that reports the sayings of others, and only adds remarks like "Pretty Polly" to its verbatim accounts. My present collection, therefore, is very meagre, being derived from no more than four or five journals, and one of these in America. The American "Review of Reviews" reproduces, with acknowledgments, your caricaturist's drawing of Mr. H. G. Wells as an infant mewing its tootsies (is that the correct phrase?). Pretty Mr. Polly! "Justice," the week before last, was inspired to be clever at the expense of its own creed. THE NEW AGE wrote that "economic analysis precedes political synthesis exactly as economic power precedes political power"—an aphoristic statement of the case of the S.D.P. which I have never seen equalled in terseness or truth. "Justice," however, calls the sentence "very clever nonsense"; from which remark we ought to conclude that "Justice" is now the organ of the I.L.P. The motive, I believe, of the denial is to be found in the next sentence. "Justice" remarks that THE NEW AGE should "stop posing" and go down and help them to "do something." Ah, that doing something—how much easier it is than thinking something. The comrades have been doing something and thinking nothing for thirty years, with the result that England is where and what it is. After all, somebody, even in a movement, must do the thinking, however detested he becomes. "C. K. S." in the "Sphere"—an organ, you know, that publishes photographs and things, and lies in barbers' shops—has a note on the "Advertisers' Weekly's" explanation of the absence of advertisements from your pages. "C. K. S." (it's that dear man, the husband of Mrs. Shorter, I believe) remarks that THE NEW AGE is not "dangerous, but only offensive"—and "I have told my newsagent not to send me another copy!" Exit "C. K. S." with a cambric handkerchief to his eyes! But THE NEW AGE, I believe, is never offensive except intentionally; whereas Mr. Shorter can never be anything but inoffensive, try as he may. The "Daily Herald" of recent issues has several comments to make. To Mr. G. K. Chesterton's dispute with you THE NEW AGE has already referred; but he has subsequently been in controversy with his readers on his feminine views which coincide with your own apparently. Your common view was said by one correspondent to be the "farmyard" view of sex—a compliment which Mr. G. K. Chesterton did not fail to accept. Other correspondents also refer to THE NEW AGE comments on the Suffrage Movement, but they add no humour or point in my opinion. Your discussion with Mr. Chesterton on the

subject of Mr. Lansbury has been a little more fruitful. For one thing, the "Daily Herald" must needs dub your pages "cultured"—a word which is, it appears, their last term of abuse. You "drag in" the "Daily Herald" and "identify them with opinions they do not recognise." How could you do it? But I have looked up the offending passage and find no reference to the "Daily Herald's" opinions whatever. You simply quoted Mr. Chesterton and named the "Daily Herald" as your source. However, they must be allowed to have been involved somehow or other in every fight. I believe they are at the bottom of the Balkan "rebels'" mess! Mr. Chesterton, I conclude from his last reference to the topic, now objects that THE NEW AGE is less popularly-minded than Mr. Lansbury. You think that clear thinking is enough without reckless action. But do you really? Not being a controversialist I imagined that you believed that clear thinking should precede action; in other words, that action without direction or purpose is merely bustle. But, as I say, I am no controversialist, I can never fly above common sense.

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

A STORY APPLIED.

Sir,—The attempt of the Labour M.P.'s to escape responsibility for jobbing by blaming their local caucuses reminds me of a story recently popular in America. A father informed a friend that he thought of putting his son into the public service. Has he shown any aptitude? asked the friend. Well, said the father, the little beggar finished a stolen pot of jam the other day and while smearing the cat's face with the remains said: "I'm sorry, Tom, to have to do this; but I can't let the old folks suspect me."

T. WILSON.

* * *

MORE CRITICISM.

Sir,—Thank you! In your "Notes" of July 3, you clear away much fogginess in a way I have been expecting for many weeks past. I do not wish to flatter you in the fulsome manner of others, for I am sure you prefer honest criticism, but let those who have vainly imagined you to be with them in their fanaticism now clean their pens.

But I am still in the mood to criticise, though I also dream your ideals; for you are a dreamer, at present, through the whole twenty-four hours. Your dream is Guild-Socialism; slices of State-Socialism. Your Guilds are miniature Socialist states, and those units—poor bricks they are—who are not fit material for the socialised nation, are the material for the building of the Guilds. 'Tis a vain dream. These heavenly visions of the future! how they shine in their youth.

In the first place, how will the proletariat capture the capitalists' citadel? It will not be given to them; they cannot buy it, nor build one of their own; and if they attempt to confiscate it, the resultant catastrophe will bring it in ruins about their ears. Why, some of the very sons and brothers you look to for women's freedom would shoot, as they have done in Africa, for a shilling a day—or, is it fourteenpence?—when ordered to do so. And that brings forth a thought that may give the *coup-de-grâce* to our notion that the vote is practically useless. The shooters shoot to order, and the authority to give the order lies in the vote; does it not? Ergo, those who ought not to be shot must have that authority.

Your reasoning about Guild-Socialism depends for its value on the sense and power of action of the proletariat; and it would not be idealistic enough if the proletariat had sufficient wisdom to form Guilds even to the extent of purely material requirements.

If there is salvation for the people, it lies in freeing the land, and not over-peopling it; real freedom follows automatically. Economic power precedes political power, maybe, but land power precedes both. To parody Nietzsche—"Remain true to the earth, O my brethren, for in it lies your only hope."

I am here reminded of a little doggerel, a mighty contrast to Nietzsche's style, but containing somewhat the same thought.

Mother, may I go out to swim?

Yes, my dearest daughter;

But mind, when you go out to swim,

You don't go near the water.

Room for the ladies!

Your reason is surely at fault when you say that the hold of the capitalist is independent of the vote, and yet declare, in the same breath, that the giving of the vote to women will strengthen her claims. Let us take it as granted that the vote is useless from the economic standpoint, and there still remains, as, I believe, you have ad-

mitted in the past, some things in which it is beneficial. You deny women those benefits until your dream comes true.

Your desire to get women out of industry is little stronger, I fancy, than their desire to be out; but where are your men to get them out? I quote from your notes—"Whether women must remain in industry, willy-nilly, against their own nature and inclination, and against the nature and inclination of the men of their class is, we suggest, a question for both sexes, but primarily of men wage-slaves." The, by me, italicised words, forced a smile; if you would know why, go amongst those men. I quote again—"From the whips of their husbands and brothers they will fly to the scorpions of capitalists and factory inspectors." They will? They have, and have been helped in the flight by those whips, plus their own folly. But the chief spur has been poverty, and they who criticise with bitterness have hearts of stone.

It is not for you to set yourself up as arbiter of what the people shall know and do. The people must learn the value of things, votes included, by experience; all other teachers are not worth a tinker's curse. That argument is sufficient if there were not another in the whole realm of reason.

"I am railing along the river; let him grasp me who can! Your crutch, however, I am not."

I would like to conclude by asking Dr. Ethel Smyth not to worry about little things. If she doesn't like the word "cant," let her cross it out, and write in its place the word "wisdom." It's all in the game. She can safely wager her last dollar that you are not an enemy; only a critic.

H. L. BROOKE.

* * *

TELEGRAPHISTS AND THE GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—"Presscutter," who watches, with such anxious care, the reputation of THE NEW AGE abroad, will, doubtless, be immensely gratified to know that the organ of the Cable Room Socialist Society considers his favourite journal a "brilliant contemporary," and has been pleased to signify its approval of THE NEW AGE Guild System. I enclose a cutting from "The Cable Room Monthly."

DAITANTAR.

THE ONLY WAY.

Those of our readers who are interested in their Trade Union as something more than a twopenny automatic machine for the wholesale issue of memorials will see in the Edinburgh Conference a most portentous sign of the times. They will hardly disagree with us when we say that its adoption, however half-hearted, of a policy directed to the attainment of a reasonable ideal, marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Postal agitation. We observe, with tempered pride, that the P.T.C.A. is the first of the Service unions to discover the inadequacy of what may be called a bread-and-butter snatching campaign, and to turn for satisfaction to the pursuit of a more worthy ideal. We do not, for one moment, deny the value of all that has been accomplished under the old régime, but it is increasingly apparent that there are things even more important and reforms even farther-reaching than casual and fallacious increases of pay, or the institution of cycle accommodation; man cannot live by bread alone, not though it be departmental manna.

Across this somewhat sordid, or, at least, material, struggle for little more than a hand-to-mouth existence now shines the inspiring gleam of an idea. The interested will know to what we refer. For the benefit of honorary members of the Association, we will explain that the subject of our remarks is the Hull resolution, affirming the principle of the control of the Service by those employed in it, which was adopted, to our surprise, we confess, but also to our delight, by a substantial majority. The P.T.C.A. at last shows signs of becoming a movement which does move, with a principle as well as a programme. Its obsolete methods and paucity of ideas have been the subject of so much unfavourable comment at our hands in the past that we should be mean indeed if we withheld our meed of appreciation in the day of its awakening. But also we should be more than foolish if we imagined the P.T.C.A. to have justified itself by faith alone; faith without works is dead. Sudden conversions are always suspect, and we may be forgiven if a sense of proportion leads us to enthuse over the idea itself, rather than over the organisation which has foster-mothered it, and which, by its general clumsiness and ignorance of such delicate progeny, may yet succeed in killing it in its infancy.

It may be objected, in fact, it has been, that the resolution is too vague—that "popular control" might mean anything or nothing. The phrasing does leave something to be desired, but we are hopeful above all things, and

certainly not hyper-critical. The nebulous and elusive idea to which the present gives birth to-morrow will see fashioned, caught, and held fast. That much accomplished, the day after may easily see it in full application. The growth of such ideas would not be so sure were it not so slow; it might almost be said that the length of time they require to shape themselves is the measure of their importance; humanity itself is still in the making.

It must not be overlooked that this Edinburgh development is infinitely more important than, say, a National Campaign for Long Lockers, or a series of amiable conversazioni with the P.M.G. on the Disposal of Waste Slip and the Disinfecting of Floors. It is the first move along the only way of safety, for we are convinced that the future of Trade Unionism is not assured until it has applied itself to the achievement of the complete control of industry. Conference, greatly daring, has ventured on the first step; it may not take us far, but after all, "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte."

Our brilliant contemporary, *THE NEW AGE*, is naturally gratified at this early acceptance of the doctrine it preaches so assiduously. Time and again it has indicated how peculiarly adapted the Postal Service is to the revival of what it calls the Guild System, and lo! here is the fruit of its words.

This Guild System is briefly such an organisation of industry by guilds, that each branch of industry would be controlled by those employed in it. Thus, the transport industry would be managed by the dockers, railwaymen, carmen, and so on, federated in one comprehensive Transport Guild. Similarly, as members of the Postal Guild, we should share with the sorters, postmen, and other Service bodies the responsibility for the whole working of the Postal system. The means of production and distribution would be held by the various guilds on a sort of lease from the State, which would nominally own them all. The national executive, by exercising a supervisory control on behalf of the community, as a whole, over the activities of each separate guild, would prevent that possibility of brow-beating and extortion by one industry of another, which is the peculiar danger of Syndicalism.

Obviously, such a roughly outlined scheme cannot be properly expounded in a paragraph, but we have said enough to show whether the Hull resolution, pursued logically, will lead us. We hope at some future date to enlarge upon this subject, and to indicate all its possibilities.

For the present, we are content to enjoy the amazing spectacle of the once staid and respectable P.T.C.A. evolving into a real revolutionary organisation after our own heart. It may not yet have unfurled the red flag, or gone forth to do battle, but it has at least found its inspiration and seen a new vision, and that means much, for "without a vision the people perish."

* * *

MR. KITSON'S NAPOLEON.

Sir,—Mr. Kitson's article in *THE NEW AGE* deserves not only criticism but also a little bit of admonition. What relationship can there be between political economy and anti-Semitism? Apparently none whatever. Still, Mr. Kitson managed to combine the two in his article. He begins by describing the universally predominating power of finance, how it conquered the world without the sword, etc. Then he pulls aside the curtain, and permits us to give a look at the personages themselves; "they are conspicuous by their noses." To still further convince us of their machinations, he relates to us the late Morgan's manœuvres and financial operations. He omits, however, to point out that Morgan, Rockefeller, and their crew are not men with the peculiar "noses."

Mr. Kitson then proceeds to speak about the evils which the gold standard has produced, and ends with the remarkable discovery that the "Jew moneylenders" are responsible for the gold standard, that they have fastened it upon the world.

It is well that the article appeared in *THE NEW AGE*, whose readers are intellectual people and know how to separate the grain from the chaff. But if such an article were to be read by people who do not know, they would form an idea that, if the few Jewish financiers (the greatest of them are mere beggars in comparison with a Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and other Christian multi-millionaires) were ousted from the financial world, then all the evils arising from capitalism would disappear. That is really what the Continental anti-Semites are advocating, and Mr. Kitson's article implies the same thing.

The Talmud says: "Wise men, be careful with your words." Mr. Kitson, in comparison with some orthodox authorities on finance, is a wise man; he ought, therefore,

to know that by holding up the Jew as the universal financial octopus he diverts the attention of the reader from the iniquities of the system, and directs his hatred to the Jew. Moreover, whilst the rich Jew snaps his fingers at anti-Semitism, the poor Jew receives the blows.

We will now turn to Mr. Kitson's financial theory. Every logical thinker on the subject of money will agree with Mr. Kitson that the gold standard is a curse to every country. By its means the owners of gold have the advantage over the owners of all other commodities. The latter must first sell their commodities—i.e., exchange them for money—before they can derive any personal use from them; whereas the owners of gold, as soon as that article is extracted from the mines, turn it into money by merely sending it up to the mint. They thus save themselves the expense and anxiety connected with selling; besides, the ownership of gold gives one the monopoly of money.

A paper currency issued by the State (not by private bankers, as Mr. Kitson often advocates) is certainly preferable to a precious metal currency; but, after all, only certain struggling tradespeople would benefit by it. The fallacy of Mr. Kitson is the same as that of the single taxer. The latter makes a hobby of the single tax reform, and that makes him so shortsighted that he sees nothing beyond it. Mr. Fels, for instance, undertakes to cure all social evils (even wars, according to a letter which I received some time ago from his private secretary) by taxing land values; and Mr. Kitson promises to make a paradise of this world by cheap money. Mr. Kitson's object is to assist competition in its death-struggle with monopoly, and he believes the former could come out from the struggle the victor. Whether such a result would be good for the world is a point with which I will deal after. At present I only ask: Is it possible to beat monopoly? Assuming that credit would become so easy, and the interest on loans so low, that any petty trader would be able to obtain either from the State or a private banker a loan, say, of one thousand pounds at $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. interest, what could he do with the money? Could he assist in building a new railway system so as to break the present monopoly? Could he enter into competition with the shipping monopoly, the oil, sugar, steel, banking, and other monopolies? Mr. Kitson himself admits that all the leading industries of the United States are already monopolised. Is he really so intoxicated with his cheap money idea to think that the few remaining miserable trades which monopoly has not seen fit to swallow, and therefore left to stew in the pot of competition, would, with the aid of cheap money, be able to destroy monopoly? If he believes that, then he is incurable. Any sober thinker who observes the march of economic evolution must come to the following conclusions:—That monopoly came to stay; that it has practically conquered competition, and not by mere chance, but as an inevitable result of competition. Monopoly is the child of competition, and the mother is bound to die after the child has been born. All the medicine of Mr. Kitson or of any other doctor will not bring her to life again. Competition can never be a permanent state (Mr. Kitson believes it can), because the aim of competitors is not to keep on fighting, but to beat one another. The stronger conquers, and becomes a monopolist. We observe the working of that process more strikingly in new countries. The settlers in the United States and Australia started with free competition, but did not keep on the fight as a permanent state. By various means some beat the others and established monopoly. Mr. Kitson might reply: "Yes, because they did not know which means to employ to prevent the creation of monopoly." For argument's sake we will grant him that, but it is all over. What has been done cannot be undone. If God had asked my advice before creating the world and man, I might have shown him how the world could have been made a paradise and man an angel; but it is too late, and we must deal with the world and man as they are. It is unwise to look for means to revive competition. What we ought to do is this:—To compel the monopolists to share with the people the greater profits which they obtain by means of monopoly; to help the monopolists to swallow up the last remnants of competition. To teach the monopolists how to organise the world's work, that they could without loss or hurt to themselves provide the industrial classes with permanent work, short hours, and high wages.

Mr. Kitson's anger seems to have been aroused, not so much because the principal industries have been monopolised by a few trusts, but because some financiers control those trusts. What matters it to the millions of workers and to the thousands of small traders who have been pushed out of everything important, and to whom

is only left to open a candy shop, to sell cats'-meat, or to deal in old clothes, whether the chief industries are owned by many capitalists or by a few financiers?

In conclusion I will point out that financial operations, credit banking, etc., are the result of a system of commerce carried on by individuals and nations with the object of making profits from the sale of commodities. When commerce will cease owing to the amalgamation of all the manufacturers of commodities into international syndicates, profiteering will then cease. Goods will not be purchased to sell, but will be produced for the direct use of the owners of the means of production and the producers. Money will then become superfluous, and *ipso facto* all financial operations would become impossible.

JOSEPH FINN.

* * *

HEALTH FOR INTELLECTUALS.

Sir,—I hoped that some correspondent would widen the treatment accorded by Mr. Lister to this subject, for, while the material diet is, of course, important, the intellectual diet is for intellectuals of much greater importance. This class of creature corresponds somewhat to the old symbol of the lotus, whose roots are in mud, whose stalks are in water, but whose blossoms are in the air. It follows that the element of the sun or, in intellectual language, of the "atmosphere" in which the intellectual lives, is decisive in regard to "work." No atmosphere, no work! What produces or maintains an "atmosphere" proper to intellectual work is, however, a delicate matter to ascertain. Speaking last week to a distinguished artist who for some years has been working obscurely on a new style, he informed me that for all that period he has been "off colour." A few weeks ago, however," he said, "I got my first word of real appreciation; a judge whom I respected, turned up and not only praised my work but proved his praise by giving me a commission. *I have been walking on air ever since.*" It appears from this that appreciation is part of the atmosphere essential to the artist. Other ingredients, if I may use the term, of good intellectual diet, are self-confidence, constant association with works of intelligence (books, etc.), intellectual company, and, as a base, a stimulating working philosophy. Not all these, I am aware, can be had for the mere asking; but the best available ought to be diligently sought and employed by the thinker who desires to keep his mind healthy. Self-confidence, for example, can to a certain extent be deliberately cultivated. It grows, as anyone can test for himself, out of the experience of mastery. A man who sets himself a too difficult task and fails is disposed to blame himself and to lose self-confidence in consequence. Under these circumstances he should recuperate by setting himself an easier task in which he is *almost* certain to succeed. The little success in this will restore his faith in himself. Association with works of intelligence is a simpler regimen; but the selection offers some room for idiosyncrasy. Intellectually speaking, a man may be suffering from too little music, too little concentrated thought, too little classic reading; a surfeit of newspapers may be the cause of his intellectual malaise. Only close observation and experiment can say what is wrong in any given instance and what the remedy is. That there are intellectual remedies for all intellectual diseases is a good working postulate; and once the search is thus directed, discoveries of vast importance await us. Too great value can scarcely be attached to the beneficent work of intellectual company upon intellectual health. But, unfortunately, this is the very condition that depends most upon chance—and in these days, an off-chance at that. Unintellectual company, on the other hand, has no ill effects on health; it is the pseudo-intellectual that is so disastrous as the real intellectual is so vivifying. With certain people you may talk all night and yet wake refreshed. An hour of other people leaves you irritable and depressed for a whole day afterwards. Why? Without generalising, the reason is probably that, for you, the first person is positive, while the second is negative; the first has a fair exchange to make, the second either has nothing to give or is too selfish to give it. Many people, of course, imagine that they can obtain "ideas" for nothing; they cannot. What, however, they can do is to rob the intellectual by violence, and this results in the feeling of vital loss the latter feels after conversing with one of these incubi. Cast your mind round, as they say, and ask yourself which of your friends leaves you braced and nerved and which depressed. The former should always be sought when you are in need of stimulus and the latter avoided. There is much more to be said on this topic, but I conclude with a brief note on the "philosophy." It is well known that optimism, whatever its logical claim,

has a hygienic claim, while pessimism has the reverse. But what conduces more to optimism than a belief in an intelligent and responsible God? On this subject, however, it is easy to arouse misunderstanding. I certainly have myself no belief in any theology nor in any God ever yet named or conceived. In relation to the world's pantheon I am an atheist. Nevertheless, there is something to be said for the hypothesis that a wiser power than man's exists in the world. The worry of the sole responsibility for the direction of life on the planet is too great for the most intellectual of us to bear without ruining our health.

R. M.

THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Alfred E. Randall may be a great authority upon Socialism, but his acquaintance with Christianity (judging from his article on the Economics of Jesus) appears to be somewhat limited. His errors may be classified under two heads—first, an utter misunderstanding of the passages from the Gospels which he quotes, and, secondly, a wilful neglect of other passages. Let me take one or two of his points.

1. He writes : "When Christ said to the soldiers, 'Be content with your wages' (Luke iii., 14), I contend that, for all practical purposes for which the Gospels are quoted, he meant that the wages system was just." Well, to begin with, if Mr. Randall had read the passage he would have found that the words above were used by John the Baptist and *not* by Christ. Mr. Randall's "practical purpose for which the gospels are quoted," seems to be to misrepresent them—when he does not misquote them.

2. But even if Christ *had* used these words, they would not necessarily have implied approval of the wage system. When Paul admonished slaves to be obedient to their masters, he did not mean to say that slavery was admirable. As a matter of actual fact Christianity was the force that destroyed it.

3. Christianity was not then, and neither is it now, concerned with economics, but with the saving of souls. It has, however, accepted the current economics (even as it accepted and absorbed all the popular philosophies it met with in its history), until those economics were discarded or modified by the common consent of Christendom.

4. Whenever Christ spoke by way of parable—concerning dishonest stewards, unmerciful judges, and such people—it was not to praise them but merely to find in them illustrations easily recognised by the crowd. But following Mr. Randall's extraordinary reasoning, one would imagine that Christ trotted about Palestine setting the price of sparrows at five for two farthings, and advising people to fall among thieves or to knock up sleepy but respectable fathers of families at midnight.

5. Though it is perfectly true that Christ praised the poor, He did not praise poverty, and as for His words concerning the rich, they sting even after the lapse of two thousand years. Remarks such as, "You cannot serve God and Mammon," "Woe unto you . . . for you devour widows' houses," "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God"—hardly can be reckoned among the maxims of modern capitalism.

6. I myself am a Catholic, and do not see in Protestantism anything else but a great heresy. From an economic point of view only, surely it is an historic fact that in the Middle Ages something not unlike "National Guilds" obtained, and that these were destroyed by the incoming Protestantism. I admit the religion of England to be capitalistic, and can understand that if Mr. Randall thinks that religion is Christianity he is against Christianity. In thinking so, however, he is wrong.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

[Mr. Randall replies : As I did not pretend to be an authority on Christianity, the suggestion that I am not one leaves me unmoved. I deliberately stated in the article the grounds on which I based my argument; and the carelessness that attributed to Christ a saying of John the Baptist does not diminish to any extent the force of that argument. If I can find economics in the Gospels (and I contend that I have done so) it is useless to tell me that "Christianity was not then, and is not now, concerned with economics." I contend that I have not misunderstood the passages quoted, although I do not pretend to have exhausted their possible meanings; I have taken them simply as meaning what they said, as indeed the rest of the world has done. Besides, we are told (Matt. 13, 11) that "the disciples came and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto

you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but to them it is not given. . . . Therefore, I speak to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." The parables have served their purpose; to this day, it is not understood by the working classes that Christ was preaching the wage system, although the disciples have not been in doubt about it. As for my wilful neglect of other passages, it is not my business when writing of economics, to drag in irrelevant matters of morals, miracles, or eschatology. If the one does not square with the other, it is not my fault; and before Mr. Maynard accuses me again of wilfully neglecting other passages, he had better reconsider the text quoted in my article: "And I say unto you, make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations": and square that, if he can, with any idealist conception of Christ.

I do not intend to argue the question of the relation of Christianity to slavery. It is not germane to my argument, and the actual fact is that there were Christians on both sides in the fight for abolition. But Christ, we are told, spoke in parables "merely to find illustrations easily recognised by the crowd." I prefer Christ's own explanation, previously quoted, to Mr. Maynard's. But, following my reasoning, one does not arrive at the result that "Christ trotted about Palestine setting the price of sparrows at five for two farthings." Christ never said: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a place where sparrows are sold at five for two farthings." He did say: "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder," etc. By no process of reason can the two statements be brought to a parity. Christ came to preach the Kingdom of God, and his parables are, presumably, illustrations of it; and only the disciples and himself, in that age, knew the meaning that he attached to those parables. As for his words concerning the rich, they may sting; but they do not alter the fact that wealth is more unequally distributed than ever, in a Christian civilisation.

Nor do I intend to argue the case of Catholicism v. Protestantism. It is a fact, revealed, for example, in "A Primer of Social Science," by the Right Rev. Monsignor Henry Parkinson, that the Catholic, no less than the Protestant, Church asserts the essential righteousness of rent, interest, profits, and wages. I mention this book, not because it is more authoritative than others, but because it is more recent, is cheaper, and, therefore, more accessible, and because, being a primer, it states elementary propositions. It is not an historic fact that "in the Middle Ages something not unlike 'National Guilds' obtained." The number of Guilds was legion, and their organisation strictly local; for example, Professor Ashley says: "In many of the parishes of Somerset, which we have no reason to suppose differed in this respect from parishes elsewhere, there were from six to a dozen Gilds or Fraternities, each for the purpose of separate 'devotion,' with its own 'store,' and audits, and feast days. And in the single county of Norfolk, a list, which is manifestly imperfect, returns as many as 909 Gilds." That is a state of affairs totally unlike the National Guilds System. The suggestion that the Guild idea is, in some way, indebted to Catholicism is unsupported by any facts known to me. It is probable, at least, that our Guilds were descended from the Old Roman Collegia, which existed before the Roman Catholic Church; and throughout the world, in India and China, for example, Guilds have existed from age to age. Everywhere they are bodies of great antiquity, with a tradition and history extending beyond Christianity; and they owe no more to the Catholic than to the Protestant Church. The matter is not germane to my argument, and I shall not return to it during this discussion.

A "Wesleyan Methodist" seems to think that it is my business to reconcile the statements of Christ. I deny any such responsibility. It is generally admitted, since Huxley, that the Gospels reveal more than one Christ. "Is he the kindly, peaceful Christ depicted in the Catacombs?" asked Huxley. "Or is he the stern judge who frowns upon the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damianus? Or can he be rightly represented by the bleeding ascetic, broken down by physical pain, of too many mediæval pictures? Are we to accept the Jesus of the second, or the Jesus of the fourth Gospel, as the true Jesus?" I claim only to have disentangled the economic Christ from the mass of legend and mysticism called the Gospels; and if it cannot be reconciled with any other conception of Christ, I must disclaim all responsibility for that. My article was obviously based on the difficult passages of the Gospels, those that can only be reconciled with the conventional conception by what Matthew Arnold called

"one of those processes which are the opprobrium of our Bible-criticism, and by which, as Bishop Butler says, anything can be made to mean anything." The question is not whether Christ said anything contradictory to what I quoted (I contend that the man who could utter the double-dealing text (Luke xvi. 9) quoted in my article and in this letter referred to Mr. Maynard, could say anything); but whether he did say what I said that he said, whether he meant what I have supposed him to mean, or whether he meant what he said at all. The reason he himself gave for speaking in parables, and already quoted in this letter, is sufficiently indicative, to my mind, of a subtler mind than Christ is usually supposed to have possessed. It reminds me of Bismarck deceiving the diplomats by telling them the truth. Least of all ought I to be called upon to interpret the Acts of the Apostles; and the phrase quoted proves nothing against my argument. I never said that the wage system was not revolutionary in a state that was based on chattel-slavery; nor have I ever denied that the early Christian Church contained as fine a collection of cranks as that which the Transcendental movement in America attracted, and that was so splendidly satirised by Russell Lowell in his essay on Thoreau. But the fact that they were regarded as revolutionaries does not prove that Christ did not invent a slave-morality: revolutions are possible only to slaves. Thorold Rogers has told us, for example, that the Black Death in England "almost emancipated the surviving serfs." That is to say, that serfdom became converted into what we call wage-slavery; for the serfs commuted labour-rents into money payments, and not infrequently threw up their own holdings to go to work for wages. This was considered a revolution, and Parliament passed laws prohibiting it. It was no less a revolution when the question of emancipating the chattel-slaves of Africa and America had to be considered. But these facts do not prove that wage-slavery is not based on a slave-morality, or that Christ did not invent a slave-morality. A "Wesleyan Methodist" should read Nietzsche: I have not the space to quote him here.

P.S.—I have also received letters from Mr. J. Crombie Christie, Mr. Arthur Hood, Mr. Emile Hess, and Mr. Coopland; all of whom, I think, are sufficiently answered by the foregoing. If they have anything to say after reading this letter, I shall be pleased to hear it and to reply to it if I can. But I must say that mere protests against the article, mere assertions without a tittle of proof that I have travestied or distorted the passages quoted, or mere reiterations of the conventional idea of Christ, will not be considered by me. Before I can be proved to have maligned Christ, the identity of the Christ maligned must be established; and then it will be discovered that I have told the truth about the other Christ. The Gospels are full of Christs, and it seems to me that the whole difficulty of Christians arises from the fact that they accept the four Gospels as a picture of one man. The contradictions are not created by me, although I may have intensified them by the simple process of narrative; they are in the Gospels, and I rest my claims for the authenticity of the economic Christ on the same grounds as my opponents claim for the authenticity of the Saviour of the World. If I am obliged to accept their Christ, they are equally obliged to accept mine; and the spirit of division that Christ announced will continue to do its work amongst us.]

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"JOHN MITCHEL."

Sir,—In reply to Mr. H. B. Dodds I may say that, being familiar with all the controversial subjects connected with Mitchel's sojourn in America, I purposely avoided them, because they formed no part of my narrative. All that I desired to do regarding Mitchel was to pay him the personal debt which I considered I owed him and treat him in his character as an Irish Nationalist only. Although it is new to me, I think the estimate of Mitchel's character, as a whole, quoted by Mr. Dodds, is a very fair one, and goes to confirm a conclusion I arrived at from personal experience thirty years ago, that is, that Irishmen are not fit for exportation, much less transportation, such as Mitchel was subjected to. A case in point, I remember some thirty years ago how the whole Irish race were elated at the action of Mr. "Willie" Redmond storming Derry at the head of a host of Nationalists. Who could have imagined at that day that we should live to see the same "Willie" Redmond acting the part of dog-holder for the Jews at the Marconi Committee, and sticking his name to the report of Mr. Handy-Handle-Booth?

"The combination of the native soil and the native race is necessary to command" the best efforts of Irishmen. I agree.

PETER FANNING.

ART CRITICISM.

Sir,—I asked your art critic, Mr. Ludovici, a plain question and one calculated, as I thought, to elicit a plain answer. As, however, the manner of my question appears for some unfathomable reason to have upset him, I beg to repeat it without insinuations of any kind. I am anxious to learn and he assures me he is able to teach. Why should an unfortunate turn of my phrase deprive me of the advantage? My question, apropos of Mr. Bishop's pictures and Mr. Ludovici's comments on them, is this: What "message" ought a painted sky to contain and why should it require an "*état de l'âme*" to make it more than "trite"? I hope my face has been sufficiently washed before presenting it a second time to Mr. Ludovici.

HENRY JEVONS.

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"THE NEW WEEKLY."

Sir,—As they say in Devonshire, "You do loike a smack at oi," but do try and get your facts right. In your issue of July 17, "R. H. C." refers to "the prospect of a colossal penny weekly edition of the 'English Review'" and "the come down to a penny journal." Such statements are apt to convey to your readers an erroneous idea that the "Review" is about to be made a weekly and sold at a penny (*inter alia*, this, I believe, would be consistent with your idea of its value). The "Review" is *not* coming out as a weekly, nor will its present price be reduced. With the consent of your advertising department, may I say it's doing too well for that?

Mr. Austin Harrison and myself hope to bring out a new weekly in the autumn which will in no way affect the "Review." As regards Mr. Wells and Tory Democracy, I thank you sincerely for a most excellent suggestion, hitherto unthought of. We should be exceedingly proud to have Mr. H. G. Wells as a contributor to the "New Weekly."

F. CHALMERS DIXON.

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THE SUNRISE CLOCK.

Sir,—I should like to talk to you and your readers about my sunrise clock. I am not going to patent it: it is an ordinary grandfather's clock, and I wound it up and regulated it last Saturday, June 21. On that day, at four o'clock in the morning, it sounded the "a l'arme," and an hour later it struck one. Hitherto it had been gaining eighty seconds a day, but I now regulated it so as to lose eighty seconds (one and a third minutes) each day. That is the only odd thing about it. The consequence is that in a calendar month and a half it will rouse us at five, and in three calendar months at six; at the end of six calendar months it will announce the rising of the sun at eight. Anyone good at sums can prove that this is so. Now, on June 21, the sun does rise at four, or within sixteen minutes of four; on September 21 it rises at six or thereabouts, and on December 21 it rises at eight, or eight minutes later. *De minimis non curat sapiens*—that is to say, the practical man. On that day I shall again regulate it, but this time so as to gain eighty seconds per day. So that at the spring equinox it will again call us up at six, and on the following summer solstice at four, as it did last Saturday.

This being so, when the sunrise clock strikes one, my household gets astir; coffee and rolls are on the table. Six hours later, lunch is served; and six hours after that comes dinner. After having enjoyed sixteen hours of daylight in summer, and as much as Nature allows in winter, I retire to rest—in other words, go to bed.

The other clocks in the house behave just like other people's clocks. By them I catch the train and keep appointments; but if anybody is good enough to dine with me in summer, he has to call it lunch—that is all.

Nobody outside my own household need take the slightest notice of my sunrise clock, and I have no wish to impose my system upon others.

Surely, now, this is a harmless clock enough; and yet—would you believe it?—I am being pursued with rancour and fury by all Bastiat's ancient "petitioners." Here they come—the manufacturers of candles, lamps, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers; the producers of oil, tallow, rosin, and generally of everything connected with lighting. True, the makers of snuffers and extinguishers have become nearly extinct, but the ranks of the "petitioners" are now swelled by the whole army of electric-light shareholders. "We don't care for Mr. Pearce," they shout. "Twenty minutes will not hurt us, one way or the other; but your sunrise clock threatens to shake the very foundations of society." Why? And who is Mr. Pearce? Meanwhile a few friends of like mind with myself have arranged to set up a combined

fountain, dog-trough, pillar-post, and sunrise clock on the village green here, and those who care to do so can make use of it. Already the leading milkman and a few tradespeople have been brought to heel, and others are expected. When the "craze" spreads (voluntarily!) until it embraces a quarter to a third of the population, Mr. Bradshaw will supply me gratis with monthly copies of his immortal work, because back numbers will cease to have any market value. So I am told. But this depends upon whether the railway companies have more sense than Mr. Gattie of the New Transport Company gives them credit for.

But all these ramifications are rather bewildering to the simple mind of the inventor of the sunrise clock.

WORDSWORTH DOMISTHORPE.

* * *

FEMINISM AND COMMON SENSE.

Sir,—There must be many others who, like myself, read Beatrice Hastings with pleasure, and were glad to see her name reappear in THE NEW AGE. Somewhat to my surprise, however, I find myself this week disagreeing with her quite hard. In fact, there is a certain adjective in her last sentence that almost tempts one to say, "Tu quoque." It seems to me that she has fallen into the grave error of confusing the letter with the spirit, and her treatment of the comrade woman is surely wrong. It is the comrade proper who would "crouch and load"; it is the comrade who would walk, ride, talk, study, and be a vital part of her husband's life as well as an ornamental adjunct. I know, and everyone knows, many kind, true, good women who would make splendid wives and mothers, but who are unmarried (I am married, so I speak without bias). As a matter of fact, men seem very often to choose the worst instead of the best type of woman. And the men! Are there no "calculating faces," "thick noses" amongst them that they should be so desirable as mates? Surely it is better to look straight into a face and see that the nature shown there is mean and poor than to have these traits so hidden that they are known only when it is too late?

Again, the whole tone of THE NEW AGE indicates that sex love is the weakest "and most transitory of illusions." That being so, surely it is better to remain single than to marry and wake up so soon, for to a woman the loss of illusions is an appalling and hardening process. There is one fact that should be noticed, for it certainly has a great deal to do with the type of human being that is being produced to-day, and that is that so many mothers bear on them and bequeath to their children the "stigma of an unwilling maternity," that so many little babies come into the world not wanted. Man is too poor, living is too dear, to-day, to admit of marriage.

I do not seem to have made as clear as I could wish the point that Mrs. Hastings appears to have mistaken the false for the true, and so judges the true by the false. But perhaps she will catch the idea.

BERTHA C. MORLEY.

* * *

Sir,—Some people have objected, and more may object, that while I profess to be denouncing the Puritans, my advice to women is of a Puritanical nature. I am further charged with being anxious about women's morals in the true Puritan fashion, and with denying to the many privileges I claim for the few. My reply is, first, that I am not in the least anxious about women's morals as such. Women are naturally unmoral, and this is the reason why they must always remain under control. They have nothing to fight with against the everlasting pressure of morality—and, indeed, their whole comprehension of morality scarcely ever gets beyond something to do with sex. The very word morality has been degraded by their use of it, until it now conveys only the meaning of one of its disciplines, namely, sexual temperance. Not in the least do I care about women's "morals"—except in so far as the assumption by a certain class of women of responsibility for what is really their unmorality, is going to deprive them of maintenance, and to let us all in for a tedious time. Add them to the resourceless women and the women living by their own never, never, never-to-be-mitigated efforts, and there is a congregation presently to strike us all melancholy. I proceed on my opinion that, with so few exceptions as do not matter, every woman not only wants, but needs, the support of a man. I see that many women who have been led away by their own misunderstanding of their limits, by their craving for money to do absolutely what they like with, by lofty literature of the "Votes for Women" and "Twelve Pound Look" order, and, lastly, by the example of gifted women

who do what they choose. I see that these women, strict and loose alike, are all coming to grief, and are dragging our fair sex into an abyss of neglect and contempt. So far as there may be any morality in not wanting to be one of a neglected and hatefully despised sex, I am anxious about this. We have certainly gone down. I hear, for instance, tram-conductors, and so on, address women in a manner which, if it had been used to us even ten years ago, would have set us calling for the police—we should have believed our assailants to be either mad or dangerously drunk. And the majority of females just simper apologetically under such address; note if they do not next time you are on a 'bus or a car. This is one of the external signs of the general drop in men's opinion of us. I hate it; I hate to see women scrambling all over the place and being chivied about by men. Presently we may be thrown about—what—presently? Why, that has come already to some women. We have ranted about despising chivalry, and, by everything, we no longer get it! Where chivalry does not prevail, women come to be considered no more favourably than brigands or pirates. Here is an instance: Eighty girls were brought from Kieff in Russia to compete against men in some adjacent beet-fields. The men burned the whole eighty to death! You will find the news of this on Reuter's file, though no English newspaper thought fit to print the cable. We live a long way from such methods of putting us in our place. But who would have dreamed of the Cat and Mouse Bill? The battle between men and women in England is only beginning, for men of all classes are only now beginning to regard us as enemies. If men are prepared to use force against us, we shall not win. Are they not thus prepared? They are! They are still pretending otherwise: but look at realities! If Mrs. Pankhurst died to-morrow, a sigh of relief would be her only epitaph from the mass of men. The House of Commons and the electorate are upholding Mr. McKenna. These men will not forsake him for the howls of the suffragedom. It is, so I think, a most ghastly fact for women to contemplate. And the poor fools are walking to London thinking to beguile men who know very well that they themselves would like much to be free from work to take a picnic. If the pilgrims claim that they have had to suffer and to offer personal violence in defence of themselves, what is such a claim but a confession that their appearance on the streets has aroused men's hatred? There is nothing to boast about or to tell men by way of securing favour! Their least precarious adventures are still discreditable. I live in a village far too well-mannered (being mostly employed on one large estate) to throw eggs or even openly to abuse the pilgrims; but the general tone, after they had passed through, was one of the most astounding self-conceit I ever saw even in females. The men sneered, the boys laughed, but the women took themselves up three pegs to see "ladies" on the trot with weather-beaten faces and cajoling smiles for surly men and rude children. This sort of exhibition is no good to us, and, again, I say that if here is any question of morality, I am anxious about women's "morals," knowing that women cannot suffer contempt as women for long without being degraded or going mentally wrong. If, even, these women who are now making all the trouble can escape degradation or imbecility, they are leaving behind them for the next generation an heritage no gentlewoman would willingly accept, an heritage of inconsideration from men and from common women. It is very hard to be one of an inferior caste—but to be one of a caste where all the internal rules have been broken will be something of a curse for delicate-minded women. The caste of women can never conceivably become democratic, for we trade on our personality—do, because we can! King Cophetua may marry the beggar-maid and maintain her as queen before his applauding courtiers, but a queen may have no more than a private liaison with a commoner, unless everyone knows she intends to kill him very soon; the women would exile her and scramble for the heir-apparent, while the men assassinated the effeminate trader on personality.

To return to less thrilling adventures, practically every woman wants and needs a husband. For wholly selfish reasons I would like to see almost all women married: so we are agreed at least on one point. I persist in warning even those that scornfully charge me with Puritanism, not on any account to be "pals" with a man they hope to capture for good. Fair reader, this is not Puritanism—it is feminine common sense. I speak with my eye on several wrecks of such ideal voyages to nowhere. You will only waste your youth—your chief, perhaps your only, asset; and any woman your junior will cheerfully see you go down while she sails away with the man. If you grow annoyed at my appearance of "talking down" to you, you must; I shall not be hurt! I care nothing for

your "morals"; your only morality is to get married while you may. There are plenty of men, and all as charming and well-off as they used to be. Be amiable and have no fads, be disagreeable as a fury to would-be "pals"; if you take the subject of marriage seriously they will be only too pleased to secure a wife who reasonably may be relied on. To another kind of woman, the ranting kind, I say—you imagine that you are playing for marriage; but what a way you go about the game! Do you really suppose that a man worth marrying may be stunned into the holy state by your assertions of female independence and superiority? Go to, you are making us all ridiculous! Men require from women's intelligence a recognition of superior force. Without this recognition you appear merely as a tedious little threat, a drag, a perpetual spoiler of life's drama. All superior force, intellectual or physical, must be respected in the end. When you cannot hope to win, give it all up; instead of opposing, ally yourself!

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—Recently, Mr. C. H. Norman's new book, "Essays and Letters on Public Affairs," was reviewed in your pages by "A. E. R." and last week there was a correspondence published on this criticism. Among the articles which Mr. Norman has republished in his book, is one that he wrote for THE NEW AGE in 1908, on the Gilbert Islands scandal, entitled, "A Story of the Pacific." I thank "A. E. R." for expressing his appreciation of my efforts to bring the disgraceful robbery and misrule in the Gilberts to public notice, but, through not knowing the real reason for my name not being mentioned by Mr. Norman in this article of his, "A. E. R." has inadvertently done Mr. Norman an injustice, and I think it is only fair to the latter that I should mention the facts. Mr. Norman, who had seen copies of my letters to the Government and the petition to His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., proposed that I should meet him and talk the matter over.

We met, and it was agreed that he should write an article on the financial side of the question; the procuring of evidence on which had this advantage, it could be obtained here in England, and it seemed the better course that Mr. Norman should collect this evidence for himself. To do this he took all the trouble to go into the matter at Somerset House, and even visited the Colonial Office, and corresponded with the Chairman of the Pacific Phosphate Company, Lord Stanmore, so as to learn all they had to say on the case. Then he wrote his article, going into the financial details more minutely than I had ever done. He showed me the proof, I saw my name appeared, and I begged him to take it out. For he had got together this financial evidence himself, and an article which more than corroborated what I had said, and yet was founded on evidence obtained quite independent of me, would have more effect in helping us to obtain justice in this Gilbert case. I may state in conclusion that I thank Mr. Norman for all the trouble he took in writing this article, "A Story of the Pacific," and thank you, Mr. Editor, for having published it.

T. C. T. POTTS.

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