

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE prorogation of Parliament, last Friday, marks the end of that busy period during which shadows pursue shadows with great earnestness and with a dignity in inverse ratio to the quality of the work done. The end of the season has not been without its drama. The death of Bebel, coming as it did at the expiry of a distinctively political period, was not without a certain significance, whilst the Sulzer-Tammany feud in New York State comes as yet another reminder that politics and the party game are painfully remote from reality. Quite as superficial is the struggle in Chesterfield for the soul of Mr. Barnet Kenyon, a Liberal Nonconformist Labour candidate for Parliament. The Labour Party claims him; so also do the Liberals. He himself thinks he is a bit of both and does not apparently mind which, so long as he gets elected. Mr. MacDonald, the Chairman of the Labour Party, tells him that this hesitancy and halting between Liberalism and Labourism is immoral, but hardly succeeds in proving why. In any event, whilst the tired Parliamentarian seeks recreation from his "arduous duties," whilst the Socialists of Europe are paying their last respects to August Bebel, whilst Governor Sulzer is fighting Tammany, whilst Mr. Barnet Kenyon is asking for votes in Chesterfield, a Government Blue Book, also issued last week, tells all the political schools, with great wealth of detail, that they labour in vain who engage in politics because the economic condition of the mass of the population is now worse than ever.

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The measures passed during the last session have in no way affected the economic condition of the working classes. The shop-window bills have been constitutional in their character, making no pretence at even social reform. The Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and Plural Voting Bills obviously make no pretence to be socially reformative. All the other Bills—forty-eight in number—are the mere bread and cheese of Parliamentary activities, and are not of the slightest interest to the outside world. For the moment, it is probable that Mr. Asquith (now admitted to be the most adroit parliamentarian in either House or on either side) has decided to touch no interest and to incur no

further expense. As we have several times pointed out, the income from the proletariat class is now about equal to the expenditure upon the working classes. Any further expense would be a charge upon rent, interest or profits, and, a General Election approaching, Mr. Asquith is shrewd enough to understand that the electoral power of profiteering is greater than that of the passive wage-earners. Accordingly, Sir John Simon is going to raise the issue of Free Trade in Manchester, and so conciliate the great northern mercantile interests. This will leave the way open for the land campaign in the agricultural areas. If the Government could carry the towns on the plea that Free Trade is in danger, and carry the rural districts on land reform, they would, of course, come back to power, even with a greatly reduced Irish representation. These political considerations amuse rather than interest us. The protagonists of the political game do not appear to differ greatly from the prominent cricket and football professionals. They are all playing a game. And it is in that spirit we speculate upon the possibilities and chances. To begin with, then, it is tolerably certain that Mr. Lloyd George is gambling heavily on his land campaign. Should he succeed, he will inevitably dictate the future policy of the Liberal Party, if he does not lead it. Leadership, in the formal sense, still remains largely an affair of family. Mr. Asquith is without blue blood, but he married into a rich and influential family. The only two exceptions (of course we remember Disraeli) are Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Lloyd George. And "the families" in both camps are very unhappy about it. Apart, then, from the Marconi affair, Mr. George's plebeian origin may debar him from a future premiership. But his immediate power and influence will be determined by the success or failure of the land campaign. We are not sure if it is not this gambling spirit in politics that is not its real attraction. Disraeli gambled in foreign policy, Mr. Chamberlain gambled in Tariff Reform. Mr. Lloyd George is gambling in a land agitation, in which he will try to isolate the landlords by creating some harmony of interest between the farmers and their labourers. It is assuredly a very pretty gamble, and by no means an easy affair. Mr. George will probably ignore the psychology of feudalism. He will be surprised to find that the English farmer is socially, economically and psychologically different from the Welsh or Irish.

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Whilst Sir John Simon is voicing Free Trade platitudes in Manchester and Mr. George is discovering the responsiveness or otherwise of English agriculturists, Mr. Asquith will tinker with the reform of the House of Lords—a subject which he has made peculiarly his own. It is likely that when he has com-

pleted this task, he will be ready and glad to go to the new House of Lords of his own creation. Now, in all this we hear nothing of the Labour Party. The reason lies on the surface. They have no kind of political principle or social philosophy; they depend upon gusts of popularity to drive their little ship along, but they find it blanketed by the larger sails of the Liberal craft. They tamely accepted the Insurance Act and accordingly spoiled any chance they might have had to strike out some political line of their own. It now looks as though their agricultural programme will be swallowed at one gulp by Mr. George. We might hint with safety that the Labour Party's agricultural programme did not find publicity until it was known that Labourism and Liberalism were happily united in perpetuating wagery in agriculture. Now comes the Chesterfield episode. Try how we may, we can discover no reason why Mr. Kenyon should not as readily become the Liberal as the Labour candidate. Mr. MacDonald certainly adduces no reason in his letter to Mr. Kenyon. All he suggests is that Mr. Kenyon agreed with Mr. Henderson to stand as the Labour nominee, and that after such a promise to permit Liberals on his platform or to accept official Liberal support, is "immoral." He does not point Mr. Kenyon to any political or economic reason why Labourism is preferable to Liberalism; the distinction is mechanical. If Mr. Kenyon stands as a Liberal, a certain course of procedure follows; if as Labour, another electioneering method is adopted. It does not occur to Mr. MacDonald that Mr. Kenyon's opinion should have anything to do with it. Mr. Kenyon was, is, and will remain a ranting Nonconformist Liberal. Mr. MacDonald sees no reason why such a man should not stand as Labour. And neither do we. And apparently neither do the miners in the Chesterfield division. The Labour Party has completely failed to make the distinction, if any, clear to these miners, who are supposed to be so devoted to Labourism that they financially support the Labour Party. Now, this failure on the part of Mr. MacDonald and his party to map out a special programme of their own and in such clear-cut terms that miners who dig may read, is the measure of the Labour Party's failure. THE NEW AGE has been appearing regularly for fewer years than the Labour Party has been in existence. What would be said of us if during that period we had utterly failed to make clear our intellectual and spiritual differences with the "Spectator" or the "Saturday Review," or "The Nation"? Of two things one: Either there are no distinctions worth mention, or they are too stupid to discover them. We do not suggest that Labourism is too stupid to make clear its differences with Liberalism; we assert that there are no differences so fundamental as to be worth notice. The Chesterfield incident, therefore, is not of the slightest consequence. And that is precisely the tragedy of it. It means that neither economically nor politically, has the class struggle—the workers' struggle for economic emancipation—begun; that the political Labour leaders are still content with wagery.

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The failure of Labourism, which is by now recognised both by its friends and enemies, raises the pertinent question whether the British method of evolving Labour leaders is not false both in conception and practice. Mr. MacDonald has never had any experience of the industrial struggle. He graduated in politics as the private secretary of a Liberal M.P. He learned most of his political philosophy from a little coterie of Liberals known as the Rainbow circle. He joined the Independent Labour Party only when he had satisfied himself that promotion inside the Liberal Party would be slow and tortuous. His progress since then has been all compact of trickiness and compromise. He has never dreamt of an industrial career; his whole idea of public life is Parliament. Obviously, he has no kind of credential to lead an industrial agitation. He began on the platform, striking a political attitude; he will end on the platform still attitudinising. Mr. Keir Hardie was once a trade union secretary, but he was

hardly famous for his powers of organisation. He was secretary also of the Ayrshire Liberal Association of his own district, and his services to Labour from beginning to end have been, with the exception of a futile unemployed agitation, political. Mr. Henderson was a paid Liberal agent until he unexpectedly found himself pitchforked into Parliament as a Labourist. His experience has been primarily political, but we believe he has taken some part in the affairs of his trade union. Mr. Snowden is an ex-Civil servant who entered Parliament purely because of his facile platformatory. The miners' members are probably the most efficient industrial organisers, but even they have achieved prominence in Liberal politics by preaching pious sermons in Nonconformist pulpits. It is the literal truth that there is not a single Labour Member of Parliament who was elected on the strength of his knowledge of labour economics. The result is that the unfortunate proletarian army, so far as its vital interests are concerned, remains unled and without intellectual guidance of any kind. Nor is this compensated for by any habit of serious reading. The political leaders, either purposely or inadvertently, by their control of the Labour Press, keep their followers in their own density of perception. When clear economic thinking is imperatively demanded, Mr. MacDonald is obsessed with India, Mr. Keir Hardie with the Piccadilly flat case, Mr. Snowden with feminism, Mr. Henderson with temperance and Nonconformity. Is there no way whereby Labour can evolve a more capable leadership?

* * *

The death of August Bebel lucidly enforces the conclusion that German political Socialism is as barren and futile as its British counterpart. Bebel went into Parliament in the late sixties. For forty-five years he has seen grow under his hand a political party that can poll considerably over four million German citizens. He died the leader of the numerically strongest political party in the German Confederation; he died the leader also of the weakest party economically considered. He turned the German habit of discipline to purely political purposes, with the result that real wages have fallen in Germany just as much or more than in Great Britain. His millions of followers were "passive"; he had not the genius to transform them into "active" citizens by applying the German habit of discipline to an industrial and economic struggle. It is doubtful if he ever gave a thought to the necessity of abolishing the wage system; there are certainly no indications of it either in his political activities or in his writings. He was preoccupied with militarism, with constitutional problems, with party organisation; he gave no sign that he was conscious of the slavery of wagery. He had less excuse than his British confrères for thus concentrating upon purely parliamentary methods. In Great Britain there is undoubtedly a great Parliamentary tradition—a deeply-rooted belief that Parliament is strong enough to impose its will upon landlord, profiteer, and all its citizens. Where such a tradition exists, there is at least some excuse for relying upon this mighty assemblage to right economic wrongs. But Germany had no such heritage or tradition. Bebel knew the moral as well as the legal infirmities of the Reichstag. He must therefore finally suffer in reputation for relying upon such a broken reed and for staking the economic fortunes of his confiding followers upon it. There is not a Chancellery in Europe that does not know perfectly well that if the Kaiser suppressed the Reichstag, the Germans would tamely acquiesce. The Kaiser is not such a fool as to do anything so insane. He knows what Bismarck knew—that Socialist activities in the Reichstag effectually divert their energies from a more dangerous propaganda in the economic sphere. Although Bebel's anti-militarist tactics repeatedly proved extremely embarrassing to the Kaiser and his Chancellor, yet in the things that mattered, Bebel unwittingly played the German bourgeois game. They kept him busy in politics what

time they consolidated the profiteering industries in the Rhine provinces without seriously weakening the agrarian interests. In his controversy with Bernstein and the Revisionists, Bebel was undoubtedly right and they were wrong. In his controversy at Amsterdam, with Jaurès, he was right and Jaurès was wrong. He was clear—and rightly so—that more social reforms flowed out of undeviating political independence than by any kind of co-operation with the Chancellor, the Centre, or any of the other parties of the Centre or Centre left. If we are to judge Bebel as a politician, we must place him as high as any German; but if we must judge him as a leader of Socialists seeking economic conquest, he was no greater and no less a failure than Hardie in England, Jaurès in France or Berger in America. They have all failed because they have no alternative to wagery.

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We like best to think of Bebel as a great man, simple, strong, honest, and intensely loved by his followers. We can close our eyes and hear the voice of Jaurès at the Amsterdam Socialist Congress. It rattles like rifles discharging all down the trenches. We can hear, even now, his impassioned appeal for liberty for Millerand and his like to join a bourgeois ministry. He looks down the long table where sit the German delegates, and sees his arch-antagonist sitting near the end of the file and listening intently, but impassively. It is great drama, this French scholar and orator instinctively realising that this self-taught German is the one man in the Congress who can crush him. "What does Bebel know of the barricades?" he shouts; "what does he know of the undying attachment of Western Europe to its Parliaments? What does he know of that intellectual freedom that comes of free people, who, from the barricades have sprung into their Parliament and mastered it?" After the translators had vainly sought to transform this fiery speech into English and German, Bebel walked quietly up to the tribune and in a quarter of an hour had crushed Jaurès. Again, we can hear the slightly raucous voice, guttural, yet pleasing, strong and authoritative. That particular argument has now ceased to intrigue, but the memory of the man, transparently honest, remains with us. Again, years later, we saw him at Stuttgart, distinctly older and a little feeble. We remember him in the great Congress hall. Particularly do we remember Jaurès walking over to him, and touching him on the shoulder. Bebel looked round and seeing the French Socialist, smiled, altogether friendly, even affectionately. "Bebel," said Jaurès, "venez avec moi—notre petit Comité—vous savez!" and the two men went out to their little private committee. A little later, we saw Bebel at the fête in a great park. His friends and followers clustered round him, smiling and laughing and joking. "Bebel," "Bebel," "Bebel," "Unser Bebel," they cry in jolly refrain; they touch him on the shoulder and draw their fingers reverently down the sleeves of his coat; gradually they grow more vociferous, louder they shout his name; they close in upon him; somebody hands him a small flagon of beer; suddenly they lift him, flagon in hand, and carry him towards a small bandstand. Everybody is happy as he smiles down upon these children of his faith. That was the last we saw of Bebel. We like to think of him thus amongst his own people. We remember another human touch. It was, we think, at the Jena Congress. Bebel, in arguing his case, worked himself up to a pitch of considerable excitement. Big, fat, sturdy Singer (who predeceased him) called out "August! August! You must not get excited; it is bad for your heart." In the inner councils of the party, particularly in the editorial policy of "Vorwaerts," he was always incalculable and often incomprehensible. We should like the inner story to be told by Ledebour.

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In America, the Sulzer-Tammany feud is providing the same object lesson that parliamentarism is remote from the actualities of modern life. Sulzer, who has always been an opera-bouffe politician, declines to admit

that his impeachment by Tammany disqualifies him from continuing to act as Governor. There are accordingly just at present two Governors of the Sovereign State of New York, both sitting in the Executive mansion and both signing documents. The Albany police back Sulzer; the State Militia backs Glynn. Strange to say, the sovereign people of New York are more amused than perturbed by this strange extravaganza. They joke about it at dinner after their day's work is over and they are doubtless betting upon the result. We expect that the music-halls are full of it. Nobody cares two straws about it except various groups of politicians who are on the pounce to extract something substantial out of it. The workman gets up early and, as tamely as ever, submits to wagery; the profiteer exploits the workman as thoroughly as ever and probably not a single dividend will be affected. In other words the integration of society is economic and not political. The Albany Congress is practically a fifth wheel on the stage coach, infinitely less important and influential than the house of J. S. Morgan and Son in Wall Street. Yet millions will turn out on election day to vote the party ticket, pluming themselves that they are free-born American citizens, and next morning go back to their wage-slavery happy and content. The industrial and commercial organisation of society, in its penetrative effect can, at least in a great degree, afford to disregard the political buffoons who pretend to govern it. If parliamentary government were the vital thing it is assumed to be, this New York imbroglio should have brought the whole population of the State to a standstill and a panic. Yet, after the predatory jackdaw of Rheims, nobody is a penny the worse. In its present relation to society, parliamentarism is almost a negligible quantity. But, whilst this New York incident proves abundantly that the politicians are of little significance or importance, we must guard ourselves against any charge that we are unmindful of the true function of politics. That will in the future be made clear when the industrial function has been successfully disentangled from the political. It is interesting and curious to note that with the spread of State Socialist ideas the sanction of parliamentary authority has appreciably deteriorated. Those who understand that the basis of modern society is the wage-system will instantly grasp the plain truth that he in fact governs who buys the labour of the wage-slave. As Parliament does not and cannot do this, it follows that Parliament, whether in England, Germany, France, or America cannot govern. It is surrounded and affected by great economic interests; it has none of its own. It merely registers the decrees of those who in fact govern—that is those who purchase labour power and who, as a class, monopolise the wealth produced by labour power. When, however, the mass of the population control their own labour power for their own economic purposes, they will then assert their economic power through their guilds, but the spiritual truths that really make a people great will find utterance in a Parliament purged of economic bias. The great statesmen of a former day vaguely understood this. In the Commonwealth Parliament, speeches were sermons and were profoundly moving. Those speeches set Puritanism on a journey not yet ended. Burke's speeches would have been impossible in a Parliament whose time was devoted to an insurance Act or a mental deficiency Bill. Wagery is for wage-slaves to destroy; to talk about it in Parliament would be silly and futile. Governor Sulzer, Tammany Hall, the Labour unions, the Universities in New York State have yet to learn and digest this new, yet old, doctrine.

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The picture of the Devil, in the shape of Tammany, casting out sin, in the shape of illicit electioneering, is amusing. Yet Tammany is not so black as it is painted. The vast bulk of its membership and adherents are as respectable and God-fearing as are the Liberals and Labourists of Great Britain. It acquires

political influence in the usual way, and turns it to account by getting jobs for its hungry members and large State or city contracts for the magnates who control it. But that is precisely what Liberals, Labourists, and Conservatives do over here. In New York it is done openly; in London, it is done either secretly or as a solemn duty pleasing to Almighty God. Tammany can administer more efficiently than any other political group in New York. Occasionally its scandals smell too loudly, and a reform administration is put in. In two years, New York invariably swings back to Tammany. During recent years, it has spread its tentacles into the State, and at present it controls the legislature at Albany. The man who made Tammany the power it is to-day was Richard Croker, a shrewd Irishman of immense personality. He spoke little, but he meant every word of it. His word was his bond. The present leader of Tammany is another Irishman, Murphy. This gentleman is decently educated, and has amassed a huge fortune as a contractor. He and Lord Cowdray would instantly understand one another. Lord Cowdray might with advantage to his firm send Lord Murray, of Elibank, to learn some trade tricks from Murphy. Murphy, too, would learn something.

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Just as Murphy is intellectually and socially the superior of Croker, so throughout American politics, a better type of politician has arrived. President Wilson is in every respect the intellectual superior of both Taft and Roosevelt, and the Wilson administration ranks high in personnel. This result is due to a belief, now prevalent in America, that a better type of politician may bring some relief to the growing economic pressure upon the working and lower-middle classes. The Democrats have begun by lowering the tariff. The Trusts have promised their investors that they will in due course reduce wages to equalise matters. President Wilson says they will do nothing of the kind, and has threatened a series of Commissions with power to examine books and fix minimum wages. "Very good," reply the profiteers, "we are willing; but we must raise prices accordingly." "Certainly not," replies Mr. Wilson, "if you do, then I will give the Commissioners powers to fix prices as well as wages." This proposal is also a prominent plank in Mr. Roosevelt's platform. Here we have politicians threatening to exercise their power against the profiteers. We have heard it as an argument to confound our own formula that economic precedes political power. If may be well, therefore, to examine it again. We do not know what power the President has to appoint Commissions with such sweeping powers. He would almost certainly be compelled to ask Congress for those powers. Congress consists of profiteers and lawyers. It is certain that before it consented to grant powers and funds to the Commissions thus predicated, the pressure of outside opinion must be overwhelming. But let us assume that the Commissions are duly constituted and fully armed. They proceed to examine the books of all manufacturing concerns, both large and small. They discover an enormous difference in the net cost of practically every material that goes into the manufacture of the finished product. What can the Commissions do in circumstances so diverse? They are commissioned to fix the selling price, but they must leave a reasonable margin of profit for periods of depression. Then again, they must fix a price that would encourage the small manufacturer to compete with the Trusts. The Commissioners here find themselves on the horns of a dilemma; if they base the selling price upon the cost sheets of a Trust, they inevitably crush out the smaller manufacturers and so exacerbate unemployment; if, however, they fix a price within the capacity of the smaller manufacturers, they, in effect, create a monopoly for the Trusts, a monopoly profitable beyond competition. Suppose, however, that these Commissions, fired with a consuming zeal, were to fix selling prices too low even for the Trusts. Then the Trusts would either close down,

on strike, thereby precipitating a ghastly unemployed problem, or they would reduce their costs, partly by increasing their automatic machinery and partly by bringing down wages all round to the minimum fixed by the Commissions. This is the cure, now being seriously discussed in America, for high prices. Apart from the fact that no Congress would confer such drastic powers upon any body of roving Commissioners, apart from the fact that any such interference would be not only in restraint of trade, but unconstitutional, the practical fact remains that these Commissions would require thirty years to perform their task. At the end of thirty years they would unanimously declare that the profiteers were too strong and too many for them. Ownership of plant, coupled with the power to purchase labour as a commodity, is a stronger lever in the affairs of mankind than any amateur government. We thus see that any attempt to protect the consumer by fixing prices would defeat its own object and strengthen the grip of the Trusts upon the industrial machine. Our only hope would be that pari passu with the consolidation of the Trusts under these Commissions labour also would consolidate and ultimately secure its own monopoly. But what an appallingly long way round!

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The impotence and insignificance of politics which we have noted in Great Britain, Germany and America are surely worth the serious thoughts of those Socialists who honestly seek economic emancipation. But if that does not suffice, the Board of Trade Report upon the cost of living ought to prove itself a constant memento mori to the arrogance and ignorance of the politicians. The main facts are known already to our readers. THE NEW AGE has consistently urged that the fall of real wages is the real condemnation of political Socialism, and we have from time to time published facts practically the same as those now presented to an indifferent public by the Board of Trade. The main facts are clear: Between 1895 and 1900 prices rose sharply; between 1900 and 1906, the rise was slower and slighter; since 1906, prices have advanced with great rapidity. It is composed of about equal increases in the price of food, fuel and clothing. An interesting fact in connection with this advance in price is that it goes almost entirely to the profiteer, rent remaining about stationary. This little fact will probably be ignored by the single-taxers. When it comes to a rise in prices and a corresponding fall in real wages, we may confidently rely upon some Labour constituency to achieve the record. This honour goes jointly to Blackburn, represented by Mr. Snowden, and Bolton, also represented by a Labour Member. Oddly enough, the two towns that have most successfully resisted the rise in prices are Nottingham and Reading, where Labourism is exceptionally weak. Mr. Snowden was returned for Blackburn in 1906. Whilst he has been carrying on a feminist crusade, the cost of living in Blackburn has advanced by no less than 16 per cent. If Mr. Snowden had concentrated his mind upon the real industrial problem, is it conceivable that he would have been content to see his constituents thus swindled by profiteers? Blackburn prides itself upon being up to date. It is industrially well organised. Prior to 1906, when it did not fash itself about politics, it resisted all inroads upon its wages. Since Mr. Snowden came upon the scene, the good people of Blackburn have relied upon him to bring about the revolution and have slacked off in their industrial organisation. Mr. Snowden has proved to be an unusually expensive luxury. It certainly seems to us very foolish of Blackburn, whilst listening to the oratory of Mr. Snowden, to let the profiteers run off with the plunder. But this rise of 16 per cent. in the cost of living in Blackburn will probably mean nothing to Mr. Snowden. He will probably remark that it wouldn't have happened if woman had had the vote. Possibly, also, the people of Blackburn will see no connection between their political preoccupation and this rise in the cost of living. Yet they sent Mr. Snowden to Parliament to make easier their wage-system. Most assuredly Mr. Snowden has cost his constituents a pot of money. Clever fellow!

Current Cant.

CURRENT CONTEST?

"The task of judging the first 'Adlets' Contest proved both long and exceedingly difficult, but after much consideration the prize has been awarded as follows:—£300 . . . £50, Mr. Kingston . . . Hull. Mr. Kingston sent the following successful 'Adlet.' Word chosen—ON. Adlet—Off Now . . . taken from the Zog advertisement."—"The London Magazine."

"Art and Advertisement."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"We are living now in an age more religious than any of its predecessors for several centuries."—"The Times."

"I am surprised at the comparatively small use of the telephone in London."—ISADORA H. DIX.

"The age of shame-faced and ignorant reticence has disappeared for ever."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"When women are admitted to citizenship they will be able to co-operate."—MRS. PANKHURST.

"Have you ever been to a publisher's tea? It is a very pretty social habit."—"The Book Monthly."

"The Sunday School Union effort at the seaside is now in full swing to give the boys and girls an opportunity to help to build a sand church."—"The Christian."

"Our vigorous contemporary—the 'Daily Mail.'"—"Daily Express."

"After all, even in politics, there are such things as principle and self respect in our great Ministers and leaders."—"East London Observer."

"English poster printing is now the finest in the world."—RALPH FROST.

"To be photographed with the eyes closed, as if asleep, is the latest fashion."—"Daily Sketch."

"The Walls of Jericho have fallen before the blast of the trumpets of science. . . . The shame of silence is ended. Clean thinking and common sense have won their victory over prudery."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Religious people are restoring the Drama to its place as one of the arts of the Church."—"Saturday Review."

"The Labour Party, in a word, insists upon the just handling of the common resources for the common good. . . . Finally, the Labour Party knows that direct political action by workers for workers is the one means, humanly speaking, by which its aims can be realised."—"Daily Citizen."

"The careful student of the Stage 1912-13 will find that the year has contained more effort, more hopeful endeavour than many other periods when conditions were simpler, and the public less critical."—EGAN MEW in "The Academy."

"Medical missions mean the mind and ministry of the Master multiplied by His Messengers. Christ—the first medical missionary."—ELIZABETH M. GRAHAM in the "Christian Endeavour Times."

"Catching the confirmed reader in the holiday mood is a pleasant adventure to which the 'Book Monthly' addresses itself."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

CURRENT CIVILISATION.

"A thrilling, heartlessly exciting moving picture play, actually filmed at a height of nearly 3,000 feet from a balloon—that is the realistic 'shocker' which will be seen shortly at the Picture Palaces. Photographs on page 8."—"Daily Mirror."

CURRENT TRADESMEN.

"We sampled stacks of ragtime music, and we picked and chose the melodies which we thought would be most pleasing to the British Public."—MAX PEMBERTON.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

I SAID in this column a few weeks ago that the Triple Alliance was dead; and I may now add that it is buried. Not for generations can we see it flourishing as it flourished in the 'eighties and 'nineties; for physical causes in addition to spiritual causes have now intervened. The statement in the inspired "Berliner Post" last Friday that a coolness has existed for some time between the Kaiser and the Emperor Francis Joseph is not accurate as given, but it is as good a way as any other of hinting to the world that all is not for the best with this most famous of alliances.

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Germany had assumed a rather neutral attitude throughout the negotiations at Bucharest, but it was generally understood that she would be prepared, at a pinch, to assist her ally, Austria—her only remaining ally in Europe with an army. The crisis came, and, contrary to all expectations, Germany turned against Austria and sided with France. The decision was a sudden one, and, like all other sudden decisions in Germany's foreign policy, it was due to the personal interference of the Emperor William. "Kavalla for Bulgaria!" was a kind of Austro-Russian rallying cry, even after the peace preliminaries had been agreed upon and Kavalla had been awarded to Greece. Austria insisted that the Treaty should be revised, and Russia not merely insisted that the Treaty should be revised in Bulgaria's favour, but pledged her word to Bulgaria that Kavalla and Kochana should be handed over to her, the one from Greece and the other from Servia. Amusingly enough, the newspapers that contained the announcement from Vienna that Austria and Russia had decided not to press for a revision of the Treaty also stated, from St. Petersburg, that Russia had given to Bulgaria the definite pledge I have just referred to. The divergence was caused by the fact that Austria, when she found that her trusted partner intended to give her the slip, wished to include Russia in the snub in order to save her face before Europe. It is erroneous, although the statement has been made and repeated, that Russia has given up all hope of seeing the Treaty revised. She has not modified her attitude in any way, though without Austrian support she might as well do so.

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The action of Germany in this instance is due to the irritation caused by Austria's policy ever since 1908, though the pin-pricks would not have resulted in such heavy punishment if the Kaiser's feelings had not been considerably hurt by what he regarded as the tactlessness shown by Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, when the first Balkan war came to an end and the Ambassadors' negotiations were begun. Count Berchtold seemed to be more concerned, in spite of his inclinations, in definitely subjugating Turkey than in paying any special attention to the wishes of Berlin. A tactful word or two would have pacified the Kaiser; but Count Berchtold, being busy with more pressing matters, did not think it necessary to speak. At the last moment, therefore, the traditional policy of the German Empire was thrown over. That policy, which was the policy of Prussia before the modern German Empire came into existence at all, was summed up by Bismarck in a single phrase: "Friendship with Russia if possible; but friendship with Austria at all costs." But the same statesman said, shortly before his dismissal: "The longer I remain in politics, the less becomes my faith in the ability of human beings to foresee the future." He, then, would hardly have been surprised to see his favourite plan discarded. But, if he had been alive, he would certainly have emphasised his warning and counselled the Kaiser not to enter into a dispute with Austria. For there was a glamour over

the Triple Alliance which resulted in prestige and influence, even though the substance of the Alliance was no more—exactly as there is still a certain amount of prestige attaching to the House of Commons and to the Roman Church, in spite of their decadence.

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The Austrian army is “tied up” in the Balkans, and is likely for some years to be diplomatically a factor in the Balkans only. The pick of the Italian army is equally lost in Tripoli, and there again some years are likely to elapse before it is available for use in Europe. Nevertheless, Austria forms a great barrier against Russia; for, in the event of a Teuton-Slavonic war Russia might be engaged from the south-west. The long and short of the dispute is that Germany remains, for the time being, without an effective ally in Europe.

* * *

A war is usually followed by political as well as military victims. Rumours have already been printed about the proximate dismissal of the Greek Premier, M. Venizelos, for King Constantine, it is well known, can work best with mediocrities and not with men of ability. It is likely that M. Venizelos will “go” shortly, and not unlikely that he may be followed by Count Berchtold and M. Sazonoff.

* * *

The resignations of M. Sazonoff and of his Austrian confrère are not likely to have such a wide effect as the virtual dismissal of M. Venizelos. The Kingdom of Greece is not yet so firmly established that it can afford to dispense with the services of its best administrators. M. Venizelos is a statesman, but his rivals, including even M. Theotokis, are simply short-sighted politicians, who think they have done their duty when they have made provision for six months ahead. The late King George of Greece realised that something more than this was required; but his son is as short-sighted as are the intriguers who are trying to oust M. Venizelos from office. Though the Greeks were able to combine with the Servians to the extent of attacking the Bulgarians, there is nothing lasting about the compact they entered into. General Savoff has already suggested that an agreement between Servia and Bulgaria should be perfectly feasible, the plan being that the two countries should drive Greece from her new territories, Bulgaria taking the towns she wants and Servia being rewarded by Salonika. It is as yet too soon, of course, to predict new developments in the Balkans; but it is clear enough that the peace signed at Bucharest will not be lasting.

* * *

A hasty reference to the British Government by Mr. Lane Wilson, the former American Ambassador to Mexico, has led to an apology being offered to Downing Street by the Washington State Department. This incident is trifling. The real Mexican problem, for us to consider as well as the United States, is connected with the opening of the Panama Canal and the influence of Mexico on the Central and Southern American Republics. This influence is strong; and, in spite of the hurried arrangements now being made by the United States to secure naval bases at convenient ports, the hostility of a navyless Mexico is nevertheless a factor of diplomatic importance. The capabilities of a fleet are limited, even though that fleet may be as strong as the United States fleet undoubtedly and admittedly is. The weak point of the United States has always been her army; and the bitter hostility of the whole southern continent towards the northern makes an army desirable. Mr. Bryan's recent attempt to influence the Senate to establish a de facto protectorate over Nicaragua has created a decidedly bad impression in large South American countries like Brazil and Argentina. The attention now being paid by this country to the island of Bermuda is another sign that the opening of the Panama Canal will not necessarily be accepted by the world at large as a step towards the millennium.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

An interesting change is taking place which shows that military affairs as well as political are based on economics. Parliaments can pass laws. But if those laws are incompatible with the economic conditions of the community, they will either remain a dead letter, or be modified into suitable form. Preparation for war comes second to meat and drink.

* * *

In the olden times, before Haldane, the second line (or the Auxiliary Forces, as we called them), was divided into two great portions. The Militia came next to the Regular Army in the severity of its training and the demands made upon it in war. It performed two weeks' training a year. Upon mobilisation it was embodied, and supplied drafts or even whole units for the first line. In order that it might be able to fulfil these functions without upsetting the industrial life of the kingdom, it was recruited from the ranks of agricultural and unskilled labour, whose absence would not be greatly felt. The agriculturist is not indispensable except at seed time and at harvest, and the unskilled labourer can be replaced in a moment. The officers were drawn from the territorial aristocracy, who are not cursed with businesses or professions to prevent their volunteering in the case of war. But over and above the classes tapped by the Militia there exist others which provide perhaps even better material for fighting, but which could not provide any large numbers for mobilisation without stopping the industrial life of the country. You could not call out the skilled artisans and engineers from the North without at once causing a commercial collapse, which would do our delicately balanced society greater harm than a couple of lost battles. These classes were accordingly organised in units of Volunteers, whose training was sufficiently slight to cause no interference with the exigencies of their commercial and industrial occupations, and who would not have been embodied save on actual invasion (when of course their industrial activities would cease in any case). If it be objected that the Volunteers were barely trained at all, the reply is found that they were not meant to be. There were certain classes of the community who could be neither efficiently trained nor mobilised (save in a great emergency) without an impossible interference with industry and commerce. On the other hand, it was better to organise them in regiments than not to organise them at all. They were organised accordingly. The best possible use was made of what was, militarily, unsuitable material.

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The Haldane scheme upset all this. By converting the Militia into the “Special Reserve”—a force whose very name is enough to ensure its speedy collapse, by abolishing its traditions and enforcing harder conditions than the men could perform, the War Office lost the greater part of its reserve formed from the ranks of unskilled and agricultural labour. The Special Reserve represents, in numbers and efficiency of men and officers, about half the original force. The Volunteers suffered an even more curious fate. It was forgotten that they were designed to be a half-trained force, to include all those who were not available for further training, and the demands upon them were increased until the class for whom they were formed, were unable to enlist. In other words, the two forces were each screwed up a point until the Militia became (in the shape of the Special Reserve) a species of half-Regulars, and the Volunteers became (in the shape of the Territorials) a force resembling the old Militia. The inevitable results followed. The Special Reserve ceased to be recruited from the class which fed the Militia and filled its ranks from the same stratum as the Regulars. (Indeed, many Special Reservists are simply immature youths anxious to improve themselves by food and exercise until they become available for transfer to the Regulars.)

Meanwhile the Territorials, no longer recruited from the better class man who fed the Volunteers, and whose occupation prevented him from undertaking the increased duties demanded of him, formed the natural refuge of the class of man that used to enter the Militia. (This with the exception of a few class corps formed from the better paid men of the upper middle classes who have a certain amount of money and leisure.) The trouble is that there is now no organisation to include the class who used to provide the Volunteers, and who are now therefore quite unorganised against an invasion.

* * *

We therefore require something behind the Territorials to take the men who cannot manage two weeks' camp. The Territorial Reserve might be adapted to meet the case. As for the Territorials, who are now, in reality, the successors of the Militia, their discipline and efficiency are being slowly tightened up, and the old Volunteer traditions are slowly vanishing from among them. Things are, therefore, pretty much as they were before, except that we have gained the Special Reserve and lost the Volunteers. It is doubtful whether we have done well by the change.

* * *

The moral of all this is: Don't draw up military schemes without considering the economic system of the country. Countries differ like persons, and what suits one does not suit another. If your economic system does not admit of a certain type of army, you cannot have that type of army without first altering your economic system. Acts of Parliament won't help the matter. Meat and drink are stronger than Acts of Parliament.

* * *

Towards a National Railway Guild.—V.

THE charter of a National Railway Guild would presumably vest in the State the whole of the railway properties and in the guild the almost unfettered management and working.

It is probable that this would be the first charter, or amongst the first of two or three charters, and for an appreciable time the Railway Guild would be co-existent with, and work side by side of, an almost universal commercial system.

Whatever the ultimate ideals of universal guilds the Railway Guild must at its inception, and during the period of transition whilst other industries were being guildised, be worked on commercial lines.

The commercial practicability of the guild idea would have to be demonstrated, in its first experiments, in such striking manner that the tangible results would convey clearly to the country in general the superiority and manifest potentialities of the new system, and create an insistent, irresistible call for adaptation of the same principles to all other industries capable of guildisation.

Working on commercial lines would mean, for example, that the guild must take over the obligations and responsibilities of common carriers. If rates for goods are wanted by the public the best commercial terms must be given consistent with the services entailed.

If wasteful carriage is done and it be found, as indeed it may, that cutlery is carried to Sheffield by rail, cream to Devonshire, butter to Ireland, fish to Yarmouth and Grimsby, etc., or that some foreign products take upon themselves dignified English names by the simple process of repacking and branding of packages, these matters must be as nothing to the Railway Guild however high its ideals.

Obviously, each of these things is waiting the attention of other guilds later to be formed in the Merchants', Farmers', Fish and other businesses. The Railway Guild will have quite sufficient to do for many years in putting its own house in order.

It may not be out of place here to explain to the un-

initiated, in some detail, the position of railways in the commercial world.

The revenues are derived almost entirely from charges for conveying by rail, minerals, goods, livestock, parcels and passengers; although there is also income from activities outside those of common carriers, such as ship owners, dock owners, warehousers, hotel owners, land and property owners, and carters.

Railways (like canals, trams, and port authorities) are almost unique in that Parliament has laid down certain maximum charges which must not be exceeded, and these apply to all descriptions of goods, parcels, and passengers, except a few special articles of which the railways are not common carriers.

Every article known to commerce, from common sand and road-stone to beautifully finished, expensive furniture comes under one of eight classes, known as A B C, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and the maximum powers of charges for carriage are strictly laid down for each class. No conscious attempt is ever made to exceed these powers.

Parliament, however, has not laid down *minimum* powers, with the result that, in addition to the eight "class rates" noted between nearly every pair of stations, there are millions of "special" or "exceptional" rates *below* the authorised powers varying with the value and kind of goods, risk of carriage, load per wagon, distance, labour necessary at stations, and cartage; also every consideration of moment from the carriers' point of view, such as competition and the law that no undue preference may be given one trader over another has been taken into account.

The special rates have been made by the railway companies in what were the common interests of commerce and transport at the time the rates were required.

The proprietors of a new business may have proved that less rates than the maxima, in fact rates which could not strictly be said to pay for the service given, were vital to its successful launching; yet although later that business may be soundly afloat and possibly earning dividend pensions to its shareholders of from six to forty per cent., the railways are edged round with such restrictions that it has rarely been found worth while to increase a rate once placed as a general rate on the books.

The restrictions assume the shape of the railway company having to advertise each increased rate and the onus is upon the company or companies of subsequently showing that any increase objected to is reasonable. This "reasonableness" is such a ridiculous thing that it is almost impossible without mortgaging the value of the increase through law and advertising costs, for a railway company to prove a case.

Sundry paragraphs are appearing in the newspapers just now, at intervals, foreshadowing opposition from trade organisations to the advances of four per cent. in railway rates made from July 1, 1913.

These four per cent. advances apply only to the rates I have just mentioned as "special" or "exceptional," which are below the maximum powers; and plus the four per cent. no rate will be brought above the maximum legal powers.

What Parliament has given to the railway companies by the 1913 Act is the power to plead increased wages in justifying the four per cent. advance of a rate, but has not authorised any increase of maximum powers.

This is a brief and fair statement of the matter, but it will unquestionably become obscured in the process of the parties reaching a settlement.

Traders say that the four per cent. will more than recoup the railway companies for extra wages. It may do so in the case of some companies, and it may not in the case of others. Rates are on the books between stations of different companies, and one universal percentage of advance was unavoidable for meeting such cases.

Doubtless where individual traders can prove hardship the four per cent. must be waived, but they should be required also to prove to the Railway Commissioners that they have not passed the increase on

to their customers and that they will receive no personal benefit from the concession if given.

As rates will be of the utmost importance to a Railway Guild, I have gone more into detail than I intended, but I will sum up by saying that it is of advantage to traders in general that the rates increase should be borne all round; it is in effect laid down that railways are entitled to earn dividends and therefore every individual case of remission of the four per cent. makes it more probable that other traders must pay and make up the differences in one way or another.

With the advent of limited liability companies the right or power of existence of any industrial concern is gauged by its ability to carry an incubus of dividend pensioners as well as maintain its properties, managers, and other employees.

In the case of the railways this incubus may be said to represent in hard cash an amount of roughly fifty million pounds annually, and by whatever method the railways are guildised we may assume that for a period, probably the period during which many other industries are being guildised, this amount will be held in trust or administered by the State for the Guild. The incubus is carried to-day, there is no harm in its being carried a little longer, under the name of a trust fund.

A profound faith in the guild idea, and a preference for gradual progress, influence me to a desire for the Railway Guild having to work out its own salvation without making any material call for its own purposes upon this trust fund in the beginning.

In other words, there is a sufficient field for exercising economy and administrative science in the region of "working expenses" (some 65 per cent. of gross receipts) to provide striking and progressive improvement in the workers' conditions; but it must be a *sine qua non* that what commercialism can now afford to pay for transport it shall be required to pay under a guild system. There must be no condition in a Railway Guild Charter that reduced rates will have to be given all round.

In speaking of workers, the term embraces all who render service, mental or physical in the working of railways, and includes the better self of a railway director which is remunerated by fees as distinct from that part of his dual personality which is sustained on dividends.

HENRY LASCELLES.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

IN 1883, finding he could not pay off a mortgage on his estate, Parnell allowed the holder to foreclose, and filed a petition of sale. As soon as this fact became public the Irish people, realising that the chief's financial embarrassment had been incurred on their behalf, commenced a collection to relieve him of his difficulties. Irish people of all ranks, classes and professions, joined in this effort, the amount subscribed ultimately reaching nearly £40,000. Never had been witnessed before such a fierce desire on the part of even the very poorest to contribute their mite to a testimonial for a politician. Why? How had this feeling arisen? What were its immediate effects? And more important still, what will be its ultimate results?

The collection was proceeding in the usual manner of such affairs, being supported by bishops, priests, and people, when suddenly, in the month of April, Archbishop Croke was summoned to Rome to answer for the high crime and misdemeanour of having subscribed to the fund. On May 11 the Pope issued a rescript, ordering the bishops and priests to desist from any further participation in the Parnell tribute.

The reply of the Irish people to this action of the Pope is best explained by its effect on the "Tribute." On the day the Papal condemnation appeared the amount subscribed was £7,688. A month later it was £15,000, and by December it reached a total of £37,011 17s.

Here, surely, was a startling dénouement: the hitherto docile, obedient Irish, the people whom the Papacy had been accustomed to sell like stock-fish for seven centuries, repudiating the right of the Pope to poke his nose into their political affairs! Wonder of wonders! At long last the Irish had realised where their real enemy resided. But what was the immediate cause of this revolt?

By this time the presence of George Errington in Rome was a matter of common knowledge amongst the Irish people. Further, they observed the Duke of Norfolk continually hopping and trotting between London and Rome, cash in one hand, petitions in the other, the one to pay and the other to pray his Holiness to put down the National Movement. They also saw with shame and sorrow how readily His Holiness shed his sacred character of Vicar of Christ and came forth as the natural man, Count Pecci, the Italian aristocrat and landowner, in support of those of his own caste in England and Ireland.

The results of this unexpected intervention of the Pope in Irish political affairs were world-wide and lasting, and the end is not yet. Let us, however, glance at some of the immediate effects.

Mr. T. Sexton, M.P., wrote:—"It was not for him to interfere in any way between the Holy Father and the heads of the Irish Church. But he believed that the Pope had been misled, and he claimed that the Land League was a movement constitutionally conceived and legally conducted. The Irish Party were sorry to lose any of their allies; but, with allies or without them, the movement must go forward."

Michael Davitt, who at that moment was confined in Richmond Prison, wrote from his cell:—"Its significance is made but too apparent by the circumstances surrounding its issue—the mission of Mr. Errington from London to Rome, and the memorial of 300 prominent English Catholics sent through that personage to prejudice his Holiness against the representative prelate of Ireland. It remains for the people of Ireland to express by unmistakable but respectful remonstrance their protest against the unfounded charges implied therein, and their emphatic condemnation of the manner in which our hereditary enemies, the Catholic aristocracy of England, have sought to obtain from the head of the Catholic Church a semi-ex-cathedra pronouncement in keeping with their hatred of the Irish national cause. I venture the opinion that the Holy See has not committed a greater mistake in its relations to Ireland since the acknowledged and repaired blunder of Quarrantotti."

Mr. Tim Healy, who was also a prisoner in Richmond, wrote as follows:—"The oath of obedience taken by the Irish ecclesiastics friendly to the Irish cause is availed of to deliver them over tongue-tied to the distinguished persons who would make the Vatican the antechamber of the Birmingham caucus, while Castle Catholics will be allowed free play for denunciations of righteous movements. A Protestant leader has been assailed from Rome at the bidding of those Liberals who gave Mazzini and Garibaldi that English aid which despoiled the forgotten Pio Nono. Shall we make ourselves accomplices in the conspiracy which has culminated against him? The contribution enclosed is the response of one Irish Catholic at least to the machinations of the British camarilla, and I feel confident that the voice of the people which can make thrones and Powers and dominions tremble will proclaim a sufficient answer to those plotters."

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., "advised the people to make the Parnell Testimonial such a success that the Pope would realise how grievously he had been deceived by the miserable clique of pauper landlords who infest Rome."

As we have already seen by the amount subscribed, the people did so; but, they did more than that. At a public meeting held at Cappamore, co. Limerick, the parish priest in the chair, they carried the following resolution: "That this meeting condemns the action of the Pope in his circular to the Irish bishops, and the

Cappamore branch of the Land League calls on the Pope to retract it."

But the effects of this ill-advised action were not confined to Ireland. The Irish people throughout the world took steps to resent it in some way or other. The "Standard" New York correspondent telegraphed: "The collection of Peter's Pence in Baltimore has decreased 90 per cent. since the Papal circular."

The subject came up also for prominent discussion in the House of Commons. Speaking on the matter in June, '83, Mr. Joseph Cowan remarked: "It was known now that Mr. Errington had been treated in Rome as the English representative. The English Government might not have wished him to be so regarded—probably they did not. They wished to have the advantage of his residence there without any of the disadvantages of recognition. But at Rome he was received and treated, both publicly and privately, as the acknowledged envoy of the English Government. He visited the Vatican on days set apart for the visits of diplomatists. Now his objection to that procedure was twofold. First, he contended that by sending Mr. Errington in the way he had been sent we had been using him to gain the aid of the Pope in the government of Ireland. In other words, the Government confessed that they were unable to govern the Irish people themselves without external help. We admitted in fact, whatever we might do in words, that we were unable with the ordinary constitutional means to govern the Irish people, and we sought the aid of a foreign ecclesiastic to help us. He considered that to be degrading to England as a nation. He looked upon the utilisation of the Papal authority in the internal government of Ireland as a humiliation for Englishmen, and as such he resented it. It was on these grounds, therefore—his sense of humiliation that England should seek the aid of a foreign Power to help to govern an integral part of the United Kingdom, and that that Power should be invited to use its great authority to damage a political opponent of the Government—that he condemned the action of Mr. Errington."

Now what right or authority had Count Pecci, an Italian, to order an Irishman like Dr. Croke not to participate in the Parnell tribute? If he really possessed such authority, where did he get it from? At that time, and many a time since, numerous Irishmen have asked that question. As for myself, I have tried to work the thing out from the beginning upwards; but after thirty years of research all that I can discover to justify the interference of Leo XIII is the following:—

In Palestine, some nineteen centuries ago, a poor Jew, a carpenter by trade, lay down his tools and went forth to teach the people that their social salvation was only to be attained through Communism. (Mr. Randall says the wage-system, but mine is the time-honoured definition.)

After the Carpenter had spent three years in propaganda work the possessing classes, with the priests at their head, got so alarmed at the results of his labours that they had him put to death on the hill of Calvary.

In the twelfth century, an Englishman, Nicholas Brakespere, by guile and cunning, succeeded in raising himself to the chair of Peter, and then declared that the crucified carpenter of Calvary had given him authority to sell Ireland to England for a cash consideration.

In the nineteenth century, on the strength of the matters related above, Count Pecci, an Italian, claimed the right to forbid Dr. Croke, an Irishman, from supporting the Irish national testimonial to Parnell.

No doubt that is a plain way of stating the facts. But after reading tons of matter, it is really all I have been able to extract from it. I wish, however, the fact were all, and the worst that could be related as to the results of Pope Adrian's bull to Henry II. Unfortunately it is not. The more we examine our national records the more we discern that the Roman connection for Ireland since the time of Adrian has been nothing but an unmitigated curse without one redeeming feature.

But the Roman apologist will tell me I am wrong

because he can quote reams of beautiful stuff addressed by various Popes to their "dear Irish children."

Yes, I know it; and have read as much of it as would fill a ship. But when I read the history of Ireland, without Roman blinkers, I discover that if all the Irish blood shed through the action of Rome could be collected together it would fill Lough Neagh to the brim.

It would, of course, be impossible in a place like this to quote all the facts in support of my contention. But I will set forth a few from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries which cannot be disputed.

On June 14, 1645, was fought the battle of Naseby, between Charles I and Cromwell, in which the Royalists were defeated beyond the hope of recovery. At that moment all semblance of order or government had disappeared from England. Then, if ever, was Ireland's opportunity to strike for freedom, if she were in a position to seize the occasion. Was she at that moment in such a position? Only ten days before Naseby there had been fought and won the battle of Benburb, one of the best-planned battles, and resulting in the greatest victory recorded in all military history. Let us recall the day.

Summoning his officers around him, Owen Roe O'Neill addressed them: "Gentlemen," said he, pointing to the enemy's centre, "in a few minutes we shall be there." "Pass the word along the line—*Sancta Maria*; and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, charge for the old land." Like a living wall O'Neill's forces came on, flinging back the English and Scotch like foam. Then the Scotch and English broke frantically from the field. In the blaze of the setting sun the Ulster plain looked like a sheet of blood; 3,248 dead bodies were lying on the field, and the whole proud array of the invaders was wrecked, mangled and annihilated. Never was a victory more complete. Tents, baggage, cannon, 1,500 draught horses, twenty sets of colours, and provisions for two months were taken; and all this with, on the Irish side, only a loss of seventy killed.

How was it that Ireland failed to gather any fruits from such a victory, which was recognised even at that time to be of European importance?

The Vatican as usual had thought well to interfere in Irish affairs. On this occasion, to push her own interests, regardless of the fate of Ireland, Rome employed a wild Tuscan named Rinuccini as Papal Nuncio. We get some idea of this gentleman's qualifications for his office by looking at his performance in Paris whilst on his way to Ireland. "In France he was detained nearly five months in a fruitless attempt to come to some definite arrangement with Queen Henrietta Maria who was residing at the French Court. But a nice point of court etiquette embarrassed their business. The Nuncio could not uncover his head before the Queen, and Henrietta would not receive him otherwise than uncovered. So after three months lost in Paris he was obliged to proceed on his journey, exchanging merely complimentary messages with the Queen, whom the crushing blow of Naseby could not induce to waive a point of etiquette with a priest."

Such was the man to whom the fortunes of the Irish nation were entrusted at one of the great crises in her fate. One would naturally suppose that after such treatment as he himself had received in Paris, the Papal Nuncio would be loth to hand over the Irish to the house of Stuart were it possible to avoid it. Yet, as we shall see, that is exactly what he did. At the moment of his arrival in Ireland there was a glorious opportunity to free Ireland from the fetters of England. How did Rinuccini use the occasion? He entered into a private correspondence with Charles, who at that moment was heading straight for the block, and wasted by inane buffoonery the hopes and opportunity of Ireland. Instead of taking advantage of the situation to secure the interests of Ireland, he summoned a General Assembly, the proceedings of which, even at this day, bring a blush of shame to the face of an Irishman. Contemplate the scene! "The Nuncio, the Primate of Ire-

land, and eleven bishops, took their seats; the peers of the oldest title in the kingdom were present; among the spectators were the ambassadors of France, Spain and Charles. The debate lasted a month, and embraced all that may be said on the question of clerical interference in political affairs, on conditional and unconditional allegiance, on the powers of the Pontiff speaking ex cathedra, and the prerogatives of the temporal sovereign. And then he sailed away in his own frigate from Galway."

"The debate lasted a month," but not one solitary word was said about Ireland or the Irish as a nation. The rights of kings, popes, and nuncios were debated from every aspect; but of the rights of the people not a word.

Had Rinuccini proclaimed Owen Roe O'Neill king of Ireland under Papal protection nothing could have prevented its accomplishment. Everything was in favour of Owen. Eighty chiefs of his line had reigned and ruled in Ulster. He was known and honoured on the Continent as the greatest soldier of his age, and in Ireland all the old Irish clans were at his command.

But to preserve the English interest of the Vatican, the Pope's Nuncio thought it fit and proper to hand Ireland back to England on conditions which they who offered them were unable and unwilling to observe, and Rinuccini was unable to enforce. Instead of the religious freedom promised to the Legate, what Ireland got in fact was Cromwell, Drogheda and Wexford. What a pity it was that Owen Roe did not march into Kilkenny and squelch the assembly of tricksters with as little compunction as he would a horde of rats.

Some forty years later we again find the Papal crook being poked into Irish affairs with the usual disastrous results. Another English king is on the run and another chance of freedom presents itself to Ireland. But as Tod Hunter says in his "Life of Sarsfield":—

"William had succeeded in obtaining the sanction of Pope Innocent XI for his expedition, though His Holiness did not probably contemplate the actual dethronement of James, when the Dutch fleet sailed from Holland wafted on their way by Catholic Te Deums. 'James,' Prince Vaudemont, William's envoy, told the Pope he could not do anything for the Church while openly a Catholic; but William, though a Protestant, was in favour of toleration and would procure toleration for Catholics in England if now helped by the Pope." "The Pope trusted William; he did not trust James. How far William kept his promise we shall see." Observe, "William would procure toleration for Catholics in England if now helped by the Pope." Ireland and the Irish were again to be sacrificed to the English interest of the Vatican, and our Holy Father, the Pope, without a moment's hesitation, handed us over to the tender mercies of the Orange-man. Now, whilst William was fully employed with his English and Continental affairs, Ireland, possessing an army of her own, summoned a native Parliament to assemble in Dublin. Of this Parliament, Thomas Davis declares: "It exercised less severity than any of its time. It established liberty of conscience and equality. It proscribed no man for his religion, the word does not occur in any of its Acts. It introduced many laws of great practical value in the business of society, it removed the disabilities of the natives, the scars of old fetters, it was generous to the King, yet it carried its own opinions out against his where they differed. It finally—and what should win the remembrance and veneration of Irishmen through all time—it boldly announced the National Independence."

"Let us then add 1689 to our memory; and when a Pantheon or Valhalla is piled up to commemorate the names and guard the effigies of the great and good, the bright and burning genius, the haughty and faithful hearts, and the victorious hands of Ireland, let not the men of that time of glory and misfortune, that time of which Limerick's two sieges typify the clear and dark sides, defiance and defeat of the Saxon in one, trust on the Saxon and ruin in the other, let not the

legislators and soldiers of that great epoch be forgotten."

But all this—the Patriot Parliament, the Patriots, the Soldiers, and the Independence of Ireland—was ruthlessly stamped out by the Ally of Pope Innocent XI, the Protestant Prince of Orange. And, moreover, when the news of their destruction reached Rome, our Holy Father, the Pope, our loving and tender parent in Christ, offered songs of joy to God at our humiliation and defeat. In reviewing the consequences to Ireland of this alliance between the Catholic Pope and the Protestant Prince, John Bright, as before noted, remarked: "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."

Mr. Gladstone, speaking of the results which accrued from the same alliance, summarised them thus:—

"In order to measure the space which had at this period been covered by the forward movement of liberality and patriotism, it is necessary to look back at the early years of the Georgian period, when Whiggism had acquired a decisive ascendancy and the spirits of the great deep were let loose against popery." But the temper of proscription in the two countries exhibited specific differences. Extravagant in both, it became in Ireland vulgar and indecent. In England it was Tilburina gone mad in white satin. In Ireland it was Tilburina's maid gone mad in white linen. The Lord Justices of Ireland in 1715 recommended the Parliament to put an end to all other distinctions in Ireland "but that of Protestant and Catholic Papists," and the years that followed seemed to mark the lowest point of constitutional depression for the Roman Catholic population in particular, as well as for Ireland at large. The Commons in 1715 prayed for measures to discover any Papist enlisting in the King's service in order that he might be expelled "and punished with the utmost severity of the law." When an oath of abjuration had been imposed, which prevented nearly all priests from registering, a Bill was passed by the Commons in 1719 for the branding of the letter "P," on the cheeks of all priests who were unregistered, with a red-hot iron. The Privy Council disliked this punishment and substituted for it *the loathsome measure by which safe guardians are secured for Eastern harems.*

Such are the things which came to the Irish through the prayers offered to God by their Holy Father Pope Innocent XI. But that does not exhaust the evidence. The "Drapier Letters," "The Poor Lady," and "The Modest Proposal" of Dean Swift are eloquent testimony to the effects produced in Ireland by the Pope's introduction of William of Orange.

Phoenix-like, Ireland rose again in 1782, and regained an Independent Parliament. Its members were wholly Protestant, it is true, but it had been won by the efforts of Protestant and Catholic alike. From its creation it did not oppress Catholics; on the contrary, it soon set to work to remove such disabilities as they laboured under. As an earnest of its intentions it established the great Catholic seminary of Maynooth and voted it an annual subsidy of £8,000.

Here, at last, one would think, the representatives of Rome in Ireland, with such tangible evidence in their possession of what they might expect from a native parliament, would have defended the Irish Legislature at all costs. It was not so, however. When Pitt determined to destroy the Irish Parliament he called to his aid the Catholic bishops of Ireland, and, be it said to their eternal infamy, in all Ireland he found no more active supporters for his policy. But not only did they support it themselves; but they also prevented the Catholic population from opposing it.

So we see that, in 1645, in 1689, and in 1800, Ireland and her freedom were sacrificed on the mere promise of an English king or minister; and all to promote the interest of the Vatican in England. It was to promote this same interest, that, in 1883, Pope Leo XIII ordered Dr. Croke to desist from participating in the Parnell

tribute. It is in this same interest that the English Catholic clergy and aristocracy are opposing Home Rule at present. But that is a matter I must leave to future papers. I have only to remark here, that while the quarrel over the Parnell fund was in progress I left England, and as I was absent for seven years, I shall resume this narrative at the period at which I returned.

The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.

IV.

THE current commercial practice of re-investing dividends is directly responsible for the development of class separation by withdrawing money from circulation where it is needed and causing it to circulate in orbits where it is not required. Whilst on the human side it is responsible for the great contrasts of extravagance and poverty in modern society, on the industrial side it has struck at the roots of all healthy production. It impoverishes works of real utility to create surpluses to be spent upon works of luxury—making Art an exotic and artificial thing, since its true basis is in utility and not in luxury. For it is one of the paradoxes of our so-called utilitarian age that it is always impossible to get sufficient money spent on real utilities to make them substantial. We first impoverish works of real utility, and having thus succeeded in rendering all useful labour utterly unendurable, we expend the surpluses in providing such diversions as free libraries, art galleries, and such like.

Yet why should utilities be expected to pay dividends? Why should it always be assumed that what is intended for use should yield a profit, and what is intended for luxury not? Why, for instance, in municipal expenditure should it be assumed that houses for the working-classes should be self-supporting, while art galleries and free libraries are a charge upon the rates? Why should not some of the money which is spent upon these things be spent in making municipal houses more beautiful? And if it be right for one thing not to pay dividends, why not another?

Frankly, I can see no reason, except the superstition of financiers and the fatal tendency of all things to crystallise into formulas. In the case cited, a more generous expenditure upon such things as municipal houses would do more to encourage Art than expenditure upon Art galleries, if at the same time means could be devised whereby genuine and not commercial architects could be employed to build them. It is certain that the substantially built houses and cottages of the past were never built to earn dividends, and we shall never be able to house the poorest classes so long as we do expect these returns. The fact is that *in really healthy finance, as in life, there is no formula*, and it is precisely because modern reformers have never seriously questioned the truth of modern principles of finance that they are powerless to introduce really effective measures of social reform.

Another instance of the failure of Collectivism comes out in the Fabian tract entitled "Twentieth Century Politics, a policy of National Efficiency," by Mr. Sidney Webb. In this tract Mr. Webb gives an outline of what he considers should constitute the political programme of a really progressive reform party. After dealing separately with particular re-

forms, Mr. Webb passes on to consider ways and means of effecting them. And here he is beaten. For the life of him he cannot see where the impetus to carry them into effect is to come from. And so, in desperation, he proposes a measure artificially to stimulate political activity, which is worthy of "Punch," but is quite wasted in a Fabian Tract.

Recognising that the Local Government Board has always to be coercing its local authorities to secure the National minimum, Mr. Webb says: "for anything beyond that minimum, the wise minister would mingle premiums with his pressure. He would by his public speeches, by personal interviews with mayors and town clerks, and by the departmental publications, set on foot the utmost possible emulation among the various local governing bodies as to which could make the greatest strides in municipal activity. We already have the different towns compared, quarter by quarter, in respect to their death rates, but at present only crudely, unscientifically, and perfunctorily. Why should not the Local Government Board avowedly put all the local governing bodies of each class into honorary competition with one another by an annual investigation of municipal efficiency, working out their statistical marks for excellence in drainage, water supply, paving, cleansing, watching and lighting, housing, hospital accommodation, medical service, sickness experience and mortality, and publicly classifying them all according to the result of the examination? Nay, a ministry keenly inspired with a passion for national efficiency would call into play every possible incentive to local improvement. The King might give a 'Shield of Honour' to the local authority which had made the greatest progress in the year, together with a knighthood to the mayor and a Companionship of the Bath to the clerk, the engineer and the medical officer of health. On the other hand, the six or eight districts which stood at the bottom of the list would be held up to public opprobrium, while the official report on their shortcomings might be sent by post to every local elector, in the hope that public discussion would induce the inhabitants to choose more competent administrators." (Presumably Mr. Webb would accept Mr. Mallock's definition of the modern conception of progress, as an improvement which can be tested by statistics, just as education is an improvement that can be tested by examinations.)

The most interesting of all the contradictions in which Collectivism has become involved, and which more than any other exposes the weakness of the position of its advocates is one which during the late war split the party in two; for while all Collectivists recognised that the war was a commercial one, waged in the interests of unscrupulous South African financiers, only part of them declared against it on the grounds of its manifest injustice, the remainder arguing that the best policy for Collectivists was to allow the war to run its course, for the reason that as internationalism and not nationalism was the condition of the future, a United South Africa would, notwithstanding the present injustice, hasten the Collectivist millennium.

Now both these positions are valid according to the theories of Collectivism. The first is a necessary deduction from the position Collectivists have assumed respecting the morality of trade. Recognising the growth of capitalism to be the cause of the present evils in society, they were perfectly justified in opposing its encroachments. Yet, taking their stand on this ground, they come into collision with their own theory of social evolution, which teaches them that the growth of capitalistic control and of internationalism is a necessary step in the development of society towards the social millennium. While again, those who took their stand on the social evolution of Collectivism found themselves in the unfortunate position of having to compromise with all the evils which they set out to eradicate.

What, then, is the significance of Collectivism? Is it a product merely of the disease of Society, or a sign of health in the body politic? The answer is that it contains the elements of both. Collectivism came into existence to do a definite work, with the fulfilment of which it will assuredly disappear. As Liberalism appeared in opposition to the corrupt oligarchies of the eighteenth century, so Collectivism has come into existence to correct the evils which Liberalism brought with it—to dispel the laissez-faire notions of the Manchester school—to expose the inhumanities of commercialism—to reawaken the moral sense of society, and to restore to it the lost ideal of a corporate life. To Collectivism we are indebted for these ideas, and in their affirmation it has amply justified its existence. It may be, also, that the statistical method which it has pursued, though impossible from the point of view of social re-construction, was yet the only way of impressing certain broad truths on the national mind. It has indeed set forces in motion which may yet be turned in the direction of true social reconstruction. But just as Liberalism failed because it had to use the plutocracy as the force with which to effect its purpose, so Collectivism must fail because it has had to make its appeal to the crowd.

Feeling comes nearer to truth than logic, and in the hesitation of the masses to respond to his appeal, the Collectivist may, if he will, see the condemnation of his own measures. The people are right in neglecting this appeal; in so acting there is unconscious wisdom. The people feel instinctively that Government is not their affair; it leads them out of their depth, and with true inspiration hitherto they have refused to interfere where they cannot understand. They are right also in another and profounder sense. Not only is their indifference a sign that politics have moved out of contact with actuality, but they instinctively feel that Utopia does not lie along the road the Collectivist indicates; for in its appeal Collectivism made one great and fundamental error. It has sought to remedy the evils occasioned by the individual avarice of the few by an appeal to the avarice of the many—as if Satan could cast out Satan.

V.

The underlying cause of this failure of Collectivism to fulfil the conditions required for the establishment of a sound social system is that in concentrating its attention too exclusively upon the material evils existing in Society it loses sight of the spiritual side of the problem; for indeed, rightly considered, the evils which the Collectivist seeks to eradicate are ultimately nothing but the more obtrusive symptoms of an internal spiritual disease. Religion, art and philosophy have in these latter days suffered a serious decline, and the social problem, as popularly understood, is the attendant symptom.

The truth of this is borne in upon us when we view the present state of things from the standpoint of social evolution. We may then see how the growth of this external material problem coincides at every point with an internal spiritual decline, which, separating religion, art and philosophy from life, has plunged society into the throes of materialism, with its concomitants of ugliness and money making, the reckless pursuit of which throughout the nineteenth century has left us for our inheritance the Rings, Trusts and Monopolies which exploit Society to-day. For had the spiritual forces in Society not dwindled into impotence, social evolution would not thus have tended towards the ignoble ideal of Collectivism, but towards that finer individualism upon which the Socialism of the future must be founded.

To understand how these things are related we must go back to the time of the Renaissance in Italy, when the effort was made to graft the ideas of antiquity upon the Christian nations of Europe. The civilisation of the Middle Ages was undoubtedly a lapse from that of Paganism, in that the freedom of thought formerly permitted was everywhere stamped out by the dogmas of Christianity. Yet, strangely enough, though from one point of view this lapse is to be regretted, it

achieved a useful work, for in addition to bracing the moral fibre it became the means of enlarging the experience of the race. If it put boundaries to the intellect, it thereby enlarged the boundaries of the imagination. For it was precisely because in the Middle Ages men had their minds at rest about the thousand and one doubts and difficulties which beset the pursuit of the intellectual life, that they were able to develop that sense of romantic beauty which enabled them to build the cathedrals and abbeys which cover Europe.

And so, without committing ourselves to the unlikely theory that the Middle Ages were in every respect an ideal age, and while certain that in many respects that time suffers in comparison with our own, I think we must admit its superiority in some directions. It was greater than our own in that it possessed a "sense of the large proportions of things," and according to its lights it pursued perfection. For pursuit of religion and art were then the serious things of life, while commerce and politics, which have to-day usurped our best energies were strictly subordinated to these attributes of perfection. Unfortunately human ideals are rarely fulfilled and though these ideals pervaded mediæval society they were never completely embodied in fact. Nevertheless Kropotkin says that most of what the Socialist aims at existed within the walls of the mediæval city, and at one time it was possible to put into practice the dictum "Love thy neighbour as thyself." The principle of mutual aid became everywhere recognised in the civic structure. Each section of its population had its own appropriate duties to perform, while any confusion of function was jealously guarded against. The craftsmen and merchants were organised into guilds; the former for the maintenance of fine standards of quality in production, and the latter for the enforcement of certain moral standards in respect to the conduct of trade. That the social system was never entirely reduced to order outside the towns, that the village communes and afterwards the cities were enslaved by the Feudal Lords is the tragedy of the Middle Ages. To identify the Middle Ages with the disorders of Feudalism is to do it an injustice and to prevent ourselves from learning valuable lessons from an age which made a bold bid to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth.

Similarly, when we consider the external life of that age, what most impresses us is the marvellous and universal beauty of everything that has survived to our own time. The mediæval period was not only great in its architecture, but the very humblest forms of craftsmanship, even the utensils were beautiful. What a contrast to our day, when ugliness is just as universal. It matters little where we look, in the city or the suburb, in the garden or in the house; at our dress or our furnishings; wherever modernity is to be found, vulgarity is also there. For this ugliness knows no exception save in the work of an insignificant and cultivated minority who are in conscious opposition to the present order of society. The Renaissance brought about this change by cutting at the roots of tradition¹ which hitherto had been the support of the Middle Ages.

The sense of a consecutive tradition has so completely disappeared from modern life that it is difficult for most of us to realise what it means. To greater or lesser extent in the form or custom or habit it is always present with us in debased forms. Yet this is a different thing from that living tradition which survived until the Renaissance, the meaning of which will be best understood by considering its relation to the arts.

¹ "In a traditional art each product has a substance and content to which the greatest individual artists cannot hope to attain—it is the result of organic process of thought and work. A great artist might make a little advance, a poor artist might stand a little behind, but the work as a whole was customary, and was shaped and perfected by a life experience whose span was centuries."—"Mediæval Art," by Professor W. R. Lethaby.

Tradition then, in relation to the arts, may be defined as a current language of design, and, indeed, design in the Middle Ages bears a striking resemblance to the language of speech, in that the faculty of design was not as it is to-day, the exclusive possession of a caste—a body of men who give prescriptions for the craftsman to dispense—but, like language, was a common possession of the whole people. Certain traditional ways of working, certain ideas of design and technique were universally recognised, so that when the craftsman was called upon to design he was not, like his modern successor, compelled to create something out of nothing, but had this tradition ready to hand as the vehicle of expression understood by all. It was thus that the arts and crafts of former times were identical—the artist was always a craftsman, while the craftsman was always an artist. In the production of architecture no architect was employed in the modern sense to conceive and supervise every detail, since as every craftsman was in some degree an artist, it was the practice of each craft to supply its own details and ornaments, the craftsman being subject only to such general control as was necessary to secure a unity of effect. Architecture was thus a great co-operative art, the expression of the national life and character.

We realise, perhaps, more fully what tradition means when we compare the conditions of craftsmanship in those days with those which obtain to-day. The modern craftsman, deprived of the guidance of a healthy tradition, is surrounded on all sides by forms which have persisted, though debased and vulgarised, while the thought which created them has been lost. Consequently, he uses them not merely without any perception of their meaning, but as he does not realise that they ever had any meaning, he has as much chance of making himself intelligible as a man whose speech is a hopeless jargon of all tongues, and who has lost the capacity of realising that any word he uses has ever actually had a definite meaning.

In these circumstances the designer or craftsman of to-day has a task of far greater magnitude to perform in order to produce creditable work than had his predecessors. It is not merely a question of possessing good taste, since before he can design he must recover for himself a language of expression. He must, therefore, be not merely an artist, but an "etymologist of forms," so to speak, in addition. How, then, can we wonder if little good work is produced?

Similarly we find the absence or degradation of tradition exercises its baneful influence in every department of life, for just as the craftsman cannot design beautifully because he has lost hold of a living tradition of design, so men are unnatural and inhuman because they have lost the art of right living, spontaneity and instinct having given place to conventions and fashions which exercise an intangible tyranny over their victims. Incidentally I would refer to the corroborative testimony of Mr. Bernard Shaw, who emphasises the same truth in "*Man and Superman*." Mr. Shaw observes that English critics disapproved of Zola's works not because they considered them immoral, but because never having been taught to speak decently about such things, they were without a language by which to express their ideas.

To return to our subject : I said that the Renaissance, by cutting at the roots of tradition, brought about the changed state of things we see around us to-day. In seeking to liberate man from the fetters of the Middle Ages the Renaissance unfortunately destroyed what was really good and valuable.

Without minimising in the least the ultimate benefits which the growth of the spirit of criticism stimulated by the Renaissance has in store for the human race, the development of that spirit has so far been attended with disastrous consequences. It is admitted that by undermining the authority of the Church and the Bible, criticism has largely destroyed the spirit of consecration to ideals, but it is not generally recognised that this same spirit operating upon the arts has

brought about their decline, by separating them from life. First we see the gradual formation of canons of taste; then follows the growth of academies which impose rigid classical standards upon the people, and finally, tradition, which has hitherto been the source of vitality in the arts, is everywhere extinguished and a complete divorce is effected between Art and Life.

Art, ceasing to be the vehicle of expression for the whole people, now becomes a plaything for the connoisseur and the dilettante, hidden away in galleries and museums, while Life, having lost the power of refined expression, crystallises into conventions and becomes ugly in all its manifestations.

Simultaneously with this separation of art from life comes the separation of the artist from the craftsman. The fine arts having turned their back upon their humble brethren, craftsmanship everywhere degenerates into manufacture—uniformity having supplanted variety as the ideal of production, machines are invented for multiplying wares. Factories are built to contain the machinery, and labour is organised for the purpose of working it, while universal markets arise through the desire of avaricious manufacturers to find some temporary escape from the evils of over-production. And now, when supply has got ahead of demand, comes a complete divorce between production and use—owing to the circumstance that under such conditions, speculation, and not human need, becomes the motive force of production. Business and money-making become the all-absorbing interest of life, while democracy takes its rise in the seething discontent engendered by the growth of such conditions simultaneously with the degeneration of the Guilds into close corporations, and the subsequent exclusion of the journeyman, who is thereby deprived of the position he formerly held in the social scheme.

Such would appear to be the true interpretation of social evolution—Religion, Art, and Philosophy having separated themselves from life, business, money-making and politics, hitherto subordinated to the pursuit of these other attributes of perfection, become the all-absorbing interests of life. To this reversal of the natural order of things is to be attributed the growth of the social problem.

What the future has in store for us it is indeed difficult to say. It would seem that the present system is doomed to collapse through its own internal rottenness. Commercialism will reap as it has sown—a social catastrophe is clearly its fit and proper harvest. For a century we have been putting off the evil consequences of unregulated production by dumping our surpluses in foreign markets; but this cannot continue indefinitely, for the problem which on a small scale should have been boldly faced a century ago, when machinery was first introduced, will have to be dealt with on a gigantic scale. The foreigner, who was once our customer, has now become our competitor; and so instead of expanding markets we have to face the problem of contracting markets. The appearance, therefore, of a large and ever-increasing unemployed class becomes inevitable. The probability is that this phenomenon will make its appearance in America, where industrial conditions are fast ripening for such a catastrophe. Until quite recently America was occupied not so much in the production of wares as in manufacture of machinery. It is obvious that when all this machinery becomes engaged in actual production the output available for exportation will be enormously increased; and it is stated on very good authority that the competition we have already experienced from America is as nothing in comparison with what we are likely to encounter during the next few years. Meanwhile, the growth of Trusts, Combines, and Monopolies by eliminating the waste consequent upon competition, tends in the same direction.

Under these circumstances we shall be well advised to prepare for eventualities. Though unable to save existing society, it may yet be possible to build something out of its ruins.

Readers and Writers.

WHEN so much praise is going about I do not mind Mr. Oliver Onions having a share, even a large share. His writing is workmanlike, quiet and sincere; and it is an honest reflection of his own character. But the "Daily News" has passed the permissible bounds even of the cheapest eulogy; it is in danger of making Mr. Onions undeservedly ridiculous. "These three books," says the "Daily News" of the trilogy completed by "The Story of Louie" (Secker, 6s.) "are the highest sustained product of English literary creative genius in the present century." The fallacy as well as the absurdity of this is, I hope, apparent. "Sustained" can only refer to length, and Mr. Onions' three novels amount to no more than about a quarter of a million words—a trifle in comparison with the number I have written myself. To "sustain" a product after this manner requires merely good health and a capacity for hard and regular work—a navvy's outfit. The real "sustaining" power of genius is the power of imagination which may be as prodigious in a short as in a long work. "Creative genius," again, is all wrong as applied to a trilogy of novels. The first trilogy of novels may have been a work of creative genius—though, of course, I doubt it—but the hundredth certainly cannot be. Creation is of something new, of something the like of which was not known before and yet at once becomes natural and as if it had always been. And "genius" I would reserve for this very rare quality, all the rest being only talent greater or lesser. For instance, in my severest opinion I would deny to France any literary "genius" in all her history. Her greatest works have been better done by other nations; in no form or mould of literature has France been a creator. But this merely to safeguard a superlative term. The "Daily News" continues that this trilogy of Mr. Onions is "perfect"—which, once more, is unjust to Mr. Onions. Neither "Little Devil Doubt" nor "Good Boy Seldom" is anything like perfect, even of their own low kind. Both are loaded with superfluities such as a story teller with an audience to hold would instinctively cut. Mr. Onions could not read his novels to a public audience as Dickens could his—and this test of a story is final. Lastly, our reviewer concludes that the trilogy is "a pageant of minds, an exercise in pure intellectual insight." This description is true of some Indian stories I have read—"The Story of Lila," for example—the finest short story in the world (Mr. Bain's "Digit" series are clumsy effigies of it); but it is incontinence of language to apply the phrases to a story of murder, death from shock and suicide. A pageant of minds! A cinemelodrama.

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Professor Saintsbury's historical work on "The English Novel," which Messrs. Dent announce for immediate publication, will give us the material for a last judgment of this form of literature. Bone by bone, hair by hair, though each be combed out with comparisons, the real shape of the poodle is discernible only by the few; but when Professor Saintsbury has anatomised the creature, the dullest reviewers will not fail to see it as a whole; for Professor Saintsbury has the unenviable gift of enabling his readers to see more than he can see himself. One has to pity him even while standing to do so on the hillocks of learning which mole-like he throws up. I shall return to the subject of the novel when his book is out.

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A note in Mr. Lane's monthly catalogue (impertinently named "The Bodleian," and posing as a magazine) informs the world that Mr. Francis Grierson's "The Celtic Temperament" is now being used "as a text-book in Japan." As a text-book of what? "The Celtic Temperament" contains thirteen essays on as many subjects, and not one is of the kind to form a "text-book." The rarest thing in Mr. Grierson's essays—and I have read them all—is a definite statement; he lives in so heavy an atmosphere of ideas that no ideas are visible; he even appears to be terrified lest anything

he writes should commit him to something. This timidity of exposing himself to the light has, to be sure, the effect at first glance of deliberate restraint, of legitimate reserve; but when the reader has lived with the essays long enough to become accustomed to their dimness, the ideas still do not appear or, more often than not, turn out to be mere platitudes. In "The Valley of Shadows," Mr. Grierson's masterpiece, reflections are unnecessary; it is an historical romance, and deals in real persons and events. There atmosphere is not the major but the minor consideration; and in the earlier chapters at any rate Mr. Grierson reaches a very high plane of description. Latterly, however, manner has become of more importance to him than matter, with the result that his essays contain better sound than sense. I wonder, therefore, what substance for a text-book can be found in them even by Japanese readers of English. Mr. Lane very adroitly omits to say.

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Another biographical "study" by Mr. Frank Harris is announced to appear this autumn: "Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions." From the title alone I gather that the contents are intended to be "thrilling," for it would do very well for a Life of Charles Peace! Mr. Harris really should not play his old and dead friend such tricks of style. Wilde has long since ceased to have any interest as a personality for people who read to live; and his works now take their place as an interesting example of a false dawn in literature—no more. What the man was, what he suffered, what he experienced are of no concern. All that was essential in them was expressed in his work, and it is the business of literary, not biographical criticism, to discover it there. If I had my way nobody should be allowed to penetrate the wings of the stage on which writers play out their drama of style. What could not be discerned from the front by attentive observers should remain the secret of the writer and his valets. If the latter could not be trusted to keep their mouths shut they should be discredited as I am discrediting Mr. Harris. A competing work on Wilde by Lord Alfred Douglas is also announced. But police proceedings do not make a writer immortal.

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Do readers of journals prefer to have their intelligence insulted? Are they all women with a natural admiration for writers who knock them about? Being, I hope, no slave, I personally am simply enraged when some journal or other holds me so cheap as to attempt to palm off on me manifest lies. Insignificance in the journal itself does not redeem the act in my judgment. "Everyman" or "T.P.'s Weekly" can, I confess, annoy me as easily as the "Times Literary Supplement"; the gamin and the Philistine are equally detestable. A sentence in an article in "Everyman," by one "Capricus," for example, runs as follows. The subject is Mr. Bridges, the new Laureate: "But for such scholarly influence as his we should be in danger of having the language as clumsy for literary expression as it is already degraded in musical value by our slovenly talking." Considering that Mr. Bridges is notoriously a "nu speler" who would have the written word spelled down to the level of slovenly talking, the foregoing claim for him is something of an offence. As I say, it holds us too cheap, as incapable of examining the truth of anything we read. Mr. Holbrook Jackson in "T.P.'s Weekly" is similarly contemptuous of his readers' intelligence. Doubtless there are excuses for him, for the readers of "T.P.'s" are not, I should guess, fastidious. But excuses are not rights. Writers actually owe more than their readers demand. In an article under the title of "Art and Advertisement," Mr. Jackson first has a stone to fling at me. "There are people who are so lofty in thought and so superior in taste as to look down upon anything in the nature of an advertisement." The stone, however, misses its aim, for I do not "look down" upon advertisement any more than I "look down" upon commerce. What I look down upon is the prostitution of "art" to profiteering, the mixing of motives and appeals. Mr. Jackson next pleads

with advertisers to follow the example of some whisky-distiller or other who, it appears, has employed Mr. Joseph Simpson, a high-class pavement artist, to draw portraits for his posters. "The two arts," he says, "of publicity and distilling have to their credit a collection of masterpieces in a third art." There, I think, I will leave the late secretary of the Fabian Arts Group and biographer of Mr. Shaw.

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"At 21 I was writing regularly for the 'Saturday Review'"—Mr. Guy Thorne. "My first novel was well written, but its attitude towards life was brutal and youthfully cynical"—same gentleman!

* * *

Here is a sentence from a "Times" review: "Her selfless love for the mean-spirited and faithless—restores him to manhood and self-respect." Will my readers look around and find a parallel in fact for this fiction? I cannot! The superstition that love, selfless or otherwise, can work miracles of transformation is, of course, one of women's great assets; but a reviewer ought not to encourage it. In the same issue that contains this ju-jube is one of the worst long reviews I have ever read. It is apropos of three works by three French writers on Meredith, Jefferies and George Peel respectively. In his notice of these books the reviewer contrives to drag in every ism in the philosophic dictionary, and every well-known writer from the Greeks onwards, the whole concluding with an astonishing display of spreadtridentism produced absolutely regardless of truth and decency: "England has wrestled with Nature—has vowed that it will not let her go until she has revealed her name. *And the French critics are beginning to be alive to the fact.*" France, please take note.

R. H. C.

Views and Reviews.*

Books of this nature are fit only to provide subjects for silly season discussions; and for this reason, I have waited until now to review Mrs. Snowden's book. It was not to be expected that Mrs. Snowden would say anything new on this subject, and she does not; but her selections from everything that has been said enable us to see how utterly contradictory, and therefore anarchistic, are the aspirations of the feminists. Mrs. Snowden talks much of equality, but she means identity. She thinks that if women have the vote on the same terms as men, if women are allowed to practise in the professions on the same terms as men, if women receive the same wages for the same work as men, if the differences between marriage and divorce law for men and women are removed, that the equality of the sexes is thereby admitted. What would actually happen would be that sex would be entirely disregarded in these circumstances: an identity would be established in which sex would not be considered, and before the law, the woman like the man would be only a person. So far as feminism means the elimination of sex considerations from those affairs that are not properly concerned with sex, most unmarried men, at least, will not find themselves in violent opposition to feminism. Controversy is only possible when controversial matters are introduced.

The infernal subject of marriage is one of the controversial matters. At the present time, marriage is a privileged status for the woman and a penalised one for the man. Feminists say, Mrs. Snowden says, that "the present apparent favouritism is not desirable for women." They do not want their husbands to be responsible for their libels, their assaults, their maintenance, their Income Tax returns, and so on. The danger of the situation is that while the Feminists are protesting their good intentions, while they exclaim against the injustice to women that the present favouritism means, the women who are only women

sans phrase are increasing the injustice. Before the introduction of compulsory insurance, a wife had no legal right to a maternity benefit for which the husband paid; now, as the writer of "Notes of the Week" told us in the last issue, the man, although he is compelled to pay the contribution, is not entitled to receive the benefit. It is a benefit for the wife, not for the husband; and, although he is liable to a month's imprisonment if he does not make adequate provision for his wife during this period, the provision that he has been compelled to make is assigned as the legal property of his wife. Facts like this justify us in ignoring the professed good intentions of the Feminists.

I have reached one point of agreement with the Feminists: marriage as a legal contract is a bad one for the man. It behoves us not to forget this, for Shaw said some years ago (I quote him because his personal knowledge of Feminists makes him an authority on this subject): "Give women the vote, and in five years there will be a crushing tax on bachelors." That, of course, will be only one of the means adopted to force men into an inferior relation to women; others are stated by the Feminists themselves. Mrs. Snowden, for example, proposes the boycott against all unmarried men who are not sexually chaste. She says: "The hope of the feminist is that [the mothers of the future] will refuse to admit to the intimacy of their homes men of doubtful character, who hold themselves free to indulge in vice." I suppose that I shall not be slandering the bachelors of England if I say that comparatively few of them would find themselves eligible for admission under this test. Further, when women have the power, they intend to make it difficult, if not impossible, for men to make arrangements for sexual satisfaction out of the bonds of wedlock. Apart from the suppression of prostitution, they intend to raise the age of consent, and they hope to get women on the bench and in the jury-box, with the deliberate intention of enforcing more strictly the law against illicit sexual intercourse. The straight and narrow way to marriage will be prepared, nay, is being prepared; and it is interesting in this connection to notice what sort of marriage it is that the Feminists offer us.

Putting aside domestic and sentimental considerations, we may say that marriage is one way of providing for the sexual needs of man. In one way or another, by seduction, by the use of prostitutes, by the maintenance of a mistress, or by marriage (I say nothing here of unnatural vice), men make provision for satisfaction. But when the feminists have succeeded in preventing any other provision but marriage being made for sexual satisfaction, it is by no means certain that the man will then obtain it. It is intended that the right to the sex-relation shall be abolished, in some way or other; Mrs. Snowden says: "The equality in sex-relations for which the collective sense of women yearns must be yielded to them as an act of delicacy, consideration, and high chivalry." In other words, sex-suppression must be the rule, in marriage and out of it.

This, of course, may sound very moral and proper; but its physiological consequences are not considered, except by doctors. The method of psycho-analysis invented by Freud as a cure for certain forms of mental derangement (notably, dissociated personality), has revealed sexual suppression as one of the principal causes of these troubles. I know a mental and nerve specialist in the West End of London, the majority of whose patients are suffering from some form of sex trouble. Over-indulgence and under-indulgence, sex-suppression or surfeit, come to the same thing at last: a visit to a nerve or mental specialist. It is not as though one were free from sex stimulation: women are everywhere; and in the home, the proximity of the persons can only intensify the excitement. These incitements are not always consciously felt: repression of sex-feeling is a habit, but its consequences are none the less disastrous. But we are told now that when a man makes the only provision for satisfaction that is socially considered proper, he is not even then entitled to that satisfaction.

* "The Feminist Movement." By Ethel Snowden. (Collins. 1s. net.)

He has assumed many responsibilities, but he has no rights.

At the same time, we are assured by Mrs. Snowden that "the time will never come when women will cease to regard the home and children as their special concern. A God-implanted instinct has taught them this truth." The facts, of course, are against Mrs. Snowden. She appeals for the equality, as she calls it, of the sexes, for the complete introduction of all childless women into industry or the professions; and herself tells us, concerning Germany, that "industrial training for women has been partly won only with tremendous effort, and yet only half of Germany's adult women are married." But if industry and marriage are not commensurate terms in Germany, neither is higher education synonymous with marriage in England. Dr. Bernard Hollander, lecturing in 1912 on "Eugenics and Marriage," said: "From the reports issued by two of the women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, it is shown that, excluding those who have left within three years, out of some 3,000 girls only about twenty-two per cent. subsequently married. The proportion of marriage is distinctly higher among those who do not take the final examination or who fail to obtain honours. It is a strange fact that the girl graduate's chances of matrimony are smaller than those of almost any other class of girl in the community—certainly far below those of the musical comedy actress and of those comparatively illiterate young persons who serve in bars and restaurants."

The "God-implanted instinct" to which Mrs. Snowden refers seems to fail in direct proportion to the development of women demanded by Mrs. Snowden. Of America, for example, Mrs. Snowden says that "in no country in the world has woman, as woman, so much liberty as in this great Republic. Every profession is open to her, not excluding that of the preacher. She may enter every business. Industry is an open field, and agriculture is her sphere by right. The average American woman has more money to spend than the average woman of any other nation, more leisure in which to spend it, and more beautiful things on which to spend it." There, at least, the "God-implanted instinct" ought to be powerful; but Mrs. Snowden herself tells us that "America's most famous woman citizen" is a spinster, "Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago." There are in America, so I learn from Commissioner Beale's compendium on "Racial Decay," two million married women who have no children. It is known that in all those countries where women are comparatively free, the birth rate is declining; even Germany is now manifesting the same symptom. It would seem that the "God-implanted instinct" cannot prevail against all that Feminism means; Dr. Cyrus Edson, for instance, writes: "Expressed in the fewest words, the evil is that an increasingly large proportion of the women of the American race are unable to perform their functions as mothers, and these women include the mentally-best we have among us. The gravity of the evil confronting us lies in this, that we seem able to bring the women up to a certain point in mental development, and then they cease to be able to be mothers. . . . Those of us who are interested in women's questions, and, wanting to know what women are thinking and saying about them, attend Socialistic meetings at home and abroad which are addressed by women, must be struck with the mental power of the women of all nationalities who speak at them. Their physical appearance, however, is disastrous. Keen, vigorous in mind, ready and perfectly competent to give replies to most able questions, they exhibit very remarkable intellectual powers. But judging from the sparkling eyes blazing with light, the quivering figure, the nervous tension, the short hair, the spectacles, they certainly present about the very last specimens which one should be likely to choose to be mothers. In accordance with their natures, such women loathe the idea of maternity, and are unquestionably right in refraining from it."

I say nothing now of the increase of insanity, of female cancer, and of women's diseases generally, that

has accompanied the decline in the birth-rate. It is only my purpose to show that Mrs. Snowden's reliance on the "God-implanted instinct," of which "the most rampant feminism would never accomplish the destruction," does not reassure those who know something of the vital history of the last thirty years. It is a physiological fact that, as Dr. F. Napheys puts it, that "the more active the brain and nervous system is, the less is the physical power of the body. This in women especially prevents the proper development of generating power, consequently women of genius are always infertile. This fact, as women become more and more highly educated, will tell largely on population. Women will be able to choose which they will indulge in, books or babies"; and no profession of good intentions can invalidate that fact.

Mrs. Snowden reveals the intellectual poverty of the Feminists. She has no clear idea of the nature of woman. She speaks of "the cares and obligations following upon the carrying out of woman's special and particular work as woman. . . . the glorious responsibilities and deep sufferings of motherhood, the greatest profession in the world, the bearing and rearing of the race." But she "objects to the forcing of woman's interests into one groove, the pressing down of woman's personality into one channel, the directing of woman's emotion, with its specially rich quality, to one end, the confinement of woman's genius to one achievement." But if motherhood is the special and particular work of woman, if it is the greatest profession, wherein is the indignity in directing education and training to producing perfection in this activity? Why should we be told, on the very next page, that "for the woman as a human being, and not as an animal, the feminist demands opportunity and freedom"? Is motherhood an animal function, or is it the greatest profession in the world? If it is an animal function, why not make sexual intercourse under any circumstances a criminal offence? Let us be holy and spiritual, and all that, above all things; and bludgeon every "animal" as a "carnivorous voluntary roaming free." But Mrs. Snowden has no principles, and therefore no logical deductions from them; she envies what she calls the freedom of men, and says that "the object of feminism is to make female human beings as free as male human beings," of course, in everything but sex relations.

Mrs. Snowden can tell us that "the industrial revolution was responsible for robbing women of their work, at least of all that part of their work not directly concerned with the bearing of children," and that "in the loss of their work by women lie the roots of the modern feminist movement." But she does not suggest the revival of home manufacture: the women must follow the men into the factories and the workshops, and as the men's "efforts towards the solution of the problem of the workless man are on the lines of the legal minimum wage, a shorter working day, national insurance against unemployment, and kindred measures, along these lines will the working woman's problem also be solved." It will probably not interest Mrs. Snowden to know that M. Fothergill Robinson, in an appendix to "The Spirit of Association," says: "It would, therefore, appear that whether we regard the consequence as desirable or no, any extensive application of the legal minimum wage would surely be accompanied more especially in times of trade depression, with an increase in some form or another of State relief."

Mrs. Snowden tells us that "Parliament, through the votes of good women and men, can secure a legal minimum wage for every girl and woman worker, a minimum sufficient to procure food and clothing and a moderate amount of simple pleasure." She does not tell us whether Parliament can also secure employment for every girl and woman worker on these terms. But her advice to the men who protest against the dogma, "equal pay for equal work," arguing that it means in practice (in New York, for example) that "the wages of men teachers have been slightly lowered to equal the women teachers' salaries, which have been raised," is

this : "A strong Trade Union or Professional Union might command for its workers any reasonable rate of pay it chose to demand, and the difficulty might be obviated in this way." Indeed, she tells the women that "Trade Unionism is the immediate remedy for the too serious lowering of wages," and, in the same breath, tells them that "the enfranchisement of women would probably do more for the enactment of a legal minimum wage in all low-paid employments than any other one thing." The reader can take his choice of industrial or political action ; Mrs. Snowden says everything because she wants to be on the safe side. Moreover, she has to copy the divided counsels of men, as she is a Feminist.

So I could go through the whole of the book, confronting one statement with another; but there is no need to amplify. There can be no real contribution to the subject until women make up their minds concerning what they want; they cannot have everything. While marriage remains a contract with all the privileges on one side, and all the responsibilities on the other, every attempt to add to the privileges of the married woman can only result in a further decline of the marriage rate. On the other hand, it seems probable that the entry of more women into industry (Mrs. Snowden suggests that "in the absence of children it would be the best thing possible for married women to earn their own living") would only intensify the present condition of things. The Census of production tells us that the value of the output per head varies with the rate of wages, and therefore with the number of women employed; that the net output per head in the textile industries, for example (where 62 per cent. of the employees are females) was only valued at £73, while in the iron and steel, tinplate, iron tube, wire, ship-building, and engineering industries, where less than 3 per cent. of the employees are females, the net output per head was valued at £109. The effect of industrial and professional life does not enhance the woman's value for marriage; in industry, she is condemned, probably by nature, to a second place. The women may have the argument whichever way they please; but they are counting without their host if they imagine that they can dictate terms in both the industrial and matrimonial spheres.

A. E. R.

George Brandes.

By C. A. Bang.

I am as a spirit who has dwelt
Within his heart of hearts; and I have felt
His feelings, and have thought his thoughts, and known
The inmost converse of his soul, the tone
Unheard but in the silence of his blood,
When all the pulses in their multitude
Image the trembling calm of summer seas.
I have unlocked the golden melodies
Of his deep soul as with a master-key,
And loosened them, and bathed myself therein—
Even as an eagle in a thunder-mist
Clothing his wings with lightning.—Shelley.

Dr. George Brandes, the world-famous Danish professor, who during this autumn will lecture to English audiences, is the most cosmopolitan of living critics. His rare gift of discerning what is distinctive and what is best in the literature of the chief European nations has gained for him a host of readers and admirers in the English-speaking world. He has understood better than any of his contemporaries how to throw into relief the personality of an author upon the background of his works; his collected studies of European writers thus bear the characteristic titles "French Personalities," "German Personalities," etc., and the wide range of his sympathies is shown by the names these volumes contain.

Dr. Brandes is of Jewish parentage. His fellow-feeling and understanding of oppressed nations, in their struggles and sufferings have found a literary expression which has brought honour to his name and pen.

Nobody has been a greater patriot than he, and he has been the spokesman of his fellow-countrymen at such times and such places where it cost him great self sacrifice. His life has had many periods of storm and stress; they were the condition necessary to his development, the element in which he has always thriven. He was inflexibly determined to acquire culture at all costs, and he succeeded. At twenty-two he was among the foremost leaders of philosophic thought in Denmark and Germany. After he had devoted many years to the study of philosophy, this yielded place to historical and literary criticism; not, however, before he had added to philosophical literature some contributions of originality and value.

Naturally, the fever of travel soon seized him, inciting him to go abroad and see the world for himself.

His first journey was to France, and it was to Paris that he returned again and again. There he came in contact with Taine, Renan, Philarète Chasles and many of the men who became conspicuous in the stormy days of 1870-71. He formed, during his stay in France, a warm friendship with John Stuart Mill, whom he has characterised with acute insight and at the same time with admiring sympathy.

He deserves in the highest degree the gratitude of all English lovers of literature for his efforts to spread the appreciation of Shakespeare throughout the civilised world. In Florence he once witnessed an Italian performance of "Hamlet," and describes his impressions in these words :—

"I derived my chief enjoyment, not from the acting, but from the play. It suddenly revealed itself to me in new aspects, and I fell prostrate in such an extreme admiration of Shakespeare that I felt I should never rise again."

His admiration for Shakespeare has never flagged. Not only has Dr. Brandes translated some of the plays into Danish, but he has written a Study of Shakespeare, his work and his art, which has taken its place among the most eminent contributions to Shakespearean literature in any language. And it is a noteworthy fact that Dr. Brandes has not only opened the eyes of foreign students to the beauties of Shakespeare's work, but has, in a way, made Shakespeare live again in England itself. He has persuaded even unliterary Englishmen to read half-forgotten works such as "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," and others, and through him we see the more familiar Shakespearean dramas in a new and dazzling light. This classic work of Dr. Brandes is regarded on all sides, in England as abroad, as the best book about the most famous of all dramatists.

It is greatly to be regretted that Dr. Brandes' essays on English authors are only few in number compared with his voluminous studies of German (Martin Luther, Arthur Schopenhauer, Berthold Auerbach, Paul Heyse, Ferdinand Lassalle, Friedrich Nietzsche, Max Klinger, Hermann Sudermann, Gerhart Hauptmann, etc.) and French personalities (Renan, Taine, Flaubert, the de Goncourts, Zola, Alphonse Daudet, Dumas fils, de Maupassant, Marcel Prévost, Paul Hervieu, Victor Hugo, Verlaine, etc.). Still among the best of all his sketches is his masterpiece on Disraeli, but it is significant that a gap of no less than twenty years divides his book on Shakespeare from the publication of his first work on English literature, "Naturalism in England," which, like his "William Shakespeare," has been translated into almost all European languages. The sections of this book that relate to Shelley are without doubt the finest and most spirited things Brandes has ever written. They show that if he had not been a great critic, he would certainly have become a great poet. He describes Shelley, for instance, in these feeling words : "This profound longing for a sympathy which was denied him by the surrounding world of men, this it was that caused his interpretation of Nature to become a desire for Nature unexampled in its ardour, and that gave it a profound originality."

"He loves her as one loves a mistress, he pursues

her most hidden steps like a shadow, his pulse beats in mysterious sympathy with Nature's. Like his own Alastor, he resembles the spirit of the wind and air, with shining eyes, fresh breath and light feet." Or like, again, this passage: "Romantic as a poet, courageous as a hero, gentle as a woman, shy and blushing as a young girl, light and active as Shakespeare's Ariel."

Edmund Gosse was the first English friend George Brandes made. They met in Copenhagen, where Gosse, before any other Englishman had as much as heard of his name, was studying Ibsen, and occupying himself with Scandinavian literature. Dr. Brandes makes no secret of the fact, indeed he has publicly declared that it was through his friendship with Gosse that the idea first occurred to him of actively interesting himself in English writers then living and in the modern tendencies of English literature. Brandes was warmly appreciative of his young English friend. He writes of him: "It would be impossible to meet with a more sensitive, more passionate Northern votary of poetry. He was all enthusiasm for lyric poetry and lyricists. As a poet he himself had sincerity, idyllic and erotic feeling, but yet did not lack the power required for the construction of a drama. As a critic, he already (in 1874), gave evidence of the remarkable ability which was to make him one of the most eminent personalities in England."

George Brandes is no longer a young man. He has passed the age of three-score years and ten; but he still gives an impression of youth and brilliancy. In his own country he is always surrounded by clamour—whether for or against his ideas and convictions. His is one of those vivid and ardent natures that give off sparks to the very end. He inspires or offends all who come in contact with him. And he remains a free spirit. He has made no concessions, has bowed before no authority, nor has he sought to impose any arbitrary authority.

Of late years a new school of Danish criticism, tired of living under the shadow of Brandes, has been raising its voice in opposition to him. It may be questioned, however, whether there is not more of the spirit of youth in Brandes than in his youthful critics. In any case it behoves these younger men to ask themselves where they would have been but for him. In a sense it may be said, that their very intellectual existence, and the fact that Denmark enjoys a culture that is no mere academic echo of Germany's, are due in an overwhelming measure to Brandes. And the youth of Denmark may still find in him the individual who stands out from the great crowd of writers; may still love in him the eternal unrest that answers to the unrest in their own souls; may still feel that he loves youth, since he, the world-renowned critic, approaches them, not with the affected importance of authority, but as guide, philosopher, and friend.

George Brandes prefaces his book on "Naturalism in England" with the above-quoted beautiful lines of Shelley. The choice was a happy one. These verses characterise in a remarkable way Brandes himself and his wonderful power of becoming absorbed in a poet's nature, of making us see his works in a new and richer light and hear the deepest and finest tones of his voice.

REVIEWS.

The Six Panics, and Other Essays. By F. W. Hirst. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

The "six panics" would be more correctly described as "war-scares," according to Mr. Hirst's own definition of the word "panic"; but let that pass. The first four panics occurred during thirty-seven years, from 1847 to 1884; the other two are the familiar Dreadnought panic and the later German airship panic. Mr. Hirst establishes the obvious conclusion that all these panics have had only one result, they have committed us to an extravagant expenditure on armaments, which still does not, according to the alarmists, ensure us against invasion. Mr. Hirst publishes the figures of

the total naval expenditure of Great Britain, Germany, and Austria, from 1901 to 1912: they are these:—

Great Britain	£456,000,000
Germany	179,000,000
Austria	38,000,000

In 1858, the total expenditure on the British Navy was £10,029,000; for the year 1912-13, the expenditure was £45,616,540. We had panics in 1859, we had, and have, panics now; we may spend as much on the Navy as the country is worth, and still the scaremongers will tell us that we are not secure. As other representatives of the armour-plate ring are frightening other countries into increasing their naval expenditure, we are, according to Mr. Hirst, committed to an all-round increased expenditure on armaments without any corresponding increase of safety. Mr. Hirst's other "essays" are of no moment. We do not expect any original ideas of any value from the editor of the "Economist," and we are not surprised to find him advocating cottage gardens as "a cure for one of our worst economic and social evils." He does not, of course, suggest that the gardens should be given to the tenants; that would be demoralising to the tenants. But he instances a case of a row of cottages, without gardens, abutting on a field of about one acre, which had just yielded a hay crop. He estimates that no farmer would pay more than £2 a year for that field; but if the landlord were to split up that acre into twenty gardens, he could have double his rent of that acre, and the tenants could add two shillings a week to their income by intensive cultivation of that land. In addition to this, they would enhance their health; and, therefore, we suppose, be worth more to their employers. Such suggestions are puerile nonsense in view of the tremendous inequality of the distribution of income; for the total increase in the national income as estimated by Mr. Hirst would be only two and a half millions. Real wages decline more than that every year.

Motor Ways in Lakeland. By George D. Abraham. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

As a practical travel book for motorists, this may be recommended. Mr. Abraham informs us that any modern car of 10 h.p. ought to be able to manage the whole tour without difficulty. In addition to giving the average gradients of the various hills, he states the actual gradients in various parts of the same hill, gives information about road surfaces, and turns in the road; the last being a consideration to those with none too much money to spend on tyres. We get, of course, the usual citation of literary reminiscences, but Mr. Abraham's personal experiences will be of more value to the motorist; and these include information concerning hotel accommodation for man and car. Altogether, it is a handy and interesting book for those who wish to find comparatively unfrequented runs through the Lake district, and are not averse from being told where to look for beauty in natural scenery.

By the Open Sea. By August Strindberg. (Palmer. 6s.)

This is a variation of the now familiar Strindberg plot. The completely intellectual man comes into contact with the entirely sexual woman, imagines himself powerful enough to control the emotional disturbance caused by her presence and to make of her a fitting mate for himself. Failing to retain his sexual illusions, and becoming jealous of a rival, whose appeal is frankly sexual, he breaks off the engagement, and devotes himself to the seduction of the lady. It is hinted very strongly that she does not need much seducing, and she becomes engaged to his rival almost directly afterwards. Throughout the book, the lover had been developing paranoia; after the love affair there was nothing for him to do but become completely insane. He does so, and he sets sail at Christmas time for the constellation of Hercules, and is, we hope, drowned. There is much of interest in the book for the student of morbid psychology; but the ordinary reader, and the artist, would be well advised to leave it alone.

Pastiche.

MODERN HERALDRY.

O panel man! O panel man!
What croaks are these, we hear from thee?
Who cares, who heeds thy hired voice,
When eight and sixpence is thy fee?

Who locked the chains on Englishmen?
Who fought like women at a sale?
Who sold themselves for eight and six?
A dastard's trick, a dismal tale!

With Phallus flirt, and syphilis,
And tickle ears, now grown so long,
But cease your talk to men who know
You sold your practice for a song.

I sometimes think that you should have
Some trade-mark neat, some simple sign,
Some badge to which we could bow down;
Some fitting, apt and rare design.

In charity, I offer this—
A cod piece garnished with a leek,
Bespangled with the eight and six,
In memory of Congress week.

WILLIAM REPTON.

A BLACK EYE FOR SOCIALISM.

"The King gets himself up very well, considering, doesn't he?" I addressed the remark to my neighbour in the crowd, who replied, peevishly: "Show me the man who says he doesn't look handsome, sir, that's what I always say. Every inch a King, sir, that's what he is." My neighbour, a middle-aged middle-class person, was annoyed at my criticism of his Sovereign. "Every inch a King, sir, that's what he is." "Nonsense," I retorted, "any normal man, with a well-trimmed beard and a full stomach, could look exactly the same. The 'Fighting Parson,' for instance, could make up for the job in fifteen minutes, and knock spots off any king. He could raise his hat with more dramatic effect; he is handsomer, and what's more, he is a gifted person who earns his living. What on earth do you know about the King apart from what little you can see of him—about twelve square inches? absolutely nothing." My neighbour moved away in disgust. I followed upon his heels. "I'll tell you what you see," I persisted, "you see a faultlessly-made uniform upon an indifferent figure. You see a prancing steed that any stable lad could ride better; you see hundreds of soldiers, hundreds of flags, hundreds of gleaming bayonets; you hear the Guards' band playing magnificently, not one instrument, mind you, that the King could play himself. What you've done is simply to idealise a paid super; what else is a king, I should like to know, if he isn't a paid super? Tell me that. But here you are trying to tell me he is a leading actor—rot, my friend." The man I was following, turned abruptly upon his heel, and faced me with a flaming countenance. "You're a damned scoundrel," he spluttered, "ought to be ashamed of yourself, talking about the King like that; it's nothing short of libellous what you've said, a disgrace to your country, that's what you are." In his excitement he was about to complain to one or two people standing near, but I touched him upon the shoulder, and stayed him. "What do you mean by libellous?" I exclaimed, angrily, "you've called me a damned scoundrel for telling you a few facts about the King—where's the libel? Come, tell me—where's the libel?" He did not answer, he was almost choking with rage. His face amused me, so I continued. "You talk about libel," I exclaimed, "accused me of libel, didn't you? but you know as much about libel as you know about the King—nothing, absolutely nothing." "You—you—scoundrel," he burst out, "You damned scoundrel—for two pins I'd knock you down—you dirty-rotten, Socialist—you—" He appeared to be tongue-tied with wrath; the pupils of his eyes dilated, and before I could raise a finger, he plugged me in the eye with such force as sent me headlong upon the grass.

I lay for a moment almost stunned, then rose unsteadily to my feet, and looked painfully around for my assailant. The Imperial gentleman had disappeared.

The crowd, not knowing the cause of our quarrel, was very sympathetic, and two gentlemen saw me out of the park.

ARTHUR F THORN.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

(Being some unsentimental reflections on the "curiosa infelicitas" occasioned me by the study of Horace in my youth.)

Rummaging in a lumber-room to-day
I lighted on a Horace blazoned with
My name in ample script remotely penned.
A stubby volume; in the margins sprawled
Strange pencilled phantasies, the trophies of
My truant musings, when with listless mien
I heard old Flaccus parcelled out in lots
And stanza-wise interpreted.

I lolled
Among coeval classic zealots, garbed
With glad abandon, tieless, inky-haired,
Collar askew (much as I am to-day).
Textual puzzles irked me. How I loathed
Hazy conjectures of the scholiast,
Paraphernalias of pedantry
In this or that drab manuscript. And moods
And tenses with their citadels of rules
Assailed by musters of exceptions—all
The quibbling rigmaroles of pundits, filled
My brain with that same weariness of which
Ecclesiastes speaks.

But yet I felt
Some lurking magic in the prosody
And in its due adjustment; thus, to trace
The symbol of the lumbering choriambs,
The chart of sprightly trochees, till I caught
The rippling cadences that undulate
Through Sapphics and Alcaics and the march
Of dance-beset Asclepiads. I heard
Faint distant music of the harmonies
That from Aeolian measures he, the first,
Attuned to Latin song.

But while I groped
With twitching fingers in the gloom that shrouds
The mystic why and wherefore of these things,
A voice that sounded from the ends of space
Smote chillingly upon me, with behest
To act interpreter, to single out
This Dative, this Subjunctive, to perpend
And hold grave discourse on the justice of
This or that reading. I, nonplussed, distraught,
Cribless, unprompted, floundered in a mire
Of treacherous inflections, and received
A due requital. While some wordly loon
Nonchalantly reeled off the lore that I
Had lacked. But I was all agog to scan,
To set the verses throbbing out their chant,
Unmindful of their skeleton.

And so,
Unlike the guild of rhymesters whose demure
And coyly maudlin measures best are gauged
With a lactometer, I do not pine
For my lost boyhood.—

[“What's all this queer stuff?”
“That jackass Selver with some footling trash
About a schoolbook.” “Does he call it verse?
It doesn't even rhyme! My goodness me,
What drivel some of these young upstarts write!”]
P. SELVER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THINGS SOUTH AFRICAN.

Sir,—The Ministers and the Mine Magnates are not much out of the ordinary kind of fool. By some dodgy, shifty work now, which may bring a temporary peace, they are laying as fine a rod in pickle for themselves as one could wish. I have gathered quite sufficient of what the Government attitude is and what the mine owners are prepared to concede to enable me to see the setting of jaw of the Labour men. There is to be a meeting of Labour delegates to-day to discuss things, and it is possible that they may decide on an immediate strike, but I do not think they will do this. I imagine their attitude will rather be: Thank you for nothing, gentlemen. We shall go to work as usual now, but we shall consolidate our forces and choose our own time and convenience (which will not be when you have your troops and artillery so ready to hand, nor when you are so well stocked with fuel and supplies as you are now) for calling a general and paralysing strike throughout the country. And we shall then know better, worthy sirs, than to accept your simple and honourable words for anything whatever.

The Government was gauche enough to bring forward

the word "Commission" again, or they may be humourists, for you never saw such a grin as the town has worn since the ministerial commission proposition was put forward. I should like to be at that meeting of delegates to-night; one would surely learn something new in expressions of scorn and contempt.

A farce of an inquiry is taking place here into the rioting and shooting of the 5th. To me it seems that the British Federation of Trades authorities, if there is such a body, should approach the Unions or Federations in all parts of the British world immediately and decide upon a complete and absolute laying down of tools, simultaneously, for a whole day. No exception should be made—trains should hang up where they may be and ships should not leave port—for the attempt of capital to cow and degrade labour was deliberate and wanton. The shooting of the Dragoons into these crowds will be a curse upon the regiment, no doubt, but it is up to labour throughout the world to see that the real culprits, bloody-handed slave-drivers, are not allowed to escape. I see the Government refuses the demand that July 5 should be made a public holiday, but I expect to hear that Labour has decided that it shall be a holiday in spite of any Government. This will be an annual reminder and protest, but the whole British labour world should as early as possible strike for twenty-four hours and register (and forward to the King) their fixed and solemn determination that, on pain of revolution, British troops shall not be so used again.

As though Phthisis were not enough! It's pretty hellish.

Monday, 28th: Morning.—The papers this morning have it that the Labour delegates decided to reject offers of Government and Mine Magnates and to take to the general or scientific strike, as and when it suits them, for the purpose of forcing their claims upon the attention of the country. One hears in the street the usual silly expressions of surprise, dismay and stubbornness, and recognises that these people, having been brought up to "Love the Squire and his relations" can only be taught through their hides.

Well, it seems that we are in for a bad time, and once again I wish the family were right away out of it. The mine authorities may now decide on the offensive and declare a general lock-out, and as the Government is with them it is possible for them to make things generally unbearable in the country. It is, perhaps, more likely that the Government will appeal to the country; have a General Election. There is a GENERAL mess up, anyhow! How I could LAUGH and enjoy it if I were alone. As it is I must go very gahle.

SOUTH AFRICAN.

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THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY NAPOLEON.

Sir,—Mr. Kitson devotes the greater part of his letter to the Jewish part of our controversy, which formed quite a minor point in my letter. The very able and interesting article on Anti-semitism in the same issue of THE NEW AGE makes it quite unnecessary for me to further deal with that point.

The "Jewellery" argument would win a prize in "Tit Bits." One might as well argue that Mr. Kitson is the inventor of Kitchens. The Jewish propensity for "spoiling the Egyptians" is only *biblical*; but the propensity of the Egyptians to spoil the Jews is *historical*. The expulsion from Spain of 300,000 Jews, who have lived there before the Christians conquered that country, and the robbery of all their immovable property (they were even forbidden to take their money with them) is sufficient proof, without mentioning similar spoliations by the English, French, and Germans, and others.

Mr. Kitson is wrong in saying that the monopolies have been created by only legal enactments. They are more the result of economic laws than of written laws. Like slavery, which was the economic result of War and Agriculture; like modern Commercialism and the factory system, which were the economic results of the discovery of America and of the invention of machinery; so is Monopoly the economic result of Competition. It is true that some monopolies were helped on by the State, but that is of little importance when compared with the economic laws. Mr. Kitson thinks that the present monopolies would collapse if the laws favourable to them were abolished. If every written law were abolished tomorrow, the oil, sugar, meat, steel, and Railway monopolies would remain unaffected; unless the whole of the people, including the Army and Navy, were to become Socialists.

Mr. Kitson objects to being called a cheap money advo-

cate. He says that his cure is Freedom. But what is, after all, the meaning of the abolition of the Bank Charter Act, and the freedom of every banker to issue paper money, if not to facilitate cheap borrowing? "Freedom"—that is a very elastic word. The sweater claims the right to exploit in the name of freedom; and in that same name the mad anarchist claims the right to throw a bomb in a theatre. Capitalists try to smash trade unions, and shoot down strikers in the name of freedom; and in the same name, strikers destroy property and kill blacklegs; but let us come to the main point. Granted that by legally restricting the payment of debts to a costly commodity curtails industry, etc. Granted also, that usury is at the bottom of our economic troubles; the question remains: What is to be done? The monopolists have already got the principal industries and the land in their possession, and nothing less than physical force can dispossess them. Where is that force to come from, since they also control the forces of the State?

Freedom to issue money by all bankers would be advantageous to some struggling petty traders. It would also for a time increase production, and thus temporarily benefit the workers; but ultimately would increase the "surplus" of commodities with which the readers of THE NEW AGE are already acquainted from my previous articles. However, all that could not reverse the motion of the wheels of economic evolution. The future belongs to monopoly, however much we may dislike and deplore it. Shall we by currency and land reforms help competition to maintain itself, and thus keep up two opposing principles in our social organism? A dual system never works well. In factories where piece-work and day-work exist together, the workers find that dual system injurious to their interests. Countries where remnants of the Feudal system still exist side by side with modern Capitalism, are not so advanced economically as those countries which are wholly modern. The same is true of competition and monopoly. The two principles in our social organism are the cause of much of our economic trouble. We must either have universal, free competition, as advocated by the individualist-anarchistic school, or universal monopoly. The former is now impossible, because the latter is already in possession of the most important industries. Competition is now taking place mostly between nations for the world market, with disastrous results to mankind. Let monopoly take the final step, and organise internationally, then most of our social evils will disappear.

If all sorts of social reformers and Socialists were not so egotistic. If they could sink their cherished ideas for the sake of suffering humanity; then they could not help arriving at the same conclusion. I have chosen international partnership, not because I like the idea better than Socialism. Personally, nothing would contribute to my happiness more than to live in a pure communistic society. But, a true social reformer must disregard his personal inclinations and likings, if he means to do good to the world rather than to satisfy his own ideas; nor should he allow pride to prevent him from changing his ideas. Some people boast that they remain steadfast to the principles they have advocated for the last forty or fifty years. Such a state of mind does not always denote intellectual honesty. It often denotes intellectual sterility. Conditions of life are continually changing, and as our ideas do not come down to us from heaven, but are born of our environments, we are bound to change our ideas if we *think* and *observe*.

JOSEPH FINN.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The "New Freewoman," of August 1, has, I find, a long discussion of THE NEW AGE view on the subject of "Feminism." The writer groups together Mrs. Hastings and THE NEW AGE with Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, and proceeds to criticise your common view. The line of attack is as follows: Power means ownership; a woman is worth just what she owns; this ownership must be of something external to herself; the alternative is to sell her sex in the slave-market; since this is old-fashioned, the new freewoman must acquire property to become free. How women are to acquire external property; or what they are to do with it when they have acquired it the writer does not say. She has, it is true, conclusively proved that women are a form of proletariat, and, in this way, in the same box with industrial wage-slaves; but her adoption of the proletariat solution for the problem of women is surely unreflecting. THE NEW AGE, I understand, advises men wage-slaves to acquire property—but the means are clear, and the use to be made of the property afterwards has likewise been defined. The

"property" the proletariat must acquire is a monopoly of their own labour-power; and its "use" will be to force a partnership between the workmen and the State. But what natural monopoly have women besides their sex? If the "New Freewoman" will not allow women to utilise their sex-monopoly as a means of power, their remaining qualities are worth nothing. To parallel your solution of the wage-system, the "New Freewoman" ought not to adopt it identically, but to apply it; and the application is surely this, that woman should create a guild-monopoly of their sex, and utilise it to force a partnership between themselves and men: the Guilds for men and Marriage for women! Mr. John Scurr, the Labour and Socialist candidate for Chesterfield, narrowly misses being the first parliamentary candidate to declare for the National Guild System. In his electoral address, which someone has kindly sent me, Mr. Scurr says: "I believe in the mines being owned by the community; but under the control of the workers in the industry. This applies to all our great industries, such as Railways, Transport, Shipbuilding, and Engineering." Mr. Scurr does not utter the word Guild, though why he should not passes my guessing. The timidity, however, is characteristic of bold rebels nowadays.

PRESS-CUTTER.

THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Randall has returned to the charge by introducing a number of new and irrelevant arguments into this controversy. He is amused because he thinks I make the suggestion that he has invented the theory of the esoteric and the exoteric in religion. As Mr. Randall appears to possess a positive genius for failing to grasp an argument, let me tell him that the *novel* part of his Christological theory is not that Jesus had an esoteric doctrine—for that idea is as old as heresy—his novel theory is that the esoteric doctrine of Jesus is concerned with the justice and beauty of the wage-system. According to Mr. Randall the *exoteric* meaning of the parable of the vineyard is that which has always been accepted (prior to the advent of our new *guru*) as the *esoteric* one; namely, that the Jews have failed in their mission as the chosen race (or the keepers of the vineyard) by their rejection of Christ (the son of the owner of the vineyard). Mr. Randall's disordered wits have at last discovered, two thousand years after the parable was uttered, that its esoteric teaching is merely a somewhat subtle brand of anti-Syndicalism.

Observe how Mr. Randall gives his case away! He quotes Matt. xxi. 43, "The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof." Now, if Mr. Randall's interpretation of the parable be correct, this passage becomes meaningless. If the "fruits thereof" be the wage-system, etc., then the Jews had (and have) brought forth these fruits in plenty. Why, then, take the Kingdom of God from them? If Christ's object was to establish Capitalism, then, surely, the Jews have always been his most earnest supporters. But Christ foretold the destruction of the Jewish nation because of their rejection of His doctrine; hence, Capitalism (of which that nation heartily approved) can have nothing to do with His doctrine.

I am not going to be drawn aside into making minute comparisons between the mediæval guild system and "National Guilds." That they are "not unlike" is, I think, sufficiently proved by the title of a series of articles now appearing in this paper—"The Restoration of the Guild System."

Mr. Randall is thirsting for my quotations. I will give him one, for change, on the Abbot Landlords of Catholic times. Henry Brinklow (a bitter opponent of the Catholic Church), says in "Roderyck Mors's Complaint," 1545, Early English Text Society, page 32: "Your pretence of putting down abbeys was to amend that was amysse in them. . . . It is amended, even as the devel mended his damys legg; when he should have set it right, he brake it quyte in pecys! . . . the children of Antichrist of Rome, the monks kept hospytalyte. The Kyng hath geven and sold their landys: it had bene more profytalbe, no dowte, for the common welth, that they had remained styll in their handys. For why? Thei never inhaused their landys, nor took so cruel fynes as do our temporal tyrannys. For thei cannot be content to late them at the old price, but raise them up dayly, . . . so that the poor man that laboryth and toyleth upon it and is hys slave is not able to lyve."

Mr. Randall, perhaps, is justified in feeling aggrieved that I have made so few quotations from the Gospels. For my part, I feel justified in not giving them for two reasons:

1. Nothing is easier than to find texts to bolster up a private theory. Thus the Mormons find support for their

eternal phallic bliss in the text: "Abraham's seed shall be as the stars of the heavens for number." I would suggest that Mr. Randall should read Professor Nelson's brilliant apologia for Mormonism except for the probability of "A. E. R.'s" being able to give its author points in his own gentle art of worrying the Bible.

2. Mr. Randall is an expert text-twister. He even succeeds in twisting an innocent little quotation that I made from Browning, to my discomfiting and his own damnation.

Now, Sir, I submit that Mr. Randall is not competent to interpret Christ. In saying this, I do not wish to disparage my opponent. I admire his gifts greatly—especially his gift of begging the question—but after all, the history of the Church is the truest commentary on Christ. To understand Him one must also understand St. Paul and St. Thomas Aquinas—only as Mr. Randall has determined to ignore them, he will not be able by his own untutored intelligence to arrive at any very sound conclusion.

As I do not propose to continue this controversy, I will leave Mr. Randall with this one thing. He seems to consider himself free to manufacture his own Christ, but the capitalist Christ he has manufactured he also claims to have found (being the first to have done so) in the Gospels. The Christ Mr. Randall has found, however, is the antichrist.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

[Mr. Randall replies: I am sorry that Mr. Maynard should retire from this discussion before he has said anything about the economics of Jesus; more particularly as he was just perfecting the trick of vituperation probably learned by him from Mr. Hare, who is also a Christian. "Positive genius for failing to grasp an argument," "Mr. Randall's disordered wits," "Mr. Randall is an expert text-twister," are really not bad attempts at epithets for an amateur. With a little more practice, Mr. Maynard might be able to ignore completely everything that I have said, and to concentrate his attention entirely on what he thinks of me. It is certainly amusing to be accused of "introducing new and irrelevant arguments" by a man who has not said a relevant word, and in reply to a letter in which I refused to go any further than my article stated until we had agreed about that. Who said that "Mr. Randall has a new Christological theory?" Not I, but Mr. Maynard. Who introduced the subject of the Guilds? Not I, but Mr. Maynard. I have already characterised the introduction of this subject as an attempt to "side-track" the subject of discussion; and now Mr. Maynard pretends that I am guilty of "side-tracking" the subject. "I am not going to be drawn aside," says Mr. Maynard, "into making minute comparisons between the mediæval guild system and 'National Guilds.'" Drawn aside from what? Mr. Maynard has not yet said a word about the subject; he has occupied your space with descriptions of myself and with the citation of irrelevant matter. He introduced the subject of the Guilds, and he discovered that I knew something about them; and now he wants to shuffle out of the controversy that he raised on the plea that I am "side-tracking." It won't do: these tricks are unworthy of any controversialist, most all a controversialist in THE NEW AGE.

Let me say at once that the difference between local and National Guilds is not a "minute" one. I believe that Mr. Penty is not in sympathy with "National" Guilds; certainly he was not when his book was first published. But when Mr. Penty writes of "The Restoration of the Guild System," he is thinking only of one type of Guild, the Craft Guild. There were four main types of Guild—the Frith or Peace Guilds, the Social or Religious Guilds, the Merchant Guilds, and the Craft Guilds. When Mr. Maynard writes, as he did write: "From an economic point of view only, surely it is an historic fact that in the Middle Ages something not unlike 'National Guilds' obtained, and that these were destroyed by the incoming Protestantism": I am justified in putting him right on the questions of fact and of history. There was nothing at all like the National Guilds in existence; and the Guilds that "were destroyed by the incoming Protestantism" were neither craft nor merchant guilds (the only guilds we are considering), but religious, or Catholic guilds. Mr. Fothergill Robinson, in "The Spirit of Association," says: "The Craft Guilds were altered, their work was modified, but they were not destroyed. If the annihilation of the Religious Guilds was catastrophic, the history of the passing away of the Trade Guilds, both Merchant and Craft, is that of a peaceful euthanasia, and it is to misconceive facts to describe them as victims of violence." To estop Mr. Maynard from raising the question of Protestantism v. Catholicism in this connection, I will go further with my quotations. It was not because

the Religious Guilds were doing good work that they were abolished : "It was alleged that many of the possessions of the Colleges, Free Chapels, Chauntries, Hospitals, Fraternities, Brotherhoods, and Guilds had of late been misappropriated, that there had been instances of individual misappropriation, and that foundations which had been created 'to the intent that alms to the poor people and other good, virtuous, and charitable deeds might be done,' had been misused." But, although this Act of Henry VIII clearly shows that the institutions aimed at were mainly of a religious character, Professor Ashley argues that there is "no sign that the Government intended to make a clean sweep of all the religious foundations." The Commissioners, he says, performed their task as accurately as possible in those days, and in no unsympathetic spirit for the charitable work of these bodies. "In several instances, indeed, they pointed out the utility of the Guild chapels, in enabling worshippers who lived at a distance from their parish churches to attend Divine services conveniently." Mr. Maynard now has some reason to protest against being "drawn aside" from his self-appointed task of calling me names. The quotation that he makes has no obvious connection with the Guilds, which was the subject raised for discussion by Mr. Maynard; and as the date of this complaint is 1545, which was the very year in which "the first blow was struck at the Fraternities," according to Mr. Robinson, its value as evidence is somewhat discounted. There was not time for the economic consequences of the Act to become apparent; nor, owing to the difficulties of communication in those days, could the complaint have reference to more than a very restricted area.

Having finished with Mr. Maynard's subject, let us come back to my own. It is my argument that the immediate disciples did not understand Christ's doctrine : their naive question concerning the rich man, "Who, then, can be saved?" Christ's remark to Peter, "Are ye also without understanding?" the statement in one of his farewell addresses, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," the fact that Paul quarrelled violently with Peter, "withstood him to the face," and with James, Cephas, and John, over a matter of interpretation of Christ's doctrine, all tend to prove that the immediate disciples did not understand Christ's teaching. Therefore, if I had discovered that the esoteric meaning of the parable is merely a subtle brand of anti-Syndicalism, there would be nothing remarkable in the fact. But the professed Christians have discovered it before me; without explicit reference to the Gospels, they uphold the theory of property taught in that parable, and as esoteric meanings are only made plain by facts ("By their fruits ye shall know them," is sound doctrine), I adhere to my interpretation of this parable. It is, at least, curious that, according to Luke's report of this parable, the crowd did not "proclaim" the awful consequence of Syndicalist confiscation; Christ said, according to Luke xx. 16: "He shall come and destroy those husbandmen, and shall give the vineyard to others." The crowd, in this instance, sympathised with the husbandmen : "And when they heard it, they said, God forbid." After the editorial article in your last issue on "The Folly of Anti-Semitism," I should not like to admit Mr. Maynard's contention that "the Jews have always been the most earnest supporters" of capitalism. Certainly, I am not aware that the Jews have adopted the wage-system in anything like the same proportion to their numbers that the Anglo-Saxons have; and if this be a fact, it would accord with my interpretation of the kingdom of heaven.

The Jewish race has the historical reputation of being usurious; but your article suggests, at least, that, as usurers they compare with Christians as gnats to scorpions. Christ's prophecy is thereby fulfilled even in economics.

Mr. Maynard said, in his last letter, that there was an answer to my argument that "the Gospels are full of Christs," but that he would not state it then. He has frankly admitted the truth of my contention by his reason for not quoting the Gospels. "Nothing is easier than to find texts to bolster up a private theory." I point to all the sects and schisms that have equally authentic evidence for their interpretation of Christ's teaching with the Catholic Church as support of my contention. From Christadelphians to Christian Scientists, the whole range of various Christians have Scriptural basis for their interpretation. I could have no more, but my argument that the Gospels are full of Christs is thereby proven. Mr. Maynard has carefully ignored the texts that I have referred to him; and is, therefore, reduced to saying that I have discovered the Anti-Christ. But he, also, is in the Gospels.]

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

Sir,—I appreciate the courteous reply of your reviewer (A. E. R.) to my letter with regard to his review of my book, "A Plea for the Thorough and Unbiased Investigation of Christian Science." I did not, however, lightly charge a dozen notable men, whose names I published, with having written on Christian Science without understanding the subject upon which they had undertaken to instruct their readers, nor did I fail to give definite evidence in support of my contention. As to his own knowledge of the subject it appears to me that he has now provided clear evidence of the fact that he does not understand it in making the statement that the philosophy of Christian Science is contradictory.

With regard to the clearness of my statement of the philosophy of Christian Science, I took the precaution of submitting a draft of my MS. to two men of unquestionable scholarship who are not Christian Scientists, who carefully examined it and agreed that I had expressed myself clearly enough to enable the philosophy of Christian Science to be understood by all careful and intelligent readers. Since the publication of my book I have received a letter from a notable doctor of Philosophy (an accredited lecturer on the philosophy of Bergson) warmly congratulating me upon having succeeded in presenting a clear statement of a difficult and complex subject in a form that can be readily understood by any man of ordinary intelligence. Your reviewer is doubtless a man of ordinary if not extraordinary intelligence, and I can therefore only conclude that he has not taken the trouble to read my book with the care I hope it deserves.

Other points raised in your reviewer's reply may be waived for the present, as he has committed himself to the two following statements which are either provable facts or otherwise :—

1st.—That my statement of the philosophy of Christian Science is not intelligible.

2nd.—That the philosophy of Christian Science is contradictory and therefore unsound.

I directly challenge A. E. R. to prove both these statements, and if he or anybody else is able to do so I undertake to withdraw my book from publication and to forfeit the sum of ten guineas to the London Hospital. My interest in the philosophy of Christian Science ceases if it can be proved to be contradictory or unsound. I shall, however, still be faced with the fact that my experiences continue to prove that Christian Science is a very reliable and practical method of healing of incalculable value. In spite of what your reviewer has said, I venture to think that every cure that ever has been or ever will be accomplished must admit of scientific explanation, but the discovery of that explanation will not be hastened by the British Medical Association closing its eyes to a vast field in which it knows that cures are constantly and regularly being obtained in response to definite work, or by its issuing a very misleading if not dishonest report on the subject of spiritual healing, to which reference has been made in my book. Of what value are the great professions of the Medical Congress in the light of its attitude towards spiritual healing? Surely it is time those responsible ceased fooling the public and, like honest men, faced the facts of Christian Science healing which your reviewer contended are so well known and so widely acknowledged as to render my book unnecessary. C. H. LEA.

[A. E. R. replies : I can make nothing of Mr. Lea's reply. I have already shown that Christian Science is contradictory and therefore unsound; and have been told that I do not understand Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy's postulate, quoted by Mr. Lea in his work, is this : "All is infinite mind and its infinite manifestation, for God is All-in-all; Spirit is immortal Truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is His image and likeness. Therefore, man is not material; he is spiritual." There is the contradiction. If "all is infinite mind and its infinite manifestation," there cannot be any matter; and the descriptions of matter are therefore unnecessary. You cannot get more out of a logical proposition than you put into it; and the postulate of Christian Science philosophy makes it impossible logically to derive Christian Science healing from it. For it must be apparent that if there is no "matter" (ex hypothesi, there cannot be), there is no mortal error, nothing unreal and temporal; there are not two factors to be related and brought into harmony, there is only one ever-present fact, the perfection of God. The postulate must be re-stated to reconcile the two apparent contradictions of spirit and matter before we can logically give any

attention to matter. Huxley said, for example: "For, after all, what do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that 'spirit' over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena." There is a formula that resumes both classes of facts; it does not eliminate by definition one class, and find it necessary, to accord with facts of common experience, to reintroduce that class of facts by a breach of logic. The essential fact is not the existence or perfection of God, but the existence of something that we call consciousness that may be aware of two different classes of sensations. In short, the question is not a philosophical one, but a psychological one; and the philosophy is thereby ruled out of court. That this is no merely arbitrary ruling out of Christian Science philosophy as a factor in Christian Science healing, the following citation from Professor Sadler's "Physiology of Faith and Fear" (p. 430) will prove. "John Alexander Dowie comes along teaching the existence of a physical body afflicted with disease because the devil controls it. He also taught that God heals disease in answer to prayer, thus destroying the devil's power. Dowie cured thousands. Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science teach that there is no physical body, no sickness; that these things exist only in the mind; and likewise they are able to cure thousands. Both of these teachings cannot be true, yet both can cure disease. It is simply a problem in suggestive therapeutics, and the element of cure is not the correctness of either their physiological or their theological teaching, but rather the intensity and sincerity of the faith which the sick one exercises respecting the idea upon which he depends for healing."

Taking this view of the matter, I am not at all concerned about Mr. Lea's sporting offer. The fact that he has twice made the statement that I do not understand Christian Science is a proof that his "statement of the philosophy of Christian Science is not intelligible" to me. I cannot answer for other people with differently organised mental complexes from my own; and, as I have said, from my point of view I have shown that Christian Science philosophy is contradictory and therefore unsound. It is contradicted by the very thing that Mr. Lea cites as a proof of its soundness, the Christian Science system of healing.

As for the appeal to the British Medical Association "for a thorough and unbiased investigation," I think it is futile. In 1831 (I think that is the date) the medical Faculty of Paris listened to a report of its own Committee on Hypnotism and Mesmerism. A doctor rose and remarked that if these things were true, as the report declared, half the work of the doctors would be gone; and, on his motion, the report was suppressed. I believe that somewhere about 1910, the "British Medical Journal" devoted a whole number to the consideration of hypnotism and mesmerism; and in spite of convincing testimony to their value therein printed, has refused to give any more consideration to the matter. Why, the public boycott of homoeopathy has not yet been withdrawn; for doctors in the mass are committed to allopathy, and are supported therein by the apothecaries. Think of the claims of such methods as Dr. Abramowski's "fruit fast," or Dr. Haig's "Uric-Acid-Free-Diet," both of them "cure-alls," like every other system or method; think of the vested interest in the present method, and it is clear that however much the profession may privately adopt from individual systems, it is not likely to admit publicly that the principles it now professes are wrong. A thorough and unbiased investigation of rival systems is possible only to individuals, not to organised bodies; and while I think that such an investigation will never be made, I do not think that, if it were made, it would lead to the result that Mr. Lea expects. The fact of spiritual healing is admitted; but the connection between that fact and any set of philosophical ideas, good or bad, has not been demonstrated, and, I think, cannot be demonstrated.]

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FIRE AND WINE.

Sir,—I wish to thank your reviewer for his opinion that my book, "Fire and Wine," is rubbish, but that "Fools' Gold," which I have also written, is good for something. I would rather have reviews like these than all the treachery praise in the world. I am glad that my books are finding

one person who possesses courage and independence enough to say what he thinks about them. If your reviewer cares to glance again at page 77 of "Fools' Gold," he may find something to reassure him concerning "Fire and Wine."

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

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CORRECTION.

Sir,—In Strindberg's verses, "My Friend and I," which formed a feature of last week's "Pastiche," the final line of the first stanza has been deprived both of metre and meaning by the word "idealism"; it should, of course, have been "realism."

P. SEIVER.

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DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

Sir,—John Francis Hope is always interesting, more, perhaps, when dealing with the theatre generally than with some specific play. The article on the economics of the theatre excellently summarises a deplorable situation, without, however, indicating a way out. The theatre as at present constituted is essentially an affair of the middle classes, and more so than ever since the Repertories have attained a more than purely local influence, and have begun to impose upon the London stage their middle-class plays, by middle-class authors, like Houghton and Brighouse, written for middle-class publics. The state of the theatre in England in no way differs from that of the Press and all you say in the "Notes of the Week," of the Newnes and kindred publications is applicable equally to the stage. Is there a way out? Abroad, things are not ideal, but, possibly, thanks to the subsidy system, they are better. At least, the poets are in the theatre. This is not the time, nor are world conditions appropriate, to find great poets, but, whatever their status to-day, there is work of D'Annunzio, Rostand, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, and Verhoven, which is better than anything we have to exhibit in competition. We have Stephen Phillips! What, then, can be done? A recent silly season discussion in the "Manchester Guardian" about the virtual extinction of the London pit is possibly illuminating. More and more the theatre tends to become a pressure of the leisureed rich—of the classes to be reached by the "Strand Magazine" advertisers, from whom it is flatly impossible to hope for any revitalising movement. Drama is the art of the mob, and the sooner the middle-class sycophants who mismanage our playhouses recognise the fact, the sooner will drama re-assume its proper place. The way to cope with kinema and music-hall competition is not to drive away the real theatre public by increasing prices, and gambling on the choice of a fashionable success; not to select plays carefully calculated to offend no middle-class sentiment; but to make the theatre democratic in price, play, and production. Two actors, bare boards, and a passion are worth a dozen plays about the difficulties of marriage on £500 a year. And the people want them. Throw down the tariff wall of price and prejudice, and there is still a chance—a small chance—of drama coming into its own again. "Organise the theatre," not for the income-tax payers, but for the many. Even the Censor has abandoned the "young person." When will he and his supporters, the managers, abandon the rich person?

OLIVER COSWAY.

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