

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

OWING to the holidays these notes are being written just as the cables announce the conclusion of the threatened general strike in South Africa. Nevertheless, enough information has been received in this country since last week to enable us to add some comments of more than passing interest. It is not of much concern for the present whether the general strike in South Africa is declared or is deferred. Perhaps a whole generation will pass before anything like a general strike on the scale necessary to revolution can take place. But we are now sanguine that not much more than that period will be required to develop both the power and the intelligence in the proletariat to challenge the existing order and to threaten it with extinction or revolution. Apart from the actual indications of fact to which we shall shortly recur, the assumptions on which we proceed are these: First, the system of wage-slavery is immoral and must be abolished before civilisation can take a single real step forward; secondly, the class to initiate this step and to take it is the proletariat class itself. Members of other classes to the extent of their far-sighted and unprejudiced intelligence will assist the proletariat; they will, indeed, prove indispensable to the reconstruction which must proceed simultaneously with the destruction of the old ideas; but the initiative cannot, and will not, come from them. Thirdly, in so acting as to abolish the wage-system the proletariat will in fact be contributing as great an idea to humanity as was contributed when Christianity abolished chattel-slavery. With these assumptions, which more and more of us are

beginning to make and to hold, the present, though black and discouraging, is shot with hope. Sooner or later the challenge we throw down must be taken up. Within the present century, at the furthest, the issue of wage-slavery will be determined.

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Turning now to consider the assumptions upon which rests society as it is, we can see them most plainly in the dispatches and correspondence and home comments on the labour troubles in South Africa. A priori, it would seem the most inevitable thing in the world that a nation that spent ten thousand lives to defend its citizens from the mere suspicion of Boer injustice, should be up in arms to spend a million lives, if need be, to defend its own flesh and blood against the certain injustice of cosmopolitan financiers. It is almost incredible that the unpopularity of Kruger should not be a thousand times intensified in the unpopularity of the mining magnates whose crimes against English citizenship stand to Kruger's in just about that relation. However, we have seen the stories of the mine-owners' doings in South Africa published and reprinted in this country; we have seen complete evidence of their collusion with their paid governments both in that country and in this; we have seen English citizens and British citizens struggling against the mine-owners and the Imperial forces and troops in manifest defence of their bare rights—and all without a single corporate movement in any part of our national opinion, of protest, still less of threatened forcible intervention. Those who recollect the days in this country before the Boer war will not need to be reminded that things were far different then. The Press was full of incitements and comments, public meetings were universally held, the war was actually fought here before even it was begun in Africa. Today, however, with a national grievance so great as to be almost vital, with an attack upon our integrity, manhood, government, and society, the more impudent for its being, apparently, ignorantly directed, the nation, save for a few groups and in scattered places, is calmly awaiting the development of events or watching only to applaud the defeat of their own side. What can be the reason of this strangely different attitude? Admitted that now, as then, the Press and the governing classes are on the winning side. They brought about the Boer war, and they are now about to procure

the British working-man's defeat. It is still strange that popular opinion in England should in no respect appear to differ from them. Popular opinion agreed with them when they attacked Kruger; it agrees with them, we fear, now that they are defending Wernher Beit.

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The reason can only be, we think, that public opinion in this country rests on assumptions the very contrary of those we have just enunciated. It believes in wage-slavery, it believes that the wage-slaves are entitled to initiate nothing, and it believes that whatever the wage-slaves initiate must needs be reactionary and wrong. That these assumptions are themselves unwarranted and could not bear a straight thought we are, as we have said, convinced; but we agree that, before the views which rest on them can be changed, the assumptions must be openly met and dispersed. Let us see how they underlie the dispatches of Lord Gladstone, and how they can be met on that field. The assumption, of course, that wage-slavery is a proper and moral institution is not even singularly apparent in Lord Gladstone's memoranda. Like every other administrator he takes it for granted and with no kind of reflection that it is a fair thing to allow a few hundred men to employ for their profit the services of some hundreds of thousands at a subsistence wage only. That the mines and other natural wealth of a country belong by right to the community, and are only alienated into private hands by an act of injustice, has probably never crossed his mind as a midsummer notion. Nevertheless, it is true; and since truth wins in the longest of runs, this fact will one day prove Lord Gladstone to be under an ignorant delusion. An assumption which rests upon this, but which must also be challenged is that the proletariat in striking are in duty bound to consider the immediate interests of society. Against this there are more considerations than we can state in these notes even in summary. They deserve and should soon receive a treatise to themselves. But, first, we may ask, why should the proletariat be supposed to care for society? That they do, as its predestined heirs, however remote, we readily and gratefully admit; but that they owe society of the present day any duty whatever we deny. A class that has a tenure of life upon the will of another class cannot be said to owe a duty to the latter class. This class has chosen to substitute force for voluntary agreement in its relations with the proletariat; nay, has deliberately made voluntary agreement impossible by offering the proletariat only the choice between starvation and wage-slavery; it cannot now in addition to the services it exacts by compulsion demand the voluntary service which is duty. We maintain that the wage-earning classes owe society nothing but what they can be compelled to yield. Slaves by definition, by status, and in actual fact, responsibility is not theirs for society in the least degree. Society must look to itself, and fairly so, since it allows its proletariat no arc of freedom of choice in which to swing between will and must.

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Again, it is obvious that in demanding of the proletariat a consideration for the existing society, the governing classes are demanding more of their slaves than they demand of themselves. Nothing is more common on the lips of governments than the advice to sacrifice the present to the future, or, at least, to risk the present. The ease and comfort of the moment, even the accumulated wealth of the moment, are all to be held as light in comparison with the ease and wealth of the future. Very properly too. A society's life cannot be measured or valued by the standard of a single generation. To lift its future its present may fairly be sacrificed, precisely as an ambitious man may sacrifice his ease to-day for his position of to-morrow. Similarly, we contend that the proletariat, if they are ambitious to abolish wage-slavery, must sacrifice and risk a good deal to ensure their future freedom. They must, in fact, take a leaf out of the book of their present masters who, to do them bare justice, have hesitated at no sacrifice either of themselves or of society so they might establish their

class in its present elevated and powerful position. Consider, to take but one example, the Wars of the so-called Commonwealth in this country. They were as certainly economic in character as any strike now proceeding, though it is true that they were not fought to emancipate labour, but to emancipate capital. Capital, indeed, won a great and a so far permanent victory when it determined at Dunbar that the Crown should not be even the symbol of the community. On that occasion and during that war did Capital "consider" society, did it even consider the existing England? Believing itself to be in the right, believing its emancipation to be necessary to the future welfare of England, Capital not only fought, but risked everything to win. And the morality of victory has justified itself in the subsequent history of England: England was not destroyed and Capital has been triumphant. We certainly would not urge Labour to ignore present society and its convenience on behalf of something we do not believe in. If we thought that England would suffer or that society would not be improved by the abolition of the wage-system, we should regard as crimes the strikes of workmen. But we believe, indeed, we know, as well as any idea can be known, that England and the whole world are waiting to go forward in civilisation until the wage-system is destroyed; and since it appears that only the proletariat can destroy it, their first duty is to do it and their second is to adopt such means as will enable them to do it, be the immediate effects upon existing society what they may be.

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All this, it may be said, is theoretical, and has no practical application to any existing problem. Let us take, then, two examples from the South African episode: the questions of the proposed use of the natives by the Labour unions, and the proposed establishment by the men's leaders of a Provisional Government. Before dealing with these, we may say that since the opening phases of the miners' strike in England, no body of workmen has behaved with more courage, imagination and character than the miners on the Rand. They may, and we think they will, be beaten. They may, and we think they will, be able some months hence to look back and to wonder what they have gained. A reaction after a spiritual victory is inevitable and should be prepared for. But that they have set an example of the above-named qualities is undeniable, and that this alone is a victory is certain. We congratulate them on the very qualities for which present-day "society" condemns them, on the very qualities, indeed, on which, had they appeared on behalf of instead of against society, our governing classes would now be congratulating them. Things will not be in Africa again quite what they have hitherto been; they will be better and not worse. And this effect will be due precisely to the deeds and sayings of the men and their leaders which "public opinion" most fervently condemns. Two, as we said, shall be named. The greatest consternation, we are told, was produced in the governing circles of South Africa by the discovery that the quarter of a million native miners on the Rand were being "inoculated" with the principles of Trade Unionism and might, if the strike occurred, be employed by the white miners to assist them. This, it was said, was hitting below the belt, and risking the whole future of South Africa on a paltry wage-dispute. But examine the proposal in the light of the considerations we have already urged; and add to those considerations the following. Except in colour and the differentiations arising from it, the status of the black miner differs in no essential respect from the status of the white miner relatively to the mine-owners. Both are labour power, both are paid a subsistence wage and no more, both are "forced" to work in the mines by the choice between wages and starvation. The natives, it is true, are recruited in gangs as if they were sheep, while the whites are recruited singly as if they were horses, but the distinction goes no further. Both are subjected to the same or nearly the same conditions, and both yield up profit to

their masters until their last healthy breath. The race-superiority of white over black wage-labour is an affectation for which, in economics, at any rate, there is no ground. The white miners of South Africa have much more in common for the present with the natives than they have with their common masters. A further reflection is that if the men were hitting below the belt in contemplating the use of the blacks, the mine-owners had already begun the game against the rules by actually using the Imperial troops. The natives and the Imperial troops may be said to have balanced one another. If it is not fair to use the one, it was equally not fair to use the other. Nobody can read the men's case without realising that the actual use of the English Army against them was at least as unexpected and incredible as their own contemplated use of the natives was incredible to the mine-owners. The one, however, was assumed quite naturally to be justified. The Government could do no wrong even in employing the English Army to foment and suppress a civil dispute. The other, nevertheless, was held to be criminal in the extreme; under no circumstances might the men employ the natives to assist them. The cant of this position, we hope, is obvious. We do not say that natives should have been employed; but we do say that the English military should not have been employed. But since the military were employed and, as we know, not by the compulsion of emergency, but by design, the bolder leaders of Labour were entirely justified in our opinion in threatening to use, and would have been in employing, the services of the natives. Chaos it might have been, and chaos for a while it probably would have been; but out of that chaos a new order would have arisen, whereas now the old order is re-established.

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Lord Gladstone makes it an item in his panic that the men had actually drafted a Provisional Government in anticipation of victory. We can scarcely believe such good news, but if true, what conclusions are to be drawn from it? In a civil war, such as Lord Gladstone himself admitted the dispute might be, it argued extraordinary prevision and a statesmanlike grasp of the significance of the event for the men to anticipate victory and to prepare for it, no less than defeat and to prepare for that. The exaggeration, of course, of Lord Gladstone is natural under the circumstances, for he has to justify his use of English troops at the dictation of a semi-foreign power against English citizens—an act that requires nothing less than a civil war to support and would even then fail of sufficient support. We do not believe, in short, that a civil war was even in contemplation by the men, and still less by their leaders. The notion is a bogey of Lord Gladstone's devising for the purpose of frightening the home public out of its sense of justice. But let us suppose that the war were a civil war—the war of Labour against Capital; a war the skirmishes of which are strikes and the battles of which will be general strikes. On this supposition, no better testimony to the orderly character of the men could be offered than Lord Gladstone's complaint that they had prepared a Provisional Government. This did not look as if they were inconsiderate of the future of society, or were mere hooligans and anarchists! On the contrary, they deserved every respect for the seriousness with which they were setting about the revolution. We can only hope that when our turn in England comes to wage civil war—if this should be forced on the proletariat by the continued folly of our governing classes—the men's leaders will have prepared a Provisional Government as their fellows in South Africa are said to have done. A Provisional Government constituted of Labour instead of Capital! The idea is, no doubt, a shock to common assumptions, but in no respect is it incompatible with the best good sense of mankind. We repeat that the rumour alone does the South African Labour movement the highest credit. In passing, we may note the difference of attitude towards a men's

Provisional Government and the proposed Ulster Provisional Government of Sir Edward Carson. Of this latter, to their discredit (for they are committing suicide with it) the Unionists of this country approve, and even the Government utters no word of condemnation. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. If it is merit, or at least not criminal, of Ulster to threaten civil war and to propose a Provisional Government, how can it be treason for British citizens in South Africa to attempt to dis-establish a cosmopolitan government and to set up their own in its place? Yet Lord Gladstone ordered the Imperial troops to shoot down the latter. The former the whole English Government dare not so much as threaten with imprisonment. Well, Sir Edward Carson will provide the proletariat of the world with many lessons before he is done. We hope our trade unionists are taking note of him.

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Several misstatements are contained to public knowledge in the reports of Lord Gladstone. In defence of his official permission to the South African Government to employ our troops, he affirms that the strike took himself, the Government, and everybody by surprise. It became an emergency before the Government could organise its own domestic forces. But this is certainly incorrect, since, in the first place, the Kleinfontein dispute was weeks old before the strike broke out; in the second place, Mr. Andrews, the Parliamentary Labour Member, had impressively warned both the Government and Lord Gladstone on June 11, nearly three weeks before the event—of what was coming; and in the third place, we now know that there would have been no shooting if the troops had not been sent to provoke and to begin it. Concerning the warning, we wonder what warning of a coming strike Lord Gladstone would require in order to be officially notified. He was better aware than any man in the world of the trouble on the Rand, he knew that Commissions had reported favourably to the men in vain, he knew from private as well as public sources that the men were preparing to strike. If he did not know these things he should be recalled; and if he did, he should be both recalled and dismissed. But not only did he know these facts, but he knew others which he has not stated in his published dispatches, but which the Home Government here are aware of—that the mine-owners were likewise prepared for a strike and hoped to win by it, that they counted confidently on the Imperial troops, and had reason so to count, that they had estimated the resources of the men, the probable cost in damage to the mines, and the certain gains to themselves from a set-back to the labour movement in South Africa. We would not affirm that Lord Gladstone knew all this as articulately as we know it now. To believe that of him would necessitate his impeachment, if impeachment were possible in these days. But that he knew it sufficiently clearly to act in perfect collusion with the magnates we are certain. Otherwise at least once during the whole affair he might have appeared to act on the men's behalf. No such slip was made! He further denies that the troops were sent with the object of "breaking" the strike. Does he take the whole of England for an asylum? It is probably true that the troops did not receive specific instructions to act as blacklegs, and to shoot the leading strikers, but no other end than breaking the strike could come of sending them; and the magnates, of course, were aware of it. The pretence is always made that troops are not sent to break strikes, but only to protect property and blacklegs; but what is this but to break a strike in the most effectual manner? We do not deny the right of a capitalist Government to break a strike; but why should they lie about it? They are powerful enough, in all conscience, to speak the truth. And in their acts, at least, the truth is spoken; for we observe that Lord Gladstone's Government "compensated" the blacklegs and non-unionists out of the public purse! If a government not only protects blacklegs, but pays them, the defence of not intending

to break the strike is an insult to intelligence. In brief, it is an official statement. The justification for the massacre in the Square we have still to hear attempted, for Lord Gladstone's statement is ridiculous on the face of it. To "proclaim" a public meeting within an hour or two of its assembly and by an Act of such memory as Kruger's No. VI was not to prepare a justification for the ensuing and consequent massacre, but to pre-determine it. No meeting of white men in the world, called under such circumstances, but would have started rioting on finding themselves thus treated as if they were natives. The natives themselves, in fact, were far more impressed by the proclamation of the meeting to contempt for the whites than by the rioting that took place. The shooting down of whites by whites merely added to their contemptuous bewilderment. We should like to ask what the thoughts of the natives must be on returning to the mines to obey the orders of men whom they have seen shot at by white soldiers. The solidarity of the whites will not appear so impregnable after all.

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The conclusions to which we can come on the facts at our disposal are not, however, final. There is, we believe, a good deal more yet to be known and a good deal more to be learned. In time, for example, we shall discover more complete evidence of the provocation of the strike by the mine-owners. The Press, even at this moment, is already openly stating that the magnates were in favour of the General Strike. We shall learn, too, the nature of the Provisional Government which it was proposed to set up on the morrow of the men's victory. That it was Syndicalist we do not believe; but that it proposed to nationalise the ownership of the mines and to vest the working in the men's union we have ground for assuming. This, in fact, is what we expect will be the aim of all the revolutionary movements of the future—to ally the State with the Industrialists and thereby to put an end to the ruinous self-division involved in making the State an organ of any class. As we said of the miners' strike in England, we say of the miners' strike in South Africa—only its issue in national ownership and union control could be regarded as constituting a victory. Wages may be raised, conditions may be improved, the hours of labour may be shortened, but these benefits by the way will alter nothing radical in the relative positions of profiteering and propertylessness. On the other hand, once abolish the wage-system and substitute the conception of pay in the industrial army after the pattern of pay in the military army, the inferior status of the wage-slave is abolished and the wage-system with it. We certainly believe that the South African miners have come nearer to it than any union of labourers in the world. Our own unions have much to learn from them—but chiefly in the region of spiritedness and ideas.

#### UP TO DATE.

(Translated from the Swedish of A. Strindberg.)

The poet gave her anxious thought,  
The publisher wooed sanely.  
The publisher, he paid her court,  
The poet sought her vainly.

The poet was a needy wight.  
His love was left unsated.  
The publisher reached heaven's height  
Where man and wife are mated.

The poet's toil now helps to feed  
His former star of beauty.  
The publisher, from worry freed,  
Fulfils a husband's duty.

## Current Cant.

"I find that the 'Daily Mirror' is of splendid service in broadening the mind and enlarging the outlook."—MR. SIDDANSY, Headmaster of St. Thomas's Schools.

"Materialism is crumbling away. . . . Man is recovering, with undeniable rapidity, the spiritual view of life."—DR. PERCY DEARMER.

"The cult of the cinema. . . ."—"Everyman": "Literary Notes."

"Mr. Kipling has more poetry in his little finger than Dr. Bridges has in his whole body."—"The Star."

"The English stage has never been more flourishing, more vigorous, nor in a more hopeful condition."—VIOLET VANBRUGH.

"As the King crossed the sacred threshold, the Abbey became suddenly filled with music. Through the golden pipes of the organ floated the strains of the Psalm, 'Let God arise.' At the conclusion the King proceeded to his exquisitely carved stall."—"Daily Mail."

"The best evidence that religious movements are succeeding is that they make men live longer. A steady increase in the length of life has followed the spread of Christianity."—PROFESSOR PATTEN.

"The more the vote is a device for the perpetuation of slavery, the more necessary it is that it should be given to the woman as well as to the man."—LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

"The beauty of the human body and its potentialities are being realised as never before."—EDITH M. FROST.

"I first appeared before you as a Free Trader. I would hardly say so much by conviction as by custom. I have become, I have remained, a hardened Tariff Reformer. . . . The great thing is that one should be true to one's ideals."—AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.

"The demand for votes for women is an attack upon everything that is represented by the Piccadilly Flat Case."—CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.

"Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me.' A love story for all the world and for all time. To some it will inevitably recall 'Jane Eyre,' others will cite Mary and Martin, for the greatness of their love, with Romeo and Juliet, Paolo and Francesca. Romantic, tragic, and humorous, brilliant, caustic, and intense, this book reveals the relations of man to woman from the cradle to the grave."—W. HEINEMANN'S advertisement in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"The beautiful girl who wears the modern, well-cut, close-fitting skirt . . . does resemble the figures on archaic Greek vases. . . ."—MRS. ARTHUR STRONG.

"Did Debs do right? Have you any comment to offer on the Socialist leader's action in sheltering a 'fallen' girl under his roof? . . . Let us have your opinion on a postcard."—"Daily Herald."

#### CURRENT CHILDREN.

"I think the 'Daily Mirror' is very useful because it tells us if there are wars about. . . . It tells us about men going up in aeroplanes and getting killed. . . ."—MASTER ERNEST LOCK (aged eight).

"I think the 'Daily Mirror' is to be read. . . . The 'Daily Mirror' shows us all the accidents. I think it is very kind of the people who print the 'Daily Mirror.'"—MISS NELLIE PARSONS (nine years of age).

#### "THE MIRROR" MORTUARY.

"Children's bodies found in a cellar. . . . Where the bodies were found."—"Daily Mirror" photograph.

#### CURRENT COMPOSITION.

"In 1720, the year of his (Ambrose O'Higgins) birth, the race and the religion to which he belonged were in a miserable position. By the Penal Laws they were excluded from public employment, from owning property, and from education."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IN THE NEW AGE of last week I gave it as my opinion that although peace in the Balkans was practically assured for a generation, it was not a permanent peace, and would be due to the exhaustion of the combatants rather than to any other factor. The proceedings at the Bucharest Conference, and the comments on them, public and private, would seem to bear out this opinion. Even the optimistic Dr. Dillon speaks of the peace as merely a "long truce"; and the semi-official newspapers in France, Germany, Austria, and Italy show considerable uneasiness, though it is generally admitted that the war cannot go on.

The various "races" in Macedonia and Thrace cannot, as I have already indicated, be neglected if anything like a "permanent" peace treaty is to be drawn up; but it is precisely these numerous ethnic groups which all the Governments concerned seem to have omitted from their consideration, except occasionally to support an argument for the cession of territory. One instance, typical enough, may be given. On the first day the Bucharest Conference settled down to business Bulgaria put forward her claim to Kavala, pleading that Kavala was the natural outlet for the commerce of the new Bulgarian territories in Thrace. Greece opposed this demand, stating that Dedeagatch and not Kavala was the "natural outlet," that, for the sake of peace, she had previously agreed to let Bulgaria have Kavala; that Bulgaria had nevertheless waged war against her former allies; that the Greek troops had defeated the Bulgarian forces and captured Kavala; and that public opinion throughout the Kingdom of Greece would not tolerate the giving up of such a valuable port. And all this is true enough. But two far more important declarations were omitted by both sides. One is that the land in the Kavala-Drama country is the most valuable in the Balkan Peninsula—I have seen a statement by one enthusiastic correspondent somewhere to the effect that it is the "most fertile in the world." This is why the port is in such demand; the "natural outlet" plea is a mere subterfuge. Another, the more important, is that the population in and around Kavala consists almost entirely of Greeks and Turks—chiefly Greeks—and there is hardly a Bulgarian among them. But even the Greek representatives had forgotten this, and it was not until a subsequent sitting that they put forward a claim to Kavala, based on the principle of nationality.

Negotiations carried on in this way would be difficult enough even if there were no other factors intervening. It is not merely notorious, however, but openly admitted, that the sittings are being held in a nauseating atmosphere of international intrigue. For "strategic" reasons Russia and Austria have decided that Bulgaria is not to be humiliated beyond a certain point, and this despite the Tsar's warning to King Ferdinand that dreadful things would happen if he carried on the war. The war was carried on, and nothing has happened—indeed, Russia, after almost threatening Bulgaria with extermination, has now turned out her protector: neither the first nor the last topsy-turvy movement to be executed by one or other of the Great Powers during this campaign.

Bulgaria started one intrigue which she has not yet altogether given up hopes of carrying out successfully, though the Powers, late enough in the day, seem to have realised its danger. It was seriously proposed by the Sofia Cabinet that Macedonia should not be divided among any of the Allies, but should have complete autonomy. This, of course, would simply have meant that Bulgaria would have taken the first opportunity of annexing the province. Appeals were made to Austria, Russia, and Italy on behalf of this scheme. But it was opposed by France and Germany, Great Britain maintaining what is officially designated as her attitude of "vigilant non-intervention." This, perhaps, might not

have mattered. What did matter was that Serbia and Greece, on hearing of the proposal, threatened to take up arms again if it were pressed.

As the proposal for the independence of Macedonia has also been suggested in London as a means of reconciling the differences of opinion among the Allies, a word or two on the subject may be added.

As an independent State, Macedonia would have a very brief existence, mainly in consequence of the number of ethnic groups composing it. Albania is inhabited by Albanians, and even in that case the experiment of forming a new State was undertaken with misgiving, and only because no other means could be found of reconciling Russia with Austria. Macedonia is inhabited by Turks, Greeks, Bulgarians, Kutzovlachs, Servians, and Aromans, not to mention numerous Montenegrins and Jews. It has been said in Sofia, and repeated in a leading article of the "Journal des Débats," that Bulgaria would rather see Macedonia back in the hands of the Turk than divided among the Allies. If this attitude is a dog-in-the-manger attitude, there is, nevertheless, a good deal to be said for it, though not, perhaps, in the Bulgarian sense. Under the new régime in the Balkans, Macedonia, if returned to Turkey—which is, of course, out of the question—would be only a source of annoyance to the Government at Constantinople. But under the former régime, when Turkey held most of the Peninsula, she was, at least, able to keep Macedonia quiet; and it must be acknowledged that no other Power is capable of doing this. If Macedonia were entrusted as a whole to Bulgaria, or to Greece, or to Serbia, the province would be in a continual state of mutiny and insurrection. Even when divided among the three "allied" States, we may expect frequent risings, outrages by komitadjis, and border murderings and plunderings.

We all remember Mr. Gladstone's famous "bag and baggage" declaration; and what has come of it? The Turks have gone out as Mr. Gladstone wanted them to go, and the immediate consequence has been an outburst of fanatical slaughter such as cannot be paralleled in the very worst records of Turkish rule. Macedonia and Thrace have been devastated by the Christians as they have never been devastated by the Turks; and the private accounts which have been sent by the foreign representatives with the various armies to their Governments at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna make it sufficiently clear that the inhabitants of Macedonia in particular, subjected for four or five months to every form of torture, outrage, and oppression, would greatly prefer the strong, law-enforcing Turk, with his despotic rule, to the "Crusaders" with their written constitutions.

The fact is, Macedonia has never been the down-trodden province which so many idealists here, headed by Mr. Gladstone more than a generation ago, have tried to make out. The ethnic groups I have referred to, usually dignified by the name of "races," are turbulent, unruly, and difficult to administer. They are as ready to fight with one another as with their Turkish or Christian officials. Only Abdul Hamid's system of government was able to keep the peace among them for so long; and certainly no European Power could have done better. I emphasise these facts in order to show what a difficult task the peace representatives have to undertake, and incidentally to show that, no matter how Macedonia may be divided, it will take it a long time to settle down into a peaceful province. It is true that financiers are now hunting round for concessions; and the establishment of the factory system, which always accompanies the spread of civilisation—witness India, China, Japan, and South America—may do a good deal to knock the fighting spirit out of the natives.

There are still disputes to be settled concerning the southern frontier of Albania, and Italy has expressed her dissatisfaction with the proposals of the other Powers. It is thought, however, that "compensations" may be arranged by the transference of one or two of the smaller islands in the Ægean.

## Journals Insurgent.

It is curious to observe how unexpected are the influence and effects of serious journalism. From a tolerably long and varied experience, we may safely affirm that no editor can accurately appreciate the temper and idiosyncrasies of his readers. Every established journal has, to be sure, its special circle of understanding and perceptive readers; but the main body of subscribers are actuated by motives alien to the scope and intent even of their favourite journal. The editor who claims to know the mind of his readers is an impostor. It is the simple truth that most newspaper "scoops" are inadvertent. The experienced editor does not say "this is a scoop"; he only ventures the opinion that it may be so. Nine times out of ten he is wrong. If this be so with veterans in the sensational, how much more true must it be with publicists whose appeal is actually intellectual or, at worst, pseudo-intellectual? Generally, we may say that the reasoned appeal to preserve existing conditions is better and quicker understood than any argument that makes for revolutionary change. Other things being equal, it is easier to defend the fort than to attack it. Those inside have clearly one common purpose; they must at their peril stand together. They realise that however various may be the attacks and tactics of the enemy outside, every attack must be repulsed. They do not consult as to whether in this move of the enemy they shall acquiesce, or whether that onslaught shall be repelled. Their course is clear: defence, morning, noon, and night. That is why the "Spectator," for example, can appeal with confidence to its readers: the paper, its editor and its readers are all banded together to defend the existing order of society. This journal prospers because its supporters look to it each week to chronicle the movements of the enemy and advise how best they can be circumvented. In this large harmony of defence, the editor has learnt to what effective use he can put the clergy. Not only is it the defence of existing propertied interests, it is also the defence of God and of God's church. Thus the stockbroker and the clergyman, the banker and the manufacturer, the landlord and the profiteer, can all meet together every Sunday under the blessing of the "Spectator" and its God. The revolutionist who does not thoroughly grasp the meaning of this subtle blending of piety, property, and profiteering, has not yet learnt his business.

Just as the propertied classes have annexed the church as part of their defence, so also have they the controlling of the liberal professions. Law and medicine are theirs to command; the Royal Academy is a fashionable resort. Sad to relate, the republic of letters has capitulated to Park Lane and is now more royalist than the ancien régime. The work of the conservative journalist, under these conditions, is so easy that he cannot stray far from the beaten track. In medicine, always support existing authority; in law, the obiter dicta of dead judges must dominate the still small voice of modern justice; pictures must not offend the prejudices of society, particularly of the Church. In literature, the task is not so easy. A book that, at first glance, seems subversive may, on second thoughts, prove to be a rock of defence. But conservatism of property is apt to produce atrophy of brain-power, and accordingly many a harmless book has fluttered the "Spectator's" editorial dovecotes, much to the amusement of the enemy. Intellectual atrophy, bred out of the comfortable surroundings of over-garnitured property,

is perpetually creating alarms and excursions of this kind. The orthodox reviewer does not always remember that "respectable" publishers can more shrewdly estimate the effect of a book than a cloistered man of letters. The army of conservatism is not, however, so homogeneous that there is no room for divisions. A time comes when the pressure of the besieging forces compels a narrowing of the strategic circle of defence. Then something or somebody must be sacrificed. Of course the interest with the weakest economic "pull" goes first. This is probably the Church; next, all kinds of sleeping partners. Broadly considered, however, conservative journalism can rely with some certainty upon sympathetic response.

The work of insurgent journalism is, unfortunately, vastly more difficult. To the harmony of defence is opposed the discord of attack. There are those outside who want to get in, not because they hate the system, but rather because they resent exclusion. The obstacle that keeps them out once removed, they join the defence against those who au fond are opposed to the existing order. Inevitably, the reformers finally ally themselves with the conservatives against the revolutionists. Thus we discover that the attacking army is moved by widely differing motives, with the result that insurgent journalism is penned to discordant notes, to the puzzlement of the rank and file. The "Nation," for example, superficially regarded, would seem to be insurgent, but to the knowing it is as certainly and as cleverly conservative as the "Spectator" or the "Saturday Review." Nor does the "New Statesman" differ fundamentally from the "Nation." Outwardly insurgent, spiritually they are all united in their determination to maintain wage-slavery as the basis of modern society. Reforms of varying value and stringency they all advocate, but to each and all of them, labour remains a commodity to be bought and sold at a profit. Yet to the average man, they appear heretical and subversive, even though in fundamentals they ask for nothing that need disturb the slumbers of a banker or a bishop.

Another type of attacking journal takes the ground that the real trouble is the personal peccancy of those in authority. They are for ever in search of scandal; they revel in rumour. Occasionally they strike near home, and are, in consequence, acclaimed as true leaders of the revolution. They may, in theory, be as authoritarian as the Pope; they may thrive on the Briton's innate distrust of the Jew; they may be utterly innocent of any working principle in economics or politics. No matter, a campaign of scandal and rumour brings speedily and cheaply a reputation as "the friends of the people." The "New Witness" is the best of this type.

In the din of contending reform factions, of noisy personal attacks and of blind iconoclasm, it is difficult for the revolutionary journal to be heard, much less to be understood. Consider how stupendous is the work of the real revolution. Personal hatred of those in political power avails nothing, whether they be simple-minded as Cincinnatus, or as tricky as Walpole. Class hatred does not suffice; it is only a factor in the problem. The most brilliant destructive analysis and criticisms are futile unless backed by a knowledge of what a new society can and ought to do. No sane body of men will willingly travel out of existing conditions, hell though they be, into either anarchy or nihilism. Not only must we see life as it is and through and through, but we must contrast it with a new scheme of life that theoretically sustains analysis and is practically possible. We must not destroy unless we can rebuild to well considered plans.

The tragedy of the last thirty years is now known to be this: a propaganda assumed to be revolutionary was not revolutionary, but merely reformatory. Many thousands of men and women thought that emancipation must come through the medium of politics, and were unmindful of the fact that we do not live by politics, but by industry. They accordingly organised them-

selves politically and, in a corresponding degree, lost their grip upon the industrial machine. The futility of Parliamentary action, unbacked by economic power, is even now not understood. Belief in the power of Parliament still holds the mass of the workers in thrall. It is part of the irony of the situation that the employers understand this perfectly. It is too valuable a secret to be lightly disclosed, but the truth sometimes expresses itself in times of stress. For example, the labour unrest in Johannesburg has evidently rattled the profiteers, and accordingly they are seriously considering the wisdom of making some political concessions to the men. This point of view is admirably summarised by the Johannesburg correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle." His words are too precious to be lost :

"Full concessions on certain of these points, with the promise of an early election, would probably end the strike and divert the men's energies into securing representation for themselves and not for mine-owners in Parliament."

How many times have we used this very expression—"diverting the men's energies"? At a critical moment in the economic history of the gold reefs, the men's minds are to be distracted by a Parliamentary palaver.

Facts like these prove abundantly that the real revolution is to be found in the destruction of wavery and not in political action; that the real revolution is the transformation of the wage-system into a labour monopoly: that this labour monopoly can only be effective in the form of a guild—an organisation, that is to say, that can produce wealth more efficiently and distribute it more equitably than under present conditions. We, therefore, reach the conclusion that the true function of insurgent journalism is to formulate the principles of a policy to be found in the change from wavery to the national guild.

This work, alike destructive and constructive, is indeed thankless and exhausting unless we can keep men's minds to the fundamental fact that modern industrialism depends absolutely upon its capacity to hypnotise the wage-slave into the belief that he must sell his labour as a commodity at a subsistence price yielding a profit upon the transaction. When the worker declines to regard his labour as a mere market commodity, the profiteer's game is up, and the two schemes of life at long last come to death-grips. Herein are found the germs of the real revolution, and no journalism is fruitfully insurgent unless it understands the meaning of the change and advocates it.

Not the least of the revolutionary journal's troubles is the difficulty to drive into the minds of its readers that life is not composed of water-tight compartments: that as a whole it is coloured by the source of its sustenance. It is quite usual for many so-called revolutionary journals to assume that the economic struggle can be maintained without affecting the canons that govern the writing of books, the painting of pictures, the preaching of sermons and even the fabric and texture of religion. We are under no such delusion. A book that is written and produced under profiteering conditions must inevitably bear upon it "the mark of the beast." A picture that pleases the votaries of fashion cannot fail to betray horrors of which the artist is probably unconscious. A sermon preached to profiteers (and depending upon profiteering or rent-mongering for its preacher's dinner) is no sermon for the dispossessed. And religion itself—so far as it is the spiritual basis of life's discipline—must be profoundly modified by the vision of a new society. It therefore follows that the literary work of the revolutionary journal, whether creative or critical, must cut across all modern canons of conduct, of literature, or of art. It is our experience that reviews and critiques so inspired hurt far more than our analysis of the wage-system, our attacks on the political parties or our advocacy of labour monopoly. But we know in fact as well as in reason that the economic emancipation of the workers is a dream until its conception has entered into and coloured and changed the minds and hearts of all who minister to our reason and imagination.

## In South Africa.

THERE are several important points in "Native affairs," as in every other question of magnitude, upon which perfectly honest differences of opinion (in some cases exact opposites) are held and maintained; such questions as education and polygamy, for examples, are often argued, by people who have studied and had personally much to do with the native, from totally opposite points of view—each one yet convinced that he is actuated by no selfish motive, but is considering the truest welfare of the native himself.

In this paper I propose to deal with the fundamental question of "native chiefs." Should chiefs be confirmed and supported in the control of their people by the Government, or is it in the best interests of the country that the power of the chiefs should be broken, no recognition granted them, and their people encouraged to move away from the reserves and squat on farms to work or settle in locations close to towns as they may choose?

It need surely not be emphasised here that in absolutely no instance is it possible to be serving the best interests of the country if the means employed entail committing an injustice to the natives. This is a truth which is, in some quarters, simply not accepted, in others flagrantly disregarded—the belief holding, seriously, that the natives were placed here to be hewers of wood, etc., and that the white man must make the best use he can of the means and advantages which God has given him; or, it being contended that the white must maintain his position at whatever cost and that if the black suffers in consequence, it is only in the natural order that he should do so.

Where, here, then, "best interests of the country" is written it must not be read as meaning welfare of the white inhabitants only.

The right of capital punishment, the power to kill and destroy where he sees fit to do so, is the only true test of chieftainship! How often have I heard this expressed, in varying ways, by chiefs themselves. One powerful head of a large tribe I remember seeing fall from being in a mighty rage to a shamefaced, beaten demeanour, as he looked round upon his councillors, and muttered: "Let me go, they have drawn my teeth." He had been insulted by the head of a petty faction in a way which only death, swift and sure, could wipe out; but there was the Commissioner, the white mān! and the chief felt himself to be as an old woman in the eyes of his people and of the world. A younger generation of chiefs has now grown up which does not feel the degradation of its position so keenly, but even these young chiefs occasionally strain at the curb, and many strange things take place, especially at the more outlying kraals, of which the white officials hear nothing or merely a rumour.

However, leaving the person of the chief out of the question, it is claimed by those who favour the extended Government support and recognition of chieftainship, that the people under their chiefs live their natural life, which is, of course, the most healthy one for them, and that they progress along their own unbroken line. While they are influenced by the proximity of our white civilisation they will assimilate only such of white life and custom as grafts readily upon their own root. Being unforced, they progress naturally. In matters of law and dispute natives are able to accept the rulings of their chiefs and indunas as justice, and, generally, equity, whereas the law of the whites bewilders them, and in its administration often appears to be, and is, the height of injustice, it being the outcome of totally different tradition and custom.

Natives, further, have a sense of dignity and responsibility while able to look to a head, a chief of their own people and chosen by themselves, which becomes one of looseness and irresponsibility when their chief is removed or reduced to a simple figure-head.

It is far simpler, less expensive, and more satisfactory

in every way for the minister to be able to hold the chief responsible for the good conduct of his people than for it to be necessary to police the district and attend to matters of even minor importance—matters which he can never hope really to understand. This is merely an annoyance to all parties except the native police, who, by the way, almost invariably abuse their position.

Then it is asserted that where the ties of tribal life are loosened the people drift towards white towns, and that the transition of the native from the simplicity of his tribal life to the weird complexity of our present-day civilisation has, as a rule, the effect of somewhat upsetting his mental balance; that the white is unable to recognise or make proper allowance for this, the consequence being misunderstanding, for which the native is made to suffer, this often resulting in his complete debasement.

Finally, that by destroying the native's homogeneity and sense of home life, we act wantonly and for selfish ends, and that we cannot hope that the result of such action will be good.

It is contended by those who would do away with chieftainship that the influence of the chief is mainly directed towards the upholding of ancient tribal customs, these being generally designed expressly for the purpose of strengthening a chief's hold upon his people, and that these ancient rites and customs are most often of a disgusting and morally degrading character. That thus it is impossible for a people to progress, and so they will remain barbarians.

The rule of a chief is a tyrannous one, and even in cases of the greatest cruelty and injustice, his victims are afraid to complain to any outside authority.

By depriving the chief of power the people are made free either to remain where they are or to go where they please, and so they become independent and progress individually and rapidly. Polygamy will also die out.

The breaking up of native reserves greatly minimises the possibility of native risings; and, where at his kraal the black man does practically no work at all, depending upon his wives, when abroad he soon appreciates the dignity of labour, and is all the better for it.

Children growing up in a white neighbourhood attend school and become useful members of the community.

Generally, that where the natives come into regular contact with the whites they have more and more to approximate to the twentieth century standard—in matters of food, clothing, housing, schooling, etc.—and so they advance themselves and become better citizens of the world at large. And so it goes on.

Natives themselves, in the pure state, feel very keenly every indignity put upon their chiefs; it is, in fact, the tribe that suffers. On the other hand, it is no uncommon thing to meet native families settled on farms or in towns who could not on any account be induced to return to their chiefs and the old tribal life. The women especially prefer the new conditions obtainable where the white people rule. They are the first to be influenced by missionaries; the young girls, healthy and light-hearted, love finery and show and eagerly take to clothes, and, it is commonly remarked, put off their virtue when they put on their first dress.

The department of native affairs appears to have no single or decided mind upon this question of chiefs. In some parts the chief is allowed full authority—capital cases being always barred—while in most cases he is the merest figure-head, even the smallest misdemeanours being attended to by the commissioner.

The disintegration of the tribes, Basutoland apart, is gradually taking place, and in no great time from now they will be broken up entirely. Is it desirable that this disintegration should be hastened or retarded as much as possible? This should not be according to the whim or ideas of the man who happens to be in charge. A settled policy should be adopted. But we have ruled for many years and still drift.

SEVOTA.

## The Latest Fallacy Concerning Home Rule.

By Ernest A. Boyd.

It is not difficult to imagine the bewilderment of the average English elector as he vainly tries to sift the various reports which purport to reflect the true state of Irish opinion on the Home Rule question. To the Liberal, there is no doubt that the movement in Ulster is simply political melodrama, while the Conservative is thoughtfully supplied with evidence of what he would fain believe, namely, that the Covenanters are as serious as they think they are. Meanwhile, to the confusion of both parties, and of those who are anxious to grapple with the facts, a third point of view has gradually been finding expression in the English press.

This third line of criticism, although coming ostensibly from non-party sources, is nothing more or less than the old Unionist dictum, "Home Rule is unnecessary," clothed in a more modern form. The process of rejuvenation, however, has given it an appearance of vitality which it did not possess as a mere article in the Unionist creed. Formerly, it was quite impossible to maintain that the majority of the Irish people did not want Home Rule, however positive one might be of the wickedness and error implied by the desire. Nowadays all that has been changed, it appears. Certain writers affirm that Home Rule is unnecessary, not because Ulster will suffer, nor because it involves the "disintegration" of the Empire, but simply because it is not wanted! This theory, if true, must have the effect of diverting sympathy from Unionists and Nationalists alike. If the Irish people asks nothing better than to continue under the control of an English Parliament, then we cannot be expected to pity Ulster in her struggle against an imaginary enemy. Why, on the other hand, should Liberals stake their political reputation on behalf of an ungrateful people quite indifferent to the gift bestowed upon it?

It is now contended that Ireland is no longer interested in Home Rule, that the objects which made it desirable in the past have been otherwise achieved, and that the people have, therefore, turned away from politics to devote themselves to their private affairs. We are assured that it is only the Nationalist Party which has any interest in the passing of the Home Rule Bill. Touching pictures have been drawn of a nation quiet, happy, and on the high road to prosperity, quite indifferent to the clamour of the "political middlemen," as the "Irish Homestead" has termed the politicians of both parties. In support of this theory two factors have been brought forward, Land Purchase and the Co-operative Movement. By the former, it is argued, the *raison d'être* of Home Rule was removed, while the latter has substituted for the old shibboleths an idea of vital importance to the welfare of a vast number of Irishmen. Neither of these is due to the Nationalist Party, nor dependent for its success on the granting of Home Rule, which is therefore unnecessary. One writer even suggests that it would be positively injurious to both.

This is simply an attempt to reduce the Irish Question to the proportions of a syllogism: A is necessary to B, C is of no use to B, therefore C is of no use to A. While we may admire within certain limits the synthetical minds that can thus dispose of a complicated problem, it is necessary to draw attention to the fallacy which underlies this proposition. It is true that Home Rule is no longer an obsession, but it is quite another thing to conclude that the wish for self-government is dead. Superficial observers have come away from Ireland with the impression that people no longer desire to discuss the question. Possibly. The subject has so long been a dead-weight upon Irish life that we may well be pardoned the wish to let it drop. The discussion stage has at length closed, and the question has now passed into the realm of fact. Economists may be anxious to consider the financial

clauses of the Bill, students of human nature may be interested in the evolution of "Ulsteria," but the majority of people, once the principle has been accepted, are content to leave the details to experts, real or imaginary, and to turn their minds to the things which they have so long neglected.

Everywhere there are signs that the intellectual ice is breaking up and that Irishmen are beginning to group themselves around ideas, instead of dogmas, as heretofore. For dogmatism has been the chief feature of political and intellectual life in Ireland for many years. While the principle of Home Rule was not yet conceded, there could be no interchange of ideas between one half of the people and the other. They simply vociferated their respective creeds, which excluded all finer shades of opinion. The Roman Catholic Nationalist, having no real intercourse with the Protestant Unionist, knew nothing of his opinions, except on an abstruse question of theology and an obscure point of history! All that is now undergoing a change, and there is a healthy under-current of heresy perceptible in the most unexpected quarters. The land question is, of course, still unsolved, but for the moment the formidable land agitation is silenced, thus effecting a clearance in men's minds for other problems. With the first enthusiasm of peasant proprietorship still aglow, agricultural co-operation has made an effective appeal and is forging ahead. Although it leaves the problem of the agricultural labourer untouched, and cannot even get at the fringe of the industrial question in the towns, it is nevertheless impossible to refuse to recognise all the good work that is being done by the Irish Co-operative Movement. A glance at the "Irish Homestead" is sufficient to prove how far the movement is from being merely an agricultural association. It is a centre of ideas, political and social, of a kind which Ireland needs more than ever, now that she is to have control of her own affairs; of a kind, moreover, which she will seek in vain in any section of the Nationalist or Unionist Party Press. Recognition of the element of intellectual vitality represented by the propaganda of Mr. George Russell does not, however, involve the view of some critics that he has rendered a measure of Home Rule superfluous. Nor would Mr. Russell himself share the illusions of certain enthusiastic journalists in this country, who have been carried away by their admiration of his work. There is no more ardent champion of self-government than the author of "Co-operation and Nationality," who is, in fact, obsessed by what he conceives to be the horrors of English State control.

So many people are accustomed to thinking of Ireland as a country divided into two parts on one question that they are apt to lose sight of the real divisions of opinion which exist amongst Irishmen. Those writers who have just discovered that the old frontiers are no longer so clearly defined, and that the traditional classification has ceased to correspond to the facts, have not yet obtained the right focus of affairs in Ireland. Hence the confident assertion that Home Rule is not wanted. Some of them have gone to Ireland apparently expecting to walk between two camps of armed fanatics offering up prayers of thanksgiving on the one hand, and calling upon the heavens in their wrath, on the other! The spectacle of a people relieved, in the main, of an incubus, and busied with the normal questions of social and industrial life has proved too great a surprise; it has therefore been distorted into a picture of indifference. After all these years they have been astonished to find that an Irishman can really have two ideas in his head at the same time!

This error may be easily explained, if not justified, for it has been sedulously fostered in Ireland by the political dogmatists. The existence of the latter has mainly depended of late years upon their success in persuading their followers that one idea, or even none at all, was the utmost of which the Irish brain was capable. Because the Covenanters differ from the Nationalists upon one point it is suggested that they cannot possibly agree upon any other. In fact such an agreement

would be regarded as indicating a want of principle. Those who profess to see no necessity for Home Rule because they find Irishmen working together for the many objects they have in common, evidently share the opinion of the dogmatists. They believe that one idea drives out another. The man who thinks about co-operation must necessarily have sacrificed his belief in Home Rule. To argue in this way is to confess a complete ignorance of the changed conditions in Ireland, and of the beneficial results destined to follow self-government.

It is difficult to conceive of a more misleading, injurious and artificial unity than that which is based on negation. For more than a century identity of negation has been the sole lever in Irish politics. It is satisfactory to notice already the beginnings of an affirmative principle, which must develop more powerfully as the weary period of political obstruction approaches its close. Political thinking in Ireland is entering upon the constructive phase, and is now awaiting the moment of application. It is this pause which has been hastily interpreted as the mark of inertia and indifference. But the intelligent Irishman is none the less a Home Ruler because he no longer reiterates the official creed of the Nationalist Party.

## The Sovereign Sawbones.

By T. H. S. Escott.

THE readers of this journal have already rubbed shoulders with one among the reputed masters of the medical calling, Sir Emilius Placebo, though incidentally, from a fortuitous and indirect acquaintance with the great vivisectionist "vet.," Professor Hiatrokyn. Doctors, however, have a way of hunting in couples. Placebo's professional confederate as well as Hiatrokyn's most esteemed customer and patron is Sir Rufus Rasper, a knight of the knife, whose glory should be his shame, with hangman's humanity and a butcher's gentleness. The talk for which he is famous, both with his patients and his fellow craftsmen is seasoned with pseudo-scientific saws and up-to-date instances. "We can only hope," so runs an aphorism constantly on his lips like a sort of oracular refrain, "to conquer nature or even help her, on the Baconian terms, by obeying her and acting on her initiative. The ways of nature are not kind, but what sentimentalists call cruel. To discover how we can alleviate suffering, we are not to shrink, if necessary, from giving pain." If, therefore, by torturing the pet dog of a suburban household, Rasper thinks he can confirm his views about the cause of uneasiness in the left lobe of a lady of quality's liver he can ply his scalpel with the air of a benefactor to his species. Not, indeed, that Rasper resembles the Old World fashionable practitioners whom he despises, like, for instance, the late lamented Sir Hippocrates Toad, in servile adoration of rank, fashion, or even fame. It is in the best houses of Belgravia and Mayfair that he delivers his sternest lectures to well-born offenders against the laws of physical righteousness—another of his stereotyped phrases. To one of the most highly placed of these sick sinners, promising better behaviour for the future, he severely says: "A truce to these deathbed repentances. You deserve nothing; expect nowt. We may perhaps help you to go through what remains to you of life with some approach to comfort; but nature never forgets, never forgives; her laws are inexorable and, when violated, enforce automatically their own penalty. This you must be prepared to pay." Such is a literally transcribed and entirely unexaggerated speci-

men of the verbal chastisement administered by this twentieth century Abernethy, especially to the titular heads of smart households, not run on the Darby and Joan principle, in which he perceives the grey mare to be the better horse, having independent means and position of her own. For providence is not more surely on the side of the big battalions than Rasper unflinchingly allies himself with the domestic faction which he thinks the strongest, and which is generally the feminine one.

The mere man is apt to retain a poor sort of prejudice in favour of the medical science that does not present itself under so rough and severe a guise, but the sex now well advanced on its window-smashing way to supremacy has a distinctive belief in the strong man who despises conventional weaknesses, and applauds what are called his virile, vigorous methods, especially when illustrated at the expense of a professional brother, who, however, in spite of a bland and shrinking exterior, sometimes stands up to the Harley Street bully, and proves himself the great man's match. Little Oxymel Meake, also M.D., F.R.C.P., as well as several other letters of the alphabet, was Rasper's fag at Harrow, fellow student at Guy's, and closest competitor in the race for honours and prizes at Stinkomalee. In each of these capacities and places Rasper gave him generally a bad time. All this while, however, the trampled worm was quietly preparing to turn. At last the chance came. On several learned platforms, and in various professional conclaves, Rasper had exhausted his resources of argument and vocabulary to prove that certain cures, by means less drastic than he himself would have used, credited to Meake, were fakes. Such an impostor, Sir Rufus insisted, should be drummed out of the profession. Alas for the Rasperian science and virility! A few days later Meake produced a string of grateful patients, who, forming themselves into a kind of chorus, individually and collectively, testified that, after being given up, not only by the great guns of the faculty generally, but by Rasper himself, they owed gradual healing to the mild remedies, unintermitting and even affectionate care of Meake.

About this time, too, certain queer stories got afloat concerning the vigorous and virile one's way of pecuniarily bleeding well-to-do invalids. "Did you not," he had been asked by a victim of locomotor ataxy, who saw nothing before him but hopeless years of a living death, "receive as you asked, in advance, special fees that were to cover everything in the particular treatment you recommended? And now, I am told the full benefits of your system cannot be received without this further very serious disbursement. Really, Sir Rufus, stern stepmother as nature, in your own phrase, may be, without the purse of Fortunatus, I fear I shall be compelled to trust her harsh mercies, rather than the science of one so eminent as yourself in counteracting her cruelty and supplying her defects." "That," came the great man's rejoinder, "is, of course, for you to decide." The sick man, so far from being exhausted by the demands on his energy made by the controversial turn which the conversation had taken, began to be conscious of the pulsation of life returning to his languid frame. He plucked up courage, refused to write the fresh cheque, bade Rasper good morning and, to the great medicine man's infinite disgust, by slow degrees reached health.

This method of bouncing double fees in the case of nerve disorders was brought to perfection by no English practitioner before Rasper. We borrow our heat waves or cold snaps, like our smart colloquialisms or improvements on our own native Anglo-Saxon, from America. Nor beneath the Stars and stripes only, but with the average sawbones of the European Continent has a pleasant way of fee forcing long been the fashion. It is known in the jargon of

the trade as "holding rich Cræsus to ransom." The most impetuous of our political philosophers knew not the way of indicting a people, it would be the height of folly to let indignation wax hot over a type of the time. That, and nothing else is Sir Rufus Rasper. Lord Morley of Blackburn, in his literary days, said the journalist had replaced the prophet or priest as teacher of mankind. In all the relationships of life are daily multiplying signs of the despotism of doctors, entering into all the privileges of the tyranny of caste. During the earlier years of the Victorian age the faculty was ceasing to complain of inequality with other learned or liberal vocations in drawing-room and club. Between 1865 and 1867, personified by its most amiable and accomplished member then living, it was invoked by Disraeli to promote a political alliance of himself and Lord Granville. To-day the leech most in favour runs a dead-heat for the dining-room or boudoir stakes with the pet ritualistic director of the hour. The two indeed flourish together like the mistletoe on a Devonshire apple tree, or the ivy encircling a New Forest oak. Yet, while at the present height of apparently sustained success, Rasper secretly shares the misgivings of less confident spirits, lest a reaction should be on the cards. A cowed and credulous public still takes him and the priestly rival, to some extent now secured as his ally, at their own valuation of themselves. He is yet powerful to satisfy a personal grudge by marring the peace of families by sending for health's sake, wife, daughters or even husband to some Old World provincial capital that has been a sleepy hollow of shabby genteel life since the nineteenth century's first half. The new reign had no sooner opened, than, at the medical word of command, the place began to swarm with all the signs of modish reawakening. Its disused tanks were re-peopled with rheumatic bathers. To-day its Assembly Rooms hum and dazzle with the revival of Georgian gaieties. Fortunes are made by new hotel companies; house agents have half the plutocracy of the four kingdoms on their books. The sovereigns of the sawbones line have made the transformation complete. Of course, they share in the harvest, the sowing of whose seed had to wait for them. Not far from the place thus splendidly resuscitated is another town, supplied by nature with a spa of equal virtue. There, however, the local managers have proved less amenable to certain details of medical dictation. It is therefore still, and till it learns wisdom must remain, an obscure, even deserted market town.

Such are the triumphs of the cloth as regards localities. The profession exercises quite as decisive an authority in the case of individuals. The retired warrior wishes to supplement his pension by the secretaryship of the best County Club. The presiding Galen, one of the members, knows, of course, the candidate and all his family belongings. The appointment lies practically in his hands; it is made or withheld according to the favour enjoyed with him by not only the applicant himself, but by the various members of his household. It is well known, that before Lord Lacland's nomination to a Colonial Governorship quite recently, the great professional panjandrum of Cavendish Square, who knew the nobleman's constitution from childhood, was consulted about his suitability to the climate, and his general habits. The oracle gave a favourable reply. Had there been any humming, hawing, or significant shake of the head, the titled occupant, instead of dispensing the stately hospitalities of a certain "Government House" would, at this moment, with his family, be hard put to it to keep the wolf from the door in a shabby quarter of a Belgian town, as dull as it is cheap, or in the economical suburb of a faded West of England school and pleasure resort. It is a great prerogative, even for so responsible a sovereign as Sawbones, to possess. Would that crowned heads were always equally conscientious in the use made of really an analogous power.

## The Mechanism of an Epidemic.

In a previous paper—the Psychology of Consumption—we have seen how a faulty dietetic habit can set up a disease affecting a whole family, so much so that this has given occasion for the common belief that one member has infected the others. We have a very similar state of things in the feeding of cows. To meet the public demand for fat meat cows are artificially fed (overfed); and in this we have a definite interference with function, since a cow when fattened has its bodily mechanism in a more or less sluggish condition. But as regards the chances of escaping the effects of such feeding the cow has the double advantage of chewing its food and living in the open air.

An underfed animal is practically immune from fermentation because then the stomach can the more easily cope with impurity in food. Explorers have been known to eat carrion when ravenously hungry without ill-effects, yet such carrion would probably kill a well-fed man. Therefore, we may establish this axiom: that when there is excessive fermentation there is excessive germ life. It was from this correlation that Pasteur jumped to the conclusion that it was this germ life that was the cause of all disease. After that was it not natural enough that the majority of medical men, thinking that disease was an entity, should imagine that they had only to discover the microbe of a given disease, and then exorcise that particular microbe, and—that we had discovered the philosopher's stone? That such has not been the case, and that disease is almost as rampant as ever, is enough to discredit the microbe theory to anyone not obsessed by it.

To put the whole matter at its plainest, let us see how the horse feeds. The horse is a very dainty feeder. He will not drink out of a dirty pail, nor will he eat musty hay. If bad hay is chopped and mixed with oats the oats will be eaten and the hay left. A cow does not so discriminate, and the cow suffers from consumption; the horse does not.

Now let me state the case for segregation. A person suffering from consumption is sent to a sanatorium. He lives on good, wholesome food, and plenty of fresh air. We will say that he recovers and is discharged as cured. If he fall back into his old habits the cure can be but temporary. Any sanitary inspector knows that much. To tackle consumption by such means is simply to fasten the empty stable door. When the hapless victim is discharged as a cure it is confidently believed that the consumptive germ has been exorcised!

Farmers practised this method on ailing cattle at one time, but there was no attempt at witchcraft. The cows were given a plain, home-made physic, and it was usually quite sufficient. The cow did not go back to a bad dietetic habit, plus a stuffy room, and it kept well, until by some oversight—farmers are not fools—musty hay or bad potatoes were again given it. Other times other methods. We do not do much in the way of dosing and segregating cattle nowadays. Our ignorance of the mechanism of an epidemic is such that we still can see no connection (in cattle at least) between a contaminated food supply and a subsequent outbreak of consumption; and what the microbe has done for us, "intellectually and morally," can be seen in the panic-dictated embargoes on foreign cattle, and the wanton, wholesale destruction of the home herds.

This gives us a pretty clear indication of what these people would do with human beings could they have their way. Therefore I think I cannot do better than devote the rest of this article to a consideration of the mainspring of such actions.

To go back a bit. Once upon a time the death-rate in surgical operations was abnormally high. Presently there came along a man who saw that the filthy habits, dirty hands and filthy nails—and the less said about the instruments the better—were not exactly conducive to success. By getting the surgeon to drop chewing and spitting, and to wash his hands and instruments, there

was soon an appreciable difference in the increasing successes of surgical operations. This, of course, was the antiseptic treatment, and the great discoverer was Lord Lister. Listerism was pooh-poohed at first, as cleanliness is pooh-poohed in all ages, but Listerism won. Even now we seem to be going back on this treatment in regard to social conditions. Instead of, logically, more breathing space, soap and towels, we have a squad of fools going about, notebook in hand, collecting statistics. They are like the old man who could read Chinese but not the clock!

Pasteur and Darwin were contemporaries of Lister, but of the three the latter alone possessed any imagination. The others were grub-hunters. Pasteur would disavow nothing; Darwin could not. His reiterated reminder of his appalling patience in research cut the ground from under him; and when again and again he denied the power of environment his word was enough. Lord Lister, however, disavowed, in set terms (at Liverpool, on September 16, 1896), both the carbolic spray and the antiseptic washing and irrigation, with an expression of regret for the former. "I feel ashamed," said he, "that I should ever have recommended it for the purpose of destroying the microbes in the air."

We have already seen what domestication has done for the cow. If then, there is no going back to the unblemished instincts of the horse, much less is there any likelihood of our going back to a primitive religion of the "I believe" order. We are now so far advanced on the plane of "consciousness" that it is actually possible for us to acquire healthy habits based on a knowledge of function.

Contemporary with Pasteur and Darwin were the Manchester School economists. It never rains but it pours; and to them Darwin, with his denial of environment, was a godsend. To this combination of circumstances is due the retarding of "consciousness" as a factor in daily life. To this conflux, then, is due the backwardness, if not the total ignorance of what should have been the religion of the twentieth century—the facts bound up in evolution. New religions are not hatched by some old woman in a dressing-gown, or by some Cassius in a cassock. They are of the nature of things—of life itself. Instead of evolution lighting the mystic candle of common sense—the only rational mysticism—it became, in the hands of the social reformers of the Webb stamp, an inquisitorial searchlight. In their imaginative and colourless belief that God is manifested but once, and in one only dispensation, the educated mob to-day stands self-condemned as the real atheists; and I would remind them, in the inspired words of Mr. Chesterton, that "atheism is the most priggish form of humility."

Christianity serves a useful purpose in that it satisfies the aspirations of a primitive type of mind. No philosopher in his senses can countenance a belief in the wholesale regeneration of a people. Yet this is the underlying belief of modern education and democracy. We are all to love one another, drink out of the same cup, and, one fine day, go to heaven in a body. Democracy says in effect: "There shall be none other god but me." The Christian Socialist may prate about the kingdom of heaven being within, but his acts betray him. None so vicious as the educated scum at the top and the dregs at the bottom in their opposition to real superiority.

Christianity is still no more than an attempt to graft a religion originating from an abstemious, pietistic, and very ancient civilisation, on to a young, very raw, and lusty race of men; and the fact is significant—hopefully so—of the soundness of the morale of the English people in that they refuse, and have always refused, to put the precepts of a slave morality into practice. The Greeks also, it should not be forgotten, declined to adopt unreservedly the religion of an older civilisation.

To the Manchester School, then, and their Frankenstein monster, is due the atheistic aimlessness of life

to-day—the stultification of agriculture, the industrial unrest, the hysteria of woman, and the everlasting “social problem,” which is wrapped up in their hellish politics. To them is due also the burking of the normal life; and to that insane credo, the division of labour, is due the loss of culture in the masses, and along with it the loss of the genial, eminently social camaraderie of craftsmanship. Instead, we have a pandering to that itch to meddle which is never more than skin deep in any of us, and which only the healthy discipline of enjoyable work done under enjoyable conditions can keep in check, and without which we have the tout, the toady, and the social reformer

HAROLD LISTER.

## The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

EVEN before his election to the chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party, Parnell had realised what an enormous political power resided in the Irish in England; and now, being in command, he determined to utilise it in the national cause. In fact, he wished the Irish in England to take the lead in the national movement. But the Irish in Great Britain did not, in the bulk, believe in Parliamentary effort. They observed at first hand that the English Parliamentary system was nothing but a fraud—a game of humbug played by the possessing classes to delude the people. They saw that the Upper House was the preserve of the aristocratic caste and the Lower House the instrument of the plutocratic master class, and that, though many of the people possessed the franchise, they practically possessed no more real political power than in the days of Old Sarum.

Nothing good for Ireland was to be obtained from such institutions, contended the men of the I.R.B. So they objected to Parnell deflecting the minds of the people from the physical force movement. “If you are in earnest, join us,” they demanded. “No,” replied Parnell. “Preserve your own organisation, but give me a chance to try my plan with an open movement. I don’t say I shall succeed; but I believe I can see my way to a measure of success. I know the difficulty of keeping a Parliamentary party together. The atmosphere of the House, the lure of London society, are all against it. Still, have patience and give me a chance for a few years. Then, if there is no change, we will consider the situation afresh.” That was practically all the I.R.B. ever got out of Parnell. All he asked for was a platform on which to place his views before the Irish in England.

The Birmingham meeting, mentioned in a previous paper, was one of a series in England and Scotland planned for that purpose. Wherever Parnell appeared the Irish rallied to his standard and hailed him chief. Soon, wherever there was an Irish Colony, there also was a branch of the Land League. All were affiliated and in weekly communication with the head office in Dublin. It was the same throughout America and the British Colonies. By 1882 the “Sea-divided Gael,” by the common bond of nationality, were bound together by a single idea—to free Ireland from the British yoke. The world had never before witnessed such a combination.

To show the resources placed at the disposal of Parnell it will be enough to quote the financial statement of the treasurer in 1882. “In the three years of the League’s existence subscriptions amounting to £244,820 had been received, of which only £50,000 had been subscribed in Ireland.” These results were due in a large measure to Parnell’s tremendous battle in the House of Commons against the Coercion Act of 1881. The effect of this contest could be seen in the weekly meetings of the League in Birmingham. Massed together at the back of the school-room would sit the men of the I.R.B., grim, silent, taking no part in the proceedings, other than subscribing; but always there in case of need. But

even stranger than this were some of the speakers. The Rev. John O’Neill, Baptist Minister, whose church was in Newhall Street, used to come and speak at our meetings. Nothing could point more conclusively to the extraordinary condition of the times than the presence of a Baptist minister in a Roman Catholic school-room, justifying the Irish National Movement on a Sunday evening.

The Habeas Corpus Act being suspended and all the powers of the Coercion Act placed in his hands, Buckshot Forster thought he might now proceed to crush the National Movement by consigning the most active members to jail.

On October 12 he ordered the arrest of Parnell. The reply of the Birmingham League to this action was to invite Parnell’s sister Fanny to address a public meeting in the Town Hall. The League made the usual application to the Corporation for the use of the Hall. The application was refused. Then came the announcement that Mrs. Annie Besant was going to speak in the Town Hall. The Irish declared that if the sister of Parnell was not allowed to speak in a public building, neither should the partner of Charles Bradlaugh speak there. We determined to smash up the meeting of the joint author of the “Fruits of Philosophy” if an attempt were made to hold it. The Town Council cancelled the meeting.

Later in the year, in their customary manner, Bright and Chamberlain came down to render their annual account of their stewardship. In the previous year, when Bright had pronounced his famous dictum, “Force is no remedy,” we had cheered him to the echo. But now! About a hundred of us young fellows made up our minds to teach him a lesson for his backsliding. On the night of the meeting we massed together at one of the side doors of the Town Hall which we knew gave on to the floor immediately below the platform. In case of accident we had taken the precaution to arm ourselves with loaded sticks. We secured the seats we desired and then sat silent till Bright was called on. As he rose to his feet so did we. We assailed him with cries of “traitor,” “force is no remedy,” “one hundred and eleven,” “one hundred and eleven”—this being the number of times he had voted for coercion during this session. Bright looked down at us in amazement. Well he might. To be assailed on his own midden in this manner was a new experience. But it was not lost upon him. The upturned faces of a hundred Irish youths, blanched with passion, yelling imprecations and flourishing loaded sticks is not a pretty sight. I think Bright only realised for the first time that night what the Parnell movement really meant. Before that night he had spoken as if it were really England who was the injured party and had cause to complain. But when he spoke in Glasgow some time afterwards, he showed that he had been doing some thinking between the two meetings. Said he: “In reading the account of the Ascension of William III to the throne and the expulsion of James II, you will remember that James II carried on for a time a little war in Ireland in the hope of retaining his throne. About the very last transaction of that war was the siege of Limerick in 1691. At that time, and by the Treaty of Surrender, the Catholic population of Ireland was promised the free exercise of their religion. The Treaty was not only never carried into effect, but it was immediately violated. Instead of having the free exercise of their religion there was imposed upon them for a whole century afterwards the most odious, cruel, galling and unjust system of laws, which I think, one Christian people ever inflicted upon another.”

If the English people generally, and politicians in particular, had failed to gauge the real nature of the Irish movement, there was one public man who was under no misapprehension as to its character and intent.

Addressing his constituents at Newcastle, Mr. Joseph Cowan remarked:—“The English people have not yet realised the new power which has arisen in Irish politics.

There have been agrarian, ecclesiastical and national agitations often before, but there has been nothing so broadly democratic as this last one. Amidst all their strife the Irish people have hitherto shown a certain submission to their social superiors. But now the landlords' power has lost its lustre. The people have secured a partnership in the soil and they think they will shortly secure an ownership. The men who hug the delusion that the Irish peasant is still the deferential dependent, so picturesquely depicted in novels and portrayed in plays, will have a rather rude awakening some day. All rightful government rests upon consent and the Irish people will never consent to be ruled by a corps of English bureaucrats fulminating edicts from Dublin Castle. The Government is the most concentrated and the least national in Europe. We ought to make it both the duty and the interest of the people to maintain law and order, and this can never be done till administration of the law is entrusted to them."

In Ireland things were not going well with "Buckshot." The more men he arrested, the more yet desired arrest. Instead of agrarian crimes decreasing, they increased a hundredfold. The suppression of the Land League and the imprisonment of Parnell, who treated "Buckshot" with icy contempt, let loose the Ladies' Land League, and Fanny Parnell, who attacked Forster with cyclonic fury. The Land Bill, offered as a kind of make-weight to the Coercion Act, was received by Miss Fanny in the following gentle strain:—

"THE LAND BILL OF 1881."

"To England."

Tear up the parchment lie!

Scatter its fragments to the hissing wind!

And hear again the People's first and final cry!

No more for you, O lords, we'll dig and grind!

No more for you the castle, and for us the sty!

No more your gyves our equal limbs shall bind!

A Power has breathed on torpid tongue and darkened eye:

We will not drudge to fill your tills—but we can die:

Tear up your chartered lie!

We will not crouch, but we can die.

Call off your quacks of State!

Your mimes prinked out in Brummagem reform.

Fought we a landlord's greed by newer plans to sate?

To gorge the suckers of the lawyer swarm?

Was it for this we chose to suffer, starve, and wait?

For this we faced the nakedness and storm?

For this the dogs have licked our sores outside your gate?

For this you claim our love and marvel at our hate?

Call off your imps of State!

We cannot love, but we can hate.

Waste not your mouthing guile!

We know our friends, and well we know our foes;

You weep for us, kind heart! so weeps the crocodile;

One hand you reach to help—the other stuns with blows;

Damn not your soul too deeply! 'twere not worth your

while;

Since we have looked behind your raree-shows;

We dread not now your frown, we trust not now your

smile;

Waste not your clacking guile!

We scorn your frown, we loathe your smile.

Hands off! O cruel nurse!

Red-fanged and clawed!—alone we'll stand or fall,

Too long you've coined our blood and brains to swell your

purse;

Call off your sham Samaritans, and all

Your crew of ghouls that wait to gird our country's hearse!

Take them away—she is no more your thrall;

Take them away, ere yet the coming days be worse;

Take them away—and with them take a nation's curse;

Hands off! O bloody nurse!

We cannot bless, but we can curse.

Tear up that parchment lie!

You, Gladstone, sunk supine to quivering slush—

You, Forster, with the sign of Cain in breast and eye—

You, Bright, whose slopping tongue can gloze and

gush—

You, puppet-brood, the lesser legislative fry—

A people's might your bungled work shall crush,

A people's wrath your grinning cozenage defy;

We will not loose the land, we will not starve or fly;

Tear up the chartered lie!

*This time we'll neither crouch nor die!*

## The New Kshatriyas.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

SAYS "Eha" in his well-known witty sketches, "Behind the Bungalow," "Pandurang Huree gives the Mahrattas the palm, as liars, over all the other races of India. He may be right, but where excellence is so universal, comparison becomes doubly odious." And "Aliph Cheem," in the "Lays of Ind," writing of Sadhus (whom he miscalls "Fakeers," as if they were Mohamedan):—

And pity it is that all the clan,  
Whom their countrymen well can spare,  
Don't follow the line of this sensitive man,  
And hang themselves in their hair!

"Aliph Cheem," a certain Captain Yeldham, differs from "Eha," as most Anglo-Indians from the few men of judgment and culture among them. Both these writers are really poking fun at the incongruity of the English rulers with their Indian subjects. It is better for the thoughtless Sahib to laugh than to lose his temper, and for the Hindus and their sympathisers to laugh with him than to weep. For the Kshatriyas are fallen and the English have taken their place as the ruling class. "Just as a Kshatriya's prowess is ineffectual unaided by a Brahmin's foresight, like an elephant without a rider, so a Brahmin unsupported by a Kshatriya is like a smouldering fire unfanned by the winds." In this old warning may be seen the real reason of the present confusion in India. Anglo-Indians, in their ignorance, regret, like "Aliph Cheem"—

That all the clan

Whom their countrymen well can spare,  
Don't follow the line of this sensitive man,  
And hang themselves in their hair."

and declare that the Brahmins, jealous of our supremacy, are at the foot of all trouble.

One cannot expect much intellectual judgment from a Mofussil public composed mainly of snobbish administrative officials, who being ignored disproportionately at home, in India take every opportunity to magnify their rank, regimental polo-players, ex-Tommies turned into tricky shopkeepers, tiny-brained missionaries, Eurasian railway and post-office officials, and incompetent country-born assistant-thises and extra assistant-thats, who, with the invariable stigma of being "a few annas in the rupee black," do a vast amount of supervised work for miserable salaries. In this catalogue I have not included the thousands of English clerks, merchants, and salesmen in Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, for the inhabitants of the coast-towns know nothing of India. It is in the Mofussil where the Englishman meets the Indian—and what Englishmen! The most sordid, self-deceiving Philistines that draw breath; and of them are the officials—the new Kshatriyas! What Indians! they may retort, for snobbish and intolerant as they mostly are, constant contact with even the shell of Hinduism jogs their minds and they comment on modern India to the best of their ability. Like "Eha," they declare that every native lies; if there be exceptions, they have never met them. Similarly, they say, every native is corruptible, from the High Court judge down to the Babu graduates book-keeping for eight or ten rupees a month, and the humble watchman, "chowkidar," earning his four rupees. They scoff at the sanctity of the Brahmin, and deny the country's gods, for they can show that the naked verminous lout of a Sadhu, who sprawls beneath the pipul tree at the gate of their compound is a greedy lecherous rogue, more willing than a Pariah secretly to break his caste rules for a mouthful of sweetmeats or the third of a farthing. The Kshatriyas, the warriors, protectors of the poor, where are they? they ask. There is indeed the neighbouring Raja, a mean old satyr, sodden with champagne and cherry brandy. (And he, too, is the descendant of a usurious banker, and not a Kshatriya

at all.) No need, they say, to ask the condition of the third caste. There is not a ryot, an artisan, or a shopkeeper in India who is not in the clutch of the Bunnia money-lenders. And as for the lying shopkeepers themselves, and the Sahibs' own thieving servants—but why describe the scum of India?

These are the unvarying comments of the Anglo-Indian, and they are confirmed by the judgment of English globe-trotters. Now, the American tourist, too much damned, knows just what he wants to see. He photographs it and compares it with the Yo Semité Valley, and his labour is over. The English visitor, on the other hand, is not so decided. Seeking to traverse an impenetrable maze in a thick fog, he pesters his guide, probably a Mohamedan, to disclose to him the mysteries and traditions of Hinduism. He always makes two great discoveries, the first, that Shiv's lingam is a phallic symbol, a thing to be secretly grinned at when the guide has to explain it away to a curious lady; the second, that the modern Indians, the carriage-drivers, coolies, curio-dealers, and hotel touts that he has met, are vastly inferior to the ancient Hindu heroes, who, the guide-books tell him authoritatively, lived either about 3000 B.C. or about 350 A.D. In fact, his impressions coincide with the opinions of all Anglo-Indians: Hinduism is degraded, and the Hindu nation decayed.

It seemed to me, when I first came to India, that this was true. I journeyed all over Hindustan from Cape Comorin to Peshawar. I visited hundreds of temples. Many a time I wandered through the winding stone alleys of Benares—the holiest and most delightful of all cities—peered through latticed shutters at the sacred fire and garlanded images, and, unshod, entered temples into which few white men had stood. And yet, of all the priests I met, not one would admit that the ornaments of the images were symbols or the legends of his gods myths. To any quotations from their sacred books, they assented vaguely, and often ignorantly.

But at last, by one of those strange chances that the wise know to be design, the veil was lifted, and I learnt that the Brahmins are as mighty as of old, and as powerful. The wonders of Hinduism were always veiled from the Sudras; but they at least were content to serve the twice-born castes, and to put their faith in them. But since the invasions of Hindustan and the fall of the Kshatriyas, the Brahmins have shrouded their mysteries in a dense outer wrap of ignorance, and the illusion of degradation. It were better that men should believe their religion dead than know it to be and yet dare to set it at naught.

For who is there now to revenge an insulted ascetic? There is nothing that pleases the Anglo-Indian more than to feel that a measure will raise a low caste man and slight the haughty Brahmin. Those mighty kings, whose first duty was to protect the Brahmins within their boundaries, are gone, all gone.

This is the history of their fall. In 1001 Mahmud of Ghazni marched through the Khyber to Peshawar and defeated Jaipal, the King of the Punjab. The latter, promising to pay tribute, was set free, and returned to Lahore, where he set his son, Anandpal, upon the throne and burned himself upon his funeral pyre. After some years Anandpal called together the Kshatriyas of the famous nations of Kanouj, Ujain, Delhi, and Ajniere, and gave battle to Mahmud at Peshawar, but his elephants, the symbol of Kshatriya might, threw the Rajputs into confusion, and they were defeated. Again, after some years Mahmud determined to sack the famous shrine of Somnath. He succeeded, after a terrible battle on the little isthmus that leads out to the temple, but as he was returning, the Rajputs of Ajmere drove him into the fiery Sindh desert, where the greater part of his army perished; only a few returned to Ghazni. Seventy years later Hindustan was invaded by the Afghan conquerors of Mahmud's sons. Mohamed Ghori marched through the Kyber to Delhi, but was routed there by the Rajputs, and barely escaped into Afghanistan. And now, when the

Kshatriyas had twice nobly saved their religion and their people, came their destruction.

The Maharajah of Kanouj, considering himself the chief of all the kings, announced the Swayamvara of his daughter, and summoned all the Rajahs to take their places in his household. The Rajah of Delhi, who was secretly in love with the princess, as Nala with Damayanti, was called to be the doorkeeper at the festival. He alone of all the Rajahs, refused to attend, and the Maharajah in anger had an image made of him and placed it at the door. The Swayamvara began and the princess entered the palace with a garland of blossoms which she was to throw over the head of him whom she chose for her husband. She glanced round at the assembled Rajahs, then suddenly clasped the garland round the neck of the image at the door. The Rajah sprang into the hall from a hiding-place and fled away with her to Delhi. The Maharajah sent envoys to the Mohamad Ghori, the Afghans marched into Hindustan and sacked Delhi, killing the Rajah in the fight, while his widow leaped into his pyre. Shortly afterwards the Afghans, the most treacherous and vengeful of all nations, attacked and killed the Maharajah of Kanouj, and became the masters of Northern India.

Since that year, 1094, the Hindu Kshatriyas have never recovered their strength. The merest bubbles of their glory remain, but even they can put the lowly born to shame.

"Kshatriyas never beseech any man; that is eternal morality." The British Government has forbidden native princes to leave India without first requesting permission. Thus, the Rajput kings, disdain to beseech, remain always in India, and naturally prefer to reside in their own territories, as the Government desires. But the low-caste prince has no such scruples. The drunken Maharajahs of Cooch-Bihar, whose touch is pollution to a Hindu, blossom in Bexhill. This very week, that unspeakable cowherd, the Gaekwar of Baroda, leaves Bombay for England. He has always declaimed against the bars of caste; he, whose every action declares his base birth! The Gaekwar's daughter is to marry a young Cooch-Bihar—as fitting a union as ever there was.

The true Rajputs train toy armies and play polo and cricket—but they know themselves men of noble degree.

But it is hopeless, hopeless! The Kshatriyas' arms are crushed. The usurious Bunnias are strangling the poor Hindus, and there is none to stay them. "O King, thou keepest not the husbandmen out of thy sight? They do not fear to approach thee?" Alas! if a ryot has a grievance, he takes it to an Englishman. If he takes it to one of his Maharajah's native officials, he knows that without bribery he cannot succeed. It is true, I admit, that the posts of English subordinates are also known to carry with them nearly as much illegal payment as salary, but most Sahibs prefer to accept bribes for doing what they mean to do in any case.

Who, then, in this awful muddle, is to take the place of the old Kshatriyas? Who is to protect the Brahmins and give justice to the people?

The present policy of the British Government is this: to destroy the Brahminical lordship over the lower castes, which now alone preserves them in the helplessness of their natural protectors—the Kshatriyas, and to bring them all to one impious level of capitalists' wage-slaves. It will never succeed in this, for it does not know what wondrous holy might of ascetic merit is hidden behind the veil of modern Brahminism. There is but one hope of concord for India—the English must become the new Kshatriyas, upholding the Brahmins and ruling the lower castes.

For a start, let the proselytising missionaries be driven out of India, and the Brahmins acknowledged and upheld as the lords of Hinduism.

But rather than see this done and the capitalists suffering, our rulers will prefer to let India writhe out of our hands into the Russians'. Perhaps they will become the new Kshatriyas.

## The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.  
The Collectivist Formula.

### II.

This commercial notion of Government solely in the interests of consumers leads the Collectivist into strange company. It leads him to acquiesce in such a pernicious system as the division of labour. Ruskin claimed that the subjective standard of human happiness, not the objective monetary standard assumed by previous political economists, was the final test of the social utility of production. If we accept Ruskin's position, surely we must consider man primarily in his capacity as producer. From this standpoint a man's health, mental and moral, must depend upon the amount of pleasure he can take in his work. But we deprive the worker of this means of happiness and strive to replace it by such institutions as free libraries and popular lectures, which all lie outside the sphere of his real life. This policy would appear to be based on the idea that man should live a conscious double life. In the first place he must submit to any indignity he may be called upon to suffer by the prevailing system of industry, and secondly, he should aim in his leisure time at self-improvement. He thus destroys in the morning what he has built overnight. Like a mad sculler who pulls both ways at once he describes a rapid circle, and giddily imagines he is making immense progress forward. To unite these warring forces in man and to make him once more simple, harmonious and whole, he must again be regarded first and foremost in his capacity as producer.

Another reason for the primary consideration of the producer, which should be interesting to the democrat is that to legislate on the basis that all are consumers, while only some are producers, is obviously to put a premium upon idleness, for only the idle consume without producing. This fundamental defect of reasoning has thus rendered possible the paradox that while the Manchester School expended its moral indignation in protesting against idleness and luxury, by the very measures it advocated have idleness and luxury been mainly increased.

Let us pass on to a consideration of the principles of Collectivism in their application to particular problems. With regard to the question of Trusts, Collectivists assert that industries will become more and more subject to their domination, and that the State is then to step in and nationalise them.

Now, if we look at the matter carefully, we shall find that the development of industry into Trusts is by no means universal. It holds good in those branches of industry which deal with the supply of raw materials, in distribution, in railways and other monopolies, in the branches of production where mechanism plays an all important part and which command universal markets. On the other hand, there are branches of industry where no such development can be traced. It does not apply to those industries which, in the nature of things, rely upon local markets, such as the building trades; nor to those in which the element of taste enters, as the furnishing and clothing trades. It is true that the large capitalist exists in these trades, but this does not mean that the small builder, furnisher and clothier will eventually be thrust out of the market. The big contractor exists in the building trades, not because he can produce more cheaply than the smaller one, as a careful comparison of prices would show; nor is it because the work is better done, his *raison d'être* is rather to be found in the circumstance that large building contracts can only be undertaken by builders possessed of large capital. Again, the existence of large firms in the furnishing and clothing trades cannot be taken as an indication of the growth of efficiency in those trades, such reduction of cost as has taken place

having been obtained in the main at the expense of true efficiency; while again, the growth of large retail houses is in no sense due to a reduction of prices, rather has it been due in some measure to the same causes which brought the large building firms into existence, and to the system of advertising which leads an ignorant public to suppose they are getting a superior article for their money. Nay, if we go further into the matter, we shall find that so far from these huge organisations securing a higher degree of efficiency in production than smaller firms, they owe their very existence to the general degradation of industry—to the fact that the craftsman has so declined in skill, that he has become the cat's-paw of capitalism. It is only where craftsmanship has declined, and the skilled craftsman has been replaced by the mechanical drudge, that capitalist control secures a firm foothold. It cannot be insisted upon too strongly that capitalist organisation, whether private or public, is built upon and presupposes the degradation of the craftsman. Being organised for the production of indifferent work, they are normally working incapable of anything else; for in the production of good work, the craftsman must have liberty to follow the line of a consecutive tradition—a condition which capitalist organisation denies, its function being not to develop a tradition of design in handicraft but to adjust the efforts of the craftsman to the whims of a capricious public.

This view, which was originally formed from personal observation and experience of the conditions now obtaining in industry, is amply corroborated by the testimony of Prince Kropotkin. In "Fields, Factories and Workshops," he says: "The petty trades at Paris so much prevail over the factories that the average number of workmen employed in the 98,000 factories and workshops of Paris is less than six, while the number of persons employed in workshops which have less than five operatives is almost twice as large as the number of persons employed in the large establishments. In fact, Paris is a great bee-hive where hundreds and thousands of men and women fabricate in small workshops all possible varieties of goods which require taste, skill and invention. These small workshops, in which artistic finish and rapidity of work are so much praised, necessarily stimulate the mental powers of the producer; and we may safely admit that if the Paris workmen are generally considered, and really are, more developed intellectually than the workers of any other European capital, this is due to a great extent to the work they are engaged in . . . and the question naturally arises: Must all this skill, all this intelligence, be swept away by the factory, instead of becoming a new fertile source of progress under a better organisation of production? Must all this inventiveness of the worker disappear before the factory levelling? And if it must, would such a transformation be a progress as so many economists, who have only studied figures and not human beings, are ready to maintain?"

Kropotkin here lays his finger on the weak point of modern sociological theories. They are based upon estimates of figures rather than estimates of men. The correct statement of this issue is perhaps to be found in the dictum that organisation on a large scale secures efficiency up to a certain point, which varies in each industry, and when that point is reached, degeneration sets in. On the one hand the quality of the work declines, while on the other, administrative expenses show a tendency to increase out of their proper proportion, owing to the fact that personal control gradually disappears; and this is probably one of the causes which oblige many large firms gradually to adopt sweating practices. Expenses must be cut down somewhere, and the workers have to suffer.

And now that we have found Collectivist prognostications respecting the future of the Factory system to be based upon insufficient data, let us turn to Collectivist opinions respecting the future of machinery; in this connection we observe that Collectivism teaches that machinery will be used more in the future than at

present. The circumstance that many who identify themselves with Collectivism hold to the idea of William Morris, and quote him on sundry occasions, in no wise affects the Collectivist position, which is antagonistic to that held by Morris. Morris's opposition to machinery was based in the first place upon the preception that there is no temperament in work produced by machinery, and in the next upon a recognition of the principle that its use tended to separate the artist and craftsman more widely than ever, whereas the restoration of industry to health demands their reunion.

But how is a reunion possible under a Collectivist régime! Surely if social evolution has separated the artist and craftsman, further progress along present lines must tend to separate them still further, and not to draw them together. Hence it is we feel justified in identifying Collectivism with the mechanical ideal of industry.

It may be said that the solution of our problems is to be found in a further development towards mechanical perfection, and this contention would be perfectly reasonable if the object of man's existence was to make cotton and buttons as cheaply as possible; but considering that man has a soul which craves some satisfaction, and that the progress of mechanical invention degrades and stultifies it by making man more and more the slave of the machine, we feel justified in asserting that real progress lies along other lines. Up to a certain point it is true that mechanical invention is for the benefit of the community, but such inventions must be distinguished from the mass of mechanical contrivances which are the humble slaves of commercialism, and witnesses to the diseased state of society. To invent a machine to reduce the amount of drudgery in the world may reasonably be claimed as an achievement of Science; but to reduce all labour to the level of drudgery, to exploit Science for commercial purposes, is an entirely different matter. Machinery being a means to an end, we may test its social utility by considering the desirability or otherwise of the ends it is to serve. And what are the ends which have determined the application of machinery to modern industry? Not the satisfaction of human needs, or the production of beautiful things, but primarily the satisfaction of the money making instinct, which, it goes without saying, is undesirable. There are very few things which machinery can do as well as hand labour, and so far as my personal knowledge extends, there is nothing it can do better. Hand rivetted boilers are preferred to machine rivetted ones; while the most delicate scientific instruments have to be made by hand. In fact, wherever careful fitting is valued the superiority of handwork is acknowledged. In the crafts on the other hand, machinery is valueless, except for heavy work, such as sawing timber; though even here, where timber is exposed to view, it suffers in comparison with hand sawing and hewing, which has more temperament about it. In production, therefore, the only ultimate use of machinery to the community is that in certain heavy work it saves labour, which, considered from the point of view of the development of the physique of the race, is of very questionable advantage; or that it reduces the cost of production. This again, however, is a doubtful advantage, since the increase of material possessions beyond a certain point is extremely undesirable. Without machinery there would be plenty for all and to spare, if it were not for the greed of individuals; and machinery, by facilitating the production, of goods in immense quantities, so far from eliminating the spirit of avarice by satisfying it, appears only to give it a cumulative force. Machinery has erected the most effective class barrier yet devised. Again, considered in relation to locomotion the benefits of mechanism are very doubtful. If railways and steamboats have brought Chicago nearer to London, the world is more commonplace in consequence, and it is very much open to question whether the romance, the beauty and the mystery of the world which mechanism seems so happy

in destroying, may not in the long run prove to be the things most worth possessing, and the hurry and dispatch which are everywhere welcomed as the heralds of progress, admitted to be illusory.

## English Pronunciation.

WE take this week the words *once*, *self*, *less*, *hazy*, *cavalry*; these selected from numerous examples submitted to us, for the purpose of considering mainly the sibilants and the hard *c*. By the way, the new spellers write *once* as *wuns*, but the sound is not at all double *u*, but *o-n* combined as rapidly as thought can fly. Our learned ancestors knew amazingly how to spell!

It must always be remembered that sounds have each their own unalterable place on the breath. We do not make their positions; these are decided by the nature of the sound; so that we may *s* as often as you please, but if we pronounce *once* as *wuns* we are saying *wuns* and not *once*. The position of the *c* is close against the upper teeth; *s*, as in *self*, is produced lower in the mouth upon a freer breath, while *z* is a very broad sound, which tries to expand our very jawbones. Try to say *z* where you say *c*, and note how it will protest, disfiguring your face for your pains. Try to say *z* where you place *s*, and note how much unnatural effort is required; the reason is that *z* needs a much stronger volume of breath for its easy enunciation than *s*, which may be said on a half-spent breath; *c* may be said on breath almost expended. We need not, in our conversation, trouble about these breathings, for, as it were magically, they guide themselves; breath is, from all we know of it, a magical phenomenon. Double *s*, as in *less*, is still quite distinctly placed lower than *c*. The natural tendency is to lean slightly upon the breath for double *s*, and hard and harder for *s* and *z*. In singing the amount of breath required for every sound is exactly calculated, but singers and singing teachers are exceedingly jealous of their secrets, and you will not learn these secrets even though you pay, unless your gift warrants your initiation. For ordinary speech Providence endows us with a self-controlling breath apparatus, only dependent for perfection upon our state of health. As we know, corrupt language is a sign of decadence, for as the mentality of man makes meaning sounds, he remains scrupulous in his use of these only so long as his mind remains vigorous. Sluggish minds make sluggish tongues. "In this age," prophesied Vyasa, "pronunciation will become degraded." It is still to our interest to put off the worst of days as long as we may.

The word *hazy* is among the most difficult in the spoken language. It is certain that we scarcely ever pronounce it as it is now spelled, but render it merely with a hard *s*, inclining naturally to the original form: *hasu=grey*—though we must remember that some philologists still dispute this origin on behalf of the Icelandic *höss=grey*. The person who can accomplish *hazy* as written without showing effort will rarely be a pure Englishman, for we are not natively at ease with *z*.

The difference between hard *c* and *k* seems to us very clear, although these letters have by more than one correspondent been offered as indistinguishable. The letter *c*, hard or soft, is still *c*, not *k*. Hard *c* tends to close strongly whatever vowel comes next to it. There are thousands of people who would as soon be heard saying *sojer* as *kavalry*. The tightening of the *a* in this latter word is perfectly correct, and when a man exaggerates the true sound into *cevalry*, he is still nearer to the correct sound than he who broadens this to *kavalry*. We have not a single common English word commencing with *ka*, every word so prefixed being either technical or a foreign noun. On the other hand there are many common words beginning with *ca*, and with four or five exceptions, the *a* is pronounced very short, the shorter the better for correctness. In preferring the very guttural *k* to the finer hard *c*, the new phoneticians are as usual going directly against the English tongue, and incidentally, justifying outraged sneers at their foreign origins.

## Readers and Writers.

SINCE my last month's comment on the French parodies by Reboux and Muller, I have seen a newly issued collection of German "Parodien und Travestien." If I mention the book here it is chiefly as a protest. Compiled by David Haek, it appears as number 5,398 of Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek, a series which is surely familiar to all readers of German. But among these five thousand or so volumes of standard literature there is a strange want of evenness—the same lack of discrimination which I have previously noted as a failing of many German editors. I am unwilling to pick holes in a collection which has led me into literary places where I otherwise could not have wandered. Still, here we have Shakespeare's dramas and—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" (under the title "Der Fremde"); "Tom Jones" and—"A Seaside Flirtation" by John Strange Winter; the orations of Demosthenes and—the sayings of Roosevelt. Such examples of bathos could be increased from every page of Reclam's catalogue. Of course, the German publishers would probably retort that these are instances of their breadth of view, but an eye which includes Jerome K. Jerome in drama, John Strange Winter in fiction, and Roosevelt in oratory, and goes to the trouble of having them translated, is clearly suffering from some serious defect.

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Well, to return to our parodies. I have never been greatly impressed by David Haek or his work as an author, compiler, and translator, although he has edited a passable collection of German epigrams. One or two of the parodies in his latest compilation might possibly raise the ghost of a laugh at a German Stammtisch, but the rest are on a level with the parodies of the "Charge of the Light Brigade" or "Excelsior," that may be heard recited at Band of Hope entertainments. The only pieces that are really worthy even of print are Friedrich Hagedorn's "Versuch Einer Nachahmung," an eighteenth century parody which is a literary document, and the famous parody by Matthias Claudius on "Das Distichon":—

Im Hexameter zieht der ästhetische Dudelsack Wind ein,  
Im Pentameter drauf lässt er ihn wieder heraus,  
which is, of course, a hit at the couplet in the "Xenien" of Goethe and Schiller:—

Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells melodische Säule,  
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab,  
translated by Coleridge thus, if I remember rightly:—  
In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,  
In the pentameter, ay, falling in melody back.

But as these examples are already well-known (Herr Haek himself included the Claudius in his "Deutsche Sinngedichte" years ago), they do not reconcile me to the production of this volume, cheap though it may be. It is not as if the Germans had no good parodies.

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Curiously enough, it was in this very same collection that I read some excellent German skits. They are by Rudolf Presber, and the best are contained in "The Squirrel," although "The Underman" has some amusing things in it. In "The Squirrel" Presber makes fun of Maeterlinck's dramatic methods, and follows it up with scenes in the manner of Wilde and Hauptmann, among others. I remember how well he takes off the mediæval jargon that Hauptmann employs in his historical plays. "Potz Speikatz" is one of the Wardour Street oaths that has stuck in my memory from Presber's amusing book.

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I suppose that the most famous collection of German parodies—a kind of German "Rejected Addresses"—is Fritz Mauthner's "Nach berühmten Mustern," a book which has deservedly run through many editions since it first appeared about thirty years ago. Mauthner is no fumbling imitator of style, for has he not written

a work in three volumes on the philosophy of language? I once glanced through it on a warm afternoon at the British Museum, but my next perusal of it shall be in the winter.

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A writer in the "Zvon," a Czech literary weekly, has had a novel idea. "Certain of our papers," he says, "deal from time to time with the contents of the Czech reviews. We intend to reverse the process and record at regular monthly intervals, what the Czech daily Press contains in the shape of original news about our literature." He then tabulates all the literary articles that have appeared during a month in eleven Czech dailies, and announces that they amount to fifty-five columns, while the same papers during the same period devoted 201 columns to sport. I wonder how the proportion would work out with English papers. The result would, I almost think, suggest some piquant comparisons between the average intellect of the English newspaper reader and a nation of whose very existence he knows nothing. Most people I meet ask me whether they speak Austrian in Bohemia, and probably seeing my pained expression, hasten to rectify their error by adding: "Oh, of course, it's a kind of German, isn't it?"

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Truly, a man who has illusions about the present intellectual standard in England, would do well to avoid reading Continental papers. Here is the "Neue Freie Presse," for instance. In one copy I find in addition to the ordinary book reviews, a remarkably well written essay on Boccaccio, by Felix Salten, a novelist of some repute. Then in the same number there is a study of the Irish theatre by Marianne Trebitsch-Stein. Some will say that it was hardly worth while to write about W. B. Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Edward Martyn, Lady Gregory, and J. M. Synge in a German paper. But granted the subject, how admirably it is done! Here are quotations from George Moore's "Hail and Farewell," from "Samhain," from the "Contemporary Review." The whole thing gives one the impression of competence, of workmanship; the writer is obviously at home with the subject. Imagine a competent article in the "Times" or the "Daily Telegraph" on, let us say, the Viennese school of poetry, or the modern German novel in Austria. Imagine it, I say, but do not ask for it.

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There was one detail in the German article with which I did not quite agree. It seems that Synge's "Well of the Saints" was performed some years ago in Berlin without success. The writer expresses her opinion that the Irish peasant dialect with its Celtic turns of speech can scarcely be rendered into German. But I venture to suggest that an equivalent type of German is spoken by Polish and other Slavonic peasants in certain bilingual districts. If, therefore, Synge is to be translated into German, let it be done by somebody who has made himself familiar with this variety of speech, such as I myself have heard, with its double negatives, its curious use of reflexive pronouns, and its curt vowels—all clear reflections of the Slav idiom from which it is merely a rough transposition.

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The Irish literary movement seems to have aroused considerable interest in Germany. "Die Grenzboten," a Berlin weekly, has an article by Beda Prilipp on "The Irish Renaissance and George Moore." Here, again, I find that obvious mastery of the subject, which, in spite of all personal opinions, I cannot help admiring. Again I make comparisons, and with the same result. What English paper publishes essays like this? This particular article has a pleasing sentence about A. E., "the very sympathetic personality of George Russell, who has enriched the world's literature with some wonderfully emotional collections of poems, signed A. E."

So the French Academy has awarded its grand prix of 10,000 francs for the best novel published in the last two years to Romain Rolland for the ten volumes of his "Jean Christophe." Emile Clermont and Ernest Psichari both ran Rolland very close. I suppose that if such awards have to be made, nobody will grudge then to a piece of work like "Jean Christophe." It seems doubtful to me whether Rolland has used his materials always economically. I must confess to having skipped a few passages in the life of the German musician. But the author's high seriousness will be clear to all discerning readers. What can be more effective than his exposure of the shallow incompetency of those who frequent artistic circles in Paris? It occurred to me as I read this section how easily all these intriguing parasites could be matched with counterparts in London. Here is a theme all ready for some satirical novelist. Meanwhile a certain number of pseudo-Jean-Christophes are appearing. Quite a little party of English novelists has hit on the ingenious plan of issuing trilogies. (But it is a far cry from Æschylus to Arnold Bennett!) The idea has caught on abroad as well. Denmark is supplied with "Pelle the Conqueror" by Andersen Nexø, while Holland follows with bated breath the career of Johannes, by Frederick van Eeden. By this I do not mean any disrespect for the Dutch novelist, who deserves consideration both as a writer and as a man.

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Before me I have two volumes of poetry in the Wendic language. They carry me back about five or six years to a short and unexpected visit I paid to the Spreewald, a backwater of Slavonic speech and manners. I had spent some time in the Polish districts of Posen and Silesia. On my return I halted at the Brandenburg town of Kottbus. To my surprise I once more heard Slavonic speech, and saw Slavonic costume amid completely German surroundings. Thus the existence of the Wends was impressed upon my memory, but I never supposed they had a written literature. I first discovered a Wendic text in Hruby's "Comparative Grammar of the Slavonic Languages," a work from which I also rescued my first piece of Vrchlicky (the "Spring Song" translated some time ago in THE NEW AGE). The two books referred to at the beginning of this paragraph are the poetical works of Handrij Zejler and the "Serbske Zynki" (Wendic Strains) of Jakub Cisinski. Without entering on a tedious discussion of a somewhat remote topic, I will merely say that the work of these two men epitomises the scanty literature of a scanty race.

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Zejler, who lived from 1804 to 1872, was the pioneer. His poems are mainly of the folk-song type, varied by a number of hymns. The numerous translations of German hymns and folk-songs were probably made for the purpose of breaking in a somewhat unruly language. Cisinski, who was born in 1856, and as far as I know, is still alive, continues this work. He puts the language through its paces by adjusting it to such poetical forms as the sonnet, the canzone, the triolet, the rondeau, yes, even the ghazal. The part he plays in Wendic literature corresponds almost exactly to the position of Preseren in Slovenian, or, to take a more striking example, that of Vrchlicky in Czech literature. In other words, he is doing much the same as Chaucer did for English in the fourteenth century. That is the charm of the remoter literatures, as of more primitive races. In the twentieth century they are undergoing processes which shaped the literatures of England, France, or Italy in the Middle Ages. As far as Cisinski is concerned, I am much impressed by the poems in this particular volume. A barcarolle with the refrain "Ave Maria," seems to me extremely melodious. The Wendic language, by the way, which very closely resembles Czech and Polish (according to its two dialects) has, like most of out-of-the-way tongues, a remarkably copious grammar. One of its specialities consists of a dual number.

"The sevenpenny book is quite the most wonderful thing in the history of books. Speaking as one who lives half his life in foreign countries, I say that there is nothing to compare for one moment with the British sevenpenny book in any other part of the world." And so on. I fully expected to see this drivel pilloried in THE NEW AGE under the heading of "Current Caine." However, I have the melancholy satisfaction of performing the office myself. It appears that Mr. Hall Caine has been unburdening himself at a booksellers' dinner (grisly feast!) and there is some of the burden. I do not know which foreign countries the Manx Shakespeare in prose has selected for his domicile, but whichever they may be, it is clear that he pays his attention to matters other than literature. Of course, the fact is, that Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, and Russia, to say nothing of other countries, are simply overstocked with cheap editions of fiction. And even though stray novels of Mr. Caine himself may be found here and there in various translations, these foreign collections will compare quite favourably in most other respects with the English sevenpennies. And some of them were started years before the cheap English editions were even dreamt of.

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Those who are still lamenting the loss of Alfred Austin, may console themselves by reflecting that other countries have been, if possible, even more grievously smitten. Earlier in the year Norway lost an important novelist in Thomas P. Krag. Towards the end of May Arturo Graf died at Turin (where he was professor of Italian literature). Graf, critic, literary historian, and poet, was born in Athens of German parentage, spent his early years in Roumania, and finished his education in Italy. (It is not surprising to find that the sum total of all these odd items was a strange and rather striking personality.) Then, in the middle of last month, Camille Lemonnier passed away. Lemonnier, who produced eighteen volumes of stories, thirty novels, five volumes of art criticism, and four plays, revealed that type of Flemish grossness, represented in the paintings of Rubens and in some of the earlier poems of Verhaeren. On the strength (or weakness) of this quality he has been dubbed, rightly or wrongly, the Belgian Zola.

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On June 16 the "Times" issued a "Russian Supplement." Now I have some passing interest in matters Russian, so I turned to this bulky sheet of 28 pages with a glad anticipation. Alas, for my guileless simplicity. Advertisements, Russian Gold Reserve, Changes in the Uniforms of the Russian Army, Commercial Defaulters, The Breeding of Fur Animals, St. Petersburg Motor Show, Horsemanship in Russia—the whole thing simply reeked of Mammon, Petrol, Live Stock and its Accessories. At last, a modest column headed "English Literature: Influence on Russian Ideas, by Z. A. Vengerova." This had, at least, some interest, although it disclosed nothing particularly new. It is no secret, for example, that Byron and Shelley have very strongly influenced the Russian, and, in fact, many of the Slavonic, poets; and I think we all know what a vogue Dickens has had on the Continent. But those who think of turning their attention to the Russian literature of to-day are warned (not in the "Times," of course), that "at the present moment English fiction has an enormous following in Russia. Nearly every author is translated into Russian, from Conan Doyle to Galsworthy, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett and Hall Caine." (I believe, too, that one of the most popular authors in Russia to-day is Jack London!) This explains why the Russian novelists themselves are turning out such sorry stuff. Andreyev was bad enough; then came the foul Artsibashev, followed by the equally unsavoury Kuprin. I suppose these obscene little mud-larks imagine that, like Baudelaire, they have invented a new shudder. In reality, they have merely produced the old, old boredom.

P. SELVER.

## Two Memories.

By Beatrice Hastings.

I WAS roaming among the Sussex ways. Down a path I had sauntered beside a field of early corn, and, turning to tiptoe at a hedge of blackberry blossom, I looked down into a Nature garden.

A sunken road, long abandoned, had used to lead through a spinney. Its near bank bristled with the blackberry thorn, and for three-quarters of a circle, a barricade of giant thistle reared, purple-turretted against the blue. Between these flowery escarpments lay a paradise of wild florescence. Red sorrel, buttercups, and orange trefoil overspread the lush-green footing. Hemlock, white and grey, towered in the feathery grasses around a dark gorse palace, golden-roofed. Stripling ash frees sentried up the slopes. Convolvulus and clustering rose, foxglove and daffodil, were there—and a gleaming eye, a pool. . . . I ran down the path of the corn upland and climbed a stile, seeking a way into the spinney. There seemed to be no way, but I slipped between two thistles and leaped below upon the yellow lawn. And then I beheld narcissus beside the pool.

Magic and glamour were here at home. I kneeled, still as the breathless earth, still as the heavy bees and the shell-winged butterflies asleep upon the pearled narcissus. Only the sunrays moved, weaving among the grasses pictures of nameless things.

On a sudden, a bird chirped, hid in the spinney. It sang, but ever broke its music on a whistling sign, and now and then complained in murmurs like the echoes of farewell words, as if it once had listened to friends parting, and never having heard since any truer notes, must keep repeating these.

And now a pebble rolls and the gleam of its curving fall dies off the back of a crystal elf, a-rolling with it.

The gold sun-fingers spread like a fan where the rock hangs over the pool, and between the spaces, out from the gloom of the water moss, gaze solemn, sad eyes of a thing which moves not—nor is any more when the fingers move away. Rock and pool and black moss—nothing else is there.

But in a tree, a band of beams alight on the hair and the hundred hands and the swords and the sword-slashed robes of a tawny giant; he rears, and is now not there; nothing is save leaves and branches and the bark of a haunted tree.

The bird whistles. I run out of the place, and I follow the cornfield path until it ends beside a vale which goes down to the shimmering sea.

We are out already at six of the morning upon the road that goes up from the town between Table Mountain and the Lion's Head. On our left is the titanic front of rock with slits that are vast shadowed gullies: the purple stretches of heath are soft and dewy on the lower slopes, but the brow of Table gleams in one golden line to where the rays round over the green shoulders of the Peaks of the Winds and leap the leagues of plain to the mountains called Hottentots Holland, a dyke to defy Trojan Neptune! But close beside us as we are climbing—I scarcely able to begin slowly according to my friend's advice—all above our path the silver trees shimmer to the base of the Head upon our right, a bare gigantic rock, yet so buoyantly poised that you might almost believe it lived. And so we come to that height where the land stands like a temple of mountains above the golden shore of the sea. This miracle of creation made my mind cease from thought and my eyes close as against a sacred mystery. It seemed that God was not long gone from that place. He was gone. At the point where the twelve hills encompassing the sea buttressed the Table Mountain, the town governors had built a prison. And if you go now to this bay, you will

not see even what we of this late day saw, or hear the tones we heard. You will see the beginnings of a red-brick Brighton; you will be murdered by the roar and creak of huge and incessant trams, and by the gramophones and hurdy-gurdies and by the bawlings and songs of persons, white and black, who were too indifferent to walk there, but who ride in thousands to make a new screaming Bedlam. And, however late you may linger, longing for an hour of the divine silence, you will never get this, for the town governors have set up a colossal clock on their town hall, which mocks out by day and by night the tune of a hymn. You will hear that slow-grinding iron tongue of Birmingham when the Sun is rising, and you will hear it while the Hours are leading up the Moon. And if you are one of us who knew the loveliness that has been destroyed, you will shudder, as we shudder, at the blind daring of men.

## The Wild Rabbit.

A Fantasy of the Future.

By "Mouche."

It was a fine day of late spring in the not far-distant future. Miss Parthenia Judd had spent the week-end with her friend Odilia Brown in the country, and this was the last day of her visit. On the morrow she would return to her home in the Central District, which was about a twenty-mile radius from old Charing Cross, a district connected throughout by the moving causeway or Trottoir Roulant system, whilst the "country" of Odilia's home lay out beyond Wendover, where the London municipal trams ended and what was known as open country began.

Parthenia was essentially city bred; this was the first time she had left the Central District for more than a day's excursion.

"I had no idea I should love the country so much," she said, as they sat in the garden on this last afternoon. "When you invited me to Wendover, I loved the thought of being with you, dearest, yet I confess my heart sank a little at the thought of being so far out. But I absolutely love it! The stillness is so wonderful. From two to four this morning I lay awake listening to the silence. The trains had entirely ceased. For two hours, I assure you, not a sound!"

"I was terribly afraid the stillness might get on your nerves," Odilia confessed.

"On the contrary, it appeals to me. How mysteriously refreshing is the absence of sound! But I love the music of the birds, how quaint, how exquisite in the dawn when the sparrows begin to chirp! Do you know I counted five nests in the garden! Can this be the season of hatching?"

"It is indeed the 'merry month of May' of which old poets sang," Odilia replied, "and they always mention birds. Of course, formerly there were many varieties of birds, now practically extinct. I believe they all produced broods in May."

"How interesting it must have been!" exclaimed Parthenia.

"Interesting, but rather noisy, surely? Still, it was no doubt charming to watch them."

"Sparrows I have seen," mused Parthenia, recalling her rustic experiences, "cows, sheep and two starlings. Dearest, there is one other creature I am positively dying to see; would it be impossible? . . . A wild rabbit! I fear one has to go very far into the wilds to see a rabbit?"

"Darling!" cried Odilia, "there is a rabbit in a hollow near Buttercup Glen, which used to be the favourite pasturing place for cows. Our gardener tells me he has seen it many times. It is the last one left in this neighbourhood. Quite a venerable creature, I believe."

"Oh!" exclaimed Parthenia, "perhaps I could get a moving picture of it! Would it let us approach sufficiently near?"

"I fancy this is rather a shy animal, especially now it is growing old, but if we take some food it may be enticed from its lair."

"Are wild rabbits at all . . . fierce?" inquired Parthenia, naturally unaccustomed to the fauna of her native land.

"Oh, no! One of the smaller rodents," replied her friend carelessly. "We'll look up its favourite food in the Encyclopædia. Better still, the gardener knows all about it. I have a vague idea of lettuce, radishes, potatoes, perhaps nuts."

"Cooked?" asked Parthenia. "Our cat eats cooked vegetables."

"I fancy not," said Odilia dubiously. "But we'll ask James."

James, the old gardener, was very wise on the subject of rabbits, had trapped them many a time in his youth, pronounced this the last rabbit in that part of the country, and gave particulars as to its age and sex. He provided the young ladies with succulent lettuce and parsley, negating suggestions of meat and bread and discouraging the assistance of Barking, the fox terrier, on the expedition.

"Dogs used to worry rabbits," he told them, and Barking remained at home.

Then, in the cool of the evening, bearing the lettuce in a paper bag and unwashed (the lettuce)—this last a refinement of the cunning James—the two ladies boarded the electric tram in a delightful spirit of adventure and travelled to the very end of the line. They found themselves not far from the border of the Open Reserve, a tract of country kept in the spirit of Yellowstone Park, as a preserve for the native flora and fauna of the district. Soon they arrived at the gates of a large park or pleasure ground.

"To think," said Parthenia, "that this ground has never been built on and perhaps never will be! Reserved for ever as a wilderness, a refuge for beast and bird which would otherwise become extinct! A spot wherein the poet may commune with nature, lying on a carpet of daisies; may watch the pageant of the stars across the midnight vault of heaven!"

"The gates will be closed at 9 p.m.," read Odilia from a notice at the entrance. "Come, dearest, we have still a couple of hours."

Entering the enclosure, they plunged into gravel paths leading by beautiful grassy lawns, dotted over with buttercups and daisies. Hawthorns were in snowy blossom, ornamental ducks swam on the ponds in the distance thickets of trees, shadow-haunted, the remains of a beautifully wooded estate, lured lovers of romance.

Parthenia's young heart swelled with emotion.

"How beautiful!" she sighed, "how beautiful it is! But where is the wild rabbit?"

Strains of music swept towards them on the breeze. Twice a week the Town Band played here in the evening. Debussy's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune" floated down the avenues.

"Perfect," cried Odilia, "in this setting! Such old-world strains are truly in keeping here, are they not? Modern music would jar in these groves."

"Let us find the rabbit," said Parthenia, "I fear we must give up the music."

So they turned off to the left where all was deserted and silent. Here small paths led to fields and trees not trained by the gardener's hand. And presently they came to a notice-board, on which was printed in Gothic characters:

"To the Rabbit's Burrow."

A pretty pebbled path led down into Buttercup Glen, where Odilia pictured herds of kine nibbling the golden flower. Here it was cool and still, not even the faintest sound of music reached the spot where, alas for Parthenia! the rabbit had perished in his lair.

In a neat glass case, air-proof and sterilised, embalmed with all the skill of the modern taxidermist, the rabbit, a beautiful snow-white creature, beamed amiably at them with pink eyes. . . .

Deeply moved, Parthenia gazed in silence.

## Translations.

By Andre B.

"A WISH."

GRANT, Father, favour to these humble prayers :  
That neither fear nor avarice be mine ;  
That I may deem sufficiency enough ;  
That I wish nothing base, nor be a cause  
Of shame unto myself. May all my acts  
Be ever what I would desire to suffer.  
Let not my evil actions win applause,  
Nor rumours stain me : for the world weighs not  
Between suspicion and the deed itself.  
May I be impotent of injury ;  
Grant to me rather the serene delight  
Of kindly actions ; may my wants be sparse ;  
May I remain beloved of my friends.  
Ever may I beget, without the griefs  
This word contains ; let no distemper seize  
My mind or body : may my limbs discharge  
Their peaceful office, nor a glutton use  
Bring loathing in its trail ; may peace be mine ;  
May I deem nought on earth to merit awe.  
When my supreme hour comes, may conscious life  
Nor shrink from meeting death nor clutch at it.

AUSONIUS (Ephemeris 58).

"TO A GRASSHOPPER."

Blessing, Cicala, blessing be to thee,  
Who freshed with dew-drops, on the topmost bough,  
Singing thy ditty like a king : for thou  
Scannest the stretching meadows' green domain.  
The very rustics love thee every one :  
Sweet singer of the summer's fleeting course.  
Whom mortals honour, thee the Muses love :  
Thee even Phoebus loves, and thy shrill cry  
Himself gave thee.  
O wise one, born of earth, and without grief,  
The hastening years in vain would still thy voice :  
Thou art most wondrous like unto a god.

FROM ANACREON.

"THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS."

IN the ancient chronicles was recorded this tradition of the Sibylline Books.

A strange and unknown old woman came before the King Tarquinius Superbus bearing nine books, which she proclaimed to be divine oracles; these, she said, she was desirous of selling. On Tarquinius asking the price, the woman demanded a sum immense and excessive. The King laughed, as if the old woman were bereft of her senses by age; at which she set down before him a lighted brazier and burnt three of the nine books. She then asked of the King whether he was willing to buy the remaining six at the same price; at which Tarquinius laughed the more, crying that the old woman would doubtless soon rave. She immediately destroyed three other books, and quietly asked the same question once more. Tarquinius now became more serious and thoughtful, and, recognising that such steadfastness and confidence were not to be disregarded, bought the three remaining books at no less a price than that asked for all.

It is said that the woman then left Tarquinius, and was never afterwards seen.

The three books were stored in a shrine, and called the "Sibylline Books"; and when the immortal gods are to be consulted on behalf of the State, fifteen men go to them as to an oracle.

AULUS GELLIUS.

## Views and Reviews.\*

I SUPPOSE that the land "campaign" will begin at some time or other, and I take this opportunity of stating a few facts which are more likely to be heard now than when the full flow of oratory is upon us. I am not likely to be accused now of being a defender of landlordism if I say that, in my opinion, the land question is not the most pressing one for us. The landlords do not exact the largest tribute from the producers of this country. Mr. Chiozza Money has shown "that, of a total income of £1,840,000,000, as much as £634,000,000 is taken by a small group of persons numbering 280,000, or with their families, 1,400,000." Before I reveal the exact amount of the landlord's share of the national income, I want to state some figures which give a very clear idea of the extent of land monopoly. "In 1910," says Mr. Chiozza Money, "it is impossible for any man to say precisely how many persons own British land. No Blue-Book on the subject has been published for thirty-five years. The last return of landowners, known as the 'New Domesday Book,' was made in 1873, and is forgotten by the present generation, although it created much interest and controversy upon its publication." But there is no reason to suppose that the numbers are, to any considerable extent, inaccurate. Writing in 1856, Emerson said that "in 1786, the soil of England was owned by 250,000 corporations and proprietors; and, in 1822, by 32,000." Mr. John Bateman, who is quoted by Mr. Money as his authority on the "New Domesday Book," showed that, according to the return of 1873, in England and Wales, "38,214 people owned 27,473,848 acres, average 719 acres each; 934,797 people owned 5,526,502 acres, averaging six acres each. Again, of the 934,797 small owners 703,289 people owned 151,148 acres, average less than one rood." While for the United Kingdom, Mr. Bateman's analysis showed, United Kingdom land ownership, 1873; total area, 77,000,000 acres; owned by 2,500 persons, 40,426,000 acres.

Those figures, I think, give a very clear idea of the extent of land monopoly in this country and kingdom. We have now to consider how much the landlords make by it.

Mr. Chiozza Money has collected and tabulated the figures:—

From farm lands ... ..	£35,000,000
From lands bearing dwelling-houses, factories, business premises, etc.	57,000,000
From sporting rents, etc ... ..	1,000,000
From mines, quarries, etc ... ..	7,000,000
From other property ... ..	6,000,000
	£106,000,000

The smallness of this total is not to be attributed to any generosity on the part of the landlords; they would take more if they could get it. But what I want to get quite clearly stated is the fact that the landlords are not the worst enemies of the producers. Mr. Chiozza Money says: "We have shown that, of a total income of £1,840,000,000 as much as £634,000,000 is taken by a small group of persons numbering 280,000, or with their families 1,400,000. The great landowners are obviously amongst these 280,000 persons, and the greater part of British land rents are, therefore, included in their income. But, if the whole of it be included, there still remains £528,000,000 of income not derived from land rents, and taken by a very small number of persons."

When Mrs. Cobden Unwin writes introductions in favour of Free Trade in land, and quotes her father's speeches in support, it is well to remember that interest

\* "The Land Hunger: Descriptive Letters, etc., From Those Who Have Suffered." With an introduction by Mrs. Cobden Unwin. (Unwin. 2s. net.)  
"Riches and Poverty." By L. G. Chiozza Money. (Methuen. 1s. net.)

and profits between them take five times the amount that rent exacts; and that the profits obtained by joint stock companies alone are double the amount of rent.

This is not a party question, says Mrs. Unwin, although her father said: "I exhort the middle classes to look to it. It is a war on their pockets that is being carried on. . . . There must be a total abolition of all taxes on food, and we should raise at least £20,000,000 a year upon the land, and then the owners would be richer than any landed proprietary in the world." Perhaps; but not so rich as the receivers of interest and profits. But the main argument stated by Cobden in these extracts is this, and I have the greater pleasure in quoting it because Mr. Chiozza Money has refuted it:—

When I look into the question of the Land Tax from its origin to the present time [1841], I am bound to exclaim that it exhibits an instance of selfish legislation secondary only in audacity to the Corn Law and provision monopolies. Would you, gentlemen, who have not looked into the subject—but go home and study it, I entreat you—would you believe that the Land Tax, in its origin, was nothing but a commutation rent charge to be paid to the State by the landowners, in consideration of the Crown giving up all the feudal tenures and services by which they held the land? Yes, exactly 149 years ago, when the landed aristocracy got possession of the throne in the person of King William, at our glorious revolution, they got rid of all the old feudal tenures and services . . . which yielded the whole revenue of the State; and besides which the land had to find soldiers and maintain them. These incumbrances were given up for a bona-fide rent charge upon the land of four shillings in the pound; and the land was valued and assessed 149 years ago, at nine millions a year; and upon that valuation the Land Tax is still laid.

The value of this argument is determined by the description of the land tax; and I am safe in saying that no more partisan judgment of its nature could be given. For the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, in their twenty-eighth report (1885), (I quote Mr. Chiozza Money), said that the impost "was in fact a Property and Income Tax, and moreover that personal estate was quite as much the object of the charge as land." The Commissioners after considering the provisions of the Act of 1692, which was "An Act for granting to their Majesties an aid of four shillings in the pound for one year for carrying on a vigorous war against France," continued: "But although the Act of 1692 was the first of these so-called Land Tax Acts, it was not until 1697 that the tax was imposed precisely in the form which has been preserved to the present day, that is to say, as a fixed sum for the whole Kingdom and to be raised in quotas specified in the Act for each County, City or Borough therein named. That Act was renewed every year. . . . and the last annual Act, so far as land was concerned, was passed in 1797.

Now it is a remarkable circumstance that these Acts of 1697 and 1797 appear to mark, more strongly than before, the taxation of personal Estate as the primary object of the law. After the clauses imposing upon goods, wares, merchandise, etc., and upon pensions and offices, the fixed charge of four shillings in the pound towards raising the quotas, that relating to land appears to treat it as a subsidiary contributor, as it were, and for the purpose of making up the sum due to the Exchequer after exhausting the other resources.

The words are: "And to the end the full and entire sums by this Act charged upon the several counties, etc., may be fully and completely raised and paid; be it enacted that all lands, etc., shall be charged by a pound rate towards the said several sums by this Act imposed."

There is nothing here to justify the "commutation rent" argument of Cobden; if the landowners made any bargain at all, it was a better one than he supposed, for they were only called upon to make up deficits. But the history of the tax refutes the too facile conclusion of Cobden that the landowners were really escaping the payment of their just dues.

For the Commissioners continue: "How the duty on personal estate was levied, or what was its proportion in the quotas, we have no means of knowing. All that we do know is that in Mr. Pitt's time it had dwindled nearly to nothing; and that the tax annually voted under the name of Land Tax had become a Land-tax in reality. Thus we find in an assessment for the Tower Division in 1799 that the sum charged for personal estate was only £227, while the charge for lands, etc., is £29,964; and in one of the few accounts of later transactions which remain to us, that for the year 1823, we are presented with a return of £5,416. 10s. od. as the ludicrous result of a tax at one per cent. on the capital value of the personalty of Great Britain." Far from the history of the "Land-Tax" proving that the landlords had shifted their responsibilities on to the ordinary tax-payers, it proves that the income-tax-payers had evaded the payment of their share, and burdened the land with it.

Cobden of course could not have known these facts; but they destroy the value of such exhortations as this: "Now you gentlemen of the middle-classes, whose windows are counted, and who have a schedule sent you every year, in which you are required to state the number of your dogs and horses; and you who have not window and dog duty to pay, but who consume sugar, and coffee, and tea, and who pay a tax on every pound you consume—I say to you remember that the landowners have never had their land re-valued from 1696 to the present time." That this does not necessarily imply an escape from taxation, our Income Tax shows. Schedule A, says, Mr. Money, "taxes the income from all manors, messuages, lands and tenements, and all quarries, mines, etc., tithes, rolls, etc." Indeed, the position now is exactly the reverse to what it was in 1692; for Mr. Money says: "It is also remarkable that whereas Land and Houses are placed in Schedule A, the first batch of our Income Tax of 1692 placed lands and houses in its third category. The Act of 1692, moreover, as we have seen, made the taxation of personalty its first aim, and brought in a charge on land, houses and other fixed property to make up any deficiency. . . . It is still true that a great deal of personal income evades taxation, while it is impossible for fixed property to elude the assessors. . . . At the present moment the owners of land contribute fourteen pence in the pound of its annual revenue to Imperial Taxation under Schedule A."

These facts put Cobden out of court, so far as the coming discussion is concerned. If we are only going to tax, a Single Tax on income will be more productive than a Single Tax on land. In neither case will the taxation destroy the monopoly; for the problem of abolishing monopoly is not unlike that of catching a weasel asleep.

A. E. R.

## REVIEWS.

**James Hurd.** By R. I. Prowse. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Mrs. Hurd and I sat on in the dining-room after Hurd had left us. Our talk at dinner had been unusually light and bright. . . . Our talk had not been. . . . Their talk was all addressed to me. . . . Mrs. Hurd, however, talked on after James left us. . . . What a wonderful night, she said. Do come for a stroll. . . . I should like a stroll. . . . We strolled in the starlight. . . . It was a night of strange. . . . a night with magic. . . . it was a night of early summer. . . . I paid my tribute to the night. Between Hurd and his wife had come some estrangement." And that meanders on. Then the night again: "The night grew oppressive. . . . The depth of the night. . . . The night is variable. . . . something in the night. . . . a breath of night air. . . ." A man who cannot write better than this has no claim to publish a line.

**A Tour Through South America.** By A. S. Forrest. (Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

This is more interesting than the average travel-book because South America is not quite so well known as, say, the South of France. The volume contains some historical matter which is not unfamiliar; but, for the rest, it is made up of Mr. Forrest's personal experiences and impressions. The Panama Canal is dealt with at some length; and among other places visited and described by Mr. Forrest, are Columbia and Cartagena, Ecuador, Peru, Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil. The volume is plentifully illustrated by Mr. Forrest, and really is quite readable, although Mr. Forrest could not omit the wholly unnecessary episode of the drunken negro. It is to be regretted that Mr. Forrest, "although profoundly impressed with the magnificence of South America's destiny, has not attempted to forecast the lines along which that destiny will shape itself"; he chose the comparatively trivial task of recording his less profound impressions, with the consequence that our commendation of his efforts can only be lukewarm. The book that ought to be is the one that Mr. Forrest did not write.

**That Which Was Written.** By Sybil Smith. (Methuen. 6s.)

Two men "come to grips in the fight for a woman's soul." She has had an illegitimate child, whose absconding father turns up again, but is killed by accident; so she marries the new lover. There are no grips at all. The long arm of coincidence just arranges things as easily as possible. A miraculously pretty girl is introduced as sister to the above lady, apparently for no purpose but to show what bold little hussies pretty sisters are and what vague bad ends they come to. That which was written was only a note confessing the child business.

**Unpath'd Waters.** By Frank Harris. (John Lane. 6s.)

Mr. Frank Harris once published some good short stories, but that is no reason why he should now publish some very bad ones. "Unpath'd Waters" is a poor and disagreeable book, with just sufficient bright spots in it to prove that Mr. Harris could do better if he would take more trouble. Unfortunately a quite fatuous amateurishness is always coming in to spoil his good effects. Fancy making Palestinian peasants of to-day, and putting into the mouth of an undergraduate such a sentence as this: "I chaff a bit, but there's no harm in me, at least so the dear old mater says." (Lord Woodstock in "An English Saint.") Could anything be more shockingly farcical?

Of the nine stories collected here perhaps the best are "The Holy Order" and "Mr. Jacobs' Philosophy," which are also two of the shortest. They are clever studies, but they certainly don't deserve that exaggerated praise which is apt to be poured upon Mr. Harris' work. Our leading master of the short story had better look to his laurels. They won't survive many more books like this one.

These tales deal with Christ, finance, Jews, magic, scoundrelism, and for the most part they leave an unpleasant taste in one's mouth. A good many of the characters are offensive, but the most offensive of all is the disgusting Gerald Lawrence of "An English Saint." There is certainly some real power in the writer who can make one dislike a person so much as one dislikes Gerald Lawrence. Of all corrupt humbugs he is absolutely in the first rank, together with Oscar Wilde's Dorian Grey. But the story itself is hopelessly tiresome, and is no work of art. That is the worst of Mr. Harris. He is interesting in flashes, and he has a bookish idea of characterisation, but he has no unity, no sustained driving force, and, in this particular book, little creative ability. It is not enough to go about with a Bible and a muck-rake. "Unpath'd Waters" is a failure because Mr. Harris appears to have no convictions and a defective sense

of form. He can achieve a dramatic and moving climax, but he can be astonishingly long-winded and dreary. His style is simple but unpleasing, and his dialogue is frequently as stilted as Ouida's. "Unpath'd Waters" is a bad book.

**Capture at Sea.** By Earl Loreburn. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

OUR readers will remember a short controversy in these columns a couple of years ago in connection with the celebrated Declaration of London. Earl Loreburn's volume recalls one of the features of that measure, viz., the proposal for abandoning the right of capture. This is not a particularly complex subject, but is largely a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; and the reform may yet come about, as the author shows other such reforms have come about, in spite of the opposition of naval experts. The British proposal at The Hague in 1907 for the entire abolition of contraband altogether was a bold and adequate proposal; but the twenty-six States which supported Great Britain were less weighty than the five that voted against her: Germany, France, Russia, the United States, and Turkey. Even if we assume that Turkey is now out of the way, the remaining four countries are sufficiently formidable. The London Conference of 1909 was no more successful in coming to an agreement about the ultimate fate of contraband; and the Declaration of London was not, in the end, ratified at all. Earl Loreburn, confining himself, as he explicitly states, to the point of view of our material national interests, and not to considerations of ethics, makes out a very good and clear case for the abolition of the right of enemy capture, which, as he holds, is bad not only for foreign nations, but for ourselves as well. It is impossible to manipulate elementary statistics; and the figures quoted tell a tale which is equally intelligible to capitalists and statesmen.

One point made by the learned author is worth quoting:—

Supposing we are at war with Germany. It is commonly supposed that in such case we could make great play with the right of blockade. It is thought by those who are uninstructed that we might close the Baltic to neutral trade with Germany by stationing cruisers at the entrance to that sea. We could not do so. Any neutral ship bound, say, for a Russian port could enter the Baltic if that were her immediate destination. She might have an undisclosed ulterior destination to a German Baltic port, and with complete impunity might go there with such part of her cargo as was intended for Germany. But, it is said, we could at all events blockade the North Sea ports of Germany. Look at the map. A neutral ship could go without interference to Antwerp, and if we wished to forbid her from proceeding thence to the adjacent German coast we should have to establish a blockade quite near inshore to bar access from the Belgian territorial waters to the German territorial waters. Naval experts must say whether this could be safely and effectively done. Even if it could be done, we should still be face to face with the same problem as before. Antwerp and Rotterdam and all the other neutral ports accessible by rail to Germany could still receive seaborne merchandise and forward it to that country in spite of the blockade. Germany could go on sending her exports for shipment at Antwerp and receiving her imports at Antwerp in neutral vessels.

This is a very important point; and it is questionable whether the British Fleet, powerful as it is, would be equal to the task suggested here. It is not denied that the practice of blockade has been of great value to British interests in the past; but an examination of modern conditions makes it very doubtful whether we can still say that the practice is desirable from the point of view of our national interests at the present day. The reforms advocated by Earl Loreburn are now seen by naval experts themselves to be almost inevitable, and it may be that the publication of these calm and reasoned arguments will have the effect of hastening them.

**Verses.** By K. M. H. S. (The Holywell Press. 1s.)

It is a great pity that this singer should not have waited yet awhile before committing himself to print. His verse is usually as crude as his most obsessing thoughts. He is dashing about among the problems which so upset the immature, and seems to long for nothing so much as to take the Creator and shake him. We should feel inclined to laugh and have done with K. M. H. S., were it not for a sonnet which promises the attainment of manly, modest maturity as well as artistic power—

There is no greater human agony  
Than when a moving mouth is filled with words  
It cannot voice into reality.  
It is as though a group of fluttered birds  
Were prisoned in a chasm of the wind  
And held by unseen agencies from flight  
Through the unbarriered air; or when men find  
Their day-desires in fleeting dreams at night  
There is in me some quick, chaotic thing  
Which seeks creative fingers and a form:  
But I am all unmanned and weak to bring  
A calm hand to the spiritual storm;  
Who might have been a beaten rock that wrought  
A sea of passion into foam of thought.

**The Red Horizon.** By E. Rynes. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)

The title verse sets forth a too lengthy dialogue between a Wanderer and a Day-dreamer. Miss Rynes has not poetry enough to justify her in writing such a long piece. The rhymes are often very evil, duller than the two talkers; these, with tremendous solemnity, discourse upon the subjects which bring so much lively comfort to frail man when it is a great sage who explains them. Miss Rynes evidently believes in reincarnation. We hope that she will outlive many of her pretensions in this life, for she has written one or two very heartfelt verses. "The Song of the Gull's Ghost" in the present volume is a creditable piece of work.

**Fire and Wine.** By John G. Fletcher. (The Riverside Press. 2s.)

Some terribly raw love verses of the press-kiss-upon-kiss-upon-lips order, almost all ending with a hint that she has not really got him though she thinks she has, agreeably give place to some amusing addresses to an editor and a publisher who refused "to publish my poems." The author warns the foolish editor how hopeless it all is to try and keep him out of things:

Who knows in acid-bitten bronze to scrape  
His thought he need not fear to die unknown:  
His immortality he cannot 'scape;  
He rests, as rests the steel-grey granite stone.

There are many ridiculous outbursts in this volume, yet sometimes appear suggestions of truer moods, though few persons will care to seek for these amongst so much nonsense.

**A Symphony.** By Arthur E. J. Legge. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.)

The style of the title verses is what the ancient critics used to call licentious, being a lickerish mixture of the serious and the comic, the formal and the uncouth, the beautiful and the vulgar. There happens not to be a line of poetry in the whole fifty-six pages, but one feels sure that this is a mere oversight on the part of the compiler who has borrowed everything else from Nature to tourists. The "Symphony" is not amusing, but perhaps it was not meant to be. Commonplace verses fill up the book.

**Maytime Songs.** By Annie Mathieson. (Goschen. 2s. 6d.)

Verses of a most curiously naïve grandiosity, not at all offensive. Miss Mathieson believes deeply in the approachableness of God, hence, as we think, her trusting temerity. She builds her verses almost in the shapes of the Cross and the Altar, and is not afraid. From another pen we might have abhorred the notion of the supreme bliss of the Supreme being expressed in the marriage of mortals. But if we go on in this strain some of our readers will be charging us with Jesuitry!

## Pastiche.

### SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Twenty more minutes!

The Young Man and the Girl were still sitting in their room—their round room with its round windows and its round harmony of colours. The wall was painted filmy grey—like an evening mist—the chairs were a slate-blue, and the carpet was an apple-green. Somewhat cold in effect it was, but just relieved and warmed by little splashes of colour, by the bronze-tint of their divan, by the amber of their soft robes, by the daring auburn of her hair—auburn as autumn leaves—and by the distant blue of her eyes which were as blue as a winter sky.

They lived in this Harmony of Colours because the whole world was living in a great Colour Scheme. The very road outside the grey-stoned house was coloured greyish-blue, and dappled by the pale brick-red of silent, swiftly-moving cars. For this was the Golden Age—the real and ultimate Golden Age—which had begun ten years ago, Anno Hominis Two Thousand. And now there were only twenty more minutes.

The Young Man mused with half-closed eyes and a faint cynical smile twitching at his lips.

So Man at last was perfect . . . perfect in mind and body—were not His diseased or lunatic babies painlessly killed? Perfect in shape—did not His hideous sons commit suicide? And He was perfect in that artificial existence, Society. . . There was Equality, real Equality of Social Beings. . . He had read of a time long past when some Fools had cried "Equality," while Nature was making some men wise. But now Equality was real, for those whom Nature had not equally endowed, Man killed. . . The irony of it—the farce of it—tickled his subtle humour, and he laughed. Then his face became sad and solemn. . .

And Society was at peace! How different it was in these days! He had heard of a struggle to live in those over-populous times, centuries ago, before the coming of the Eugenists who had destroyed the family. Ever since then, indeed, excess of babies had been branded as a social evil: and in these days even the few who troubled to produce them, generally found them too ugly to rear in the World Colour Scheme. The problem of life indeed was different. It was no longer the struggle to live: it was now the struggle to die. . . It amused the Young Man hugely.

Yes, he thought, it all began with the Perfection of the Art of Living which took outward shape in this gigantic Colour Scheme. Everything on earth harmonised. Everything was one vast rhythmical blending of colours. Everything was pure to behold, pure to hear, pure to do. That was why there was a struggle to die. There was no relaxation, no restful change for the mind: there was no freedom of movement—you might move on to the wrong colours, you might eat or drink the wrong colours. Yes, it was intolerable, this Colour Scheme. But you could not abolish it; you could not violate Man's Perfection. Retrogression was the one unpardonable sin. There was only one thing to be done—to abolish Life. Again the farce of it all brought a smile to his serious face.

The Girl seemed to be sleeping. Her auburn lashes had closed upon her dreary eyes. She was strangely beautiful in sleep, he thought.

"Ten more minutes now," he said, smiling.

"What?" she answered, dreamily.

"Ten more minutes—before the Universal Suicide of Man, at midnight."

And his smile broke into a low musical laugh.

"Ten minutes! How long it seems!"

"I knew it would come to this," he went on. "I remember saying a few years ago, when we had only just reached Perfection in Sound, that Perfection in Colour would be fatal. You see, we could go about with cotton-wool in our ears, but we can't go about with cotton-wool in our eyes. We could avoid hearing harmony; but we can't avoid seeing harmony—in this World Colour Scheme. At least, we are going to at last: we are going to die." And he laughed again.

There was a pause, and they looked strangely at each other.

"Will you be sorry to leave me?" he asked. "We shall never meet again."

"Is it annihilation after death, then?" she asked, wearily.

"My dear, its centuries ago since we parted with the idea of a 'soul.' Why, you know we only reached social peace and happiness when we gave up the restless struggle to perfect the 'soul' for the restful and simple task of

perfecting the body." And he mouthed the sarcasm in "simple."

"Ye-es." She looked at him sadly and discontentedly. She, like the rest of womankind, had taken this Golden Age as it came, without comment. But she had not been prepared for this Universal Suicide.

"Shall we kiss before we die?" he asked. "It's rather pagan. But let's pretend we are Man and Wife. Centuries ago, you know, they used to call themselves Husband and Wife. Shall we?"

"I was waiting," was all she said.

They rose, and together they sat down upon the bronze-coloured divan. Their lips drew near: their pale eyes flashed light for a moment into each other, and they kissed. Her auburn hair, the amber of their clothes, and the dull bronze of the divan, were a wonderful blending of colours.

"Good-bye," he said. "Another minute, and the Poison Gas will be diffused."

"Good-bye!"

Midnight chimed in low harmonious chords. As the last chord died away, through the open window crept in the Poison Gas. And into every house, over every field and hill, through every isle and land, poured out the deadly fumes from millions of gasometers, and curled and wreathed, and twined and killed. Not a human being escaped. Some men died talking in the streets, some died sleeping in their beds, some died singing in their baths. The Young Man and the Girl were kissing as they died.

They had fallen back now upon the divan. The Young Man seemed to be struggling for breath. Suddenly he raised his head from hers, and a ghastly smile plucked at the corners of his mouth.

"I have won!" he cried, in hideous, gasping laughter. "It was my idea—this Suicide. . . I discovered the Poison Gas. And I have tricked Him at last! . . . I have tricked Him . . . after all these ages. . . But he is tricked now! We are all dead. . . Ha! Ha! He has no one to sport with . . . no one to play with. . . Ha! I have sold Him!" . . .

"Who? Who?" cried the dying Girl.

"Why, GOD!" And falling back into each other's arms, they died.

And a faint, ghostly wailing, like summer wind about the trees, softly echoed from the four quarters of the earth. It was the dying World's Sigh of Relief.

E. H. DAVENPORT.

### THE BATH OF PSYCHE.

Oh, on a windy moor to-day I walked,  
When beat my face the uncouth breeze unbalked,  
Bathed me in a much too primitive stream,  
For up before my mind arose Supreme.  
To Him within my heart was bent my knee,  
I bowed my head and then adored Him free;  
But He at me did look just then and smile,  
And down below He went with laugh awhile.—

From out the mist appeared a cottage scene,  
The house amidst the trees to stand was seen;  
Sprang up before the door a woman's form,  
Which disappeared at once before the storm;  
The raging tempest stopped, and then a change  
Came on the spot, a movement passing strange;  
All signs of man had vanished, peace was now;  
Where woman stood before there was a cow.—

The damsel proud, ethereal whose eyes,  
Who glanced me up and filled a wretch with sighs,  
I passed on, and entered college porch,  
Where there majestic porter stood with torch;  
As small as bug was I beneath the door,  
Who walked in boldly from the vasty moor,  
While college folk I saw a long way off,  
Who when they saw me did not deign to doff.—

Beside his right when pedagogue came in,  
A door stood dark set in a wall of green,  
And by the door, below a wooden hood  
A gaudy statue of Madonna stood.  
But as the greenish wall it changed to pink,  
The figure altered too in half a wink,  
And long before I could conclude my mope  
I saw a bell was fixed there with its rope.—

The pedagogue behind him altar had;  
Appeared he in shining brass was clad;  
These metal vestments turned to cloth of priest,  
Although before he was an armèd beast,  
And when his swordish eyes sank into mine,  
I caught that sight of him which was, in fine,  
Though he was after dressed in cleric guise,  
The soul of brute and that of serpent wise.—

At night I wandered home with thorny heart,  
Of all about me saw I only part;  
A lighted ball before me walked the sky;  
I could not run beneath how might I try;  
A rain of light before me dropped fast;  
My hand it could not reach, though out it cast,  
I felt a mellow light behind my head,  
But caught a sky of olive-green instead.—

In their seats before me travellers slept,  
Like in a moving mist the dead who wept;  
To life again they came in fumes of Hell,  
And brought to me the tears of Hell as well;  
The sleep of death descended on me then:  
I dreamt I slipped the presence of these men,  
But falling through Abaddon broke my nap—  
I found my head upon my neighbour's lap.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

#### THE SOFT JOB STATE.

If Carlyle were alive now he might be tempted, if only for a moment or so, to revise his opinion of the multitude. The forty million are learning, yes, actually learning that if they exert themselves over much they'll begin to think, and then—why, then, they might lose their soft jobs. They have just cunning enough to know that the moment they do begin to think they will become dissatisfied with their present condition, and that they will have to choose fresh leaders; leaders who might disturb them; who might actually lead them out of the Seventh Industrial Circle.

The better class of worker can do nothing against these contented dwellers in the Soft Job State. He is being deserted every day and every hour by his prospective leaders in revolt, who are fast betaking themselves to lands where lunacy, at least, is less apparent.

And consider, too, those choice Sidesmen in the S.I.C. Those psalm-singing deacons of the damned. Statesmen we called them at one time, but now they are become tax-collectors, illicit divi-hunters, and insurance agents for the Mutual Liability Co., Ltd. These, too, have tasted of the salaried ease of the soft job, and are enervated of the comforts thereof, which, in their swelling, platform moments, they mistake for the signs of civilisation. For now that the Mutual Liability Co.'s charity co-ordinated State is thoroughly well established, they cannot only do as they like with their own—to whit, the dwellers in the S.I.C.—but their own will lick their boots in ecstasy.

And consider, too, the nobility of the new Sidesmen; their anxious care, and loving kindness. How that out of the S.I.C. they have sprung forward, fully versed in the beatific arts of sidesmanic pacification. How that the degenerate white nigger, not being able to make his black brother's music, they have given him the gramophone in lieu of the banjo. And have they not also provided him with his daily picture paper, not to speak of the picture house? What soul could withstand their idiotic efficiency?

And consider, further, that the children of the better sort of worker are being demoralised before his very eyes; leaving him more and more hopeless in that he knows that so long as these whizzing, whirling, flashing appeals to their budding intelligence prevail, his children cannot grow up in that divine discontent which, like Reason, marks man off from the beasts. Divine Discontent! Out of the mouths of the juvenile dwellers in the S.I.C. cometh also the cry for the soft, soft job.

Yet, alas, all is not well in the Soft Job State! The new Sidesmen, now that they are being hit in pitting their intelligence against the intelligence of the foreign producer, are having further to exercise their anxious care and loving kindness in the endeavour to enable the dwellers in the S.I.C. to make up the difference in the Sidesmen's losses in foreign markets.

Now consider, also, this. The would-be Sidesmen, having been out of Practice (or office, as it were) for some years, are men of little wisdom. These will insist on shouting "Tariff Reform," to the great annoyance, as you can very easily imagine, of the divinely established. What was ninence for fourpence? A bagatelle. Why, our thoughtful Sidesmen are devising a scheme, if it is not already cut-and-dried, whereby they will ultimately get labour for nothing. Tariff Reform! Tut-tut! The Mental Deficiency Bill—ssshhh! Mental deficiency. Are they not artful flatterers?

Yes, it is only too true that our Sidesman is rapidly finding that he can no longer all-successfully compete with the German, the Austrian, the Frenchman, and his all-fired brother, the Yank. But whatever will he do when the Chrysanthemum is in full industrial bloom? However, all's well, as yet, in the S.I.C. The dwellers therein have their insurance cards, and our Sidesman is going to

be insured against the sympathetic strike. Let us, therefore, give thanks for the heavenly glory of Mutual Aid.

But of all those that dwell in and about the S.I.C. there is one section that has ever been a thorn in the mid-rib of the Mutual Liability Co., Ltd. And that one particular section exemplifies, above all others, the stupidity, the low cunning, and the hoggish gluttony of the lunatic. This choice specimen of the genus homo, to wit, the land-hog—frightened away capital when capital was seeking new fields to devour. Not only did he steadfastly decline to think, but he set up a lugubrious howling lest it should be known he was making more than a bare living. Along with the other dwellers in the Soft Job State, he desired nothing more than to be let alone, with the result that by the exercise of his native prerogative, the grunt, he has reduced the noblest profession in the world to the level of gombeen greediness.

However, retribution is at hand. With contracting markets abroad, and the sympathetic strike beginning its rehearsals at home, it is more than ever necessary to the continued well-being of the M. L. Co., Ltd., that fresh blood should be drawn into the urban heart of the S.I.C. to make up for the "deficients" whom it will be necessary to weed out.

Yes, our Sidesmen, and the would-be Sidesmen, both have their country's affairs at heart. The minimum wage will close the land-hog's fist even tighter than it now is, and small ownership will tie up the small holder's mite and strand him most effectually; and the steady stream off the land will become a stampede. Agriculture being the Way Out of the Seventh Industrial Circle, we may safely trust our Sidesmen to see to the death of agriculture. The dwellers will rest content, and the Sidesmen will remain happy a little longer with their heads in the sand.

Let us sing the virtues of Mutual Aid.

MINICUS.

#### ADONAI IN KENSINGTON.

They might have looted bargains at the sales  
(They really had a lot of time to spare),  
They might have practised Czerny's minor scales,  
Or sauntered in the Park to take the air.  
They might have read the journal that regales  
Its patrons with the latest German scare.  
But in a drawing-room they took their seats  
To hear a paper on the Odes of Keats.

You figure them (as H. G. Wells would say)  
Ranged stiffly round a sofa by the wall.  
An ancient gentleman in rusty grey  
Began a discourse in the fractious drawl  
Wherein our clergymen are wont to pray—  
Which after half an hour is apt to pall.  
He spouted verse, he quoted yards of prose:  
And finally sat down and wiped his nose.

Then silence . . . till a sprightly dame in red,  
Who might have been a barmaid on the spree,  
Rose with a simper and demurely said  
How nice that poem sounded, and that she  
Was so much grieved to hear that Keats was dead.  
A whisper then went round concerning tea.  
Two ladies yawned, three coughed—all looked depressed—  
Then tea was brought, and they fell to with zest.

The tongues began to wag: "How very nice!"  
"And only six-three?" "Does her husband know?"  
"Oh, such a frightful hat!" "Another slice?"  
"Two lumps, with milk." "In town it's very slow."  
"Don't breathe a word!" "I wish I had an ice."  
"And how's the countess?" "Well, it's time to go."  
"So good of you." "His uncle is an earl."  
"At least ten thousand." "What a clever girl."

The ancient gentleman in rusty grey  
Was purring compliments in mincing tones,  
Whereat a beldame, waxing very gay,  
Tempted him with a dish of buttered scones—  
He swallowed five before he came away,  
Stifling a rumble of digestive groans.  
But yet unflinchingly he bore this ache—  
Was not the cause of Poesy at stake?

They might have chuckled at the latest coon,  
Or let the cinema improve their mind;  
They also might have read the "Blue Lagoon"  
Or some such fiction of the bluer kind,  
Or else they might have gone to see "Typhoon"—  
It is so soothing after one has dined.  
But this I must confess: it really beats  
Me why they went to hear the Odes of Keats.

P. SELVER.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—The discussion of the National Guild System is provoking many questions in my mind, and leads me to request the writers of the articles to add articles on the following subjects:—

(a) An historical description of the social functions of an actual guild with modifications to show how it could adapt itself to modern conditions. I urge this appeal to history as the logical counter-criticism to test the first stage of the elaborated thesis. The phrase "counter-criticism" does not imply any Hegelian dialectics, of which I am innocent, but merely to turn from analytical description to historical perspective, from the machine to the process. Further, pedagogically considered, my mind (not unique in this particular) elaborates the thesis better from the concrete, or historical illustration, than from the bare abstract analysis. Few of your readers are able to observe any large tracts of society at first hand!

(b) An analysis of "value," differentiated from "wealth," "money," "commodity," "labour," "power," or any concrete form. My conviction has come to be that "value" cannot be reduced to equivalent terms of "labour power," but is a social element distinct from it, and is a product of society operating through the "market" or processes of trade. Of course, the most permanent element of value is quantitative labour-power. This goes without saying. The correct theory of value has a bearing on the concepts of "justice," "equality," etc.

(c) Further discussion of political action. I had discarded the common notion that "voting" is an exercise of "power" before reading the discussion in THE NEW AGE. But I still believe that it is worth while voting, if you have any idea what for. Without denying the cogency of your argument for economic power as preliminary to political power, I feel that your analysis is defective. Is not the suffrage franchise an exercise of that social function, which is an element in every contract or agreement? The psychological, as well as the legal nexus that holds society together, that constitutes its social cement, and that gives virtue to social coherency, is that universal sentiment which is most elaborately and formally exhibited in the varying forms of the contract.

Government has always been by "consent." But, obviously, the consent has emanated from an exceedingly inert and "passive citizenship." As I am unacquainted with Rousseau's "Social Contract," I do not know how far the idea hinted at here is similar to his. But I am sure that any modern adaptation of an eighteenth century idea must be applied by much more mobile principles than Rousseau could have formulated. I do not believe that we can find our political principles ready-made for modern use in Burke, Rousseau, or any other observer, howsoever useful the study of his writings may be.

The most obvious defect with modern political institutions is the ignorance of the electorate of their use. Society has elaborated all this machinery without developing adequate intelligence to use it. Consequently, just as the priests easily acquired a monopoly of religious functions, so that no one could be officially religious contrary to the dictates of the priestly Syndicalists, so human society has become so complex, and politics so deviously abstract, that the unskilled layman is utterly confused by the whole technique.

Modern States are so delicately constituted that some sort of authorised consent is essential to their financial undertakings. Peaceful industry must earn the interest even on war bonds. Consequently, war must be limited to the recuperative power of peaceful industry. Contentment, political consent, and industry are equivalent terms in political technology.

Should the electorate, or even the disfranchised proletariat withhold consent by refusing to vote, or by boycotting public functions, that alone would presage revolution.

(d) An article defining the political status of those not eligible to National Guilds.

(e) A discussion of the question whether mothers should be organised in a guild. You have recently emphasised the fundamental usefulness of agriculture, regardless of its "profitableness," and have also called attention to the necessity of the Army and Navy. If these have fundamental social functions, much more has motherhood.

May I interject the impression that most of the writers for THE NEW AGE were born in clubs, editorial sanctums, libraries, art galleries—anywhere but in a "home." However that may be, two long periods of my own life have

been spent at home, with an interval of fourteen years' scholastic sojourning. Consequently, my conviction is that of all human institutions, the "home" is the most badly in need of revolution and re-adaptations. A woman never made a "home," and cannot do so, under any hitherto existing conditions. Both men and women use the "home" for very limited purposes. They escape from it on all sorts of occasions. Some "home bodies" love it, more often from quiet habits than from any appreciation of its possibilities and real functions.

You manipulate some Nietzschean notions about women, but do not seem to have bothered your heads to analyse their nature and social functions.

(f) An outline of the elementary principles of the education essential to the establishment of the guild system. Most of our discussion of social questions fails to deal with education. Some assume that man is an ideal animal with magical abilities to adapt himself to any imaginary environment. Others assume that he is incapable of performing any other functions than those he now happens to perform, according to the vicissitudes of his class, opportunity, or individual ability. My own view is that a far greater revolution is possible for culture than for material welfare. The ignorance of mankind is even grosser than its poverty. We need a minimum of wealth sufficient to ensure a degree of universal leisure and a minimum of social "technique" essential to universal efficiency to constitute the material and technical basis for a real democracy, which, to my mind, has never yet existed.

As a point of analysis, social "technique" should be differentiated from mere quantitative labour power. The contract of the guilds with the State will specify that the guild is under obligation to educate every member in the whole technique of the industry. We will "learn by doing" then far more than we now think it possible. Much of our schooling will be shifted to the shop, mine, and farm. Education will be less scholastic; far more based on actual observation than now. It will be the function of every industry to acquire culture, as well as produce wealth. This will result through the collaboration of industry and leisure, through the operation of social intercourse as part of the industrial process.

Hoping that the writers of the articles on a National Guild System will interpret all my categorical statements in the form of questions, and find them within the scope of their present thesis.

New York.

T. J. LLOYD.

[The Writers of the Articles on National Guilds reply:

(a) This is scarcely our province for the present; but we note, with much interest, that many writers are now investigating the subject and publishing their researches. As these appear, we hope to make full use of them.

(b) We agree with your correspondent that "value" can be defined, apart from any concrete form, as a certain relation between society and the trade. In practice, we see no difficulty in the determination of value by means of an agreement between the State and the Guild. All the elements involved would need to be taken into account, and the final schedules of the deeds of partnership would indicate the relative "value" placed by society upon the various classes of work. If, for example, the State entered into a contract with the Guild of Railwaymen, the "pay" of the latter would be regulated on the scale of the social value of their services. This might conceivably be less or more than the pay of a Medical Guild, or of a Guild of Agriculturists.

(c) The function of the suffrage is obviously the right of every citizen. Given a nation of citizens politics is the duty of each corporate member. But our contention is that the present wage-slaves are no more citizens than were the serfs of former days. If they were all Epictetuses of wisdom, they would still be as subject economically to their masters; and their political consent would be ordinarily taken for granted.

(d) An article on this subject has already appeared.

(e) Motherhood is not a public industry, and we should be sorry to see it degraded to this category. Your correspondent might as well suggest a National Guild of Sweethearts. Our articles deal with the organisation of industry, and we are gratified to be assured that no private "home-note" has crept into them. Home is our personal affair, and we hope it will always be.

(f) An article is in preparation on the subject of Education under the Guild System; but we have already given hints of our views. They do not differ much, we think, from those of your correspondent.]

## THE EMPIRE AND ENGLAND.

Sir,—Reviewing Mr. Bryce's "University and Historical Addresses," these words are used in your issue of July 24: "Our English Common Law . . . like the English Constitution . . . is not based on any written principles . . . we make up our principles as we go along." The customs of Peckham may not be the customs of England, but the Common Law (usage), and the Constitution of the English is solely, I submit, of the sovereign British nation, of which both Peckham and England are no more than a part. The Crown also is British, not English. Or, if the Crown, the Common Law, the Constitution, and the sovereign Nation are all English, then a Canadian is either subject (*i.e.*, inferior) to the English, or a foreigner. Personally, as matters are in this country, barring equitable British inter-State (not imperial) co-operation, I would prefer alienation rather than subjection. It is just possible that then the other un-English 30,000,000 Britons would join an English-speaking federation in the most progressive, and coming new commercial, centre of the world in the Pacific—a federation of the States, Australasia, and Canada. England, and the English, could then crow across to Belgium; but there is really no reason, only idiocy, in this chortling over the British, upon whom they, and the British Empire, depend.

But I had already answered all this, before I received your paper, in the enclosed letter, a letter rejected (as I expected) by the British Constitution Association's publication.

A. G. CRAFTER.

## TO THE EDITOR OF "CONSTITUTION PAPERS."

Sir,—It is a common experience to men who think and write their own thoughts to find themselves barred expression by the only authorities of popular orthodoxy. Perhaps I am wasting my time; but, perhaps again, you may permit me to briefly comment on what seems Sir Graham Bower's only local partisan economics, and on "Index's" article on "Parliament and the Constitution," both in your last number.

"Index" appears to suggest that Parliament (he means St. Stephen's) has no authority to change the Constitution. I agree. Yet "Index," who, for all I know, may be an Irishman, would probably, from force of usage, speak of the English Constitution. A Constitution, as I understand it, should predicate the fundamental basic principles, though not the unchanging laws, of the whole Nation and its governing administrative and legislative bodies. A national Constitution must be national. The British Constitution is nationally British, including all the British nation. But the Constitution, though of the nation, is, like the Crown, less than the nation, dependent on the nation. Sovereignty, in other words, expressed by the Crown, resides ultimately, wholly and solely, in the nation. The Constitution must conform to the nation, to the nation as it is, not as it was. Therefore, because, among other reasons, this nation is of the British Empire, we might usefully determine (1) What is British sovereignty, the sovereignty that is over (not "within") the Empire? (2) What, apart from the empire, is the British nation and kingdom in its present stage of development?

Now, Sir, half of the people of British patriotism (which, of course, does not include any part of the subject coloured empire), a rapidly decreasing, and the poorest, proportion, is English. The balance, and the English, is British. If any one word could connote nationality, that word is patriotism. Racial integrity is unknown in nations. Racial origin, obviously, is not an essential part of nationality. But patriotism and sovereignty must be, and can only be, national. Parliamentary institutions cannot limit national expansion. Conversely, sections of the British race of various ethnic origins, or of various Parliamentary or geographical environments, if of British patriotism, like the English, Australians, Welsh, etc., are not nations. Speaking as a Canadian, I contend that you cannot relegate Canadians to an Empire association, or to any association which does not include British sovereignty, you cannot exclude them from their historic British birth-right (they also, their forefathers also, gained and made the British empire), or jumble them, as you do, with the coloured hordes of the Empire, or exclude them from the sovereign nationality which is their patriotism, unless, that is, you desire that they shall become, like the people of the United States, a foreign nation. But if Canadians became an un-British nation, then, unquestionably, Americans, Australians, and Canadians, would form some kind of a political union for joint action in the coming new Pacific centre of the world's commerce; where, it happens, over 80 per cent. of Britain's oversea capital investments are. And that would also mean Britain's

isolation, as well as the end of the Empire. But, after all, the British of the Dominion States are really not in any sense inferior to the English. They are only more British than the English.

For the above reasons, for other generally suppressed (by the Money-Power—its Press, its Parties) economic and political reasons, for historic reasons, and for reasons of fact, I claim that both the British Constitution and British Parliamentary authority have devolved to the guardianship of five States, and five Parliaments. Today, National sovereignty (the Crown is based on the Nation) is split up between five, both independent and inter-dependent, States. Thirty years from now the bulk of the Nation will live in the Dominion States. During the past four and a half years new capital public subscriptions in this market have been apportioned as follows:—

To the United Kingdom (pop. 45,000,000)...	£133,000,000
To Canada (pop. 7,250,000) .....	£132,000,000

The United States, Britain's chief competitor, will soon be doing more business with the British Empire than the United Kingdom does. Britain's trade and wages, compared with her principal competitors, are both retrogressive. There is no remedy, without British national co-operation in British national (five States) resources. German trade and real wages exceed Britain's. Her foreign trade also will probably surpass Britain's next year. Britain's trade, where the bulk of her oversea investments are, is relatively retrogressive. Empire is a matter of prestige, not of imperial (empire) prestige, but of the sovereign Power's National prestige. English, or Canadian, prestige is of little moment, if British National prestige remains unimpaired. But, apart from Party politics, the fact is clear that Britain cannot, without courting disaster, stand alone much longer. The British, on the other hand, in combination, can.

This Nation, and its kingdom, has expanded to five States of one Sovereignty, which, in five countries, include the illimitable real wealth in natural and national (not imperial—the Nation is greater than its empire) resources of over 8,000,000 square miles of territory. Hence, if this and the foregoing is true, the British Constitution, like Parliamentary machinery, like our impossible, ancient and inadequate terminology, is in urgent need of revision. We are greater than we know. We have outgrown our past. There is no precedent, nothing to cling to, no guide. We can only exercise our own initiative, stand on our own feet, and do the best we can with more than any other nation has ever had. Yet the sovereignty which was exclusively in the mother country, and St. Stephen's, has devolved in fact, if not in written law, from one to five Parliaments, from one to five States and countries, of one nation, kingdom, and people, with a common patriotism. The economic inter-dependence of these States (unknown to local Parties, or suppressed) is so involved that adequate social reform (wages, etc.), in the mother State is impossible without inter-State co-operation. Imperial (empire) and National defence must continue inefficient and insecure, must remain an unfair and excessive strain on the mother State, without inter-State co-operation. But effectual co-operation can only follow an equitable representation of each State in foreign and in defensive affairs. Finally, may I point out that Parliament (any British Parliament) has no authority or power to change the British Constitution by Act, for the very simple reason that none of his Majesty's five State autonomous Parliaments can now claim to represent British national sovereignty. There is no National Parliament.

I have left myself no time or space to deal with Sir Graham Bower's theoretical deductions from the mass of quotations which constitute his letter. In that way one could prove anything. On his own showing—"Population flows to (high) wages": "Capital attracts population": "Security attracts capital," and so on—the wage-earners of this country should migrate en masse to the other States of their kingdom. And, of course, his conclusion that a smaller yield per acre is conclusive evidence of a poorer soil is just the kind of chimera that inexperience would logically deduce. Nevertheless, what Sir Graham Bower terms "the poorer lands of Canada," which, so far, are still the best-selected lands of that country, as a matter of common knowledge, in their natural state are generally richer than any lands in England, in their natural state.

If one should consider the best welfare of the mass of Britain's inhabitants, then, I say, that this Land Question, as well as practically every other considerable problem before this public, must be studied not only in its aspect as a State question, but also, and predominantly, in its

inter-State relation to British National resources and tendencies. Capitalism, to its sole profit, does this. But the Press and the pseudo-economists, and Parties, of this little country, do not encourage their public to think nationally. What relation has the phrase "The Wealth of England" to the wealth (or poverty) of the people of England? Both the nation, and its empire, are indubitably rich in illimitable resources. How does it profit this public? It does not. Empire is only a tax on this poorest, most glorious State of the Nation. Yet it could, and should, become a source of profit to the meanest of its citizens.

A. G. CRAFTS.

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

Sir,—Had "A. E. R." criticised my book in the most virulent way of which he is capable, I should not have troubled you with a word. I only notice the criticisms of a critic for whose judgment I have some respect, and whose disapproval I should regret. "A. E. R." is not within that category.

But "A. E. R." did not review my book at all. It is not reviewing to misstate the contents of a book, interlarding the errors with personal references to the author's "self-importance," which cannot really be relevant. I might as well reply by commenting upon the personal habits of my critic. The issue between us is not a critical question, but one of truthfulness.

In his reply, "A. E. R." shows the condition of his mind in several further blunders. He says: "It is no justification of the re-publication of a correspondence which Mr. Norman *himself* informs us is now out of date." I have never used any such language. I do not re-publish material which I myself have stated "to be out of date." He then states that I said: "I was acquainted with 'much greater persons' than myself." This is a fabrication. I stated "much greater persons" than myself had had their letters opened, not that I was acquainted with the "much greater persons."

He also remarks: "The history of the imposition of the poll-tax on the Zulus is told twice: in 'A Letter' it occupies two pages, in 'The Honour of Liberalism,' it occupies 3½ pages." The innuendo attaching to this otherwise meaningless sentence is that the re-statement is repetition. This is quite false. "The Letter" has facts in it about the Zulu rebellion which were unknown to me at the date of the article on "The Honour of Liberalism." That article, curiously enough, was favourably noticed in THE NEW AGE; and I shall always be glad of having written it because it first brought me into touch with the present editor of THE NEW AGE. "A. E. R." is welcome to his comment that that cannot be a matter of public interest.

I have never read any Republican pamphlets, so I cannot tell whether "A. E. R." is right in his reflections upon my article on "The Glamour of the Throne"; but I never claimed to be "the authority" upon the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, or on any other subject; though, no doubt, the public will be duly impressed by the important news that "A. E. R." regards Mr. T. C. T. Potts as the authority on this subject, and not the signatory to this letter.

C. H. NORMAN.

["A. E. R." replies: Mr. Norman is entitled to his opinion of me, but he should at least be logical in his expression of it. If he only notices "the criticisms of a critic for whose judgment he has some respect," it is a *non sequitur* to say, in his notice of my remarks, that I do not come within that category. Apart from these personal matters (these natural antipathies are to be deplored: they obscure sense, and degrade style), Mr. Norman has very little to say. In his first letter, he said that I had made "several grave misstatements of fact." I replied in detail, and I suppose that Mr. Norman has dropped that charge, as I am now impugned only on what I said in my letter. I must say that I do not intend to carry on a controversy of quibbles with Mr. Norman; if he does not know the meaning of language, I hope that your readers do, and that they are properly bored by Mr. Norman's attempts to misunderstand me. For example, I said in my review that Mr. Norman's correspondence with Lord Morley's secretary could not be regarded as public affairs. I may also say that Mr. Norman did not extract an admission from Lord Morley's secretary that Mr. Norman's Indian correspondence had been officially tampered with: on the contrary, he was told that Lord Morley "has now ascertained that the Government of India have given no authority by which any letter posted at Calcutta could be lawfully intercepted or opened by any postal or other official of Government. Any such action, if taken in this case by a postal official, was, therefore, totally unauthorised." Mr. Norman may have had a case for suspicion, but we, the public, have no interest in

his suspicions. If his purpose in re-publishing this correspondence was to reform the Indian postal service, I can only retort that Mr. Norman himself has told us that the reform had already been accomplished. In his last letter, he said: "The publication of the correspondence with Lord Morley led to an abandonment of the policy of interfering with letters addressed to Englishmen in India." I say that is a preposterous claim; Mr. Norman is not the man to make the Indian Government change its policy, and, in this case, Mr. Norman's assertion is directly countered by the declaration of Lord Morley's secretary. But if the publication of the correspondence had resulted in a change of policy (which is absurd), what possible object could be served by re-publishing the correspondence? As I said before, nothing but Mr. Norman's self-importance could have prompted the re-publication; for the literary value of the correspondence is nil. It should be clear from this statement that Mr. Norman himself has informed us that the correspondence is now out of date; for if the Indian Government is no longer doing what it never admitted doing, no public purpose can be served by this re-publication.

Mr. Norman certainly did not say that he was acquainted with much greater persons than himself; and I did not say that he said so. I said that he "assured" us of the fact. He told us that "it [the correspondence] was some measure of the methods adopted against much greater persons than" himself; and it was a fair inference from that statement to assume that Mr. Norman was acquainted with these persons. His reference to Lord Stanmore in his last letter supports this inference, although Mr. Norman's reference to himself as "a humble person" defines, to some extent, the nature of his relations with the "much greater." But whether he is acquainted with them or not, their superior position did not enable them to bring sufficient pressure to bear on the Indian Government to compel it to cease doing something it had never admitted doing; the potency was all in Mr. Norman's publication of his complaint. Really, Mr. Norman should be reasonable in these matters.

With reference to Mr. Norman's accusation of falsehood, directed against my statement that he has repeated his charge against the Government concerning the imposition of the poll-tax on the Zulus, I can find in "A Letter" only this addition of fact to the narrative in "The Honour of Liberalism." "The Privy Council assembled at 10 a.m. on April 2 to consider the application for leave to appeal. The judges refused to interfere," etc. For the rest, the facts are the same, the quotations are the same; and while I do not pretend that the language has been literally transcribed, there is little variation. This is an insufficient basis for a charge of falsehood; and although it seems useless for me to make suggestions to Mr. Norman in his present state of feeling, I suggest that he should give a rest to such words and phrases as "falsehood," "grave mis-statements of fact," and so forth. If he does not, Mr. Norman's vocabulary will be inadequate when something really happens.

I am sincerely obliged to Mr. Potts for his correction in your last issue. I did not know these facts, and Mr. Norman's replies give no inkling of them. I can only withdraw my remarks on this subject, and offer Mr. Norman a frank apology for having made them.]

#### THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Randall is incorrigible but marvellously adroit. When I point out that it was John the Baptist, and not Christ, who told the soldiers to be content with their wages, he airily answers, "Never mind; Christ would have said it had it occurred to Him." Now, if Mr. Randall wishes to know the meaning of John's remark, it taught that the soldiers should not add to their wages by *pillage*. This is all it taught. His words never had any application to the wage system.

Do I mention Guilds? Then Mr. Randall is ready to prove—

1. That mediæval guilds and "National Guilds" are not identical. (I never said that they were.)

2. That Catholicism did not invent them. (I never said that it did).

And neither did Catholicism invent chastity or humility, but it encouraged them—as it did the guilds. Protestantism, however, went carefully to work, and deliberately smashed them.

Then somebody wrote to you, sir, saying something (or so I gather from Mr. Randall, for I did not see the letter) about the communism of the primitive Church. "But," blandly explains Mr. Randall, "the primitive Church contained any number of cranks."

Mr. Randall has a new christological theory. It is that

Christ had an exoteric doctrine for the working classes and an esoteric one for His "disciples." This is his reply to me: "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 his disciples have not been in doubt about it.*" The italics are mine. The most innocent-looking of His parables and sayings have a double meaning. Even his denunciations of riches are only artful attempts to get the rich to renounce their possessions in favour of His disciples. Thus the parable of "A merchant seeking goodly pearls" would explain why so many jewellers are Jews; while the undeniable liking that many Christians have for mustard all springs (vide Mr. Randall) out of the parable of the mustard seed.

I suppose, sir, that I cannot tempt Mr. Randall to leave "His congenial thistles

To go and browse on Paul's Epistles."

But if he has time (it may give him food for an article on the economics of St. Paul), let him read the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews—of those "who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. . . . They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute"—and then let him say if the disciples, who had no doubt about the inner capitalistic meaning of Christ's parables, have received their reward.

Mr. Randall's final answer is extremely ingenious. "The Gospels are full of Christs: pick the one you like best." There is an answer to this, but I shall not give it now.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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Sir,—I cannot keep my hands off Mr. Randall, dead horse that he is. First, I did not write as a Christian, but as a critic, so he has no right to assume that my attack results from his having said something true. Second, the renewed attempt, despite his lame confession of error, to make one man responsible for the ideas of another is more feeble than before. John's teaching stands on its own feet, and can only, by a stretch of the most sophistic imagination, be said to be the foundation of the wages system. But why not ask the writers on Guild Socialism their opinion on Mr. Randall's artful exegesis? They surely must know something about economics. Third, I categorically deny that the non-correction by Christ of a given judgment makes him responsible for it. Am I responsible for all the errors of Mr. Randall that I have not corrected? Heaven help us! Fourth, about the kingdom of God being within, it is *not* strange that it is only once said. That is a teaching of a psychological or metaphysical nature. The parables do not say what it is, but what it is *like*. Therefore, their analysis, according to the external sense is an absurdity.

Mr. Randall says the only difference between us is one of interpretation, and that I prefer the orthodox. He knows nothing about my orthodoxy at all, and, if he did, it would not be germane. But I must stop; every line of his rejoinder needs correction, so I satisfy myself with a formal repudiation of responsibility for errors too trivial to notice.

WILLIAM L. HARE.

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#### THE STRINDBERG BOOM.

Sir,—The boom was already in the air when I was on a visit to the States early last year. Strindberg, they told me, was "coming": he was bound to come: he had *got* to come. I bowed before the prophetic insight of the magnates of the publishing world. Who, thought I, should know better—who should be better informed in such matters than they? My trustfulness was far from misplaced. Facts, sure enough, justified the prediction. Within a month, Strindberg had actually departed this life—"Death," as Shaw has asserted, "reveals the eminent." Then and there attention was focussed upon his works.

But what did we, in England, know of the famous Swede? Nothing, or next to nothing. True, a few years before, an enterprising firm had casually issued a translation of a play called "The Father," which, in deference to the wishes of my booksellers, I had purchased in a weak moment. But apparently the demand had been far from extensive. Beyond this solitary tribute to Strindberg's genius, England had done positively nothing beyond surviving in characteristically blissful ignorance of his existence. A speedy change, however, was destined to occur. As if by way of repentance for our reprehensible neglect, we at once proceeded to atone for the past. Within a month, or six weeks at the outside, of the

master's death, the publishers were prepared to atone for their sin: volume upon volume—plays, novels, sketches—came pouring into the market. Not one firm, but half a dozen or more, had taken it into their head to announce volumes of Strindberg—"masterpieces" all of them. Suddenly we discovered how behindhand we were, what barbarians we English had been. Penitent, we began to read the publishers' advertisements. The effect was magical. The Press was full of Strindberg. Strindberg had come: there was no doubt about it. He began to be reviewed. The feminists coquetted with him. Even the libraries had condescended to contribute their quota by placing his works under ban. Strindberg had come into his own! Here was a man, almost living, in advance of his age, whom we were prepared to honour. And America, that land of progress and liberty, had led the way. Here were hard facts. They could not be refuted.

A week or so ago, in a London bookseller's shop, I picked up a volume of Strindberg. It bore the imprint of a London firm. There beside it lay another work of the same author. It, also, was issued in England. Evidently, I reflected, we English are prepared, after all, to recognise greatness on its merits. I consulted the contents of one of the books. It appeared to be written in the English tongue. I read a line or two, then a few more. But after a moment or two I discovered that I had been deceived. *The only English thing about the volume was the binding!* Type, paper, style, translation—one and all were *American!* I picked up another volume bearing the name of the same author. Its title differed from the other, and, as it was published by another firm, I naturally concluded that it was a different work. The contents' table, too, confirmed this supposition. I began to read. No sooner had I done so, however, than I discovered that the book was simply another translation, also American, of the same work. I walked round the shop. My eye fell on yet another "Strindberg." I picked it up. Once more the title was different from the rest. But, on opening it, the result was the same—always the same: translations of what I had already read in volumes bearing quite other names! In despair I turned to my counsellor and friend, the bookseller. In a moment the situation was explained to me. This was the explanation. The books, he assured me, were produced by the philanthropic publisher with one, only one object—to be sold. Now this was possible only on one condition—that they were issued on such terms as made it possible for their publication to be equally remunerative to the publisher and "the trade." But how could this be effected? Or how could any English publisher be certain that he would be warranted in speculating to the extent of translating, printing, and binding on his own account even such an author as Strindberg—here in poor, belated Britain, where tastes, pockets, and everything else were in such a depressed state? No; the best and only practicable arrangement that could be made was this: for the publisher to import a few hundred sheets of such books from the more enterprising firms of cultivated America. In this way, and only in this way, it might be possible to gauge public taste over here—eventually, even, to raise it. If the plan succeeded, and only in this event, we might expect home-produced samples.

I thanked the bookseller for his lucid exposition. My sympathy with him and the publisher was boundless, and I said so. I see no reason to revise my opinion even now. For, in spite of such splendid co-operation between the producer and "the trade," both here and in the States, thought I, will their plan succeed? Is England magnanimous enough to rise to the occasion? Will she read Strindberg, in spite of the limitations which beset his presentation, realising the incalculable sacrifice at which these works have been imported and the practical impossibility of producing better under such circumstances? I doubted it. Booms touch us: I do not dispute it. But it is our conservative spirit that is against us.

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

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#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—I cannot crave space to deal with all the points raised by your reviewer ("A. E. R.") on my book, "A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science," but I must protest against the suggestion of any desire on my part to mislead my readers as to whether I am a Free Churchman or a Christian Scientist. I have stated very clearly my exact position, viz., that my own reading has led me to the conclusion that the philosophy of Christian Science cannot be proved to be unsound, and that my own experiences have proved to me the fact of Christian Science healing, and so far

confirmed the truth of its philosophy. Surely, I am not the less a Free Churchman because my endeavours to investigate the subject have brought me to this point, or because I do not feel competent to decide the issues involved?

I have presented a clear statement of the philosophy of Christian Science, have shown that its philosophy is not contradictory, but absolutely logical from the assumed basis that God is perfection, and have pointed out the great issues that Christian Science raises. Your reviewer's remarks would have been more to the point had he had the courage to face those issues, and had he shown that he possessed the mental capacity to deal with them adequately.

I venture to think that I am more than justified in assuming the general ignorance of an accurate knowledge of both the philosophy and religious teaching of Christian Science, as there is evidence of this in nearly every reference to the subject by the writers to whom your reviewer alludes. I have given a list of notable members of both the clerical and medical professions whose writings on the subject clearly show that they have not understood it, and, judging from his article, I think I should be doing your reviewer no injustice in attributing to him a similar lack of comprehension. If, as he states, the fact of Christian Science healing is so generally acknowledged, and so little is known of the laws that underlie it, no stronger argument need be urged for its thorough and unbiased investigation. C. H. LEA.

["A. E. R." replies: Mr. Lea has made the reply that I expected. I do not understand Christian Science: none of the writers whose works I have read understands Christian Science: none of the "notable members of both the clerical and medical professions," to whose works Mr. Lea referred in his book, understands Christian Science. Nobody understands Christian Science except the Christian Scientist and Mr. Lea, who, strangely enough, is not a Christian Scientist. I am willing to admit it, and most of the writers whose works I have read would, I think, also admit it. Speaking for myself, I say quite frankly that I cannot understand that contradictory propositions can both be true; but I do not admit that Mr. Lea has shown that Christian Science "philosophy is not contradictory but absolutely logical from the assumed basis that God is perfection." If he thinks that he has, I can only say that he knows less of logic than he does of Christian Science. I contend that if Christian Science is to be regarded as a system of healing, then its philosophical assumption of the perfection of God is directly contrary to fact. If we accept the philosophical assumption, then the system of healing does not derive logically from it. There is no escape from this dilemma, except by saying that I do not understand Christian Science, which does not take us very far. For if Mr. Lea's "clear statement" cannot be understood by me, who am not quite ignorant of the subject, then no statement of it can be. I am doomed forever to remain incapable of understanding a contradiction in terms; and argument is obviously impossible.

But Mr. Lea forgets that science uses an inductive as well as a deductive process of logic. If the Christian Science cures prove the truth of Christian Science philosophy, then the Roman Catholic cures prove the truth of Roman Catholic philosophy, the Emmanuel Church cures prove the truth of the philosophy of the Emmanuel Church, and so on. But we reach a point when cures happen without any obvious relation to a philosophy; take this case from Dr. Bernard Hollander's "Hypnotism and Mesmerism," for example. "My first experience in private practice was of such practical value that I may be allowed to relate it here. A lady, apparently paralysed on the left side of her body, as if by a 'stroke,' consulted me, accompanied by her husband. I could find no organic cause for the affection, but ascertained a history of shock, which other physicians had either not inquired into or thought of no importance. When in child-bed, her room had caught fire, and she was rescued with difficulty. From that time developed the weakness and ultimate complete loss of power of movement of her left arm and leg. The diagnosis of functional paralysis and my hopeful prognosis surprised the husband, and he frankly told me that such was not the opinion of other experts in nervous diseases. I had an interview with the family physician, and not being able to convince him either, I proposed to settle the dispute by hypnotising the lady. If the paralysis,

I explained, is due to shock only, then the patient will be able to use her paralysed limbs in the hypnotic state; if, on the other hand, the disease is organic, hypnotic suggestion will have no effect. My proposal was accepted, and, when hypnotised, not only did the patient walk normally and lift her left arm, but by encouraging

suggestions she developed such power of resistance in it, that her husband had to use some force to push the arm down. After a few sittings, with post-hypnotic suggestions, the lady recovered control over her limbs completely." What does that case prove concerning the nature of the universe and its controlling Spirit? Obviously, nothing. But if the cure had been performed by a Christian Science practitioner, we should have Mr. Lea saying: "Obviously, if the philosophy of Christian Science cannot be proved to be unsound, and cures are obtained in response to definite mental work, in accordance with its teaching, and on the assumption that it is sound, then such cases are prima-facie evidence of the correctness of that assumption." Here is a case that is in no way connected with any philosophical assumption or religious belief: it is essentially of the same nature as those quoted by Mr. Lea in his book; it obviously does not prove the truth of Christian Science, and the only question is, has it any relation to the cures performed by Christian Science practitioners? The only difference is a difference of terminology, and that the difference is not essential is proved by the fact that a cure was performed. Obviously there is a power resident in the human body that can restore the human body to health; and the fact that Dr. Hollander, who is not a Christian Scientist, can utilise that power successfully destroys the fundamental assumption of Christian Science. For it was his "mortal mind" that restored the union between the perfection of God and the lady's spiritual consciousness of that perfection, to use the Christian Science terminology; it was not his unconsciousness, but his consciousness, of her illness, or "evil," that enabled him to destroy the inhibition that was its cause. When we find that cures occur with particular accessories and without them, we are compelled logically to admit that the accessories are not necessary to the cures. That we do not know the exact nature of the force proves nothing except that the nature of reality always escapes us. We know nothing of electricity, for example, except as it is transformed into some form of force known to us; but we are none the less able to use it, and to discover the conditions of its exercise, and to formulate the laws of its working. If we say, with Hudson, that "suggestion is the all-potent factor in the production of psychic phenomena," we have added nothing to our knowledge of an unknown force, nor have we conferred any power on anybody to perform miracles; but we have given that force a name, and we have resumed in a formula the essential facts of both hypnotic and Christian Science cures. But the Christian Science philosophy is thereby ruled out of court as an unnecessary factor. This, of course, only means that I do not understand Christian Science.]

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#### FEMINISM AND COMMON SENSE.

Sir,—In replying to Mrs. Bertha Morley's criticism, I find myself obliged to say that the very description she gives of a comrade woman summarises precisely the letter as opposed to the spirit of comradeship. "It is the comrade," writes Mrs. Morley, "who would walk, ride, talk, study, and be a vital part of her husband's life as well as an ornamental adjunct." I am sorry if I have given the impression that women should be no more than this last to their husbands. In my opinion and experience the woman who is really what Mrs. Morley calls a "vital part" of her husband's life is she who cooks, sews, preserves, secures him leisure from the children, entertains, dresses with good taste according to her station and apparent age, and never contracts a debt beyond her means to pay at the proper time. She cannot be ordering a household while walking, talking, riding, and studying. I am considering, of course, the class of women who, for good or evil, are the centre of the feminine caste as their husbands—clergymen, scholars, professional men, civil servants—are the centre of the masculine world, men whose power and success are secured by an appearance before the world of mental, moral, and social stability. Now, it is a matter of common scandal to-day that these classes of men are living beyond their incomes. Cherchez la femme! Their wives are abroad parading the streets, walking, talking, riding, studying, and doing everything except their own business. They spend, but they do not save that they may spend justly; it needs one's time for saving out of an honest income, but the time of these is all walked and talked away. They are responsible for the fiction that you can buy things cheaper than they can be made at home, a really wholesale fib; for there is scarcely a thing possible to be made at home, from frocks to socks, from Yorkshire relish to jam when strawberries are sixpence a pound, which is not to be made actually cheaper than it may be bought, not to mention the quality

of material. I have tried—and am not to be deceived by the middle-class woman's complaint. This complaint is gadding-about, and is induced by combined laziness and conceit. We are a Movement now—and not very much else. No wonder that men shirk marriage! It is certain that those "kind, true, good," but, somehow, unwanted spinsters, whom, as Mrs. Morley truly says, everyone knows—for they are legion—would not remain unsought if they translated their amiability into domestic competence. For one who is competent to run a home there are hundreds who can only walk, talk, ride, and study. Study: spare the word! They think one uncanny to be able to follow a Beeton recipe. You can see that they do, all the while they are spouting about poetry, politics, mysticism, economics, and goodness knows what of subjects which retaliate on them terribly if they could only realise themselves, pretentious bores. Good taste and judgment do not proceed from a basis of folly; and a reluctant spinster is incarnate folly, only second in disesteem to the wife who pulls her house down about her ears.

Mrs. Morley asks whether there are not men with thick features and calculating faces as well as women—as though these defects were of equal practical importance in both sexes. A masculine face can carry off defects by reason of strength and size, which would make a feminine face terrible to see. I did not mean to raise an argument on this, the practical results of which are well known, but merely to warn women that their present style of dress is very cruel to their defects. Again, it may be ideally better to remain unmarried than to risk losing one's illusions, but the thing does not work; a spinster of forty-five has, as a rule, only one illusion left, and that is that she has chosen the less deluded part.

I return to the "comrade" woman with her new notion that men want women with them in all their comings and goings. Where is the evidence? From as far back as we know, men have always deliberately separated themselves from women. On councils, in clubs, in the army, at sea, in the professions, on expeditions—everywhere possible they have shown us that they do not want us. Why do we follow them about, nowadays? The reason is quite simple: we want their company more than they want ours—and we have lost our intelligent manners! We show our hand. Having come to despise what certainly were not always despised—feminine occupations—we find each other bad company; we have nothing to talk about; one can't discuss Parabrham and Masefield and Nietzsche with another woman! The thing peters out! One can go on pilgrimages and to Suffrage meetings—but between times have to be filled up somehow, and the sight of ten thousand females all at once is a horrible, tedious experience to look back on; so we run about where the men are to tone up our nerves again. Actually, we vampirise them, spin off their energy—this is at the bottom of their avoidance of us. We enervate men, and they know it very well. As ideals, mysterious, absent, we often inspire them, but, actually, we are not very mysterious, and they soon get to the bottom of us, and then we bore them. There used to be women—there may still be some—who could maintain their "mystery," which is a capacity to surprise through even years of married life. These are rather silent women. One cannot talk much and remain an ever-charming enigma.

But the new-fangled "comrade" woman is going to change all this. She means to let a man see her "as she really is," and so on. He will soon enough discover this, if she is really bent on helping him. She means to share his walks and talks and studies, and all the rest of it. No! she will not share them; she will only succeed for a while in thrusting herself where he goes, in aping what he does, and much good may it do her! He will not, if he is a sensible man, tell her the truth (but this masculine precaution of never on any account telling women the truth is the last fact women ever learn about men), but if he means to hold his own among men, he must and will find a way to get leisure from her. His standards of walking, talking, riding, and studying must be kept up if he is to mix equally among men, and how can he keep them up while he must be forever hypocritically flattering a lower standard altogether? There are women who think

they can beat men at their own games. So Corinna thought she had beaten Pindar—but the world laughed when she went home with the prize, and the echo of that mirth has survived—but not the verses of Corinna! You see, we can never be sure whether the men are not laughing in their sleeves; man is the humorous animal, and, for a jest, he will expend enough solemnity to keep one of us going for a week. Besides, men simply will not truly compete with women; 'tis not their nature to. The great Mahabharata hero, Bhishma, allowed himself to be slain rather than do battle with a man who had previously incarnated as a woman.

But why are we not satisfied with ourselves? Heaven knows we are powerful enough in our own sphere, interesting enough to each other when we are not cracked with absurd and dissatisfying vanity. Men are foreign creatures, not safe, not a bit comfortable. I remember, when once I was lost on the veld, seeing in the distance a band of approaching Kaffirs. My nerves went to water—and it would have been somewhat the same if I had suddenly found myself fronting a great crowd of any men—until I spied two women among them; after that I went forward with complete confidence. The female body is a nice calculable sort of thing to other women, and the female intelligence, unspoiled, carries to us an atmosphere of very practical and comprehensive, if a bit snuffy, charity. Women, natural women, may storm and scorn, but in practice they are pitiful of women. Why are we so foolish as to jeopardise our understanding of ourselves by pretending that we are the same as men? We are not the same, but a different species! Our brain centre is different from theirs. We are, some women are, attempting to alter their centre. Well, women have tried it before, and that has been the end of their nation. Such women will retort that they do not care—man-made world, slavery of women, bow-wow-wow, and so on—but we are very uncomfortable trying to be made men, and it is not amusing to think of being conquered like Rome and Finland, or of not daring to admit that we smoke, like the Australian and American females, equal righters as these are to a Manwo!

I wouldn't walk, talk, ride, and study with a man, no, not for the promise of his immortality! He would want too much in return. He would want to know all about me; and what is the use of giving away everything?

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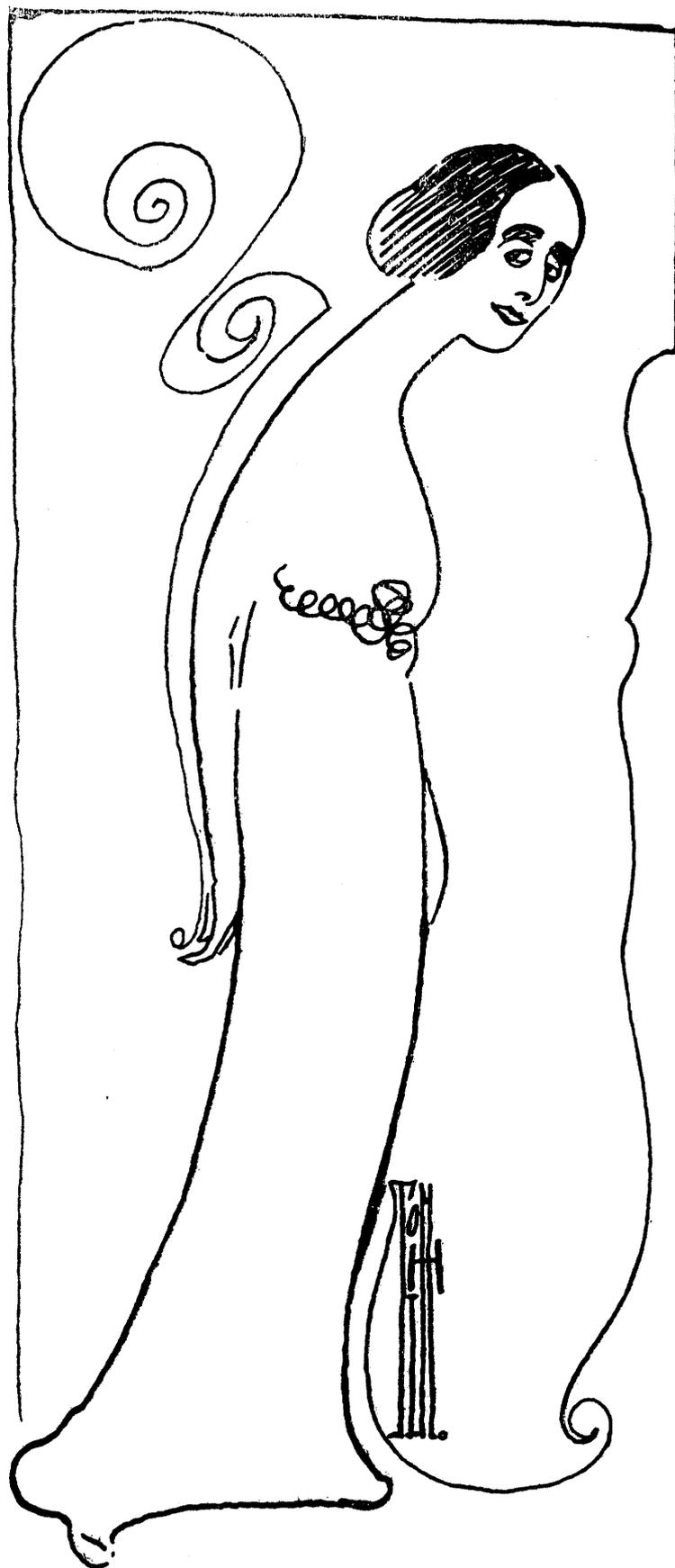
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