

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Chesterfield election has done more than all our arguments to convince everybody that the Labour Party is a failure. The Press, Liberal, Conservative and independent, is at last unanimous that the party has made an end of itself. We need not therefore continue to present our case as if only ourselves were maintaining it. The danger, in fact, is that the defence of the Labour Party, or rather the excuses it may offer for its conduct, will now be as unfairly neglected as a little while ago its merits were exaggerated. It is perfectly true, as all the journals are now saying, that there is room in Parliament only for a third and completely independent party; but it is not altogether true that this could have been foreseen in 1906. The plan adopted by Mr. MacDonald, with the support of Mr. Keir Hardie, of making a political alliance between the Liberal Trade Unionists and the Socialist Labourists was, on the surface at least, promising. After the manner of the old Indian fable, the Trade Unions were to supply the strong back and the I.L.P. was to supply the seeing eyes. Few people foresaw then that in fact the two partners were actually intent on different objects necessitating different means and involving different methods. The majority, including most of those who subsequently became the strongest critics of the alliance, were in those days reasonably convinced that the union of the two sections was desirable.

* * *

It is clear now, however, that both sections had more to lose by co-operation than to gain. It is even more clear that both sections have lost a good deal. As we are never tired of pointing out, the Trade Union section has lost ten years of solid economic development as a consequence of its formal pursuit of politics. Before the alliance existed, trade union secretaries went into Parliament as Liberals, but with no great notion of doing very much for their members by political action.

To have a member in Parliament was an ornamental distinction for a union, but no great faith in his power to supersede the weapon of the strike was indulged in. The unions trusted in their political god, but they kept their industrial powder dry. With the advent of the separate political party, however, this wise precaution was laid aside. The little group that before had permeated the Liberal Party from within now aspired to force the Liberal Party from without, only to find that, when seriously attacked, the Liberals could and did fall back for defence upon the Tories. This was very disappointing, but it was made infinitely worse by the fact that at the same time the unions slowed down and in some cases practically discontinued their industrial propaganda. The effect up to last year—for the neglect is rapidly being repaired—was that the Unions were growing weaker even while the political party was manifestly failing; in short, both methods were simultaneously in course of decay. The purely political section, on the other hand, had likewise sacrificed its creed on the altar of practical compromise. For an independent group of members, voting in Parliament absolutely regardless of the conveniences of the two parties, there was, as we have said, a real place. Such a group could never be large, since the nation is composed mainly of sheep with a native horror of independence; it certainly could not confine itself to purely Labour questions, since these, after all, do not constitute the attraction of popular politics. But the group could, at any rate, have served the purpose of a national critic, constructive as well as destructive, and have ensured for itself a degree of permanence. The I.L.P., in its earliest days, had, indeed, some such plan in its mind. All classes were represented in its ranks, and all classes might equally expect to provide its candidates. The alliance with the Trade Unionists put an end to this national character of the early I.L.P. by first eliminating from its programme any idea not narrowly Labour, and then by cold-shouldering from its list of candidates any member who had not graduated through a Trade Union office. Moreover, its methods in Parliament had immediately to conform to the practical, to the immediately practical. Before the alliance Mr. Keir Hardie could raise in Parliament any awkward and embarrassing question he chose. After the alliance he became as discreet (and useless) as an under-secretary of State. Nobody who is familiar with the early history of the I.L.P. will doubt that the change from its first idealist enthusiasm to its present cold and fruitless practicality has been one long fall; and nobody competent to judge will dispute that the cause is to be sought in the alliance. The conclusion, however, is not that the alliance must be violently annulled; things have gone too far for that; but it must be gradually dissolved. Chesterfield is another of the

long series of events that will in the end produce this effect.

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At the same time we must plainly warn the present critics of the Labour Party that the cry of political independence is not enough in itself. Independence is undoubtedly a method, and a valuable method, but it can neither be produced nor maintained save by an object that unmistakably demands it. For instance, if a new party should arise, or if the I.L.P. should break away from the Labour alliance with the notion of forcing legislation by independent political action in the House of Commons, it is doomed beforehand to failure. The reason is obvious; in a scramble for present legislation not the most independent, but the best organised and numerically the strongest party will certainly win. A group of independents, though they should include a score of Parnells, could do nothing *directly* in Parliament. If, therefore, they appealed to their constituents on their practical programme they would never be returned a second time. What alone would entitle a small group to political independence and to its apparent fruitlessness would be an *idea*. Parnell did not keep the Irish Party together by promising immediate reforms, but by despising reforms in comparison with his leading idea; it was the latter alone that supplied the cohesive as well as the driving power of the group he led. Similarly a group of Labour men in Parliament who desire to act independently of the existing parties must aim first, not at independence, but at the possession of an idea differentiating them from existing parties and justifying and necessitating independence. Independence, in fact, must be dictated by the idea, and not simply imposed upon a party by a whim. But where in the so-called "rebel" ranks of the Labour movement is such an idea to-day? It is certainly not in the I.L.P., for without exception its leaders promise immediate reforms, such as, at best, the Liberals or Tories would pass without damage to themselves when they had been made popular. Nor is it to be found in the British Socialist Party, whose former reincarnation, the S.D.P., still survives in shadow form to boast that it made free school feeding practical politics; and whose leaders are still bent on squeezing Utopia by their own exertions out of Westminster. The only idea answering to the demands of independence that we can see on the horizon is the idea of the abolition of the wage-system by means of the establishment of National Guilds. Nothing else in the programme of Labour appears to us either to justify or to make possible any real independent action whatever. Within the wage-system, reforms, no doubt, are possible; reforms indeed are inevitable; both the existing parties must continue to owe their existence to making them. But a party can only deserve independence, could only maintain independence, by leaving reform to the parties that live by it, and taking for itself the revolutionary object of wage-abolition.

* * *

Even this comparatively simple conception of an independent political group is, however, contingent in realisation upon an economic backing. We may prove conclusively, as we hope we have, that the National Guild System is desirable and possible; we may even in the long run convince a considerable number, perhaps a majority, of the electorate that the National Guild System is the only way out of wage-slavery; but the conviction would be useless unless power existed to carry it into practice. Where is the power to be found to abolish the wage-system when this is proved to be both desirable and possible? It is to be found, we reply, in the organised unions in the first place and only secondarily in the independent group we have postulated in Parliament. A group, it is clear, might be ever so lucid and eloquent in Parliament, but unless it could point to its supporting battalions out of doors, its reason would be wasted. On the other hand, we freely admit that the battalions out of doors would be equally useless

unless they had their spokesmen in Westminster itself. What it is clear we need is a power outside of Parliament and a voice inside Parliament. The body must be out of doors, but the eyes must be at Westminster. This, we believe, is the solution of the problem of the legitimate alliance between industrial and political action, between the trade union and the so-called Socialist movements. The business of the former is to create unions of compacted strength, having for their object partnership with federated employers or with the State. The business of the latter is to see, when the time comes, that the State and not the Employer is the partner chosen. But obviously the politicians can do nothing until the industrialists have supplied the power. A score of advocates of National Guilds would be able to do as little in Parliament as out of it at this moment. The choice, in fact, between the partnership of Unions and Employers and the partnership of Unions and the State has not yet become a political issue. It waits of necessity upon the will of the Trade Unionists to force the choice upon the nation.

* * *

They are getting along, however. All around us in the trade union world the order to close ranks is being obeyed. Nobody knows who gave the order, few people know why it is being obeyed. Nevertheless, the most careless observer cannot fail to realise that the trade unions are not only stronger to-day than they ever were (we say nothing about their present funds—money is of secondary account), but they are daily growing stronger. In part, it is the reply of the movement to the attempt of Mr. Lloyd George to suppress it; in part, it is due to the reaction against rising prices; but, in major part, we believe, it is due to the instinctive apprehension of the movement that consolidation is necessary for the next step. At the recent Conference of the Federation of Trade Unions we are told by Mr. Appleton, its secretary, the single subject of discussion was the means of closer union; to create in each union a monopoly of the labour of the union was apparently the unanimous and articulated desire of the delegates. In the short space of five months the National Union of Railwaymen has increased its membership by over fifty per cent; and new members are being made at the rate of three thousand a week. This Union, indeed, has announced its intention of compelling every railway worker to enter his union on peril of being denounced and treated as a blackleg. We entirely approve of it, contrary to liberty as it may appear. If the nation were threatened by some tremendous danger or had need to gird itself for some great object, would the advocates of "liberty" then pretend to respect the idiosyncracies of individuals who refused to fall into line or fought for the enemy? Compulsion, we observe, is much favoured by the Conservative as well as by the Liberal Party when the object is the preservation of their class in the name of the nation. But Compulsion is equally justified in the case of the trade unions when they can prove that what is at stake is their class and therewith the nation also. For as the official parties are no doubt sincerely convinced that their compulsory measures are necessary to the welfare of the nation, so and more are we convinced that the abolition of wage-slavery is necessary to the nation as well as to the class that would be freed. Other Unions are also, we learn, adopting the same methods as the union of Railwaymen. In a very little while there will be scarcely a blackleg in the land.

* * *

The "Daily Citizen," we see, has discovered that the Amateur Rowing Association refuses to consider as an "amateur oarsman" one "who is, or has been by trade or employment for wages, a mechanic, artisan, or labourer, or engaged in any menial duty." This rule appears to our contemporary to be an example of snobbishness, and to constitute an insult to the working classes. In our opinion, however, it is nothing of the kind; or, if an insult, it is a well-deserved insult. It is all very well to pity the poor and to commiserate with wage-slaves on their servitude; we do it ourselves and

quite sincerely. At the same time it is impossible for a free mind not to despise them or for an honest mind not to admit the contempt. We have noted before in these columns that under the Mosaic law a willing chattel-slave had his ears pierced as a sign that he deliberately preferred to be something less than a man. Similarly, those wage-slaves to-day who are satisfied with wage-slavery go about, to our mind's eye, with holes in their ears. After all, their condition is subject to their own consent. No Government in the world could maintain them in it unless they were disposed to submit to it. The Amateur Rowing Association may, therefore, be indiscreet in thus openly despising willing wage-slaves; but its justification is complete.

* * *

While on the subject of the Labour Party we may note a characteristic fallacy in the "Saturday Review." Writing paternally and disinterestedly of the failure of Mr. MacDonald's party, this organ remarks: "We should like to see a party which stood for the interests of labour as consistently and exclusively as Mr. Redmond's party has stood for Home Rule." Doubtless some such notion appears to be reasonable and proper to more people than the writers of the "Saturday Review." Nevertheless, the assumptions on which it rests are hopelessly wrong. In the first place, there is no real parallel between a general and a national object like Home Rule and a particular and exclusive set of interests like those of the working-classes. The former, since it is designed to benefit the whole Irish nation irrespective of class, is a legitimate political object, politics being, in theory at any rate, the art of the whole. The latter, however, is avowedly sectional, and only considers the whole as its welfare may or may not be contingent upon that of the part. In the second place, it is improbable that such a class-group could exist longer than a single Parliament, and for reasons we have already given. The public generally does not approve of class legislators; it tolerates them *faute de mieux*; but they must not flaunt their character. Lord Claud Hamilton, for example, would not be returned if he ran as a railway director *sans phrase*. Thirdly, the sentiment expressed by the "Saturday Review" reveals a total misunderstanding of the Representative system now on its trial. The essence, presumably, of representation is in contrast to the essence of delegation. Under the latter system the separate interests in the nation are reproduced proportionately in the governing body where they fight out under the Manchester rules their respective claims and counter-claims. Every interest is there in charge of a delegate save the interest of the nation as a whole. And that, it would appear, is the "Saturday Review's" conception of what politics ought to be. Under a representative system, on the other hand, a delegate of no matter what sectional interest is *ipso facto* an intruder. He cannot give the countersign on demand that his interests are nothing less than national; he must needs confess that he is disqualified by definition. That there are many such delegates in Parliament we, of course, are aware. The majority of Members, in fact, are the paid servants of private interests. But the remedy against this abuse of the spirit of a representative Parliament is not to urge the working-classes to imitate their employers and to return their own delegates, but to discredit and expel the delegates already there. Parliament, we repeat, is the place for national politics. The place for industrial matters is a permanent Congress of Industrialists, such as will be established under the National Guild system.

* * *

But the "Saturday Review" is not the only journal prepared to play ducks and drakes with Representative Government. The "Spectator" is equally willing to join in the fun of anarchy. Of late, it is true, the "Spectator" has been deprecating the attempt of the Unionists to bring the King into play against Home Rule; but its own suggestion of the Referendum is in our opinion quite as revolutionary constitutionally and quite as impossible under the given conditions. The

conditions are that we are under an absolute oligarchy—the Cabinet—against whom we have no defence. The King, it is pointed out by the "Spectator," can do nothing without risking his Crown, for the simple reason that he is less powerful than the Cabinet. But surely by the hypothesis the People are in the same position relatively with the King. If the Veto of the King would be useless because in fact the Cabinet is absolute, equally would the Veto of the People by Referendum be useless, and for the same reason. Again, while theoretically at least, the King is competent to exercise his veto on his own initiative, the People cannot exercise the Referendum save at the initiative of the Cabinet itself. On the assumption that the Cabinet is absolute and intends to remain absolute, why should it initiate the Referendum to its own possible undoing? So much for the practicality of the "Spectator's" proposal. Theoretically the case against the Referendum is, as we have often maintained, even stronger. It is true that we are now threatened with a Cabinet oligarchy, are, indeed, already under it; but the remedy of the Referendum, even if it were possible, would not in our opinion prove a remedy at all. If the Referendum were possible, in fact, it would not be necessary; and if it were necessary it would not be possible. In the last resort we can only rely for defence upon the same power which supports the Cabinet in their attack—namely, public opinion, first, as represented by the House of Commons, and secondly in its raw state as active popular resistance. That there is practically none of the latter argues, we fear, that the former is passably representative of the nation. Certainly, whatever may be the view of the Cabinet entertained by the "Spectator" or by ourselves, the Cabinet can point in its defence to a consenting House of Commons of, at least, technically popular constitution, and to an acquiescent public opinion, passive if not active. Where is the authority, then, that can fairly challenge the right of the Cabinet to act as an oligarchy? In all probability, and judging by the most recent elections, the Cabinet would be supported in most of its measures even by Referendum: less, however, we believe, for its merits than by reason of the contempt in which the "Spectator's" alternative Unionist Government is rightly held. In the feebleness of the Opposition is the real strength of the present Government.

* * *

It appears probable that the boycott of Jack Johnson, the negro pugilist, on the music-halls will be effective. The case is so complicated that it is difficult to come to a just decision. On the one side, Johnson is probably as harmless a man as ever fought in the ring or displayed himself on the public boards; his offence against the law in America was purely technical and was constituted solely by his colour; he has done nothing that in England would be regarded as criminal; and his chiefest accusers in this country could scarcely stand a cross-examination as to their own character. On the other side, the colour prejudice is real, and in our opinion properly so. Miscegenation is one of the worst fates that can befall any nation. To the extent that individual coloured men are publicly applauded here, the wise tabu on intermixture is weakened. The habit of music-hall managers of inviting on to their halls the notoriety of the day is likewise thoroughly bad; by a kind of benefit of clergy they can by this means practically reverse the judgments of the best-instructed on any evil-doer; and it is usually the Barabbas they release! Unfortunately, however, Johnson appears to us to be one of the best instead of one of the worst of their choices. He is, in fact, an unfavourable case to make an example of. His skill as a pugilist is undeniable; his personality is said to be engaging; and his morals are as sentimental and correct as any white novelette hero. If his sacrifice were to lead to the purgation of the variety profession of its vulgarity and social depravity we should approve of it. But we fear he is being used as a convenient scapegoat for sinners much less innocent than himself.

Current Cant.

"The public is clamouring for the best."—SIDNEY DARK.

"The Insurance Act is doing the work of the Man of Nazareth."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"The 'Daily Mail' raises a question of profound importance. . . ."—"Everyman."

"The modern girl is all right."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"The Labour caucus, with all its faults, is actually controlled by working men."—"The New Statesman."

"London has learned from foreigners sufficient to make London a cosmopolitan city."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The newspaper is learning the importance of the things that, as Bacon remarked, 'come home to men's business and bosoms.' Nowadays many a one treats his or her particular newspaper as guide, philosopher, and friend."—"Evening News."

"Harry Thaw's escape."—"Times" placard.

"Mr. Masfield marks a stage in the renaissance of poetry and drama."—GILBERT CANNAN, in the "Blue Review" (last number).

"If the scenes are not always as attractive as the poster suggests, that is the fault of Nature."—C. LEWIS HIND.

"T. P.'s Weekly—January to June, 1913. A record of all that is best in Life and Literature during the first half of 1913."—Advert. in "T. P.'s Weekly."

"The young man of to-day is much the same as his predecessor of yesterday, but we think he has a little more imagination."—"The Academy."

"Barrie's great success as a playwright has been achieved because he has based his drama on the bed-rock of human vanity, passion, and folly."—"The Book Monthly."

"The newspaper reader enjoys his newspaper as a personal and intimate pleasure. He does not want it blazed before his eyes or shouted in his ear."—"Daily Express."

"Exactly three years ago we instructed our special commissioner to make a tour of the London massage establishments, with the specific object of placing before the public these facts—or so much of them as was printable. . . ."—"John Bull."

"The story, 'Casserley's Wife,' should certainly serve a useful purpose as a warning to young men."—"Glasgow Herald."

"By the time this number of the 'Millgate Monthly' reaches the hands of its readers, King George and Queen Mary will have made history."—"Millgate Monthly."

"Those who are eagerly anticipating the disruption of the Labour Party are cherishing false hopes and will wait in vain."—"Daily Citizen."

"Votes for women means an equal moral standard for men and women . . . the abolition of white slavery . . . promotion of sexual purity. . . ."—"The Suffragette."

CURRENT COMMERCIALISM.

"Little daughters are becoming more and more expensive luxuries."—"Daily Mirror."

CURRENT COOKERY CRITIC.

"Some little time ago I drew attention to certain very definite changes that have come about in recent years in all matters relating to eating."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

CURRENT SENSE.

"Fewer music-hall artists are accused of mean acts than clergymen."—"Daily Sketch."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE prestige of the Wilson Administration began to decline within a week of the President's inauguration. The American public seemed to realise by instinct that it was not quite what it ought to be; and diplomatists knew in advance that Mr. W. J. Bryan would make a very indifferent Secretary of State—i.e., Foreign Minister. It is not merely that nothing has been done to check the Trust system; for several firms openly said months ago that a lowering of the tariffs would be followed by a lowering of wages. Other causes have combined to discredit the Cabinet. The extra session of Congress, which was to last a few weeks, has now lasted a few months, and looks like holding out until the regular session begins. Further, this extra session did not see the passing of the Bill on which the Cabinet had set its joint heart, viz., the Currency Bill. This measure, when its terms were definitely known, was hung up on account of the opposition of the banking interests; and the influential Senator Owen, who was supposed to be in favour of it, has now suddenly let it be known that the Bill does not meet with his entire approval.

There are minor matters in home affairs which have not shown the new Administration in a very favourable light; but, apart from these, Mr. Bryan's conduct has not been what we might have expected from President Wilson's chief Minister. Imagine, if you can, Mr. Asquith complaining that his salary was too small, and that he must go about a bit and lecture in order to make up the deficit. Further, imagine him complaining that the lecturing fees did not bring him in enough and that he would, in addition, have to go on editing the paper with which he was connected in order to be able to pay the premiums on his insurance policy! Far from being ashamed of these things and at least trying to keep them in the background, Mr. Bryan has blazoned them forth to the world as if he took a "proper pride" in them. Nothing more vulgar has ever been authoritatively reported, even from the United States.

It is, however, in matters appertaining to foreign affairs that the present United States Cabinet has shown itself to be deplorably ignorant and misinformed. There has been a sad struggle, not yet ended, between the Federal Government and the State Government over the question of the Japanese in California; and in the official views exchanged between Washington and Tokio the Japanese Government was easily first. Then came Mr. Bryan's blunder over Nicaragua, when he was "squelched" by the Senate, and his still more inexcusable blunder when he cabled certain suggestions respecting religious liberty to the peace delegates at Bucharest—suggestions which the delegates were right in receiving with smiles of contempt, seeing that Mr. Bryan's proposals had been considered and carried into effect (on paper) years before.

Then Mexico: worst blunder of all up to the present. No great Power has ever allowed itself to be flouted as the United States has been flouted by Mexico without taking instant and drastic reprisals. Dr. Wilson, as I stated some weeks ago, had the alternative either of recognising President Huerta or of refusing to do so and taking steps to protect the lives and property of Europeans, in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine. Instead of making up his mind he shilly-shallied. To withdraw Mr. Lane Wilson, the American Ambassador, and to substitute Mr. Lind as a "Special Envoy" was a piece of diplomatic impudence which not even the Huerta Government could tolerate. President Huerta was quite within his rights in refusing to receive Mr. Lind and in insisting that the "Special Envoy" should say what he had to say through Señor Urrutia, the Foreign Minister. And, in the end, the only satisfaction Washington receives is a dispatch from President

Huerta which the recipients acknowledge to be "insolent, but not so insolent as to demand a declaration of war."

The fact is, although there are many jingoistic Americans who want Mexico to be absorbed, and although there are many observers of foreign affairs who believe that Mexico will one day be absorbed by the United States, no such absorption can take place until the United States possesses an army. Strictly speaking, the American answer to President Huerta should have been a declaration of war, or at least an ultimatum. There could be neither, simply because President Wilson and his editor-lecturer-Chief Minister had nothing at the back of their bluff, and the Mexicans knew it. The American army, amounting now to some 40,000 men (I take its real strength, not its paper strength) would have to be supplemented by a quarter of a million volunteers before it would be worth while venturing into Mexico. Even in the United States it is openly admitted that not more than a quarter of a million militia could be raised in anything like a reasonable time. And conceive Japan when all the American soldiers available were occupied in Mexico!

Bad though our party system, our public-school system, and our university system may be, they do at least provide for capable legislators and capable permanent officials. The Liberals, as well as the Conservatives, are acquainted with international manners and procedure. The United States is far from being in this fortunate position. The permanent officials are incompetent and, from the point of view of international politics, ill educated. The atmosphere of American public life, which we should be justified in calling provincial, has its effect when the higher departments of public life have to be reckoned with. It is easy for Washington to deal with a few shaky Central American Republics. It is a different matter when countries like England and Japan, or even Argentina and Brazil, have to be considered. The bluster in a diplomatic document sent from Washington to Nicaragua or Costa Rica is unavailing when a message couched in a similar strain reaches Buenos Ayres or Tokio. Mexico, too, has now "called the bluff," and that is fatal.

Two other points: In the early stages of this Mexican dispute, Mr. Bryan openly expressed the hope that President Huerta's opponents might "turn him out"—for that, as he explained, would save the face of the United States, which would no doubt make haste to "recognise" the next President, whoever he might be. How's that for international courtesy and tact? And again: reporters called on Dr. Wilson and asked him about a certain proposal which, it had been said, he had made to the Mexican Government. Whereupon this learned scholar, straight from the chair of Princeton University, replied, with what one must presume to be a feeble attempt to be funny, "There ain't no proposal." Is it any wonder that practised European diplomatists laugh when the authorities at Washington thus commit blunder after blunder, and vulgar blunders at that; when the new American Ambassador to Berlin states to the Press that he will have to resign because his salary is not large enough, when the ex-Ambassador to Mexico incontinently makes a series of statements for which his Government has to apologise immediately afterwards, and when, by way of a final scandal, Mr. W. J. Bryan asks the astonished Diplomatic Corps at Washington to pose for the cinema operators?

There have been strange Cabinets formed in Washington, and they have made strange blunders. But it has been left for the present administration to insult the representatives of the great world-Powers, to exhibit a vulgar ignorance which has surprised even people not unfamiliar with American habits, to annoy friendly nations by displays of gross tactlessness, and to degrade the country more and more by every further excursion into the severe paths of international politics.

Towards a National Railway Guild.—VI.

IN emphasising that no general reductions of rates or fares should be a condition of a railway guild charter, I have in mind that many incidental benefits to the general public and the trading community would naturally follow.

Tickets (ordinary, excursion, season and traders') would become available over all the lines between the towns which the ticket is taken out to cover, instead of by one route or specified routes as now.

Traders at present unable to qualify for special traders' contract tickets because the nature of their business necessitates its being divided between different unrelated companies, although in the total it would reach the required value if sent by one company, would qualify for traders' ticket or tickets by their business being dealt with under one railway authority.

For the travelling public three trains are preferable to four between the same towns if re-timed say from two trains at 1.0 o'clock and two trains at 2.0 o'clock, leaving different stations, to three trains at 1.0, 1.30, and 2.0 o'clock. Local services would have to be provided for in those cases where the cancellation of long-distance trains withdrew an intermediate stop.

Goods would be sent in the best manner and by the most expeditious routes able to take them, as there would be no interest in the forwarding company taking traffic by circuitous routes in order to retain as much proportionate mileage interest as possible.

Canvassers would change their name and functions and be available to advise the trading and travelling public, and help in the expeditious handling and movement of traffic.

A strike would be a disgrace to guild management, except in remote contingencies, which would carry public sympathy for the whole guild.

All traders would be given the same treatment, on business lines, be their payments for transport worth three hundred or three hundred thousand pounds annually.

Above all, what esprit de corps exists now in the railway service (and there is a wealth of it alive, slumbering though it may seem) would spread universally amongst all grades. Everyone knows the difference between service voluntarily and cheerfully given and service rendered grudgingly or with ill-will; by the former both parties to it are cheered and gratified; by the latter depressed. One volunteer equals two pressed men. The writer has had years of experience of what can be done when management and staff alike have the same object before them, and it is in this high esprit de corps that he places his faith above all other advantages which guildisation would bring, and which could not follow any other method of unification.

By the way, he claims no originality for many of the economies referred to herein, simply mentioning those which occur to him as simple and understandable to the general reader.

Guild railways would be as great an advance upon State railways as the latter would be upon separate private ownership, and every advantage accruing to unification of management would accrue to the guild.

No one man knows what economies in money, brain, and muscle are possible by amalgamation of railway companies, by State ownership, or by guildisation. When artificial restrictions have been removed true development will begin. The method for stimulating these developments will be indicated in a later article. Here, as always, "all men are wiser than one man."

There is not a railway manager in the country who could not point to some improvement, impossible to-day, which he would regard as practicable under unified management.

Take any provincial town in which there are three or more goods depôts owned by different companies;

each depôt will be equipped to take every kind of goods which is likely to reach it. For example, each may have cranes of twenty-five to fifty tons lifting capacity, with street wagons and tackle to cart such weights, yet any one of the depôts would be capable in itself of dealing with all such freak articles coming into or leaving the town. Waste would be saved by equipping and maintaining for heavy weights the one depôt only most centrally and favourably situated for such special cartage. And so on, duplication could be made unnecessary almost ad infinitum.

Tolstoy said, "The rich man will do anything for the poor man except get off his back"; and that only should be regarded as true progress for the workers which reduces or eliminates usury.

With the advance of science, cheaper working devices would be applied and the benefits instead of passing to the general community—another name for dividends—would be gained for the guild workers.

The commerce of the country is steadily progressive, and by converting the railway dividend incubus to a trust fund the burden would not be increased, but the additional trade of the country would provide larger income to the guild without, for some time, adding to the staff, except in those grades where shortage occurred.

Stagnation in promotion, which would certainly follow company amalgamations or State ownership, would be compensated for by the general improvement of pay and working conditions of the guild. The gradual diversion of labour to other businesses of a productive character, as, for instance, agriculture would be a distinct gain in national wealth, and, provided the guild idea materialised with it, a gain to the workers.

The commercial regime gives us but an imperfect, yet the only, criterion of comparative values of various kinds of labour, and during the period of transition by general guildisation of industries this appraisal might be substantially followed; although so long as wages paid by private enterprise are taken as the broad standard of values just so long it will remain obscure what really is a fair return for any class of work.

With the progress of guilds, when several industries will have been worked under the system and the dividend incubus has been entirely removed, a different standard will have been revealed, and those private industries which cannot conform to such standard will be considered, in comparison, sweated trades.

The element of competition will also have made it more difficult for private enterprise to command the same class of service, and in its own struggle for existence will have had to pay higher wages even at the expense of decreased profits.

By transferring the railways to a guild there need be no displacement of labour, the surplus being applied to reduction of hours, of officials and men.

The money economies in the beginning, say after the first year, should be apportioned to the various grades. Salaries of officials, though sufficiently low in all conscience for the responsibility assumed, might be substantially unaltered in the beginning, adjustments only being made to remove glaring inconsistencies revealed by the comparison of different companies' salary lists.

The first attention should be given to reducing hours of labour and personal risks, and to providing at least a dignified and healthy life for the lowest paid grades.

Advantages peculiar to guild working would arise out of the spirit engendered throughout its members. It would be interesting to compile figures of all railways and show the amounts paid annually for loss and pilferage of goods and parcels to be compared afterwards with such disbursements under guild management. Give every worker an interest in the business and an army of detectives is created which would make the risk of discovery and punishment such that the game would not be worth the candle.

HENRY LASCELLES.

The Bondage of Wagerly.

An Open Letter to the Trades Union Congress.

GENTLEMEN,—We address ourselves to you because it is tacitly understood that the Trades Union Congress applies itself, more or less exclusively, to industrial affairs. Several years ago, your Congress founded the Labour Representation Committee, which quickly developed into the Labour Party as we know it to-day. To it you referred your purely political questions. Not so very long ago, so greatly did labour politics loom up in your imagination, it was suggested that the Trades Union Congress might advantageously be abolished and the Labour Party left as the sole governing body. There is an alluring quality in politics that distracts men's minds from the material problems of life. It needs strength of will and spiritual discipline not to be enticed away from the actualities that beset us in our daily work. It is because your Congress addresses itself to these actualities that we venture to discuss with you the most important aspect of your daily lives—the question of wages and the necessity for the abolition of the wage system.

In the first flush of excited satisfaction that followed the General Election of 1906, and in consequence of the marked deference paid to the Labour Party at that time, a great number of serious and loyal Labourists sincerely believed that the conquest of political power was at hand, and that the conquest of political power was a condition precedent to the conquest of economic power. They accordingly contended that there remained no vital function for your Congress, because you concerned yourselves only with industrial, that is (roughly stated), with the economic problems that daily confront you. If the political power was really the precursor of economic power, then it was obviously the duty of every Labour man to concentrate upon the acquisition of political power. Nevertheless, your Congress is this year the largest and most representative ever held, whilst political Labourism is distinctly at a discount. It is rather curious, is it not?

It is not in the least strange to those who watch the industrial movement in a spirit detached from parliamentarism. The reason why your Congress this year is stronger than before is precisely the same reason why all glamour has departed from parliamentary Labourism. You, to-day, are strong in self-defence against the incursions of capitalism and instinctively your constituents have realised that the real struggle is on the industrial plane, and that parliamentary manoeuvres are futile to stay the downward course of real wages.

We have not the slightest wish to offend any sentiment or bias which you may have in regard to Parliamentarism; but it is supremely important that you should firmly grasp the essentials of the present industrial situation. Let us then briefly recapitulate the main facts of Labour's history since 1906, the year when Labour first appeared in any strength in the House of Commons. You will remember that during the first two Sessions, your representatives were treated with exceptional deference and consideration. In the third Session they found the sentiment of Parliament distinctly hardening against them. Since 1910, they have been practically ignored. Have you seriously faced this important fact? Have you inquired into the reason of it? You, of course, know better than we do, that the spirit of capital is a curious compound of shyness and savagery. It is extremely shy and diffident when faced with the unexpected or unknown; it is extremely savage and relentless when it has discovered that the unknown has no terrors, and that its economic power remains unimpaired. And that is what happened in the Campbell-Bannerman Parliament. The Labour Party, over forty strong, was a strange and unexpected phenomenon. What did it mean? Did it portend an economic revolution? Or was it a mere flash in the pan? Whilst these questions were being pondered by those who control our political machinery, the Labour Party was treated with immense respect.

Gradually the exact facts became clear to the political leaders, with the result that the Labour Party sank in political value, and finally were regarded as negligible.

What were the facts which unmasked the pretensions of Parliamentary labourism? They may be summed up in a phrase: Rent, interest and profits were unmistakably increasing; real wages were declining. Therefore, argued the Parliamentarians, why worry about the Labour Party. They do no harm in Parliament, and they apparently divert their constituents' minds from the more important factors, namely, profiteering and wage-slavery. As long as rent, interest, and profits can rise 22½ per cent. and real wages fall by 7 to 10 per cent., there is obviously no fear of any revolution. Let us, indeed, encourage the wage-earners to play with politics and to forget the industrial struggle. Gentlemen of the Congress, your Labour Party has been a very expensive amusement.

Now let us state the case in pounds and pence. Luckily, just before you meet, the Board of Trade have opportunely stated them in an important report which every delegate should possess and study. It was in 1906 that Labour went in force into Parliament. Since that date how have the workers fared? Remember, it has been a period of extraordinary prosperity. Every test proves it—Income Tax, Clearing House returns, imports, exports. Yet during that period, your wages have actually fallen. Nominally, your wages have risen six per cent. or thereabouts; but real wages, that is the purchasing capacity of your money, shows a decline of fifteen per cent; so that your wages, in the average, have declined nine per cent. In the same period, the profiteers have increased their incomes by 22½ per cent. per annum. This Board of Trade Report gives particulars of rents, retail prices and wages in eighty-eight different towns in the United Kingdom in 1905 and 1912.

We will quote the facts relating to such of these eighty-eight towns as return Labour Members. They are Barrow-in-Furness, Blackburn, Bolton, Bradford, Derby, Halifax, Leeds, Leicester, Manchester, Merthyr, Newcastle, Normanton, Norwich, Sheffield, Stockport, Sunderland, Glasgow, Dundee. Compared with 1905, the combined rent and retail prices in these Labour constituencies are as follows:—

	Per cent. Increase.
Blackburn, Bolton, Stockport	16
Sunderland	14
Leicester, Normanton	13
Bradford, Halifax, Manchester, Norwich	12
Leeds, Merthyr, Newcastle, Oldham, Sheffield	11
Barrow, Dundee, Glasgow	10

We have been assured thousands of times in recent years that the cause of this increase in the cost of living is landlordism. This report makes it perfectly clear that the real enemy is the profiteer. During this period rents increased 1.8 per cent., whilst prices advanced 13.7 per cent. When, therefore, your manufacturing employers and their satellites, the single taxers, invite you to attack the rapacious landlords, kindly remember that these same manufacturers are extorting far more out of you than the landlords.

Concurrent with this conscienceless rise in the price of your living, how have you fared in the matter of wages? In the trades common to all these towns we discover that the mean percentage increases in rates of wages in all the towns are:—Building trade, skilled men, 1.9; labourers, 2.6; engineering, skilled men 5.5; labourers, 3.9; printing trades, compositors, 4.1.

Is it not evident that you cannot contend with an economic movement such as this by Parliamentary means? Surely it is an industrial problem, pure and simple. Consider! Whilst Mr. Philip Snowden has been busy pamphleteering and lecturing on woman's suffrage or national finance, the cost of living in his own constituency has advanced 16 per cent. Whilst Mr. MacDonald has been on a Royal Commission in India, the cost of living in Leicester has advanced 13

per cent.; whilst Mr. Parker sat upon the Marconi Committee, in the interests of Parliamentary purity, the cost of living in Halifax went up 12 per cent. Probably Mr. G. H. Roberts was too busy acting as whip of the Labour Party to notice that his own constituents were being plundered to an increased tune of 12 per cent. Whilst Mr. Keir Hardie has been gallivanting over Europe and America, talking old-fashioned and extremely ignorant State-socialism, his Merthyr constituents have been "had" by an increased 11 per cent. You must seriously consider whether the meat is worth the salt. Frankly, and in the face of facts like these, if you place the least reliance upon political means to achieve industrial freedom, you are criminal fools. Criminal, because millions of your fellow men and women depend upon you for guidance in their industrial affairs.

If then, parliamentary methods have failed to bring to you any measure of economic freedom (we now know with complete certainty that you are economically weaker since you entered into the Parliamentary adventure), it is well worth while to know the reason. Broadly stated, you may take it as definite and certain that Parliament responds to economic power and ignores economic weakness. If you would be strong in Parliament, you must first acquire the requisite economic strength in factory and workshop. The men who own and control not only the wealth, but the machinery (human and material) that produces wealth will inevitably control and guide our national affairs. This has been the case from the very beginnings of human association and will so continue until the Judgment Day. We have, therefore, repeatedly urged the wage-earners never to forget the formula that *economic power precedes and dominates political power*. The failure of parliamentary labourism is, in consequence, primarily due to the palpable fact that economic power resides in the employing classes, who, being in a position to exploit your labour, possess and control wealth, and therefore govern you. From this conclusion there is no escape.

The ancient and searching question again comes home to you: What must you do to be saved?

At the risk of appearing either intellectually arrogant or priggishly superior, we can answer that question with certitude. You must so organise yourselves on the industrial plane that the wage-system can be abolished. To men and women who have lived their lives in an atmosphere of wavery, and who regard wavery as something inherent in daily life, to suggest its abolition sounds Utopian or as a counsel of perfection. We are writing this letter, hoping that we can convince you that to abolish wavery is entirely practicable. Please remember that capitalism depends upon the wage-system, but you do not. So long as you have skill to produce wealth and organise its distribution, you are entirely free from and independent of profiteering.

It is first and foremost necessary that you should have a clear understanding of what wages are. Wages is the price paid in the competitive market for labour as a commodity. A wage is not a salary; it is not even pay; nor is it remuneration. Salaries and pay and remuneration are for individual services rendered. Individuality, the human element, enters into these rewards for services rendered; but wage is the market price of a commodity called labour. It is an impersonal thing, not human, not inhuman, rather non-human. This labour is found inside your bodies and in your hands and arms and legs and muscles, just as ore is found in the earth or fruit on the tree. Being discovered inside you, the men who want to exploit it, precisely as they would exploit any other commodity, buy it from you, precisely as they buy ore from landlords or corn from farmers. If it be scarce, then the price of the labour commodity is high; if it be plentiful, its price is low. In Europe in general, and Great Britain in particular, labour is plentiful and accordingly it can be bought at a price that merely ensures its continuance—that is, at a price that enables you to live and to reproduce yourselves, daily by food and yearly by children. In its callous disregard of the sanctities of life,

modern capitalism is only matched by the slave-owners of previous generations. It is fundamental, then, to the argument always to remember that wage is the price paid for labour as a commodity. It is not paid to you as human beings, made in the image of God; that consideration never enters into the minds of the profiteers. They merely buy a quality, a force, inherent in you. To them it is nothing more and nothing less than a marketable commodity.

Observe carefully the consequences that flow from the theory that labour is a commodity. The profiteers buy it from you (at a bare subsistence rate) and accordingly claim possession of all the wealth subsequently created by the labour which you have sold for a mess of pottage. Now it is in wealth, in property, that economic power resides, and the result is that whilst you are kept in wavery (which is only one remove from slavery and closely related to knavery) the possessing classes remain the governing classes and do not care a fig for your Parliamentary Labour group. Indeed, they look upon it with indulgent contempt.

What must you do to be saved? And as salvation obviously depends upon your capacity to destroy the wage-system, how must you set about it?

There is only one way to destroy wavery and that is to determine never again to sell your labour for wages. Labour to you is something more than a mere commodity. To you it is your property; it is the only instrument or weapon in your possession whereby you can achieve economic emancipation. Therefore you must claim the absolute disposition of that labour power and possession of the wealth created out of it. But you cannot do this unless you possess a monopoly of that labour power. Here, then, we come to the special function of the Trades Union Congress. First and last, it is your business to organise the working population in such a way that this labour monopoly can be acquired. We warmly congratulate you upon the large accessions to your numbers in the past few years. But you have, as yet, barely begun. You do not yet muster more than one in six of the working industrial army. We invite you to take the necessary steps to bring under your influence every working man and woman in the United Kingdom. You cannot do this without money. But you have money that runs to millions sterling. We seriously urge you not to spend that money upon strikes that merely mitigate wavery, but to spend it upon a great campaign (including a house-to-house canvass) to acquire a complete monopoly of labour and then to abolish the wage-system altogether. You will need to spend £250,000 on spreading unionism in the industrial centres and another £150,000 in organising the agricultural wage-slaves. You have already spent (and largely wasted) over £100,000 on a daily paper. If you can manage £100,000 for so small a purpose, are you afraid to spend five times—aye, or ten times—that amount on achieving an industrial revolution? Make no mistake about it: the next revolution is the abolition of wavery and the constitution of guilds for the purpose of creating wealth and equitably distributing it. We entreat you to forget such purely external things as Parliamentary politics and to concentrate upon wavery and the way to destroy it. Your executive body is inaptly styled the "Parliamentary Committee." Give it imperative instructions to forget its name and to get to the main purpose of your fellowship—the extension and sane organisation of every man and woman who works with head or hand. The Board of Trade Report, to which we have alluded, proves with deadly accuracy that you are at a critical moment in your history. We believe that in your own way you will rise to the occasion. We venture to remind you that you have not much time. A trade depression may be upon us in a year or two. That would add enormously to your difficulties.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle you will encounter will be a kind of Oriental fatalism convinced that no human effort can frustrate the economic movement. The

increase in the cost of living is the result of human effort directed to that end. Had you been strongly industrially organised you might have resisted this attack upon your means of living. Take Leicester for example. It is represented in Parliament by Mr. J. R. MacDonald, your political leader. Between 1905 and 1912 rents rose in Leicester 6 per cent. Food and coal rose no less than 15 per cent. Had Mr. MacDonald devoted his time and abilities to organising an effective resistance to this special form of capitalistic plunder, do you not think he would have been more profitably occupied than in mixing with the governing and exploiting classes in India? Duty, like charity, begins at home, but the eyes of the fool are upon the ends of the earth. In Ireland, they successfully resisted the depredations of the rent-mongers; in America they successfully organised against the rise in the price of meat. But there is no glory in detailed local struggle; there is no drama, no opportunity to strike heroic attitudes. Not the least of the curses that Parliamentarism brings in its train is an insatiable hunger for the lime-light. Your Parliamentarians are as touchy on this point as music-hall artists. The pity of it! In any event, this fact stands sure: When one class consciously seeks to plunder another class, conscious resistance is a duty and a possibility, unless those plundered are tame slaves and actuated by servile instincts.

You are fully justified in retorting upon us with the question: What is our alternative to the wage-system?

During the past two years we have been at great pains in elaborating a constructive programme to be followed after the wage-earners had repudiated wavery. It is not easy to sum up what we have already written at great length and which we hope will shortly appear in book form. But we will endeavour briefly to summarise our argument. Let us suppose that labour in this country were so completely organised as to constitute a monopoly. On one side we should have the profiteers possessing the machinery and the land; on the other, the army of workers in complete possession of the labour. Obviously, a dead-lock. What would be done? The State Socialists would contend that the way out would be for the State to purchase the assets and to work them. But the amount of money involved in the purchase would remain a permanent charge upon labour equivalent to the existing rent, interest and profits. Labour would be no better off. Worse remains: the State would have to maintain the wage-system because there would be no other means to pay the interest on the purchase price. Does that puzzle you? It is really quite simple. All rent, interest and profits come out of the difference between the price of labour as a commodity and the selling price of the finished product. If, therefore, Labour had organised itself to abolish wavery, it would naturally reject the overtures of the State to continue the wage-system. There would, therefore, be no fund out of which to pay interest to the discharged profiteers. This is the fatal objection to State Socialism. It predicates purchase, the purchase price to be a national debt, paying interest in the usual way. It must, therefore, equally predicate the continuance of the wage-system. Worse still remains to be told: The State would find that the cost of production would so seriously increase as to put it out of action in the world's market. Every serious student has now finally discarded State Socialism, either as an economic improvement upon existing capitalism, or as a cure for the ills of wavery. Nevertheless, the present owners of the plant and machinery are entitled to recompense. Our own proposal in this regard is to pay them a reasonable annuity for two generations. It is, at least, rough and ready justice.

We fear that our argument seems to you to tend towards Syndicalism. Fundamentally we do not accept Syndicalism because it argues for the possession by every union of its own land and machinery. To this we do not assent, because all wealth—particularly plant and machinery—belongs to the community, and does not, and ought not, to belong to any particular group.

We would accordingly vest all industrial assets in the State, to be leased by the State to the appropriate guilds. This lease would be in the nature of a charter.

We can now see the beginnings of a new order of society from which the wage-system has been eliminated. In this new society, the Trades Union Congress may become the nucleus of an industrial parliament—the plenary committee of the federated guilds.

You, perhaps, are now curious to know what we mean by a guild. A guild is the combination of all the labour of every kind, administrative, executive, and productive in any particular industry. It includes those who work with their brains, and those who contribute labour power. Administrators, chemists, skilled and unskilled labour, clerks—everybody who can do work—are all entitled to membership. This combination clearly means a true labour monopoly. The State, as trustee for the whole community, by charter (the terms being mutually agreed upon) hands over to this guild all the plant, material and assets generally cognate to the industry. The guild must be national in its organisation and ramifications. In mediæval times the guilds were local. The railway and telegraph and telephone have annihilated time and space and killed the old sense of locality. Thus we have a labour monopoly married to the mechanical means of wealth-production. In our opinion, there ought to be about fifteen of these guilds covering the vast majority of the working population. They would mutually exchange their products, referring all difficulties and all questions of policy to the general committee of the federated guilds, a body which ought to descend direct from the Trade Union Congress.

What, in these new circumstances, would be the substitute for wagery? Has it ever struck you that soldiers never receive wages? They receive pay—officers and men of all ranks. What is the distinction? Mainly in this: so long as a soldier belongs to the Army, he receives pay whether playing or working. He does not sell his labour as a commodity; his labour is not marketable, and there is no profit on it. In like manner, every member of a guild would receive pay whether working or playing, employed or unemployed. (It is only in this direction that any solution of the unemployed problem can be found.) The guilds would be absolute masters of their own economic affairs. They would themselves undertake certain duties now clumsily undertaken by the State—insurance, compensation for injury, sickness and old-age pensions. It would not be wise to elaborate here too many of the details of guild organisation. Our present purpose is to urge you to concentrate upon the wage-system and to understand the evils that flow out of it. We have felt it necessary to go one step further to prove that modern capitalism, founded as it is upon wagery, is by no means the last word in social or industrial organisation.

The transition from wagery to the national Guilds will be a period of thrilling interest far transcending in its intensity the artificial excitement of present Parliamentary politics. The work calls for men of strong will and clear judgment. There is a coterie of thinkers who now assert that capitalism has finally subdued our population into a servile state. We have not only intellectually combated that view but have passionately resented it. Our belief in the principles of democracy remains unshaken. We believe that out of the mass of the working population can be developed genius and character as great as can be found under any aristocratic or autocratic system of life and government. Above all, we know that the British worker is the finest fighter in the world when once his interest has been touched, his passions aroused and his imagination quickened. In the struggle that lies before you, all these qualities will be requisitioned. When you are convinced that what we have here written is substantially true, we have no doubt of the issue.

We sincerely subscribe ourselves,

Your well-wisher,

THE NEW AGE.

The International Medical Congress and its Lessons.

By Dr. Herbert Snow.

THAT influential and generally well-written Sunday journal, "The Observer," headed its notice of the International Congress: "Great Advance in Science." Its editorial of August 10 begins: "Dull indeed must be the imagination of the man who is not inspired by the proceedings of the International Congress of Medicine, which has been sitting in London during the week past." And it concludes with the singularly questionable, if polite, remark that: "Doctors are doing their best to destroy their own means of livelihood, a self-abnegation in which they stand alone." How unlucky that they do not often make saints nowadays! Otherwise we should all be canonised; though I suppose they would hesitate to extend that honour to any wicked doctors who may oppose vivisection. For when we come to look into the reported proceedings of this imposing gathering of doctors from every part of the world, we find to our astonishment that from one end to the other it was hardly anything but a colossal and perfectly undisguised puff on behalf of vivisection and their wares. Take that element away, and hardly a speck of anything solid is left.

The papers were full of similar panegyrics hardly less fulsome or less ridiculous. What was their foundation? After careful and prolonged search I have been unable to discover anything meriting the title of "great advance in science"—in fact, any matter at all which could judiciously be held as partaking of the character of "advance." To my humble and possibly prejudiced view, a very considerable proportion of the proceedings savoured much more strongly of degeneration and decay.

On a general view of the whole of those, two points stand out with quite remarkable prominence and distinctness. The first and most striking by far is the tremendous force with which the big drum was beaten, in all corners of the Congress, and on every possible occasion, on behalf of vivisection. In praise of living animal experimentation, and its results, some of the speakers exhibited perfectly appalling powers of terminological inexactitude and arrogant bluff. It was, to the life, Dr. Abracadabra at the village fair. Only there were a great many of him; and he was assiduously applauded, not by village yokels, but by conspicuous medical magnates who pass for educated folk in their degree. The second was a minor point, not nearly so obvious on the surface. That was the singular paucity of tangible results adduced, making for improvement in the medical art; whether those proceeded from living-animal "research" or from the matured experience of the doctors attending the Congress.

The foremost performer on the big drum aforesaid rather appropriately hails from America. This was Professor Harvey Cushing, of Harvard University, who delivered the Address in Surgery, and devoted it to the praise of living-animal experiment.

To those who have investigated the subject and who have consequently realised how completely barren of results the method has ever been, the obvious spread-eagleism of the speech and its unscrupulous disregard of facts were decidedly amusing. But it served to bring down the house; and Sir Thomas Barlow, the President of the Congress, proceeded to eulogise it as "one of the most splendid apologies for medicine and surgery it had ever been his privilege to listen to." Alas, for the fair repute of English medicine. That is now past praying for.

As all men know, English vivisection has just experienced a severe fright. A Bill exempting from their tender mercies the dog passed its second reading in July; and had to be hurriedly stifled in Committee by the whole weight of the vivisection influence in the House. Our Transatlantic professor goes out of his way to note

this question of the dog: a fact which at once shows the forces working under the surface. There has been no such question in America. He proceeds to argue that dogs must on no account be exempted; that the animal must in its own interest be vivisected because there has been discovered an inoculation "cure" for distemper. Not being a veterinary expert, he was possibly unaware that the efficacy of this "vaccine for distemper" has long been exploded here. The fifth edition of "Veterinary Counter Practice" states that it is useless. And there is overwhelming evidence elsewhere to the same effect. The example was unfortunately very stale.

Speaking of the 1876 Royal Commission on Vivisection, Professor Cushing says: "Despite the warnings and protests of Huxley and others, restrictive legislation was passed. Since then, in the British Isles, and consequently in other English-speaking countries, medicine had been placed in the absurd position of defending the character of the labours necessary to its advancement." I do not think Huxley ever protested, or even hinted at so doing. On the other hand, we have his letter to Darwin upon the evidence of Dr. Klein, who had just told the Commission that he paid no regard to the sufferings of any vivisected animal, and never gave an anæsthetic if he could help it. By that we learn that he (Huxley) considered legislative restriction absolutely imperative.

We are further told in this address that "*the spirit of investigation, all too rare, should be generously subsidised.*" (Those who have studied the question know well that it is fundamentally based, not on science, but on pure commercialism.) . . . It (the recent Royal Commission on Vivisection) "bared to the public gaze a science of medicine which in thirty years had become transformed throughout the world as a result of the very activities the Commissioners were called upon to investigate." This may be a big bang on the drum. Otherwise we could hardly take it seriously, and should think it was only a specimen of Yankee humour. For this very Commission composed of men for the most part strongly biased in favour of vivisection, was unable to indicate definitely a single step in knowledge thus acquired in the thirty years aforesaid. It had, indeed, practically to confess that whatever improvement in medical science had actually taken place, must rather be ascribed to improved hygiene.

The next of these performers at the fair, in order of importance, was probably Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Frankfurt, who is celebrated, not for any advance in science he has secured, but for the extraordinary jargon he has invented to denote a number of substances assumed to exist in the blood. (See his "Studies in Immunity.") The substances are purely hypothetical. The jargon, including such terms as "amboceptor," "baptophore," "toxophore," "receptor," "toxous," "toxoids," and a host of similar words, would throw science back to the days of the alchemists. But it serves its purpose.

Ehrlich's address "might be summarised as an account of the workshop of chemio-therapeutic practice." His style has nothing of the American's bounce and bluster. It inclines mainly to argument from premises wholly academic, and to ratiocination from assumptions totally unproved. We hear much of Salversan, the arsenical preparation invented by the professor; which, though it has caused some sudden deaths, and has often involved consequences hardly less disastrous, is still extravagantly puffed by the manufacturers and their agents. We are reminded of the "immunity theory which was inaugurated so brilliantly by Metchnikoff"; of the "wonderful discovery of anti-toxin by Von Behring." And, lastly, we may measure the speaker's ignorance of what is going on in the world outside his laboratory, perhaps estimate also his mental calibre—by one of his opening sentences. "Like a star in the darkness of his age, Jenner's great achievement, which broke the power of such an awful public plague as small-pox, still shone with peerless splendour."

A noteworthy paper was read in the section of surgery by Dr. Ernst Jeger, of Breslau, who described

various operations of a novel character on blood-vessels. "He had been able to shift the branch of an artery on the main trunk upwards or downwards for a considerable distance." He showed "some preparations exhibiting end-to-side anastomoses of the renal vein into another part of the vena cava" (chief vein in the body). Also an anastomosis between the innominate and right pulmonary arteries. Also a preparation in which Dr. Israel and himself had extirpated a kidney, "ligatured the vena cava cardially from the other kidney vein," cut out a piece of the jugular vein, "tied it on a long magnesium tube specially made for this purpose, and implanted it into the vena cava centrally, and peripherally to the tied part of the (renal) vessel"—all on the same unfortunate dog!

For these horrible and blood-curdling operations were all (apparently) on the dog. The author states that "they are quite out of the question" on the human subject. They were confessedly quite useless to Man; and are not at all likely to be invoked on behalf of the sub-human animals. They cannot possibly advance science, surgical or other, in any conceivable way. Yet the "Morning Post"—from which these Press reports are taken—states that "*the chief honours*" of the day fell to their ruthless perpetrator; and that his paper "*was listened to with rapt attention.*" Could anything more significantly indicate the prevailing trend?

The employment of Salversan for our unlucky soldiers was advocated in the strongest terms by two Army medical officials who work in Rochester Row. Its dangers and ill-effects are notorious; and have been amply proved in many quarters. Yet these Army doctors concluded (1) that it "was a sufficiently safe remedy to justify its routine use in the Army"; (2) that "its routine use in the Army was likely to effect an annual saving of 70,000 to 80,000 hospital days, an economy equivalent to the cost of keeping a battalion of infantry in hospital for three months." And the President of the section, Sir Malcolm Morris, considered "that it was highly creditable that an official department should have undertaken this work."

The authors propose to administer the nostrum by injections into the veins, combined with ditto into the muscles. There are to be two of the former, nine of the latter, the treatment extending over nine or ten weeks. Under military discipline it will, of course, be compulsory. Every doctor knows that injecting almost anything directly into veins is more or less dangerous: death having followed the intra-venous injection of pure water. Poor Tommy Atkins! I hardly see how he can escape.

His American comrades are already in the toils of the serum-monger, who probably drives a more lucrative trade in the United States than anywhere else. Compulsory inoculation with anti-typhoid serum was introduced into the American army in 1911; and we now learn that about 300,000 men have had to undergo this outrage, no less upon common sense than upon unprejudiced medical experience. It was popularly believed that our frightful mortality from typhoid fever during the Boer war was due mainly to the "preventive" inoculations. However this may be, their inutility was amply proved by the statistics adduced to our late Royal Commission by provivisection witnesses; and the supposed value of the trash to all practical purpose exploded. But it would never do (in the States, at any rate) to let a paying trade drop. We incidentally learn that the French use "a vaccine prepared from a mixture of ten different races of bacilli taken from the country concerned"—i.e., in the particular campaign, Morocco or elsewhere! This shows a pleasing variety of anti-typhoid sera, already in use, with presumably many more to follow.

It is refreshing to turn from this wearisome recapitulation of vivisection performances, or asserted remedies—only a fraction of those reported are here alluded to—and to hail a very unwonted note of common sense in the address on heredity by Professor Bateson. He said that "the Mental Deficiency Bill was a wise beginning of reform, but they could not hear without disquietude of the violent measures that were being adopted in

certain parts of the United States with similar objects. It was one thing to check the reproduction of hopeless defectives; it was another to recognise a wholesale tampering with the structure of a population such as would follow if any marriage not regarded by officials as eugenic were liable to prohibition. . . . Nothing yet ascertained by genetic science justified such a course, and we might well wonder how genius and the arts would fare in a community constructed according to the ideas of such legislators." These are wise words of warning. In view of much that has lately been said or even done, none can pretend they were needless.

Is it a sign of the curiously academic tone of nearly all the modern teaching at our medical schools—or was it merely an error in the Press report—that Sir Francis Champneys is made to say: "Nature gave the child no milk for the first three days"?

The speech of the Rt. Hon. John Burns—"Is Saul also among the prophets"?—would doubtless have attained a far higher grade of excellence had he relied on his own conspicuous shrewdness and ability; and not been so very obviously indebted, both for figures and for sentiments, to his subordinate medical officials! It was all very well—and, of course, most pleasing to the audience—to remark that "Humanity was indebted for the saving of life and suffering to the vast improvements in the science of cure as well as of the prevention of disease"; followed by a demonstration that in the thirty-two years 1881-1912, 3,942,000 people might have died, but didn't—thanks to "medical science." But it was hardly ingenuous to imply that the fall in the death rate was attributable in an appreciable degree to "improvements in the science of cure."

Such, no doubt, there have been; but it may be gravely questioned whether they have much affected the average death rate. The decrease in mortality is rationally ascribed to increasing cleanliness, improved sanitation, more wholesome and enlightened habits of living—in far higher degree than to improved medical skill or to any novel curative agent. Where, indeed, a generally used "cure" has actually come into vogue—such, for example, as the anti-toxin for diphtheria—we almost always find that the average mortality for the particular disease has considerably increased! And what about tubercular consumption, which is so rapidly dying out among us? No genuine "cure," beyond nature's, has yet appeared for that, although many so-called, such as the tuberculins, have vastly augmented the death lists.

The "Morning Post" opines that "the work that the Congress has done is expected to exercise very considerable influence on the progress of medicine and surgery in this country." That may well be so. But can we contemplate such a prospect without the gravest apprehension and misgiving? Is this influence likely to be otherwise than profoundly unwholesome, and fraught with grievous harm to the community?

A resolution in favour of the encouragement by all possible means of vivisection experiments, was passed in all or nearly all the sections. In view of the findings of the recent Royal Commission, its utter inability to discover any good result from living-animal experimentation, its exposure of the associated cruelties, the crushing exposure of the scientific futility of the practice by Dr. George Wilson, nothing need be said of that. But what of the resolution (passed only by a majority, and with some important dissentients) to seek the compulsory notification of a class of diseases which hitherto it has been almost shameful to mention in civilised society?

What possible good can be anticipated from thus endeavouring to place in the full light of day the festering corruptions of weak humanity, in their foulest and most repulsive form? It is for all the world like making regulation in a clime where leprosy prevails that lepers shall go about naked. What vistas of blackmail, of bureaucratic meddling, of family disruption, of possibly undeserved branding and life-long misery, does such a proposal disclose. The attempted sugaring of the pill—

otherwise the phrase "confidential notification"—can only excite derision.

Moreover, outside this Congress, there have lately been expressed in medical circles a loud aspiration for "research"—the current euphemism for vivisection—in connection with this same topic. Those who have read of Neisser, the atrocious German criminal, fined in his own country for inoculating young children with the malady in its worst form without the consent of their parents, will know what that would probably involve. Neisser, by the way, who was recently fêted by a London medical society, and presented with the Cavenish gold medal—was prevented by illness from attending the Congress. That, however, was honoured by the presence of a hardly less notorious personage, George W. Crile, of Ohio, celebrated for his unspeakable cruelties to some 140 hapless dogs. For these our Royal College of Surgeons has just made him an Honorary Fellow!

Carlyle, describing France under "The Terror," says, "All men were mad—mad with the times." Would not this phrase aptly denote the present attitude of the medical faculty, as revealed at the Congress?

I would ask any judicially minded reader of its proceedings to weigh them carefully, and consider whether they do not merely indicate, but even prove beyond question:

(a) Such an alarming decay in medical knowledge, and such a devotion to purely academic ideas, as urgently to invite the attention of the Legislature to the question of sound medical education.

(b) Strenuous efforts to constitute a tyrannic and all-powerful medical bureaucracy, "generously subsidised."

(c) Impending attempts to grasp social and economic power, which, if successful, will destroy the very foundations of civilised society.

A King in Bohemia.

Translated by P. V. Cohn.

IN the August number of "Der neue Rundschau" (Berlin), Herr Albert Haas, writing an article on Bohemian periodicals in Paris in the year 1896, gives some interesting reminiscences of Mallarmé. The following is an extract:—

The offices of the "Revue Blanche" were in a respectable neighbourhood, at the corner of the Rue Lafitte and the Boulevard (des Italiens). It was conducted by the brothers Natausohn, who were also the proprietors of this long-since-defunct periodical. The "Revue Blanche" has won for itself a place in the history of French literature of yesterday. It contained the first efforts of many whose names have since become widely known, and that not only in France. But the best thing about the "Revue Blanche" was its great editorial room. Here the editorial secretary, Bogdan, worked in his noiseless way. Behind a wire network sat the business manager, Félix Fénéon, a quiet, distinguished-looking man, who spoke but rarely, for the reason that he was cleverer than most of those about him. But around the big table and on the sofa one found a most free-and-easy group of all kinds of workers on the "Revue." It was an ever-changing stream of people that met here, made appointments for the evening, exchanged the tittle-tattle of the day and discussed literary projects of every description. And when from all this busy trifling there emerged something of real worth the conversation ended in the room of the three chief editors with the ordering of an article. Usually it was the younger and lesser men who sat together here, but now and then the *dii majores* came also and paid the "Revue" a visit. They would then be beleaguered by the whole horde, and everyone basked in the great man's presence. This was especially the case with Stéphan Mallarmé, who was on all sides the object of genuine reverence.

Mallarmé was then regarded as the acknowledged leader of the moderns. Verlaine was dead, after having

the crown of French poetry bestowed on him by his younger contemporaries. The throne could not remain vacant, and the Latin Quarter decided on a sort of plébiscite to determine its new occupant. What constituted the right to a vote, I do not know. Probably everyone who aspired to the honour of voting was allowed to go to the poll. The result was that Mallarmé was unanimously elected "King of Poets." He was by no means loth to accept the position, although the "orthodox" aesthetes declared the whole affair a sorry farce. Nay, the new dignity even tended to enhance the naturally ceremonious manner with which Mallarmé held his weekly "at homes" in his quiet den on the Butte Montmartre. A remarkable circle, grouped about a remarkable personality. Mallarmé always remained an idealist of the purest water, and in the best sense of the word: no idealist of the Suabian* type, which always keeps in mind the bridge between the ideal and the practical, and even in social questions never loses its equilibrium. For Mallarmé there was no reality but that of æsthetic vision. Towards every other reality he showed the helpless naïveté of a child. On this point the most extraordinary legends were current. Thus, the story went that some years before one of his "disciples," in order to make himself agreeable to the master, had paid court to his daughter. It had even been anticipated that he would marry into this royal family, as it were, of poetry. As years went on, however, the disciple became more enlightened about the real needs of life, and preferred a marriage into academic circles and into one of the greatest French *Revues*. Yet Mallarmé had noticed nothing of either act of this tragi-comedy, and had always been glad to see his "disciple." The outward aspect of Mallarmé's "at homes" was in keeping with this simplicity of his. In the Rue de Rome, all loyal servants of symbolism were welcome every Saturday. One could put in an appearance from nine o'clock onwards, and on the other hand one could not stay later than two o'clock at the outside. The place of meeting was a little dining-room, the walls of which were crowded with pastels and oil-paintings, all the work of rising artists. Near the fire-place stood a big English rocking-chair, which was reserved for Mallarmé, although he never sat in it. He preferred to stand beside it the whole time, pipe in mouth, talking ceaselessly of past, present and future. But the chair was sacred. Once a passing English visitor—Symons, I think it was—ignorant of the tradition, had seated himself in the rocking-chair. Mallarmé suffered the torments of Tantalus. He missed his empty chair, and without the empty chair his memories failed him; he could not hit upon the right word.

At the same time, Mallarmé was so tender and considerate a man that it would have pained him if anyone else had vacated the chair for his sake. So that evening passed in a gloomy, depressing atmosphere, until the stranger left. Meanwhile the other guests wrapped themselves in thick clouds of cigarette-smoke. For on the dining-room table there stood a big Chinese vase, filled to the brim with black French Government cigarette tobacco. Round the vase were match-boxes, strips of "Job" cigarette-paper, and everyone could help himself, and did so liberally. Opposite Mallarmé, at the table, sat his wife and daughter, the former always dressed in black, the latter always in fiery red. The daughter always had a great cat in her lap, which she was continually stroking. Neither of the women ever spoke a word. About ten o'clock Madame Mallarmé, still silent, counted the heads of those present, and with a brief nod left the room with her daughter. Soon afterwards there came a tray with as many glasses of *ponch américain* as there were guests present. Each took his rum with hot water and lemon peel; whoever came later had to sit dry. On this Spartan basis was built the hospitality, so highly prized by all who en-

* The author here refers to the "Suabian School" of German poets who flourished during the War of Liberation against Napoleon. Uhland is their chief representative.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

joyed it, of the house in the Rue de Rome. How much it was valued may be seen from the number of visitors who appeared here every Saturday. The little room was seldom large enough to hold all whom reverence for Mallarmé had brought together. As a rule, considerable masses of people sat in the corners on all sorts of strange chairs and other forms of seats, and peered out from their twilight.

For the charm of the evenings in the Rue de Rome lay solely in Mallarmé's narratives, and watching him was one of the greatest pleasures imaginable. Apart from him, no one spoke except to ask a question or to confirm the weightiness and accuracy of his remarks. Now and then a newcomer would perhaps try to amplify or even to refute a statement of Mallarmé's. Mallarmé would affect not to hear such an interruption, even when the unlucky wight repeated his misplaced remark.

For the younger poets of the day Mallarmé was not only the idolised leader of the whole movement; he was also the living bridge that connected it with the history of French literature, and, so to speak, incorporated it with that literature. He had known Victor Hugo personally. He had shared in the foundation of the "Parnasse Contemporain." For him Victor Hugo was not a man whose books one can buy and read, but a worthy grandfather to the living generation. He actually called Leconte de Lisle "le père Leconte," with that twofold sense of familiarity and reverence which lends the French expression its special colouring. Then came reminiscences of the time when Leconte de Lisle, together with François Coppée, Léon Bierz, Catulle Mendès, Mallarmé, Verlaine and others had founded the "Parnasse." Mallarmé called them all by their Christian names, although most of them had already gone the way of all flesh, and were sundered from him by whole abysses. And when anyone spoke adversely of one of the "Parnassiens," Mallarmé would defend him with youthful fire. Thus he once grew very indignant when a sarcastic phrase was used about Mendès—Catulle, as Mallarmé always called him.

Altogether, Mallarmé's attitude towards art and artists, as towards life, was entirely uncritical. He assumed—even after proof positive of the opposite—that everyone had acted solely from the purest motives. Critical probing was beyond his grasp.

One day he expressed his astonishment at the fact that music was now his favourite art, whereas in his youth the plastic arts had attracted him more. The foundation for this remark was not far to seek: Verlaine's "music before everything," as opposed to the sculptural splendour of the "Parnassien" verse. But Mallarmé did not see this, and when the fact was indicated by someone, Mallarmé silently rejected it. About Verlaine, too, whose life afforded such abundant material for anecdote, he could tell many stories. The following incident was characteristic of Verlaine's family life (for in his youth he had also been transitorily married). Mallarmé was a teacher in a public *lycée*—the *Lycée Stanislas*,*—I think—where he had to initiate the boys into the mysteries of the English language. One day he took a new class and registered his pupils' names. One, a handsome fair-haired boy, was named Paul Verlaine. When the lesson was over, Mallarmé called him up and said: "You bear a great name, that of our leading poet. Are you a relative of his?" "I am his son," was the reply. From the next day onwards the boy came to school no more. Verlaine's divorced wife did not wish him to be under the influence of a friend of her first husband. On Verlaine's death in hospital, Mallarmé communicated the sad news to his first wife. The letter which he received in reply wounded him to the quick; it pained him deeply to speak of it. The former Madame Verlaine wrote dryly that she had no wish whatever to hear anything of her first husband. "Besides, I have married again and am perfectly happy," was more or less the conclusion of the

* One of the most important of French *lycées*—the nearest equivalent to our Eton or Harrow.—TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

letter quoted by Mallarmé one evening. She had also said that she would put no obstacle in her son's way, if he wished to attend his father's funeral; but she must decline to inform him of the event. Poor Lélian! as Verlaine once called himself. Mallarmé had known him and loved him, the poet of the gutter and the sacristy, one of the greatest masters of the French speech, at whose graveside there stood only the companions, male and female, of his last years.

In addition to historical disquisitions came æsthetic dissertations, not less valuable for their philosophical clearness than as a guide for forming a verdict on Mallarmé himself. I remember how we were at his place about two o'clock one morning, besides myself only Alfred Jarry (also since deceased), and how Mallarmé was inexhaustibly describing and praising, in ever new images, the structure of the sonnet. The two quatrains formed two groups of columns, and the two tercets the gable that crowns the whole. Or again, the quatrains were the two halves of a bow, the tercets the two sides of the string, but the last line was an arrow melodiously whizzing from the bow. It has been said of Mallarmé that he is obscure. Others have tried to see in his writings the over-subtle products of a coldly calculating intelligence. Whoever knew him will find these judgments obscure and over-subtle. In any case, the suspicion of cold calculation must be energetically set aside in the case of this Parsifal of modern French literature. His works are certainly very peculiar; and from a superficial glance we may perhaps ask ourselves how it was that Mallarmé had such an extraordinarily fascinating influence upon the younger school of French writers at the end of the nineteenth century. But Mallarmé's greatest power lay in the spoken word. This is also true of his poems, which must be *heard*; best of all if one could hear them from his own lips. This, indeed, did not often happen, but when it did they assumed a wonderfully magical reality. Then there vanished the bizarreness of vocabulary and word-order, and the otherwise apparent jerkiness of the intellectual, or, rather, emotional process. All became crystal-clear, so plausible, that one might almost have regarded it as childishly simple and commonplace, if it had not been marked by such a boundless wealth of poetic feeling. Mallarmé put into words the subtlest impulses of his own pure heart, without coarsening them in the least. Whoever heard him thus, and also reads him thus, will "understand" him completely. But one could really perceive how closely this style was bound up with his life, if one heard him speak in public. The opportunity was afforded by a dinner which the young school of writers gave to the poet Gustave Kahn. Kahn had suddenly published three new volumes. In Bohemia no one looked upon public recognition through criticism as a sign of real merit; on the contrary, such criticism would probably have been considered a proof of harmonious flatness. Thus the naked fact of the appearance of these volumes was celebrated by a dinner at Notta's. Even Catulle Mendès came with the queen of his heart for the time being, a most beautiful young poetess, who a short time before had left her husband for him. With a graceful gesture Mallarmé raised his champagne-glass and in slow, measured tones told his young comrade all the good that he wished him. The speech was reduced to the simplest, free of all rhetoric. Every word was the clear and yet genuine reflection of what Mallarmé felt: a marvellous tribute from the older man to his younger rival. The dinner, by the way, ended in rather grotesque fashion. An actor among the guests was called upon to "recite verses." Of course, he knew none of Kahn's; Mallarmé's were also unknown to him. For neither of these two wrote anything which gave a pretext for dramatic elocution. Yet all the more appropriate was the poetry of Mendès, whose lyrics classify all the heroic deeds of world-history. Catulle at first offered a feeble resistance, and finally consented not without glee. The more discerning guests, to whom Catulle's presence was in any case an abomination, could find no expression strong enough for giving vent to their indignation.

The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

AFTER an absence of seven years I returned to England in 1890, and in the autumn joined my brother in Newcastle. Although less than eight years had passed since I was last on Tyneside, I soon became aware that the standing of the Irish had materially changed. The anti-Irish feeling, so conspicuous in 1883, had disappeared, and the Irish moved about freely, participating in all political and social affairs. I asked my brother whether my impressions of the change were correct, and he assured me they were. He also explained to me how the change had been brought about, and no man was better qualified than he to afford me information on such a matter. The account he gave me was somewhat as follows:—

"The change was due primarily to the Parnell movement, by means of which Englishmen had gained a better knowledge of Ireland and Irishmen."

I interpolate here a statement made by Mr. James Bryce, M.P.: "In January, 1886, one found scarce any politician who had ever heard of the Irish Parliament of 1782. And in that year, 1886, an Englishman anxious to discover the real state of the country did not know where to go for information."

"Then Gladstone's Home Rule Bill had swung one political party definitely on the side of Ireland. But more decisive still had been the effect of Gladstone's Franchise Bill. No sooner had that Bill come into force than both the Nationalist politicians and the Catholic priests realised what a powerful weapon would be placed in their hands if the full strength of the Irish vote were organised and inscribed upon the register. The politicians, of course, desired to use such a power for Parliamentary purposes to further the national cause. The priests, on the other hand, wanted it for themselves, so that they might secure seats on boards of guardians and school boards. To obtain the best results from the new position, the priests and politicians held a joint conference at which they agreed to engage an agent to look after the Irish occupiers and see that they all got on the voters' lists. They further agreed to divide the expenses equally between them. The outcome of the conference was that they appointed myself registration agent, and I at once set about the work and devoted seventeen weeks to canvassing. In some respects it was both a dangerous and disagreeable job. There were some places—lodging-houses, padding-cans, and brothels—which I had to visit with such care that I always took the precaution to carry a black-thorn stick, and to leave my watch and purse at home. When the Revision Court came on I attended and fought my claims against both the Liberal and Tory agents. And when the work was completed the Revising Barrister, the political agents, and the local Press, as these cuttings show, congratulated me on the success of my labours. Well, the politicians paid their share of the expenses. But the priests! They played me the old dodge, 'for the love and honour of God.' And that's all I ever got from them from that day to this."

Such was my brother's account of how the better state of affairs had been brought about.

On the evening of November 17, 1890 my brother and I had been to a local theatre. As we came out the newsboys, though the hour was late, were crying special editions of the evening papers and bawling the one item of news: "Result of the Parnell Divorce." Dan purchased a paper, walked to a street lamp, looked at the result, crushed the paper in his hand, and flung it in the gutter. We walked home, not a word passing between us. On reaching home we entered the dining room for supper. On the wall hung two pictures, one of Grattan, the other of Parnell. Dan walked over to the picture of Parnell, tore it off the wall, threw it on

the floor, and stamped his heel on it. I rose from the table and went to bed. Next morning I quitted his house.

From that day to the day he died (recently), not a word of that night's incident ever passed between my brother and me, but our relations were never the same again. We both possessed tempers, we could both fight, and we were both conscious that had a solitary word been spoken on either side, blood would have been spilt.

I have related this incident because it was typical of the relations which were to exist between millions of Irishmen throughout the world in a few days. The wounds inflicted during the days between November 17 and December 6 are still unhealed, and I am inclined to think they never will be healed, so long as some of us who were actively engaged on either side remain above the clay. Have we any justification for our resentment against our opponents? Against two men in particular, Messrs. T. M. Healy and T. P. O'Connor, the readers of these papers shall judge for themselves.

On November 25 the Irish Parliamentary Party met in Committee Room 15, and re-elected Parnell chairman unanimously. But, on the same evening, owing to an ambiguously worded letter from Gladstone, half the party were seized with an attack of blue funk, a complaint which has stuck to them from that day to this. They, therefore, are not worth further notice. But there are two, those mentioned above, whose attitude and antics are worthy of attention.

When the decree nisi was pronounced in the Divorce Court Mr. T. P. O'Connor was in America as one of the representatives of the Irish Party. When asked by an American reporter on the 19th to state his views on the situation created by the divorce case, Mr. T. P. O'Connor delivered himself thus:—

"It is for the Irish people alone to choose their leader, and besides, all English statesmen acknowledge that Mr. Parnell is the greatest Parliamentary leader that the Irish ever had. His disappearance from that post would create dismay amongst Nationalists."

On the following day Mr. O'Connor was again interviewed on the subject, when he spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Parnell has done too much for the Irish people for them to go back on him now. I declare that the whole Irish people will support the envoys in upholding Mr. Parnell, and there is convincing proof that Ireland is socially, enthusiastically, and fiercely on the side of the Irish leader."

It appears hardly credible, and yet it is perfectly true, that a few days after that fervid declaration Mr. T. P. O'Connor deserted his leader at the bidding of an Englishman. Why? I will suggest the reason as I had it from Parnell's own lips.

The case of Mr. T. M. Healy is equally interesting, and as a piece of political "Jump Jim Crowism," it will be hard to find its equal.

On November 20 the Nationalists of Dublin called a meeting to consider the new situation. At this time Mr. Healy was confined to bed with sickness. What occurred is related by Mr. William Redmond:—I went to see Healy to talk about the coming meeting. "Have you any resolutions prepared?" Tim asked. "No." "Then give me a sheet of paper and I will write them. We'll teach these damned Nonconformists to mind their own business." So Healy wrote the resolutions. Be it resolved "that this meeting, interpreting the sentiments of the Irish people that no side issue shall be permitted to obstruct the great cause of Home Rule for Ireland, declares that in all political matters Mr. Parnell possesses the confidence of the Irish nation and that this meeting rejoices at the determination of the Irish Parliamentary Party to stand by their leader."

Beyond drafting the resolution Mr. Healy was so whole-heartedly determined to stick to Parnell that he rose from his sick-bed and went to the meeting to support it. Amongst other things said by Mr. Healy on that momentous occasion were these:—"I would say this further, that we must remember that for Ireland and for Irishmen Mr. Parnell is less a man

than an institution." And further on he asks: "If we who have been for ten years under the leadership of this man, and who have been accused of *harbouring all kinds of sinister ambitions and greedy desires to pull him down*, if we join with this howling pack, would that be a noble spectacle before the nations?" (Italics mine).

Strange as it may sound, the truth is that a few days after having spoken the above words Mr. Healy had not only joined the "howling pack," but was actually leading them, as he declared, "to drive Parnell into a lunatic asylum or the grave." In Committee Room, after one of "Tiger Tim's" attacks upon him, Parnell remarked: "Mr. Healy has been trained in this warfare. Who trained him? Who saw his genius first? Who telegraphed to him from America? Who gave him his first opportunity and chance? Who got him his seat in Parliament? That Mr. Healy is here to-day to destroy me is due to myself."

But why did Mr. Healy wish to destroy Parnell, the man who had made him and whom he pretended at the Leinster Hall meeting he had followed for ten years? I propose to furnish the motive which actuated Mr. Healy as it was related to me by Parnell himself.

Like Irishmen the world over, those of Tyneside were greatly perturbed by all these contradictory proceedings. A meeting was called by handbills, distributed at the church doors, inviting all Irishmen to attend the Irish Literary Institute to consider the situation created by the split in the Parliamentary Party. I attended that meeting, and being a stranger to nearly all present, without any local bias or personal feeling in the matter, I was able to watch the proceedings with keen interest and without any leanings to factionism.

A resolution was moved, endorsing the action of the anti-Parnellite members of the party. This led to a very able and well conducted debate for and against. Amongst the speeches in support of the motion, two things stood out conspicuously to my mind. One was the hand of the cleric, the other personal friendship for Tim Healy. (Healy was well-known on Tyneside, having worked as a clerk on the North Eastern Railway.) When a vote was eventually taken the resolution was carried, but not by a large majority. Thereupon someone, I do not know whom, shouted out: "All you who support Parnell, come to the meeting hall downstairs." Nearly half the meeting rose and followed him.

Arrived in the room below a chairman was appointed, and while he was speaking I took stock of the meeting. Although I knew and was known to only one man present, my early training enabled me to scent elements in the meeting which would follow Parnell to hell without hesitation and consign his enemies there without compunction. When the chairman had finished he called upon Mr. James Louis Garvin (present editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"). A young fellow, some three or four and twenty years of age stood up, and for some seconds made frantic efforts to speak, without, however, enunciating a single word. As this was the first time I had seen this gentleman I observed him closely. Thin wispy hair, large bulging eyes, arms swinging like the planes of a windmill, every muscle jiggling as if a galvanic battery were beneath his feet, he was most emphatically not a pretty sight. At last he mastered his affliction, and his words began to flow. What a flood! They rushed forth like a millrace. I had never listened to such a torrent of words, and all of the most fervid Nationalist character. It would be giving Mr. Garvin too much credit to say that it was his breath which called the Parnellite Party into being; but it is perfectly true to state that it was his hand, or rather his pen, which eventually stabbed it to death.

Of those whom the priests drew out at that time and sent into the ranks of the anti-Parnellites, many of those who yet survive are now sound Tories, anti-Home Rulers and strong pillars of the Church. Of all those who then took the side of Parnell, Mr. Garvin is the only man I know, or have heard of, who has become a turncoat.

The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.

VI.

IN passing to the constructive side of our theme, it is first necessary to realise clearly that as commercialism, not competition, is the evil from which modern society suffers; the real battles of reform are to be fought in the industrial, not in the political arena. To abolish commercialism it is necessary to transfer the control of industry from the hands of the financier into those of the craftsman, and as this change is ultimately dependent upon such things as the recovery of a more scrupulous honesty in respect to our trade relationships, the restoration of living traditions of handicraft, and the emergence of nobler conceptions of life in general, it is evident that the nature of the reforms is such as to place the centre of gravity of the reform movement outside the sphere of politics.

At the same time it is well to remember that, though the solution is not a political one it has, nevertheless, a political aspect, for in this endeavour to reform industry the legislature may assist. Recognising the truth that nobler conceptions of life are essential to the salvation of society, and that the desired change should be in the direction of simpler conditions of life, the legislature can greatly facilitate such a change by the wise expenditure of that portion of the surplus wealth of the nation which they would derive from the taxation of unearned incomes. In the long run it is the expenditure of surplus wealth which determines in what direction industrial energy shall be employed; and just as foolish expenditure is the forerunner of depression and decay, so wise expenditure imparts health and vigour to the body politic. "The vital question for individual and for nation," as Ruskin said, "is not, how much they make? but to what purpose do they spend?"

As to the way in which the expenditure of wealth could be used to facilitate the spiritual regeneration of society, the first condition of success is a more generous and magnanimous spirit than is customary to-day; in a word, we should not expect too much for our money, since, until the spirit of society is changed in this respect, there can be no possibility of returning to simpler conditions of life. Until then, sweating, jerry-work, dishonesty and quackery will remain with us, and the producers will continue to be slave-driven.

The evil, moreover, does not end here. The attendant symptom of this pernicious system is that with our minds bent always upon making bargains, it comes about that less regard is paid to the intrinsic value than to the market value of things, and we thus create conditions under which the gulf separating the two is ever widening, until finally the anti-climax of the ideal of wealth accumulation is reached in the circumstance that it becomes daily more impossible to buy things worth possessing. To reverse this unnatural order, therefore, and to let our choice be determined by the intrinsic value rather than by the market value of things, is the second condition of successful expenditure.

There are two directions in which an immediate increase of expenditure is called for in the national interest. In the first place there can be no doubt that a serious attempt should be made to revive agriculture in this country, for apart from its temporary commercial value, agriculture has an intrinsic value as a factor in the national life, in that it strengthens the economic position of the country at its base. Secondly, a substantial increase should be made in our national expenditure upon art, particularly by a more generous and sympathetic patronage of the humbler crafts; for not only would such expenditure tend to relieve the pressure of competition, but since the true root and basis of all art lies in the health and vigour of the

handicrafts, a force would be definitely set in motion which would at once regenerate industry and restore beauty to life—industry and beauty being two of the most powerful factors in the spiritual regeneration of the race.

In answer to some who complained that Athens was over-adorned, even as a proud and vain woman tricks herself out with jewels, Pericles replied that "superfluous wealth should be laid out on such works as, when executed, would be eternal monuments of the glory of their city, works which, during their execution, would diffuse a universal plenty; for as so many kinds of labour and such a variety of instruments and materials were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole city would be in pay, and be at the same time both adorned and supported by itself." Such was the old-time solution of the unemployed problem; both the spiritual and material needs of the people are here provided for.

VII.

The conclusion to be deduced from the last section was that the wise expenditure of surplus wealth, and, indeed, all exercise of wisdom, demands that man be spiritually regenerated.

It is obvious that by spiritual regeneration something very different is meant from the morbid and sickly sentimentality which very often passes for spirituality to-day; rather must we be understood to mean the recovery by society of that "sense of the large proportion of things" as Pater calls it, which in all great ages of spiritual activity was in a greater or less degree the common possession of the whole people, and while giving a man a new scale of values may be said to completely change the individual nature. In this connection it is well to remember that though in one sense the individual nature is unchangeable, the fact remains that the intellectual atmosphere which we breathe will determine the particular mode in which it will express itself; and that whereas a prejudiced and sectarian atmosphere, by refusing the higher nature its medium of expression, will encourage the expression of the lower nature, so a wider outlook on life, an atmosphere in which the nature and essential unity of things are more clearly discerned, will by transmuting values keep the selfish motives more effectually in subjection. It is thus that the recovery of the sense of the large proportion of things by the individual members of the community must precede all substantial reform. It is this sense which is the great socialiser, making always for Collective action. There can be no Socialism without it.

No better example could be found of the way in which its absence militates against social reform than the common attitude of sociological thinkers toward the present proposal of re-establishing the Guild system in society. One and all of them, without further inquiry, dismiss Ruskin's proposal as a harking back to mediævalism merely because the links which separated his proposals from practical politics were not in his day capable of being forged. In all this we see that characteristic failure of the modern mind to distinguish clearly between what is immediately practicable, and what must ultimately be brought to pass, and its incapacity to adjust the demands of the present to the needs of the future.

Tested by such principles the restoration of the Guilds will appear not merely reasonable but inevitable. Being social, religious, and political as well as industrial institutions, the Guilds postulated in their organisation the essential unity of life. And so, just as it is certain that the reattainment of intellectual unity must precede the reorganisation of society on a Co-operative basis, it is equally certain that the same or similar forms of social organisation will be necessary again in the future.

For the present we shall regard them merely as political and industrial organisations, for these are the aspects which immediately concern us. The question

of their restoration as religious and social organisations is outside the scope of the present series, depending as it does upon the settlement of many theological and scientific questions which we do not feel qualified to discuss. To give the reader some idea of what the Guild system really was one cannot perhaps do better than quote from a lecture by Professor Lethaby on "Technical Education in the Building Trade" (for though this has particular reference to the building trade, the same conditions obtained in every trade), and to supplement this by adding the rules of the Cloth Weavers of Flanders as given by William Morris in "Architecture, Industry and Wealth."

"In the Middle Ages," says Professor Lethaby, "the masons' and carpenters' guilds were faculties or colleges of education in those arts, and every town was, so to say, a craft university. Corporations of masons, carpenters, and the like, were established in the town; each craft aspired to have a college hall. The universities themselves had been well named by a recent historian 'Scholars' Guilds'. The guild which recognised all the customs of its trade guaranteed the relations of the apprentice and master craftsman with whom he was placed; but he was really apprenticed to the craft as a whole, and ultimately to the city, whose freedom he engaged to take up. He was, in fact, a graduate of his craft college and wore its robes. At a later stage the apprentice became a companion or a bachelor of his art, or by producing a masterwork, the thesis of his craft, he was admitted a master. Only then was he permitted to become an employer of labour or was admitted as one of the governing body of his college. As a citizen. City dignities were open to him. He might become the master in building some abbey or cathedral, or as king's mason become a member of the royal household, the acknowledged great master of his time in mason craft. With such a system was it so very wonderful that the buildings of the Middle Ages, which were indeed wonderful, should have been produced?"

Let us now glance at the rules of the Cloth Weavers of Flanders. "No master to employ more than three journeyman in his workshop; no one under any pretence to have more than one workshop; the wages fixed per day, and the number of hours also; no work should be done on holidays; if piecework (which was allowed) the price per yard fixed, but only so much and no more to be done in a day. No one allowed to buy wool privately, but at open sales duly announced. No mixing of wools allowed; the man who uses English wool (the best) not to have any other on his premises. English and foreign cloth not allowed to be sold. Workmen not belonging to the Commune not admitted unless hands fell short. Most of these rules and many others may be considered to have been made in the direct interest of the workmen. Now for the safeguards to the public. The workman must prove that he knows his craft duly; he serves as apprentice first, and then as journeyman, after which he is admitted as a master if he can manage capital enough to set up three looms besides his own, which of course he could generally do. Width of web is settled; colour of list according to quality; no work to be done in a frost or bad light. All cloth must be 'walked' or 'fulled' a certain time, and to a certain width, and so on and so on. Finally, every piece of cloth must stand the test of examination, and if it fall short, goes back to the maker, who is fined; if it comes up to the standard it is marked as satisfactory."

There is no need to multiply examples. Wherever we go the regulations of the Guilds are very much the same, while such differences as do exist are made to adapt the principle to the requirements of different trades and to meet the needs of special circumstances. The same principles underlie them all—as is to be expected when we remember that the Guilds existed for a common object—to maintain a certain standard of excellence in craftsmanship by safeguarding the craftsman against the growth of commercial abuses. This

is the vitalising principle of the Guild System, and it is only by relating all their regulations to this central idea that they can be properly understood. It is natural that the Guilds should be misunderstood to-day. An age which has no guide in craftsmanship and looks upon production purely from the point of view of profit naturally misunderstands an institution which had higher aims. Any man who has attempted to do good work and to put it on the market will enter into the spirit of the Guild System, for he will soon discover how difficult it is consistently to maintain a standard of excellence in his work apart from the possession of privileges. If the craftsman is to remain a conscientious producer he must be privileged, for privilege not only protects him from unscrupulous rivals but secures him leisure in his work—a very necessary condition of good work.

If a standard of excellence is in the future to be maintained it will be necessary to revive the old Guild regulations which provided that only such might set up in business on their own account as had proved themselves to be skilled craftsmen. Just as a debased currency drives good coin from the market, so bad craftsmanship by debasing public taste tends to make the production of good craftsmanship daily more difficult. It is significant that in the one thing in which the modern world really believes—money—that artificial means are employed to protect the standard of the currency. If ever the world in the future comes to believe in craftsmanship as to-day it believes in money it will take measures to protect the standard. Privilege and protection will then be taken for granted as necessary conditions to the production of good work.

Looking at the Guilds from this point of view it would appear that they are the embodiment of a faith—the faith in the desirability of good and conscientious work. Hence it is the revival of this faith must precede any attempt to restore them. I insist upon this because nowadays when they are coming into favour there is a danger that this central idea may be lost sight of and that they be advocated purely on the grounds of political and administrative expediency. Further, I would insist upon the desirability of maintaining in its integrity the old Guild form. When I advocate the restoration of the Guild system I must be understood to mean Guilds as they existed in Mediæval Europe and as they still exist in such parts of the East as have not been affected by European influences—that is associations of *small masters* who worked in small workshops, centres of mutual aid, where the relations of master and apprentice were those of personal service and devotion and not dictated merely by considerations of profit and convenience. Unless we can restore to society these personal and human ties then any restoration of the Guilds is purposeless, for except we can restore the spirit the privileges would be abused.

If I were to compare the political principle of the Middle Ages with that of modern Democracy I should say that the difference is to be found in this—that Democracy aims at the abolition of all privilege, whereas the aim of the Middle Ages was to secure privileges for all. To the Mediæval principle I am persuaded we shall return, but it will not be until the spirit of society changes. For until this comes about the proletariat will be too suspicious and jealous to grant privileges to any of its members. Moreover, until then it would not be safe to grant privileges to any section of the community, for after all society is not to be saved by the establishment of any social régime since, until each individual member of society has sufficient moral courage to resist the temptation to pursue his own private ends at the expense of the commonweal, and possesses the mental outlook necessary to enable him at all times to know in what direction the best interests of the community be, social institutions once established will tend inevitably to degenerate, for inasmuch as all institutions are but the experience of national life and character, the integrity of the individual alone can secure the integrity of the State

Readers and Writers.

VISITORS to France have probably noticed the difference between the soldiers to be seen in Paris and the soldiers to be seen in any of the provincial towns. The difference is entirely one of carriage. Indeed, I was told that if a soldier showed signs of being able to walk well he was at once marked out for promotion and sent to Paris for exhibition. A similar system appears to prevail among our novelists. To be distinguished among them a writer has only to produce a work in correct English and with a fair amount of wit; instantly he is heralded as a phenomenon, and given a place in the front rank. Mr. C. E. Montague, a leader-writer of the "Manchester Guardian," was selected for distinction some years ago when he produced his "Hind Let Loose." The story was trifling and the humour was elaborately forced. All the same, Mr. Montague could turn a phrase or two; and by virtue of this alone, the book went into several editions before its death. The same author has now written a second novel, even sillier in substance than the first, but containing the same tricks of phrase (*The Morning's War*. Methuen. 6s.). One of the phrases is the following: "the round, rimmed hedge-sparrow eyes would brighten frostily for a moment." How that conceit has captured London, to be sure! Mr. Robert Lynd, an old-hand, too, at the game, succumbs to it with only the feeblest protest at its Meredithism. Mr. Montague, he says, "has made the novel a form of literature!" It never occurred to Mr. Lynd to ask what "hedge-sparrow eyes" conveyed to him. To me the description is meaningless. Come to think of it, I have never looked a hedge-sparrow in the eyes in all my life. Nor, I dare say, has Mr. Montague.

* * *

Strindberg, Strindberg everywhere. Still another of his novels has come to us via America (*By the Open Sea*. Palmer. 6s.). The plot is the usual one with this all too autobiographical author: an intelligent man who feels compelled to marry a woman he dislikes. The situation is so invariable in Strindberg that an explanation is perhaps not out of place. An Italian sculptor who was modelling a bust of Strindberg remarked that with so noble a forehead it was a pity he had so plebeian and weak a chin. Ah, said Strindberg, I had the misfortune to come of a marriage between my father, who was a landed gentleman, and a servant girl! Strindberg's face was thus in his own opinion his fate and his misfortune. Always there were the forehead and the chin at war, inseparable yet incompatible. But he should have been satisfied, I think, with that internal war. Why enlarge the field by marrying so many times? By the way, these sculptors have a talent for divining the character of their subjects. Rodin remarked of Mr. Bernard Shaw when he had finished him: he is a Christian!

* * *

Mr. W. P. James in the "Evening Standard" continues to dispute my definition of the novel as essentially a love-story, and cites a further list of exceptions. I could do the same, but they would continue to be exceptions. There are some two thousand novelists in this unhappy country at this moment, each of whom produces at least a novel a year. Of these it is safe to say that ninety per cent. are concerned with sex-love. Surely that is enough to define the character of the novel. What the remainder are is a matter of opinion; they are "studies" or "stories," or "romances," or something equally nondescript. But they are not novels. Mr. James reminds me that Mr. Wells claimed the whole world as the province of the novel of the future; not love alone, but science, politics, commerce, and everything human. Well, I have no objection to any novelist staking out his claim and including the planet in it if he likes; but when it comes to working his claim in novel form, it will be love that makes his world go round. Mr. Wells, at any rate, cannot deny

that he sees to it that in his novels politics, etc., are subordinated to sex-love. Why, he knows nothing of politics; he is a professed Liberal! But let any critic tell him he knows nothing of laav.

* * *

From his Jacobean mansion at Thorpe le Soken (which is not one of the Five Towns) Mr. Arnold Bennett is issuing this autumn a new edition under his own name of "the Truth About an Author" (Methuen). This appeared first serially and anonymously in the "Academy," where I read it quite ten years ago. It struck me then, and it strikes me still, as one of the most impudent books ever published. Its candour is most deceptive. On the surface nothing but the truth about an author is told, and the facts are mostly verifiable; but the longer one reflects upon it the more certainly misleading does the work appear. Let no reader suppose when he has read the book that he is familiar with the psychology of Mr. Bennett. On the contrary, he will find that Mr. Bennett has merely clothed himself with candour as a garment. What, à la Nietzsche, we should ask, has this author to conceal who exhibits himself so nakedly? In the case of Mr. Shaw, we know that his apparent exhibitionism has been a blind to his real character; nobody yet understands Mr. Shaw, and I believe there is nothing to be understood. Behind the candid Mr. Bennett, however, there is something to be understood, of which, perhaps, the less said the better. Suffice it that the "Truth About an Author" is diverting.

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What eyes our wonderful Press has! Nothing escapes them provided it is o'd and far-away. The "Globe" discovered last week in the "North American Review" some "human documents of absorbing fascination" which it hastened to summarise for its readers. The discovery consisted of the correspondence between Nietzsche and Strindberg translated and published in these columns some two or three months ago! THE NEW AGE, to be famous in England, should really be published in America.

* * *

Or Paris. Ah, Paris, Paris, where even the children speak French. Talking with an English poeticule who periodically spends his holidays in Paris and writes English with a French accent, he remarked that he "could not read THE NEW AGE." You should read it in French, I replied. The notion that Paris is a sort of literary Mecca, a journey to which "saves" an author's style, is one of the superstitions of lower middle-class Englishmen (these include Americans). There is really, my friends, no salvation in Geography. Paris, it is true, is the arbiter of European taste; but arbiters do not create! There is less literary creation, I should say, in Paris to-day than in any other capital city of the Western world. The specialties of Paris are novelties and criticism, and in both branches, as it happens, Paris is just now at its lowest. Practically there are no young literary critics in France to-day; and the literary novelties young Paris is producing are things to avoid. The best advice that can be given to young English writers is to shun Paris and to cease reading French. The best preparation for writing great English is living in England and reading, writing, and, above all, talking, English.

* * *

Who would have guessed that my comments on the prospectus of the "New Witness" Company would have passed unnoticed by Mr. Cecil and Mr. G. K. Chesterton? That they read them I take for granted; but why then have they offered no defence? It will not do for the "New Witness" to pretend that it is above criticism. So were Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, but even they, with fewer professions than the "New Witness," of unique honesty, were compelled at last to make a kind of reply to a public challenge. The case is made worse for the "New Witness" by the fact that it claims to be a controversial organ always ready to reply to criticisms, by the further fact that its writers

are exceedingly skilled with their pens, and by a third fact, namely, that unless the truth is on my side I myself am no match for the least of them. Under these circumstances, I really think their Front Bench might venture at least an official explanation.

* * *

While I am looking for quarrels—caring, however, for the cause—I may mention the "New Statesman." This platform of Messrs. Shaw and Webb publishes weekly a literary page of gossip under the pseudonym of "Solomon Eagle." In last week's issue Mr. Solomon Eagle mingled his tears with those of Mr. Shan F. Bullock over the sad state into which reviewing has fallen in this country. Mr. Eagle must say that he is at one with Mr. Bullock in pronouncing reviewing to be in England "uniformly mealy-mouthed and disingenuous." "It is certain," he goes on, "that after surveying the review columns of the Press we might well get the impression that England was [is?] full of distinguished writers, and that thoroughly noisomely bad books are never published." Having a pen in my hand I would not issue an action for libel against any writer in the world; but so far as a pen may prosecute, I indict Mr. Solomon Eagle as an ostrich who deliberately hides his head from the—yes, why should I not say it?—from THE NEW AGE. Are its reviews mealy-mouthed, disingenuous, or indiscriminating? Thanks to a literary conscience which actually troubles us, we can safely challenge appeal on every judgment we have delivered. By the way, it is only a few weeks ago that the "New Statesman" was joining in the claue of Tagore!

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America may boast its freedom as it pleases, but in literary matters it is the slave of slaves. England in particular has the right to expect of her independent colony an independent judgment. Nevertheless, all we get from America is an echo of the most correct opinion of the most correct circles here. No writer that I can remember who has been "passed" by journals like the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Bookman" has ever been plucked by the literary examiners of the States; and none that has been plucked here has been passed there. For Mr. Bridges, it is obvious, America cannot, as they say, have any use. He *must* be caviare to them. But since he has been made Laureate and the title is a cachet, Mr. Bridges must be found to be a poet. Surely this and surely that, says the "Literary Digest" of some of Mr. Bridges' absurd verses, are poetry! Surely they "fulfil all the requirements." You can see poor America battering itself into a cold frenzy to discover the poetry that is not there. It must be there, it shall be there. A Laureate cannot help being a poet. Even Mr. Bridges' "Alcaics" are poems in America. Here is one that the "Literary Digest" quotes with obsequious approval:—

Had quenched accustomed gaiety from the day
When first the Dutchman's implacable folly,
The country of Shakespeare defying,
Thought with a curse to appal the nation.

The curse, if I remember, was that the Dutch would stagger humanity. In their effect upon English "poetry" they surely did it!

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To Mr. Scheffauer's translation of Heine's "Atta Troll" I look forward with interest; and Dr. Oscar Levy's "Introduction," published elsewhere, I believe, in this issue, serves to sharpen my appetite. The volume is to be illustrated by Mr. Willy Pogany, and will be published by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson at 3s. 6d.

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I noted an amusing phrase about Kipling in a review of his collected works in the "Hindustan Review." Contrasting Mr. Kipling's later with his earlier reception in India, the writer says: "The sun-treader was treated as a gutted-snipe." I should be sorry to learn that the shaft was feathered on Kipling himself.

R. H. C.

A Mexican Patriot.

By Vance Palmer

THE landlord had said he would wake me before dawn, but no Mexican was ever quite as good as his word. It was an hour later before the bedroom door creaked and he poked his head into the intimacies of my toilet, a dishevelled head with long hair disordered by sleep, and dark eyes still under the same influence. It was not easily possible to distinguish what he said or to understand whether his gestures meant that a rideable horse had been secured or merely an announcement of breakfast. He was an ignoble-looking little man, especially suspicious of gringos, and long after his mission was accomplished he stood at the door, watching curiously, as if to make sure that none of his furniture had disappeared during the night.

As it happened he had carefully fulfilled one of my requests. Into the little bare room where I ate my eggs and tortillas came a smiling mestizo with the information that a horse was ready outside and that he himself would accompany me for the insignificant sum of two pesos. He was a picturesque swashbuckler who would have looked at home on a ten-cent magazine cover, and he took the chair beside me, leaning his elbows on the table and puffing cigarette-smoke genially in my face as he gave an account of his various aptitudes. He knew all about fighting, for had he not served with great distinction in Madero's forces two years before? As for knowing the country, had he not lived within sight of the Rio Grande ever since he was a boy? The questions were rhetorical and admitted no answer whatever. His eyes searched my face with a half-triumphant intensity, and then with an air of satisfaction he began to roll another cigarette and to make his plans for the day.

It was only then that I began to get a glimpse of the importance of the crisis. The rebels, it appeared, were occupying a hacienda about nine miles to the south, and the Federal forces would surely make an effort to dislodge them about noon. My companion spoke as if in anticipation of another Waterloo, gradually working up his interest as he went on, and exhaling cigarette-smoke in a thick cloud. He was a Maderista (for his mother's second cousin had once worked on the Madero estates at Torreon), but his political sympathies were tempered by a feeling that the rebels always got the most loot, and that the Federal army was largely made up of convicts taken from the gaols of Mexico City.

We set out on our bony, ewe-necked little steeds, the landlord standing in the doorway and giving belated directions. The hot, semi-tropical sun had already risen high over the roofs of the squat adobe houses and in the market place miscellaneous groups were chattering over fruit and vegetables. Along the wall sat a line of peak-hatted peons making a dilatory breakfast, some indeed playing monte or chusas in supreme indifference to the titanic struggle brewing at that hacienda nine miles away. My companion rode with a jingle of spurs and a flopping of elbows, sitting on his horse like a forked radish and prodding it into a pace that was a mixture of amble and turkey-trot. We pushed out of the town and began to plough along a sandy road lined with stunted mesquite, the blue, bare mountains showing up on all sides through a haze of fine dust that lent them something of mystery in spite of the fierce, revealing sunlight.

It was here that my companion began to lose interest in the revolution and to remember that on Sunday a famous matador was coming from Mexico City and that an extra peso would secure him a seat in the shade. It was necessary to divert conversation from that topic, and when next he approached politics his attitude was more cynical and real. Of late, he said, a swarm of gringos had poured into the country, tearing up the earth and dragging off the peon to slave in their mines and factories. They were fattening on the country like crows, and the Government, whether of Madero or Diaz, was their tool. He had been a Maderista, yes;

but in those days did not Madero talk of a little land and five span of mules for everybody? Better bring the old hacienda days back again, for then the peons had at least their feast-days and their merry sprees on pulque, and no gringo stood over them to bawl out whenever they straightened their backs. As things were, was it not better to ride about the country and to fight and to get drunk than to be a slave with three cents in the pocket at the end of a six months' contract?

Shade of Lord Cowdray or any other capitalist who draws his eight per cent. dividends from the new industry! There came a crackling like the tearing of coarse cloth and we alighted among the chapparal to watch faint puffs of smoke issuing from a flat-roofed hacienda at the top of a neighbouring hill. My companion took the food and glasses up out of his saddle-bag and then secured the horses with his tallow-greased lariat. A rope is to a mestizo horseman what a pocket-knife is to a boy, and if he has to hunt a chicken from the yard he sets out by lassoing it. Getting what cover we could from the sun we lay down to eat our tortillas and cold fowl and to watch the advance of the Federal forces.

But they were in no hurry to advance. They lay behind the patches of stubbly undergrowth, sniping leisurely, their presence only manifest by the little rings of white smoke. There were answering white puffs from the hacienda on the hill, and even faint evidences of movement, but nowhere was there a sign that this was anything more than a friendly game for unimportant stakes. Very occasionally it appeared that a man was hit and a little knot gathered around him, but there was always a suggestion that it was an accident, even an unforeseen accident. We lay watching the horses nibbling at stray tufts of mesquite grass, and my companion told me in detail about a man he had known who was hit in the cheek, but not seriously injured, during one of the fierce fights of the last revolution.

And so the day wore on. The vertical sun beat down on the nape of our necks with relentless heat, and everything was bathed in that vivid glare which seems designed to expose the pretences of man and to show up his naive simplicity. We had no idea (until we read about it in the newspapers afterwards) that we were watching one of the great battles of the North. There were, I suppose, four or five hundred men in the Federal forces, professional soldiers who had to serve their Government and reformed convicts who preferred a little excitement to counting the flies on the whitewashed walls of a cell. There was probably half that number in the rebel camp, ambitious adventurers, and peons with a native dislike for the whirring of machinery and all the successful industrialism that has changed the face of Mexico in less than a generation and made a handful of men so rich.

But down in the south the whirring of wheels was still going on, the clatter of hydro-electric plants, the plunk of oil-drills, the clink of new rails being laid, and the concession-hunters in Mexico City were not uneasy. It was not likely that this handful of peons, fighting spasmodically on the hillside and knowing less what they wanted than what they disliked, would make much difference. As my companion said with a shrug of resignation: "We fight and fight over the bone—and the gringo sits still and waits." It was not difficult to picture him sitting still in his office writing out glowing prospectuses setting forth the unparalleled resources of Mexico, its untapped fields of oil, its inexhaustible water-power, and (with a crescendo of earnestness) the cheapness of its labour supply. . . .

There was no fresh development up till an hour before the sun set, so we mounted and rode home. The hills had become tipped with gold and the impalpable white dust had brought a touch of blue to the valleys. It was pleasant to jog along in the cool twilight wondering whether the politicians would always skim the cream, here and everywhere else, and whether the landlord would have sufficient decency to keep a hot supper wait-

ing. My companion was tired and a little dispirited. From time to time he brought the conversation round to the coming bull-fight, the brilliancy of the famous matador, the inconvenience of having a seat in the sun, and (when the town was in sight) the indignity of having to haggle with a gringo about a contemptible peso.

Views and Reviews.*

THERE may be readers of this journal who are not yet convinced that State Socialism is unable either to secure an efficient service for the public or an improved status for the wage-earning classes. Such readers may be recommended to read Mr. Pratt's book. There is a good deal of mere debating in it, on the assumption that private enterprise is more efficient than State control, and is not merely more able, but is more willing to consider the apparent interests of the public. But apart from the mere logomachy, the range and significance of the facts cited are practically conclusive against State management of the railways. The commercial test of success, surplus value (variously called interest or dividends), is destructive of the claims of the advocates of railway nationalisation. I notice, for example, that even Mr. Chiozza Money says that the net profits of the Prussian State Railways were, in 1908, £31,180,000. These figures are about £7,000,000 above those quoted by Mr. Pratt as representing the "balance on year's operation"; but as the English estimates of the profits of the Prussian State Railways vary from £20,000,000 to £60,000,000 a paltry £7,000,000 does not matter. The question is: "Are these £31,000,000 net profits, and available for general State purposes?" Mr. Pratt answers in the negative. "From such balances," he says, "substantial payments have to be made on account of interest on capital expenditure, sinking fund, and other charges"; and he quotes from an official report with an incredible title to prove that, after making these deductions, the net available balance in 1908 was only £41,960,000. At the same time, the Prussian State Railways paid only a little over £1,000,000 in taxation; had they been taxed on the same basis as the railways of the United Kingdom, they would have paid above £5,000,000 in taxation, and there would have been no net profit at all in this year. This is merely one example, but Mr. Pratt quotes many; and debating on these lines, Mr. Pratt scores heavily against the advocates of railway nationalisation. He devotes a chapter to the Labour question, and proves that nationalisation is not a solution of that question, and that the Labour Party, in promising more pay and less work as a consequence of railway nationalisation, is promising more than it can perform. This, of course, is easy to do; for Labour Members generally are apt to utter contradictory statements. For example, it is usually true that the elimination of waste means a decrease in the amount of work to be performed, and therefore in the number of persons employed. But Mr. Wardle must say: "If a lot of the waste that went on under the multiple management were avoided, there would be employment for larger staffs than those now employed." With regard to the general improvement in the state of the railway workers promised as a result of substituting the State for the private companies as the employer, Mr. Pratt has only to show that the State is not an ideal employer in the Post Office, the Dockyards, or the Excise, to destroy that little fiction. But he also shows that wherever the State has control of the railways there is as much, or more, disaffection as there is with the railways under private control. In France it seems that the railwaymen have got sufficient sense to see that "the State as a master is no better than any other capitalist."

His further argument that the nationalisation of railways would give scope for much political pressure and political corruption, he proves by the citation of

* "The Case against Railway Nationalisation." By Edwin A. Pratt. (Collins. 1s. net.)

cases from Australia and South Africa; where, he says, "the Government lines were, in fact, operated as part of the political machinery, and what amounted to bribery and corruption was openly practised—at the public expense." Indeed, it seems impossible to examine the case for railway nationalisation in any detail without discovering that nationalisation is not the effective method of improving the railway service of this country. Mr. Pratt scores against the advocates of railway nationalisation because he meets them on their own ground, the retention of the wage-system; the only thing that he does ignore is the abolition of the wage-system by the formation of a guild among railwaymen.

It is certain that, however good a case he may state against nationalised railways and in favour of those privately owned, the fact that the railway companies pay more in dividends than in wages cannot be ignored. On the assumption that he makes, in common with the advocates of railway nationalisation, that the investors are entitled to their interest, it does not matter whether the £43,000,000 per annum are paid as dividends on railway shares or as interest on Government bonds. The railwaymen will still be working for an average wage of 25s. per week, for the internal economies that might be made would not be likely to increase the £30,000,000 paid in wages, but would be more likely to decrease the number of employees. Moreover, if State management did prove to be more economical than private management, the tendency would be to make the railways like the Post Office, a revenue-producing concern. The wage-system would still persist, and strikes against the Government for increases of wages would be as necessary then as now. It is clear that no real alteration in the condition of the railwaymen is possible unless their monopoly of their labour is as complete as the monopoly of capital.

When Mr. Pratt, referring to the suggestion that wages could be increased by £11,500,000 a year under nationalisation, says: "The question is, however, not if anyone would begrudge such increase if it were practicable, but if the payment of a further 11½ millions a year in wages for railwaymen could be arranged with a due regard for other interests," he has the nationalisers in a cleft stick. The whole of his argument was stated in summary in an editorial article on "State Socialism and the Wage System," in *THE NEW AGE* of May 16, 1912; but *THE NEW AGE* does not stop where Mr. Pratt stops. He assumes that because the burden of charges on the railways will not be decreased under nationalisation, wages will not rise or, alternatively, economic working with due regard for the public service will not be secured, therefore things must remain as they are. But an average wage of 25s. per week cannot be regarded as the latter end of life for railwaymen; and Mr. Pratt is really assuming that there is no alternative to the wage-system. He will discover that he is mistaken if he reads the article referred to.

The way out is the formation of a Guild among railwaymen. All the practical difficulties of State management are obviated by the simple proposition that the men themselves shall manage the railways; they do it now, and they could do it then. All the apparent disadvantages to traders under State management would be obviated by the fact that they would be dealing with practically the same officials as those with whom they now consult, with the same, or some similar, appeal to Government as they now have. But the Guild, precisely because it would have a monopoly of its labour, would be able to demand terms at least as favourable to itself as those now granted to capital because of its monopoly. The fact that £43,000,000 a year means only 3½ per cent. on the nominal capital of the railways does not morally entitle the investors to claim that amount, or more, in perpetuity; the £30,000,000 a year paid in wages represent nothing a year interest on labour, but is the mere cost of its subsistence.

A. E. R.

An Interpretation of "Atta Troll."

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

[Heine's "Atta Troll," that long neglected masterpiece of satire, humour, and poetry, is shortly to appear in adequate English dress. In spite of its romantic and lyrical masquerade, it may be said to contain Heine's political opinions, which were entirely opposed to the theory of equality, but were likewise very hostile to the threatening reactionary movement of his day. The book, translated by Mr. Herman Scheffauer, and illustrated by Mr. Willy Pogany, is to be published by Sidgwick and Jackson in September, and will contain an interpretation by Dr. Oscar Levy, which we are reproducing below.]

HE who has visited the idyllic isle of Corfu must have seen, gleaming white amidst its surroundings of dark green under a sky of the deepest blue, the Greek villa which was erected there by Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. It is called the Achilleion. In its garden there is a small classic temple in which the Empress caused to be placed a marble statue of her most beloved of poets, Heinrich Heine. The statue represented the poet seated, his head bowed in profound melancholy, his cheeks thin and drawn and bearded, as in his last illness.

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, felt a sentimental affinity with the poet; his unhappiness, his "Weltschmerz," touched a responsive chord in her own unhappy heart. Intellectual sympathy with Heine's thought or tendencies there could have been little, for no woman will ever quite understand Heinrich Heine, who is still a riddle to most of the men of this age.

After the assassination of the hapless Empress, the beautiful villa was bought by the German Emperor. He at once ordered Heine's statue to be removed—whither no one knows. Royal (as well as popular) spite before this has been vented on dead or inanimate things—one need only ask Englishmen to remember what happened to the body of Oliver Cromwell. The Kaiser's action, by the way, did not pass unchallenged. Not only in Germany but in several other countries indignant voices were raised at the time, protesting against an act so insulting to the memory of the great singer, upholding the fame of Heine as a poet and denouncing the new master of the Achilleion for his narrow and prejudiced views on art and literature.

There was, however, a sound reason for the Imperial interference. Heinrich Heine was in his day an outspoken enemy of Prussia, a severe critic of the House of Hohenzollern and of other Royal houses of Germany. He was one who held in scorn the principles of State and Government that are honoured in Germany, and elsewhere, to this very day. He was one of those poets—of whom the nineteenth century produced only a few, but those amongst the greatest—who had begun to distrust the capacity of the reigning aristocracy, who knew what to expect from the rising bourgeoisie, and yet were not romantic enough to believe in the people and the wonderful possibilities hidden in them. These poets—one and all—have taken up a very negative attitude towards their contemporaries and have given voice to their anger and disappointment over the pettiness of the society and Government of their time in words full of satire and contempt.

Of course, the echo on the part of their audiences has not been wanting. All these poets have experienced a fate surprisingly similar, and their relationship to their respective countries reminds one of those un-

happy matrimonial alliances which—for social or religious reasons—no divorce can ever dissolve. And, worse than that, no separation either, for a poet is—through his mother tongue—so intimately wedded to his country that not even a separation can effect any sort of relief in their desperate cases. All of them have tried separation, all of them have lived in estrangement from their country—we might almost say that only the local and lesser poets of the last century have stayed at home—and yet in spite of this separation the mutual recriminations of these passionate poetical husbands and their obstinate national wives have never ceased. Again and again we hear the male partner making proposals to win his spouse to better and nobler ways, again and again he tries to “educate her up to himself” and endeavours to direct her anew, pointing out to her the danger of her unruly and stupid behaviour; again and again his loving approaches are thwarted by the well-known waywardness of the feminine character, and so all his friendly admonitions habitually turn into torrents of abuse and vilifications. There have been many unhappy unions in this world, but the compulsory mesalliances of such great nineteenth-century writers, as Heine, Byron, Stendhal, Gobineau, or Nietzsche with Mesdames Britannia, Gallia, and Germania, those otherwise highly respectable ladies, easily surpass in grotesqueness anything that has come to us through divorce court proceedings in England and America. That, as everyone will agree, is saying a good deal.

The German Emperor, as I have said, had some justification for his action, some motives that do credit, if not to his intellect, at least to what in our days best takes the place of intellect; that is to say, his character and his principles of government. The German Emperor appears at least to realise how offensive and, from his point of view, dangerous, the spirit of Heinrich Heine is to this very day, how deeply his satire cuts into questions of religion and State, how impatient he is of everything which the German Emperor esteems and venerates in his innermost heart. But the German people, on the whole, and certainly all foreigners, have long ago forgiven the poet, not because they have understood the dead bard better than the Emperor, but because they understood him less well. It is always easier to forgive an offender if you do not understand him too well, it is likewise easier to forgive him if your memory is short. And the peoples likewise resemble our womenfolk in this respect, that as soon as they are widowed of their poets, they easily forget all the unpleasantness that had ever existed between them and their dead husbands. It is then and only then that they discover the good qualities of their dead consorts, and go about telling everybody “what a wonderful man he was.” Their behaviour reminds me of a picture I once saw in a French comic paper. It represented a widow who, in order to hear her deceased husband’s voice, had a gramophone put at his empty place at the breakfast table. And every morning she sat opposite that gramophone weeping quietly into her handkerchief, gazing mournfully at the instrument—decorated with her dead hubby’s tasselled cap—and listening to the voice of the dear departed. But the only words which came out of the gramophone every morning were: *Mais fiche-moi donc la paix—tu m’empêches de lire mon journal!* (For goodness’ sake, leave me alone and let me read my paper.) This, however, did not appear to disturb the sentimental widow at all, as little indeed as a good sentimental people resents being abused by its dead poet.

And how our poet did abuse them during his life! And not only during his life, for Heine would not have been a great poet if his loves and hatreds, his censures and praises had not outlasted his life, nay, had not come to real life only after his death. Thus the shafts of wit and satire which Heine levelled at his age and his country will seem singularly modern to the reader of to-day. It is this peculiar modern significance and application that has been one of the two reasons for presenting to the English public the first popular edition of Heine’s lyrico-satiric masterpiece, “Atta Troll.” The other

reason is the fine quality of the translation, made by one who is himself well known as a poet, my friend Herman Scheffauer. I venture to say that it renders in a remarkable degree the elusive brilliance, wit, and tenderness of the German original.

The poem begins in a sprightly fashion, full of airy mockery and romantic lyricism. The reader is beguiled as with music and led on as in a dance. Heine himself called it “das letzte freie Waldlied der Romantik” (“The last free woodland song of Romanticism”); and so we hear the alluring sounds of flutes and harps, we listen to the bells ringing from lonely chapels in the forest, and many beautiful flowers nod to us, the mysterious blue flower amongst them. Then our eyes rejoice at the sight of fair maidens, whose nude and slender bodies gleam from under their floods of golden hair, who ride on white horses and throw us provocative glances, that warm and quicken our innermost hearts. But just as we are on the point of responding to their fond entreaties we are startled by the cracking of the wild hunter’s whip, and we hear the loud hallo and huzza of his band, and see them galloping across our path in the eerie mysterious moonlight. Yes, in “Atta Troll” there is plenty of that moonshine, of that tender sentimentality, which used to be the principal stock-in-trade of the German Romanticist.

But this moonshine and all the other paraphernalia of the Romantic School Heine handled with all the greater skill, inasmuch as he was no longer a real Romanticist when he wrote “Atta Troll.” He had left the Romantic School long ago, not without (as he himself tells us) “having given a good thrashing to his schoolmaster.” He was now a Greek, a follower of Spinoza and Goethe. He was a “*Romantique défroqué*”—one who had risen above his neurotic fellow-poets and their hazy ideas and wild endeavours. But for this very reason he is able to use their mode of expression with so much the greater ability, and, knowing all their shortcomings, he could give to his Dreamland a semblance of reality which they could never achieve. Only after having left a town are we in a position to judge the height of its church steeple, only as exiles do we begin to see the right relation in which our country stands to the rest of the world, and only a poet who had bidden farewell to his party and school, who had freed himself from Romanticism, could give us the last, the truest, the most beautiful poem of Romanticism.

It is possible, even probable, that “Atta Troll” will appeal to a majority of readers, not through its satire, but through its wonderful lyrical and romantic qualities—our age being inclined to look askance at satire, at least at true satire, at satire that, as the current phrase goes, “means business.” Weak satire, aimless satire, humour, caricature—that is to say satire which uses blank cartridges—this age of ours will readily endure, nay heartily welcome; but of true satire, of satire that goes in for powder and shot, that does not only crack, but kill, it is mortally, and, if one comes to think of it rightly, afraid. But let even those who object to powder and shot approach “Atta Troll” without fear or misgiving. They will not be disappointed. They will find in this work proof of the old truth that a satirist is always and originally a man of high ideals and imagination. They will gain an insight into his much slandered soul, which is always that of a great poet. They will readily understand that this poet only became a satirist through the vivacity of his imagination, through the strength of his poetic vision, through his optimistic belief in humanity and its possibilities; and that it was precisely this great faith which forced him to become a satirist, because he could not endure to see all his pure ideals and the possibilities of perfection soiled and trampled upon by thoughtless mechanics, aimless mockers and babbling reformers. The humorist may be—and very often is—a sceptic, a pessimist, a nihilist; the satirist is invariably a believer, an optimist, an idealist. For let this dangerous man only come face to face, not with his enemies, but with

his ideals, and you will see—as in "Atta Troll"—what a generous friend, what an ardent lover, what a great poet he is. Thus no one will be in the least disturbed by Heine's satire: on the contrary, those who object to it on principle will hardly be aware of it, so delighted will they be with the wonderful imagination, the glowing descriptions, and the passionate lyrics in which the poetry of "Atta Troll" abounds. The poem may be and will be read by them as "Gulliver's Travels" are read to-day by young and old, by poet and politician alike, not for its original satire, but for its picturesque, dramatic, and enthralling tale.

But let those who still believe that writing is fighting, and not sham-fighting only, those who hold that a poet is a soldier of the pen and therefore the most dangerous of all soldiers, those who feel that our age needs a hail-storm of satire, let them, I say, look closer at the wonderfully ideal figures that pass before them in the mysterious light of the moon. Let them listen more intently to the flutes and harps and they will discover quite a different melody beneath—a melody by no means bewitching or soothing, or inviting us to dreams, sweet forgetfulness, soft couches, and tender embraces, but a shrill and mocking tune that is at times insolently discordant and that strikes us as decidedly modern, realistic, and threatening. As the poet himself expressed it in his dedication to Varnhagen von Ense:—

"Aye, my friend, such strains arise
From the perished day of dreams!
Though some modern trills may oft
Caper through the running theme.

"Spite of wanton jests thou'lt find
Here and there a note of pain. . . ."

Let their ears seek to catch these painful notes. Let their eyes accustom themselves to the deceitful light of the moon; let them endeavour to pierce through the romanticism on the surface to the underlying meaning of the poem. . . . A little patience and we shall see clearly. . . .

Atta Troll, the dancing bear, is the representative of the people. He has—by means of the French Revolution, of course—broken his fetters and escaped to the freedom of the mountains. Here he indulges in that familiar ranting of a sansculotte, his heart and mouth brimming over with what Heine calls "frecher Gleichheits-schwindel" ("the barefaced swindle of equality"). His hatred is above all directed against the masters from whose bondage he has just escaped, that is to say against all mankind as a race. As a "true and noble bear" he simply detests these human beings with their superior airs and impudent smiles, those arrogant wretches, who fancy themselves something lofty, because they eat cooked meat and know a few tricks and sciences. Animals, if properly trained, if only equality of opportunity were given to them, could learn these tricks just as well—there is therefore no earthly reason why

"these men,
Cursèd arch-aristocrats,
Should with haughty insolence
Look upon the world of beasts."

The beasts, so Atta Troll declares, ought not allow themselves to be treated in this wise. They ought to combine amongst themselves, for it is only by means of proper union that the requisite degree of strength can ever be attained. After the establishment of this powerful union they should try to enforce their programme and demand the abolition of private property and of human privileges:—

"And its first great law shall be
For God's creatures one and all
Equal rights—no matter what
Be their faith, or hide, or smell,
Strict equality! Each ass
May become Prime Minister,
On the other hand the lion
Shall bear corn unto the mill."

This outrageous diatribe of the freed slave cuts deeply into the poet's heart. He, the poet, does not believe in equal, but in the "sacred innate" rights of men, the rights of valid birth, the rights of the man of *àperry*. He the poet, the admirer of Napoleon, believes in the latter's "la carrière ouverte aux talents," but not in opportunity given to every dunce or dancing bear. He holds Atta Troll's opinion to be "high treason against the majesty of humanity," and since he can endure this no longer, he sets out one fine morning to hunt the insolent bear in his mountain fastnesses.

A strange being, however, accompanies him. This is a man of the name of Lascaro, a somewhat abnormal fellow, who is very thin, very pale, and apparently in very poor health. He is consequently not exactly a pleasant comrade for the chase: he does not seem to enjoy the sport at all, and his one endeavour is to get through with his task without losing more of his strength and health. Even now he is more of an automaton than a human being, more dead than alive, and yet—greatest of all miseries!—he is not allowed to die. For he has a mother, the witch Uraka, who keeps him artificially alive by anointing him every night with magic salve and giving him such diabolic advice as will be useful to him during the day. By means of the sham health she gives to her son, the magic bullets she casts for him, the tricks and wiles she teaches him, Lascaro is enabled to find the track of Atta Troll, to lure him out of his lair and to lay him low with a treacherous shot.

Who is this silent Lascaro and his mysterious mother, whom the poet seems to hold in as slight regard as the noisy Atta Troll? Who is this Lascaro, whose methods he deprecates, whose health he doubts, whose cold ways and icy smiles make him shudder? Who is this chilliest of all monsters? The chilliest of all monsters—we may find the answer in "Zarathustra"—is the State: and our Lascaro is nothing else than the spirit of reactionary government, kept artificially alive by his old witch-mother, the spirit of Feudalism. The nightly anointing of Lascaro is a parody on the revival of mediæval customs, by means of which the frightened aristocracy of Europe in the middle of the last century tried to stem the tide of the French Revolution—the anointed of the Lord becoming in Heine's poem the anointed of the witch. But in spite of his nightly massage, our Lascaro does not gain much strength or spirit: no mediæval salves, no feudal pills, no witch's wiles will ever cure him. Not even a wizard's experiments (we may add, with that greater insight bestowed upon us by history) could do him any good, not even the astute magic tricks that were lavished upon the patient in Heine's time by that archwizard, the Austrian Minister Metternich. For we must not forget the time in which "Atta Troll" was written, the time of the omnipotent Metternich! Let us recall to our memories this cool, clever, callous statesman, who founded and set the Holy Alliance against the Revolution, who calmly shot down the German Atta Troll, who skilfully strangled and stifled that promising poetical school, "Young Germany," to which Heine belonged. Let us recall this man, who likewise artificially revived the old religion and the old feudalism, who repolished and regilded the scutcheons of the decadent aristocracy, and who, despite all his energy, had at heart no belief in his work, no joy in his task, no faith in the anointed dummies he brought to life again in Europe—and those puzzling personalities of Uraka and Lascaro will be elucidated to us by a real historical example.

Metternich is now part of history. But, alas! we cannot likewise banish into that limbo of the past those two superfluous individuals, the revolutionary Atta Troll and the reactionary Lascaro. Alas! we cannot join the joyful, but inwardly so hopeless, band of those who sing the pæan of eternal progress, who pretend to believe that the times are always "changing for the better." Let these good people open their eyes, and they will see that Atta Troll was not shot down in the valley of Roncevalles, but that he is still alive, very

much alive, and making a dreadful noise, and that not in the Pyrenees, but just outside our doors, where he still keeps haranguing about equality and liberty and occasionally breaks his fetters and escapes from his masters. And when this occurs, then that icy monster Lascaro is likewise seen, with his hard, pallid face and his joyless mouth, and his disgust with his own task and his doubts and disbeliefs in himself. He still carries his gun and he still possesses some of that craftiness which his mother the witch has taught him, and he still knows how to entrap that poor, stupid Atta Troll, and to shoot him down in the spirit of "order and government," the spirit of a soulless capitalism, requires it.

No, there is very little feeling in the man as yet, and he seems as difficult to move as ever. There is apparently only one thing that can rouse him into action, and that is when a poet appears, one who knows the truth and who dares to speak the truth not only about Atta Troll, the people, but also about its Lascaros, its leaders, its emperors and kings. Then, and then only, do his hard features change, and his affected self-possession leaves him; then, and then only, his mask of calmness is thrown off, and he waxes very angry with the poet, and has his name banished from his court and his statues turned out of his cities and villas—nay, he would even level his gun to slay the truth-telling poet as he slew Atta Troll.

From which we may see that the modern Lascaro has become a sort of Don Quixote—for, truly is it not the height of folly for a mortal emperor to shoot at an immortal poet?

REVIEWS.

Lyrics. By George Reston Malloch. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)

Poe's undignified disparagement of the long poem has been gratefully adopted by Mr. Malloch, whose second lengthiest effort runs out at sixty-four lines. If, instead of Poe, the major poets had denounced the long poem, the world as well as rhymsters might have listened. One is reminded of Cicero's rebuke of the frivolous young Romans who affected to despise classical oratory: "In order that there may be no mistake as to their contempt of this style which I am praising, let them write something either in the style of Isocrates or in that which Æschines or Demosthenes employs, and then I will believe that they have not shrunk from this style out of despair, but that they have avoided it deliberately on account of their bad opinion of it."

Of Mr. Malloch's fifteen true poems (of course, we cannot call his sixty-four-liner a poem, far less, on account of its gross quantity, than his "The Bard's Apology," a thing, if you may believe us, of nearly one hundred lines—but here we are left wondering how long a poem may actually be according to Poe and Mr. Malloch!) we may say that these exhibit a trifling pretty talent.

Little Wars. By H. G. Wells. (Palmer. 2s. 6d. net.)

"We're all soldiers, jolly, jolly soldiers"; at least Mr. Wells and his friends are. That our most brilliant novelists and profound thinkers should revert to the enthusiasms of their childhood, is not surprising to us, who have always maintained that they had never outgrown them. Little things please little minds, our nurses used to tell us; and we suppose that Mr. Wells extracts some satisfaction from the fact that he uses bigger lead soldiers in little wars than do the military gentlemen in their game of Kriegspiel. "Great war is at present, I am convinced," says Mr. Wells, "not only the most expensive game in the universe, but it is a game out of all proportion." Not only are the masses of men and material and suffering and inconvenience too monstrously big for reason, but—the available heads we have for it are too small." Again, "I have never yet met in little battle any military gentleman, any captain, major, colonel, general, or

eminent commander, who did not presently get into difficulties and confusions among even the elementary rules of the battle." The superiority of Little Wars over Kriegspiel is finally demonstrated in the appendix by the remark: "The toy soldiers used in this Kriegspiel should not be the large soldiers used in Little Wars." Our readers are probably now prepared to learn that Mr. Wells puts forward his Little Wars as a substitute for Great War. "How much better is this amiable miniature than the real thing! Here is a homœopathic remedy for the imaginative strategist," and so forth. By a parity of reasoning, we might conclude that building houses with toy bricks is an effective substitute for all sorts of architecture; or that a doll's house is as good for all practical purposes as a real home. There would be no need to endow motherhood then, we might say to Mr. Wells; and all the economic objections to his scheme would be thereby eliminated. But we can see now how Mr. Wells can construct his "Great State"; he merely eliminates human nature, the incalculable factor, from his propositions, and the rest is easy. What can compare with the "invention of the spring breech-loader gun," which made the game of Little Wars possible? Come, let us no more reason together, says Mr. Wells; let us play together at soldiers, and sing: "With a tow-row-row-row-row to the leaden Grenadiers," or more sedately: "Onward Christian Soldiers." However that may be, let it go down to history that "since I (Mr. Wells) am the chief inventor and practiser (so far) of Little Wars, there has fallen to me a disproportionate share of victories." Here, at least, is Mr. Wells a conqueror.

The Under Dog. By Sidney Trist. (The Animals' Guardian. 3s. 6d.)

These articles on the horrors of sealing, of the slaughter of birds for their plumage, of the trapping of field vermin, of the cruelty in slaughter-houses, of the docking of horses' tails, of the sufferings of horses in war, of the use of the bearing-rein, of the traffic in worn-out and diseased horses, and so forth, are so sickening in their effect that we cannot conscientiously recommend them to our readers. If there were anything to be done in the matter, and to be done quickly, we might excuse this harrowing of our souls with the recital of these iniquities. But the cruelty that is here denounced is nothing compared to the cruelty of the revelation; our capacity for suffering pain is greater than that of the animals, and is intensified by imagination, and in the absence of a practicable programme, we can do nothing but suffer in imagination the tortures that are probably not felt to a similar extent by the animals. We have no taste for mental masochism, and, if we had, we should indulge it in the horrors suffered by our fellow-men under a system of profiteering manufacture and transport; indeed, it might well be argued that, as the greater includes the less, so the cruelty inflicted on animals can only be diminished by the same process that will diminish the cruelty of man to man. Most of the horrors here denounced are not due to production for use; indeed, we can imagine a number of them becoming extinct as soon as this general conception of the purpose of production is accepted; they are directly related to a system of production for personal profit. It is, therefore, apparent that for us to concentrate on the reform of one of the results of the present system would mean that we should leave the main cause untouched. We should have suffered agonies ourselves in the contemplation of the sufferings of the animals without really being able to do them much good. We should have forgotten our fellow-men, and the prime economic cause of the sufferings of both the animals and them. We cannot afford to scatter our energy or divide our forces for what is really only a sentimental diversion of attention, and a painful one at that; we must prefer to regard the animals as subsidiary to ourselves, and to believe that the state of the animals can be improved only by the change that must be made in our treatment of our fellow-men.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

A CORRESPONDENT, who agrees in the main with my last article, asks me to indicate a way out. I must confess that, at the moment, I am in a state of mind similar to that admitted by Moltke concerning the invasion of England. I know a dozen ways in, but not one out. However, as Ruskin wrote a book because he knew nothing of that particular subject, I may be able to arrive at some conclusion if I write an article; for, according to Goethe, inspiration accompanies, but does not always precede, composition. I may, first of all, devote a little attention to the question of theatre prices, although I do not think that art is to be controlled by economics. It is, of course, true that managers choose their plays with particular reference to their judgment of the taste of the people who use the more expensive parts of the theatre. I confess that when I saw "Croesus," I conferred with flesh and blood; in other words, the manager was unaware of my presence in the theatre, for I went privily to the gallery. About eight people entered the theatre when the doors were opened, and not more than fifty of the "gods" were present during the whole of the performance. I mentioned this fact to one of the attendants, and was told that it did not matter; the stalls, circle, and boxes were well booked up, and that was all that mattered.

The play, as I said at the time, was a bad play, a very bad play; but, if I remember rightly, it was a financial failure. Even the snobbery that took the people into the stalls and circle could not give them courage to endure; and not even the legal wrangle that preceded the production could attract the shilling public. But would the play have been any better if there had been no seats for which more than five shillings were charged? Obviously not. My correspondent would probably argue that, after a period of low prices, the manager would have better judgment than to accept such a play; and, therefore, the awful consequences of its production would be avoided. But would he? To lower the prices would only mean that the manager would still consider the stalls and circle; five shillings or half a guinea, what does it matter? The "gentry" would still occupy the front seats, as they did in the time of Horace.

I am inclined to dissent from my correspondent's dictum that "drama is the art of the mob." The mob has no art—it has action. If Mr. Cosway were to read Miss Jane Harrison's "Ancient Art and Ritual," just published in the Home University Library, he would discover that dramatic art began by a separation of the people from the players. Originally, everybody took part in the mimetic dances from which drama arose; but, probably as the size of the community increased, or as some individuals developed extraordinary skill, the tendency to participate in the common emotion only through the intellect became manifest. The dance became personified, individualised, as it had before been communal; and the chorus in Greek drama remained as a reminder of the communal origin of it. Now, the separation between people and players is complete; there is no chorus in the orchestra to remind us that drama was originally a communal phenomenon. If, therefore, the mob has no art, it is useless to argue that prices that accord with its capacity to pay will in any way influence the production of art. An audience is really something of the nature of a committee of taste; and it is worth while to quote a wit, Disraeli, on the subject. He is speaking of the architecture of London, and he says: "The Palace of the Sovereign, a National Gallery, or a Museum baptised with the name of the country, these are monuments to which all should be able to look up with pride, and which should exercise an elevating influence upon the spirit of the humblest. What is their influence in London? Let

us not criticise what all condemn. But how remedy the evil? What is wanted in architecture, as in so many things, is a man. Shall we find refuge in a committee of taste? Escape from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many? We only multiply our feebleness, and aggravate our deficiencies." I believe that it is a principle with orators that the larger the audience, the lower the appeal; for with everything that touches the mob, the greatest common measure is the test of success. If, therefore, a policy of low prices were successful in attracting a larger number of people to the theatre, the taste of this committee would really be progressively lowered. We have only to consider the programmes of the suburban theatres, where low prices are charged, to see that there is nothing to hope from a mob that has been very badly educated in drama.

No! Action may be communal, but art is individual; and only the appeal to the individual must be allowed. We need, as Disraeli said, a man. He may be dramatist or producer, or both, but he must be prepared to educate his public. A correspondent to this paper last year referred to the work Sir Henry Wood had done in educating a musical public in London; and, indeed, the musical taste of London has become considerably refined as a consequence of this conductor's efforts. It is the opportunity of a culture-hero, and he must have money and plenty of it, as well as courage.

The retort will be that even if such a man were to arise, there would be no dramatists whose plays would be worth production. Well, Sir Henry Wood has had to wait some years before what could be called a British school of composers were inspired to write interesting music; meanwhile, he played the classics, and took every opportunity of producing the works of modern men who were not necessarily classics, but were interesting and original, and had personality. Taste, after all, is developed by experience. A man who has never seen a bad play is not likely to have a full comprehension of the beauties of a good one. From this point of view, the "short run" is better than the "long run," and the stock company better than the company of stocks that is now collected on the stage. The repertory theatre was a good idea, but the wrong people adopted it, with disastrous consequences. I feel inclined, at this point, to quote Disraeli again. "But one suggestion might be made. No profession in England has done its duty until it has furnished its victim. The pure administration of justice dates from the deposition of Macclesfield. Even our boasted Navy never achieved a great victory until we shot an admiral. Suppose an architect were hanged? Terror has its inspiration as well as competition." Let us hang Stanley Houghton and Miss Horniman to begin with, and we may soon see an improvement in drama.

The suggestion, of course, is not practical, but its intellectual and spiritual equivalent is. The appeal to the critics must be made. Peradventure, if ten righteous be found in the city, it will not be destroyed. The critics are really the most free people in connection with the drama, and on them the greatest responsibility rests. Let them put the dramatists in fear of them; let them metaphorically slay the wicked, not necessarily by violence of language, but by unrelenting criticism, by sarcasm, and the subtler processes of irony. There are dozens of dramatists who ought to be tickled to death by flattery; others need only the goad of criticism to put them in touch with themselves. The critic should beware of making suggestions. An artist can only exercise his craft on another man's ideas, and what we need is inspiration. Criticism should be devoted to creating a state of feeling in the artist, and what is called an "atmosphere" about him. He must be encouraged, or kicked, into producing what is indubitably his own, and he must be taught that the appeal from the critic to the audience is ignoble. Criticism cannot create drama, for it is a consequence of drama; but I expect criticism to devote itself to making a place for the artist by the ruthless criticism of those who are now usurping his place and functions.

Art.

The Poster-Impressionist Exhibition.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

At the Doré Gallery there is an interesting show, the proper title of which is the "Post-Impressionist Poster Exhibition." It is interesting and sad at the same time, because it shows how utterly the last possible opponent of this age and all its vulgarity has become enslaved to the very power which it ought to have done its utmost to undermine and to overthrow. The despotism of the last hundred and fifty years, if such there has been, has consisted of the uncontested supremacy of uncontrolled industry and commerce. This despotism has been one of vulgarity, the unscrupulous spurning of all that constituted flourishing and desirable life, the deliberate flouting of all that made for desirable humanity, the tasteless abuse of power in bad taste. The last really vigorous attempt to arrest the movement of uncontrolled industry and commerce was made two hundred and fifty years ago, when Charles the First died for the "liberty of the people," as opposed to the "liberty" of their oppressors. Since then it has met with no formidable foe. It was able to do its worst in the nineteenth century, and the present age is its creation.

Ever since Charles the First's death, however, there has existed a class of people who might be considered the depositaries of the nation's best traditions. I refer to the artists. Whatever may have been the extent of the fund of taste originally possessed by the English nation, at least these people, the artists, were the heirs of its residue. They had a sacred charge and a sacred duty. They should have felt themselves the only clean things in a population of hogs. They should have formed themselves into a select priesthood, or aristocracy, or brotherhood, and should have refused all intercourse with the hawkers and chapmen of the market-place. By this time they ought to have been able to point to a list of noble martyrs, or saints, who had given up their lives in the struggle. It is true that there is such a list, and upon it we find such men as Jean François Millet and Van Gogh; but men of this stamp have been rare enough in this country.

As a matter of fact, artists have done no such thing. They have never felt that they were the last scions of a clean and respectable race, which would become extinct unless some sense of the sacredness of its traditions were kept alive and cultivated, not only by sentiment, but by active exclusion, isolation, contempt, hostility, hatred, self-respect—aggressive self-respect, endogamy!

They gradually fell into step with the march of uncontrolled commerce and industry. But for a mere handful of anchorites and pariahs, who wisely realised that the only way to preserve their kind was to keep their best traditions pure in their hearts, the tendency among artists has been to abet rather than to oppose the grand movement of vulgarisation, exploitation, and degeneracy which reached its zenith in the last fifty years of the nineteenth century. And now it may fairly be said that the distinction between artist and business men, poor painter and plutocratic purveyor is little more than a mere matter of words.

As traitors to their own cause and race, artists cannot hope to go unpunished for what they have done. Indeed, they are being punished now. The prestige of Art has never been so low. Never has it been so low in the graphic arts. The sort of exhibition of incompetence that frequently takes place in a London gallery, for instance, would not be tolerated for one instant, either in music, in literature, or in acting. The equivalent in music to the amateurishness of six out of ten picture shows in London, would be impossible. No portion of the public would tolerate it. The musical compeers of these painter-amateurs have to be content with the private adulation of a circle of infatuated relatives; they can never claim a public audience.

You cannot have your cake and eat it. You cannot grant the dignity of a public appeal to the incompetent

amateur and maintain the prestige of the true artist's appeal. This is only one of the signs showing that the graphic arts, at least in their modern aspect, are beginning to lose their seriousness and their importance. They are beginning to be despised. So much, indeed, is this the case, that the inartistic fundholder himself regards them as mere auxiliaries, mere subordinate machinery to his business, to his purpose. And the only excuse for those painters who have acquiesced in this unprecedented piece of vulgar impudence, is the fact that for the artist some sort of patron is almost a necessary of life.

From the time of Johnson's magnificent rebuke to his mock patron, the Earl of Chesterfield, the sort of art patronage which does not kill art, has been practically dead in England, and in its place there has arisen only this foul substitute—the exploitation of art for commercial purposes, the damnation of art as an imp of the devil of uncontrolled commerce and industry!

If you want a proof of this examine our advertisement hoardings, or go to the Doré Galleries.

If it was possible for Huysmans, the well-known art critic and author, to say with some truth of Cheret's work: "There is more talent in one of his posters than in most of the pictures which cover the walls of the Salon," the far-reaching results of this modern "patronage" of the arts, even in the nineteenth century, becomes unmistakably plain. Not only are uncontrolled commerce and industry in themselves necessarily opposed to the type which represents art, beauty, and culture, but by their very patronage and appropriation of that type, they have unwittingly knocked the last nail into his coffin.

However much we may deplore all this, nevertheless, with Huysmans, we cannot help admiring some of the flames in this last flare-up of Art under the auspices of its sworn enemy. And for this reason even if you leave it in tears, the exhibition at the Doré Gallery is well worth a visit.

By far the best, from the purely artistic standpoint, are Steinlen's wonderful child and cats in the famous poster for Nestlé's Milk (No. 64)—a lesson to that maligner of cats, Louis Wain, if nothing else—and B. C.'s "The Russian Ballet" (No. 38). How mechanical, vulgar, and stupid do such posters as those of Hassall, for instance, appear, beside these two chef-d'œuvres in the art! Think, too, of the good taste and discrimination which some French engineers or business men must have shown in order to have selected the delightful series for the "Chemin-der-Fer de l'Etat" (Nos. 58, 59, 62, 63, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, 77)! Poor Mucha, with his Louis XV hair curls and twists seems tame and colourless beside these champions of the species. Look at "La Trappistine" (No. 45). What could be more insipid and more mechanical! And yet Mucha had a great vogue. His sensuous women and bashful virgins were just the thing to lure the city man and his exploited public.

If you want real fun, of the kind that throws all Hassall's and the German humorists' attempts into the shade, look at "Au Touriste," by Rouville (No. 39), which is surely excellent in every way, and "Gaité-Rochechouart," by Roger de Valersé (No. 42). The daintiest and prettiest poster in the whole exhibition is that by Kate Wolff, designed for the Silhouette Exhibition (No. 50). It is the impermanent character of this good work, and not only its prostitution to the Moloch of the age, that constitutes its most depressing feature.

An interesting piece of work, showing how a striking effect can be obtained even with that Gothic luxuriance of detail so dear to the German artist is the "St. Benno Bier" poster (No. 1), by Otto Obermeier. It is neither naked nor garish, and yet it is the most forcible in the show.

Among the truly poor and tasteless posters I would refer "La Joela" (No. 3), by Klinger; "Rheinterasse," by P. P. H. No. 24; "Le Grand St. Bernard," by M. M. (No. 35); "Paris Modes," by J. D. Fergusson (No. 36); "The Night Watchman" (No. 37), by V.

Hicks; the "Costume House," by Julius Klinger (No. 61)—a striking piece of coloured inanity, consisting of a heap of polychrom eggs whose very claim to attention is an insult; and the "Salon des Cent," by A. Mucha (No. 97).

The Brothers Beggarstaff (Messrs James Pryde and William Nicholson) are very good in their simplicity and nice draughtsmanship; but it is difficult not to feel that their "Hamlet" is a little too self-consciously *the* poster. It sacrifices too much to the object of being merely striking. This, indeed, is the tendency of all modern poster work, and it shows how the artists themselves were bound to suffer from their close connection with commercial and industrial enterprise. Compare Cheret's "Chap Book" (No. 57) with the more recent work of poster artists, and ask yourself whether the munificent patronage of the Mæcenas Commerce has done even these traitors to their cause any good!

There are many very bad posters which it would take too long to enumerate here. But their general failing is of a kind which one would expect from any class of artistic work directed by the commercial mind. When they aim at caricature this note is forced to the point of incongruity; where they aim at being funny they reek of the far-fetched saloon-bar joke, belched between two gulps of adulterated beer or synthetic whisky; and where they aim at being pretty they are full of the maudlin sentiment of the bargain and money-besotted company director.

Pastiche.

AN EPIC WITH EXPLANATIONS,

Superior critics will agree or at least view with approbation the economical choice of machinery made by the poet. I have started with the crown and worked downwards. Local mythology I could not utilise, unless I borrow from Heine's "Gods in Exile." But the spectacle of a God being discovered in the Cabinet, though pleasing to THE NEW AGE readers, might cause some little perturbation in the minds of the British Public. Furthermore, I was in a quandary; he could not be Apollo, "a bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold"; the last description being antagonistic to anything our modern tailors can create. Of course, there are many who will agree that the former designation is suitable; especially those who have been the recipients of ten and sixpence instead of thirty shillings. Summed up briefly, the poet's contention is this; that the foundation of the Empire rests on fourpence, and also depends to a great extent on domestic servants' threepences. For the Biblical references I am indebted to the Daily Papers. THE NEW AGE cannot give the maker's name of the margarine, metal polish, or the address of the Panel-Doctor. The secrets are locked, like David's lips, and the Editor, he knows, he knows. For the last couplet I tender my apologies; it is vile. It is also a garbled quotation, but only good enough for a revival meeting. I must get a rhyming dictionary. The curtain goes up with Herr Hunkstein's German Band playing selections from Ragtime in a room decorated in cream and sapphire blue; "R. H. C." will accept my acknowledgement of indebtedness.

The careful and discriminating reader will discover that Shakespeare, Campbell, and Byron have been plundered; but what of it? Robbing dead writers is not such a crime as . . . modern civilisation:—

O! for a muse of fire to set aglow
The sun-bright summits and the vales below.
Of Briton's greatness by the eye ne'er seen
Until this year nineteen thirteen.
Lombardian signs hang o'er the golden crown,
And courtiers tremble at a Jewish frown.
The Fleet and Army both with joy combine
To keep the hungry workers into line.

Here follows an advt. for overweight margarine:—

A wizard, who of words has quite a wealth,
Has, martyr like, insured the nation's health
For fourpence weekly so this Saviour cries,
A slight advance on him whom Jews despise.
From dunghill, dungeon, muck-heap and the street
For fourpence is no simple human feat,
So let us now his halo polish clean,
To wear it here and by the poor be seen.

Insert here an advt. for metal polish.

And now, M.D.'s, *your* greatness I will sing.
Sad is the tale, for Honour has ta'en wing,
From out those ranks where Honour held her sway
Gone is she now, and £ s. d. display
Their whitened bones through garbs of selfish greed.
O! how you bless the fawning great Welsh breed!
And two a penny now the cry resounds.
Your prestige gone, your trade thrown to the hounds.

Here follows a brief account of a doctor who is on five panels and has five thousand patients; a veterinary surgeon has stated that he could not undertake as many horses for the remuneration.

And now my epic breathes its noble last.
How sad to think that Juvenal has passed
Ere yet he saw the greatness spewed from Wales,
Adorned with grace, and wit, and Bible tales.
No statesman ever filched from Holy writ
Unless he stood by it "to make a bit."
For he that giveth to the needy poor
Shall be rewarded o'er and o'er and o'er.

WILLIAM REPTON.

WOOLWICH: A DIVERSION.

You, friend, are all for ocean; you delight
In musing on a snowy ridge of surf
When on the wanton tumbling waves the sun
Squanders a hoard of trinkets; or the moon
Spills a great clot of silver, with the stars
Mirrored as serpent-images.

In sooth
This ocean with its crinkled polychromes,
Full-bosomed in a rising wind, and strong
With fragrant rankness of its sapless weeds,
Was shaped for ecstasy; and poets dredge
For epithets to match its mysteries.
Age upon age a motley host of bards,
Of ocean-frenzied singers frame their tunes
To catch its baffling melodies.

But I,
Leaving its yellow fringe, its greenish smile,
And all that lies between them, stand aloof
From this brave fellowship, and for the nonce
Seek out the river, that with flattened breast,
Tawny, uncomely as a withered hag
Fondles, with unclean dalliance, wharf and pile,
And fawns upon bluff barges, sidles round
Squat landing-stages, oozy buttresses,
With sluggish gait.

And from this nook I view
Overtaken boats and idle windlasses,
Masses of lumber, cordage, tarry sheds,
Crammed with a litter shapelessly stacked up.
I lean against a rusty rail. Behind
A lank and sooty shaft the bleary-eyed sun
Is slowly smothered. From a street close by
Bumping of trams with tuneless gongs; the clank
Of hob-nailed soles on pavements, mustering squads
Of hirelings, drudges, Saturday-released.
"Faugh, sordid!" you, my ocean-loving friend,
Would cry, and, holding your patrician nose,
Would scamper headlong for a taxi-cab
To whisk you off.

But I find beauty here
If truth is beauty, as young Keats affirmed.
Three stately steamers seawards gliding past,
Splendid for all their grime, trace out a text
Upon the amber sky. The shapely curves
And looming bulk of their defiant hulls,
The twinkle of their portholes, and the slant
Of masts and funnels leave me not unmoved.
The rig and gauntness of a bare-poled barque,
Following meekly in a tug's drab wake,
Has its own magic. And the murky stretch
Of fading river round the eastward bend
Leads to the open world, towards the dawn,
Out of the dusk.

And now the ferry comes
Ungainly, lurching, flinging muddy froth
Out of its paddle-box, and laden with
A freight of carts and proletariat.
This river stamps its dwellers with its own
Lack-lustre hue; their greyish faces peer
Upwards in spiritless and drooping lines. . . .

I turn away. The river has aroused
A deeper, sadder fit of nausea
Within me than the ocean ever did.

P. SELVER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—The following is from the "Notes of the Week" of your issue dated May 18, 1911:—

"It [Unemployment Insurance] will tremendously weaken trade unionism. . . . Non-unionists, in fact, will be provided by Government with a sort of union of their own, in which the most powerful attraction of unionism, namely, unemployment pay, will be provided, with none of the onerous responsibilities that membership of a trade union involves. Any trade union secretary can prophesy without presumption that his membership will melt like snow in summer. With this section of the Bill in operation, the unions, in ten years, will cease to exist."

And the following is from the "Notes of the Week" of your issue dated August 14, 1913:—

"Recent returns indicate a numerical increase in the membership of the trade unions, together with a marked disposition amongst cognate unions to amalgamate."

Has the writer any explanation to offer?

R. NORTH.

[The writer of the "Notes" replies: The forecast was naturally conditional on other things remaining equal. As a single isolated cause, Unemployment Insurance would, I contend, have had the effect of weakening the unions even numerically. The spiritual weakening is, I fear, still in progress. At the same time I urged this probable effect as a reason for renewed union activity. In ten years, I said in effect, under the operation of the Insurance Act, the unions will be dead, unless vigorous measures are at once taken to counteract it. Fortunately they have been and are being taken, but in consequence of the revival of industrial action and not as a mere outcome of the Insurance Act.]

* * *

INTERNATIONAL PARTNERSHIP.

Sir,—In your issue of July 17, Mr. Joseph Finn points out that there is great competition between manufacturers to sell their goods, and from this fact he infers that the supply of goods is in excess of the demand. There is no justification for such an inference.

It is evident to me that Mr. Finn has not a clear picture in his mind of the actual working of our industrial system. He imagines that manufacturers produce quantities of goods, and then try to sell them. Such is not the case. As a general rule, goods are sold before they are produced. Travellers are sent out to take orders, and when the goods are produced according to the order. When there are no orders, no goods are produced. Each manufacturer, however, tries to get as many orders as possible, because the amount of his profits depends on the quantity of his orders.

Suppose a town with two woollen manufacturers, A and B, and a thousand trained hands. Suppose A to be so clever that he can get four-fifths of the orders. He will then be able to employ eight hundred out of the thousand hands, to produce four-fifths of the goods, and to pocket four-fifths of the profits. The unfortunate B will only be able to employ two hundred hands, and will make one-fifth of the profits. Even if A's factory is too small to do all the work, it will still pay him to get the orders, for then he will be able to employ B to make a portion of the goods for a share of the profits, or very likely he will be able to buy out the unsuccessful B on very favourable terms. In short, the man who can get the orders is master of the whole situation; and therefore, as Mr. Finn says, the great aim of manufacturers is to find customers, and a good commercial traveller is worth far more than a good workman. All this, however, is no proof at all that the supply of goods is greater than the demand.

R. B. KERR.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—With reference to the "Notes" upon the proposed alliance of the B.S.P. with the Labour Party, I think that such a union may well be productive of valuable results. Even THE NEW AGE, I understand, believes in the utility of political action. A body of Socialist members, though they cannot obtain any advantage for the proletariat, can conserve what the latter gains by industrial action, or can render retrenchment on the part of the employing class more difficult. As the merchants entered politics to retain what they had gained in economics, with like purpose will the wage slaves secure political status. While the final conquest of political power waits upon the attainment of a labour monopoly, small but real gains in wages, hours, and the like (all of which give the workers greater opportunity for that

thought which is required for their ultimate salvation) can be conserved or partly conserved by the presence in the House of Commons of a small number of Labour politicians who understand their business. Many members of the B.S.P. and even of the petticoat-mad I.L.P. are beginning to recognise the true nature of politics, and there is hope that little more experience is needed to teach the others. If this hope prove an illusion, there remains the despised and rejected Socialist Labour Party, which, pace the reviewer who rent the I.W.W., partly recognised the relation between politics and economics, even before THE NEW AGE.

There is one other point at which, it seems to me, the writer of those excellent "Notes of the Week" fails. I refer to his horror of class politics. If the nation to-day were an organic unity, national politics would be possible and this horror justified. But the nation is not an organism. There are, at least, two contending interests—that of usury (employing the word after the manner of A. E. R.) and that of Labour. The first fights, as a parasite, to enslave its victim; the other, as an organism, to destroy or starve into service a parasite, and not to obtain with labour what the former obtains without. With want of national unity, can there be any appeal to the national or social conscience, or any political action on the part of the proletariat which is not class action?

REG. BANKS.

* * *

SABOTAGE.

Sir,—In his article "Towards a National Railway Guild—II" your contributor, Mr. Henry Lascelles, speaks of the "physical and moral decadence" which would assuredly follow permeation by the sabotage so glibly spoken of by the Syndicalists. This is quite up to the usual standard of anti-Syndicalist criticism. Now, what is sabotage? Briefly, it is the destruction or the rendering useless for the time being of the industrial capitalists' property, with a view to irritating the masters and eventually making industry in its present form unprofitable. It touches the pockets of the possessing class, just as do strikes and any other forms of industrial warfare. It is certainly in accord with your own ideas, inasmuch as it does not delegate work to others, but teaches the proletariat to do things for themselves.

But, says Mr. Lascelles, it makes the worker immoral! Their spiritual souls are in danger! Ah, how terrible! One could understand a Fabian fledgling thinking thus, but THE NEW AGE does not generally provide space for such conventional hypocrisies.

Surely a man who sabots intelligently (that is, without being found out, and with a thorough understanding of his position in society as a wage slave) is a better man from the anti-capitalist point of view than the man who respects property in the usual conventional manner? Does not the very act, under these circumstances, make him a stronger and better man in the struggle against the masters? The greatest asset of the capitalist is the workers' superstitious belief in the sanctity of property, and his next greatest asset is men like your contributor who raise their arms in horror when the Syndicalist preaches the beauty and efficacy of sabotage, intelligently applied. All effective protests on the part of the workers against the wage system must of necessity be, in some form or other, attacks on property, and, if the spirit which makes these attacks worth doing be absent, the realisation of the Socialist or Guild Commonwealth is as far off as ever.

The only "spiritual redemption" of any value is the possession of this fighting spirit, and it would be interesting to know what there is in the practice of sabotage that would prevent a man from being able to evolve and make possible the smooth working arrangements necessary to initiate a National Railway Guild.

SYNDICUS.

[Our correspondent is mistaken. We have never advocated sabotage. It is confessedly a policy for desperate men in weak unions. But a union possessing a complete monopoly of its labour (its only "property") would not even need to strike.—ED. N.A.]

* * *

UNITY.

Sir,—As one who enjoys the little tit-bits which "Press-Cutter" contributes to THE NEW AGE, I was rather surprised to see in your issue of July 31, 1913, that "The Sphere" and the "Daily Herald" were found together in the same column. Also, I am pained to find that the "Daily Herald" receives so much severe handling from those who should know better. Sir, I submit, that this

lack of unity is sickening. I take it that "Press-Cutter" is not a landed proprietor, and that he has read "The Siege of Troy." Why all these gibes at a struggling halfpenny paper which has objects just as worthy as your own excellent journal? Is it not easy to see the simple task that Hebrew, Welsh, and Scotch lawyers, and cosmopolitan employers of labour have in crushing the life out of a proletariat which quarrels over a little matter like the Vote? It is easier, I say, for these gentlemen to govern under such circumstances than for me to prove to many of my associates getting three and four pounds per week that they are wage slaves; you see how easily your lessons are learnt. Therefore, Sir, do you not think that the time has come when we ought to drop all these silly differences, and turn our eyes to the common enemy. If Suffragettes march up the Strand with the caps of liberty held aloft, ought we not be able to say that they are doing as much for the common cause as, say, one of your contributor's articles on the "Guild System"? To revise an old adage, I would say, "Never despise your friends." I have often imagined the sly smile which must steal over the faces of those who sit in high places when they read of these disagreements among the propertyless and the powerless! As an intelligent reader of your journal, I submit that this spirit of superiority is only worthy of halfpenny evening papers. As Mr. G. W. Foote used to say of life, we are all in it, and we shall all have to get out of it. He was speaking of the parson's bag of tools, Death. In a similar manner, we are all plastered up with the demoralising wage-system; therefore, I argue that any action to get out of it is commendable, even what is to be found in the rough, uncultured columns of the "Daily Herald." The recent agitations have blown more holes in the bogey of government, and have done more to strip away the superstition of divinity about the governing classes than centuries of talk. Let us have demonstrations, let us have the full strength of the police out, let us have also those brainy rats out, too, who instruct the men of beer to truncheon their own class; in fact, let us have the spectacle of a Government trying to govern, and then, by ocular demonstration, we shall see by whom and what we are governed.

I was once a disciple of Shakespeare, a student of Greek, in fact, anything which might lead to mental improvement; now all that is done with. The Insurance Act came along and classified me as a person unable to know what is good for me in so far as making arrangements which I had already made previously, and also much better than those supplied by the present crowd of political quacks. However, the Act has done much good. You mentioned in your "Notes of the Week" that the governing classes were creating a vacuum of distrust and of hatred into which human nature will pour its destructive force one day with tragical violence. Along with many other personal friends, I can endorse the truth of such a statement, and only say that we are waiting for our opportunity, which will not come at the ballot-box. Neither will it come by looking down on the "Daily Herald." In my humble opinion, every man who curses Lloyd George is a true patriot, as also is every man who puts his finger to his nose when speaking of Liberal Government, which gives me an idea; why not have the House of Commons transported to Jerusalem? In "Don Quixote" there are only two parties, the "Haves" and the "Have-Nots"; the motto of each of the latter should be Unity, Unity, and six votes each for any woman who wants them.

CHRISTOPHER GAY.

* * *

THE GREAT HERESY.

Sir,—Mr. Joseph Finn has, I think, successfully disposed of Mr. Kitson, but he has performed a greater service to the reform movement. He has unwittingly stated the fundamental error of our social reformers in the following words:—"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.*" (The italics are mine.)

I submit, sir, that this is the heresy of heresies, and is the central reason why the social reform movement flounders for the lack of a central idea. It sounds altruistic, but it is false. It is a subtle form of intellectual

insincerity which corrupts our thinking, because it is impossible to divorce personality from thought, and to attempt to do so is to attempt the impossible. I would suggest to Mr. Finn that, instead of attempting to arrive at the truth of things by the repression of his personal inclinations, he should attempt to define for himself what his personal inclinations really are. I venture to predict that in his first attempt he will find himself involved in a series of contradictions. Let him relate these contradictions to each other, and decide which of his impulses are desirable and which will have to be sacrificed. When he has gone through this process, he will emerge a unified personality. He will not talk any more about evolution, but will seek to advocate the one thing which he personally desires, and he will then discover that what he desires is identical with the interests of mankind. This is the true altruism. It is Mr. Finn's present bastard altruism which is establishing the servile State.

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

* * *

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—Will you have the great kindness to give the Senor Verdad his congé, what you English call "the sack"? He appears to require some little experience in the affairs of the great world. If you cannot find some journalist very distinguished to assume his important function, I have the honour to make a suggestion. Fill Senor Verdad's chair with a Maltese cat—an animal which my Mediterranean friends say to me is very intelligent.

The Senor, in your last number, writes this extraordinary statement: "The real Mexican problem is connected with the opening of the Panama Canal and the influence of Mexico on the Central and Southern American Republics." He also writes some other very foolish writings. They tell me your NEW AGE is very intellectual. That is why I ask you, with my whole heart, to give this Senor Verdad his papers of demission. He is extraordinarily ignorant not to know that the Mexico problem was greatly acute before ever the Government of the United States had thought of the Panama Canal. The real Mexico trouble was, and continues to remain, financial.

The Senor Verdad—what a funny name sounding like truth—probably never acquaint himself with the relations between Mexico and Nicaragua, or he would not have wrote so foolish. The other republics know nothing about Mexico.

There is no military problem for the United States to consider in their policy in Central America. They believe that they will succeed eventually by what they design as "dollar diplomacy." I have the honour to inform you that Senor Verdad has written very foolish about Mexico and Panama.

The Senor also writ earlier in the number identic that the Austrian army is "tied up" in the Balkans. I recently take a little voyage to Austria. Only a little bit of its army is in Bosnia and Herzgovina. It is very foolish to write so.

MIGUEL ZAPATO.

* * *

THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—Mr. Randall will, perhaps, find it impossible to maintain the integrity even of the Jesus he has extracted from the Gospels. Small wonder is it that Christendom is so confused, for the "Master" is so. Indeed, "Master" is the last title which calm and fair judgment will allow. Those who call themselves Christians can by no abuse or entreaty be brought to make up their mind about Jesus of Nazareth. Even the modern "Liberals" have the same tenacious desire for vagueness. Even to them must be left the possibility of indefinite attribution. Jesus must be exalted, must grow. One fears—no less an authority than Professor Harnack has allowed ("What is Christianity?") that much may be said that way—that Jesus will shortly become Nietzsche's "Superman." Such is the instinct of theological preservation.

Jesus is neither master of himself nor of his teaching. That orthodoxy refuses to accept the findings of the Higher Criticism is no great fault, but it is certainly amazing that it does not recognise, in the confusion of findings, the complete negation of the mastership of Jesus.

"As now, as ever," one prominently associated with any movement must first master himself, make clear, to himself at least, his own thought and ideals, as distinct from those of his fellows or followers. Only with such integrity, the final sincerity of the master soul as our

bed-rock data can we hope ever to make anything more than a conjectural estimate of intellectual and ethical value.

What did Jesus create, and what merely repeat? Pre-Christian Jewish literature, especially the "Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," supplied the bulk of the ethical teaching.

Jesus is not himself, has not realised what he is for and against, nor what is for and against himself. Hence the note of doubt. At one time he is Messiah, at another not. Now the kingdom cometh not by observation; again they shall see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom, with all the visible paraphernalia of Messianic pomp.

The reason is not far to seek. Two kingdoms are in conflict, or rather he is not sure which of two forms it shall assume. Too plainly is he affected by the prevailing dualism, a Jewish conception, indicated in the New Testament antithesis $\delta \alpha \iota \omega \nu \delta \omega \nu - \delta \alpha \iota \omega \nu \delta \mu \epsilon \lambda \lambda \omega \nu$. It is the old philosophy of exhaustion and despair; the world is hopelessly ruined, and there is no remedy but in a new heaven and a new earth. Jesus comes at the tail end of a movement whose whole impulse was a hope built on despair. He is partly in it, partly out of it. Professor Harnack has striven to define his relation to this movement, and to ascertain the extent of his sympathy with it, but the result is purely hypothetical.

Let Mr. Randall's orthodox critics note, that the high disregard of wealth, and of those who possessed it, is emphatic just in so far as the new era becomes necessary and certain.

Had Jesus not despaired of his own age and civilisation, He would have done what St. Paul did when the coming age made too long tarrying, advise submission to the powers that be.

Hope deferred maketh the slave philosophy sick!

The thirteenth chapter of Romans well summarises "the whole duty of slaves."

This much at least is undeniable; that in so far as Jesus believed in the stability of that age, with its institutions, he preached contentment and held that the social system was just; but when he denounced tyranny and riches, he despaired of the *whole world*. Hence the "Master" is a slave when he says Yea; but a rebel when there is no hope, when he says Nay, according to the Nietzschean use of those terms. T. M. S.

* * *

Sir,—Mr. Randall is clamouring to be refuted; if after the exposure he has suffered, he had begged to be forgotten, I should have understood him; but since he asks for more, he shall have it.

1. On July 24, Mr. Randall pretended to believe that my attack on his article proved that he had said something true about Christianity. I replied that he was not entitled to score such a point, because I had not written as a Christian (that is, as a partisan of Christianity), but as a critic. He now does me the honour to infer that I am a Christian from the fact that I edit a certain obscure quarterly. I admit I edit "The Ploughshare," and that Mr. Randall may have it for a shilling a year. But, though I edit a hundred journals, may I not write in THE NEW AGE as a critic?

2. Mr. Randall announces further that I am a poor critic; while correcting him, he says I neglected to quote a text (Romans xiv. 17) that would have bowled him over. Then he would have replied that the words are not Christ's but Paul's, thus bowling me over! So my case proves me to be "incapable of criticism." As I rub my eyes, Sir, my thoughts go back twenty-four centuries, when in a former incarnation, as the blushing Cleinias, I was made a fool of in this same way by that clever dog of a sophist, Euthydemus (see Jowett's "Plato," Vol. I). Now we meet again!

3. It will be noticed that in my first letter I said no word in defence of the economics of Jesus; I admitted that they were fair game for serious criticism, but I claimed for them the right to be tried by certain canons, most of which Mr. Randall had swept aside. I, therefore, state now what these canons are, all being essential, if precision be desired.

(a) A knowledge of the early and contemporary development of capitalism in the Græco-Roman world;

(b) Of the contemporary religious and ethical ideals;

(c) Of the sources of the Gospel narratives, supplied by New Testament criticism;

(d) Of the Greek text, for doubtful or disputed cases;

(e) A conception of the significance of the mission of Jesus regarded as spiritual, ethical, and social propaganda;

(f) A recognition of his peculiar æsthetic and poetical method of teaching, especially the parables;

(g) An analysis and discrimination of the elements of the teaching into several categories; viz.:

(i) His attitude towards contemporary conditions;

(ii) His positive and negative ethical teaching;

(iii) The inferential economic and political teaching;

(h) Finally, a degree of personal honesty and sense of proportion in the critic himself.

4. I shall now, where I have not already done so, try Mr. Randall's work by the above canons of criticism.

(a) I refer him to Mommsen's "History of Rome," Vol. I, pp. 204, 265, 294; Vol. II, 243-4, 355, 359; Vol. III, 22, 38, 49, 63-4-5, and twenty other passages; Vol. IV, 94, 186, and 505-6 (Dent's "Everyman" series). He will learn that capitalism, with all its possible parallels, was rampant for centuries before the Christian era. Mommsen says: . . . "From the most ancient times, the great landlords were simultaneously traders and capitalists, and combined in their hands lending on security, trafficking on a great scale, the undertaking of contracts and works of the State." (Vol. I, p. 441.)

In the Hellenic world things were much the same, if on a smaller scale. For the state of things in Jewry, viewed economically, I must send Mr. Randall to the Old Testament to read the denunciations of some of the prophets. Finally, if he wants a most vivid picture of contemporary capitalism let him read Chapters XVII and XVIII of the Book of Revelation. This is the early Christian conception of what was morally due to the corrupt social system represented by "Babylon the Great."

Now, perhaps, it will be understood what I mean by appealing to the writers on Guild Socialism to stop Mr. Randall. I challenge them to contradict the foregoing general statement as to the antiquity of capitalism. By the first canon of criticism Mr. Randall is already refuted.

(b) Coming to the Gospels I say—without attempting to put a value on the teaching of Jesus—that no clear word can be said about the economic until we have gained a notion of the spiritual significance of the teaching. I, therefore, affirm that "the Kingdom of God" is its central theme. There are parallels to it in all the great religions. It is "within you." That is to say, primarily, it is a type of spiritual or mystical consciousness possible for men under the appropriate and necessary conditions. It is, therefore, precious, like the pearl of great price, or the treasure hid in a field. It is, in fact, a New Life; like the seed scattered by the sower, it does not always come up; it does not come suddenly but quietly, "he knoweth not how." The New Life and the old life—of Heaven and the world—grow in man together like wheat and the tares. Like the feast that was spread for all, the New Life is ready for all—but some are pre-occupied and will not have it. Or they want it without paying the price for it, like the rich young man, or the guest who would not put on a wedding garment. "The wicked husbandmen" wanted the vineyard without fulfilling the conditions imposed; they are like the people who want the New Life, but will not make the necessary sacrifices for it; in the words that puzzle Mr. Randall so much, it shall be taken from them and given to people who bring forth the fruits thereof. The three synoptic evangelists declare that the scribes and chief priests "perceived that he spake the parable against them."

I have said enough to indicate that the Kingdom of God, which Jesus professed to have attained, was a spiritual state of life—quite well known to the mystics of all times and lands—which he advertised and desired men to share. He may have been unduly optimistic, but I feel convinced that an unbiased study of the Gospels, with the key I have offered, will show that Christ was merely pointing out the way that men will, after centuries of delay and procrastination, have to go. I may not spend more space, but to satisfy Mr. Randall will explain to him the parable of the "Steward of Injustice." It may be said to be a trivial truth that has always been misunderstood.

The New Life needs as much wisdom as the old life. The steward, as told in the story, was clever enough to perceive that he could make use of his dishonesty to secure for himself refuge among those who had shared the benefits of his frauds. It is like that in the old life. And they who would enter the New Life must also be wise enough to see where their true welfare lies. If they are handling the Mammon of unrighteousness they must not use it for their own advantage (as the steward did), but be perfectly honest, so that when the money relations fail, they may have earned by their honesty a welcome into the New Life—"eternal tabernacles." "If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if

ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who will give you that which is your own?" Saboteurs please note! It only needs a word to say that the spiritual state referred to as the Kingdom of God must have, and was expected to have, very great ethical and social significance. "My Kingdom is not of this world" is obviously true; but that does not mean that it does not affect this world. On the contrary, the Christians themselves hailed the day when the kingdoms of this world would become the Kingdom of Christ, and all who have in any sincere degree preserved the Christian tradition in the world have always expected that, slowly or according to the degree of spirituality, the world would be captured for the New Life. Consequently, there is a specifically Christian economic deducible at any given time, from the Christian life-conception and a Christian politic also. Hard, indeed, to maintain itself in the world, but, nevertheless, in the view of Christians, worth the effort. Its first expression was communism; its politic was anarchism.

(c) The one positive command of Jesus is loving kindness; not *eros* but *agapê*, not a passion or a feeling, or charity in the C.O.S. sense, but a positive, active life of good-willing. The negative commands are the obvious deductions from the positive. They are in the Sermon on the Mount, and the clearest is that forbidding the use of violence, or deception of any kind.

(d) Now, if after all this, Mr. Randall inclines to ask: What is or was the inferential economic and political teaching? it is clear that it cannot for all time be expressed in any formula. Some Christians may wish to deduce it to Communism and Anarchism, others to Socialism, and many even think Individualism of a kind is a logical deduction. All that is, however, needless to my present purpose, which is to make clear principles rather than "quote texts." What is important is this: The Christian Life is not a life of certain specific accomplishment, but a life of a specific character and direction. Hence, at all times, it accomplishes what it can accomplish, sometimes much, sometimes little. What it does, depends on its own degree of energy minus that which its obstacles deduct from it. Hence, many Christians view present day industrial conditions as inimical to Christian life. WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

[Mr. Randall replies: I was entitled to infer that Mr. Hare did not write as a critic, because, beyond his correction of a wrong attribution, his letter contained nothing but personal abuse. I knew that he was a Christian, and I could not believe that the leopard could change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin, or a Christian his peculiar nature. Mr. Hare's pretence to impartiality is only a pretence for the delusion of readers of THE NEW AGE. I find him writing in the current number of "The Ploughshare": "The simultaneous efforts that are being made to subject China to the power of European finance, and convert her to Christianity give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Only, as we write, are we reading in THE NEW AGE that Christ is the 'founder of capitalism,' and that 'the real Christianity is the religion of capitalism.'" Mr. Hare cannot have it both ways. If, when he writes for his Socialist Quaker friends, I am "the enemy," he cannot be accepted as a non-partisan critic when he accuses me of "carelessness, perversion, dishonesty, and every fault that might be considered from the point of view of criticism, a vice," to quote his own phrase in reply to the "Writer of Notes of the Week." He is not merely a Christian, he is a professional Christian; and the language that he has thought fit to employ to describe me proves it. Mr. Hare's canons of criticism, except the last, do not concern me. I stated in the first paragraph of my article the grounds on which I based my argument, and the method I intended to apply; therefore, the accusation of dishonesty cannot fairly be made against me. Not one of these canons is necessary to belief in Mr. Hare's interpretation, and they cannot be held necessary to disbelief in it; nor, by the way, can these canons be applied to the economics of Satan, as Mr. Hare promised. The inference to be drawn from these canons is that no one has any right to express an opinion about Christ except by permission of Mr. Hare, a preposterous claim. Let him compel the Christians to silence until they conform to his rules, and he may then be able to make "the enemy" accept them. But when everybody has his own opinion of Christ, and states it, I am not to be denied a similar licence. Mr. Hare is not a censor recognised by me.

Mr. Hare's attempt to prove that capitalism existed before Christ, does not concern my argument; everything, including Christianity, existed before Christ. I only attempted to show that there was Scriptural warranty for the present system; and I did it not by any "perver-

sion" or "dishonesty," but by accepting the statements of Christ as being literally applicable to things that we know. It is all very well for Mr. Hare to affirm that "the Kingdom of God is its central theme," and that it is "within you." (Ibsen told him that.) Other Christians have adopted other texts as the central theme: the Catholic Church, for example, has adopted as the central theme the text: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Of Saint Augustine, Professor Bury says: "He formulated the principle of persecution for the guidance of future generations, basing it on the firm foundation of Scripture—on words used by Jesus Christ in one of his parables, 'Compel them to come in.'" It would not be unfair to say that, for centuries, this text was, for Christians, the central theme of Christ's teaching. There are about as many "central themes" as there are sects, and, at most, I have only added another.

Nor is Mr. Hare's interpretation germane to this discussion. I specifically excluded the spiritual meaning of the parables, and they cannot be held a fair argument against me. A controversialist can choose his own ground, and he can only be called upon to defend what he asserts. I have never asserted that the Gospels were not capable of another interpretation; and, therefore, it is no refutation of my argument to offer one. I have from the beginning justified the article by an appeal to the common practice; and, as Mr. Hare is compelled to admit that "some Christians may wish to deduce it (the economics and politics) to Communism and Anarchism, others to Socialism, and many even think that Individualism of a kind is a logical deduction," with as much, if not more reason, I may claim my right to deduce capitalism from Christ's teaching. The esoteric doctrine: "The Kingdom of God is within you," is obviously compatible with any economic system; it is not incompatible with capitalism, for Dr. Parkinson says, in his "Primer of Social Science," that "it must be remembered that thousands of saintly Christian souls are the victims of economic conditions."

The upshot of the whole matter is that Mr. Hare cannot correct me without throwing over the Gospels; for I stated my argument in the words of Christ. Interpretation for interpretation, I may claim that mine is susceptible of greater proof, since practically all Christendom is committed to the wage-system. Moreover, Mr. Hare's power of mystical understanding is somewhat discounted by the uncontrolled temper he manifested in his first two letters; and if I needed a guide to the Gospels, he is the last person I should choose.]

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CHASTITY AND HEALTH.

Sir,—In the "Daily News" of 15th inst., there appeared an article by Dr. Helen Wilson protesting against the proposed introduction of the Continental system of registering prostitutes. With the main theme of this lady's article I have no quarrel—registration seems to have been very little use in checking disease. But she quotes, apparently with approval, from a resolution of the Medical Congress held at Brussels in 1902:—"It is necessary to teach young men not only that chastity and continence are not injurious, but that these virtues are highly recommended from the medical point of view."

Now, speaking both as a physician and as a man of the world, I would suggest an emendation of the above from Nietzsche:—"Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many almost a vice" (Thus Spake Zarathustra, I, 13). There are some cases where continence does no harm, but there is no doubt that for many individuals (especially before the age of thirty-five), it may prove in the highest degree injurious. The injury is sometimes only physical, but more frequently mental as well; in the latter case it is often attended with serious results, for instance, neurasthenia. It may be added that neurasthenia may also supervene after moderate indulgence, where the Puritanical bias so frequent in Teutonic nations brings in the element of self-reproach.

M. D.

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"BEAUTY RECIPES."

Sir,—You may be interested to hear that your old non-existent friend, Miss St. Aubyn, of the "Daily Mail," who so benevolently took women under her wing for advice regarding proclactum, stallax, pheminol, and other "simple" beauty adjuncts to be obtained from any chemists, my dears, and so much better than those nasty *proprietary* articles offered by commercial firms—has

turned up in, of all papers in the world, "The Daily Graphic." There is a whole column of toilet notes without a sign that the space is paid for by an advertiser, and, in fact, the notes purport to be bona-fide recipes collected from different journals, and are quoted thus: "Home Science," "Boudoir Talks," "Handy Recipes," and so on. Also, "an old lady of seventy" with a miraculous complexion, is a new contributor to the "Daily Graphic"! She recommends a certain special lotion—recipe been in the family for generations—ingredients obtainable like the stallax, and "the mercolised wax," and "the pheminol" "from any chemist." There may be no protecting the "mug," but one would have thought the "Graphic" above tricks upon the female public.

A. DITTON.

* * *

FEMINISM AND COMMON SENSE.

Sir,—The behaviour of modern women which Mrs. Hastings so much deploras has so small an influence upon the marriage rate as compared with other causes as to be practically negligible. Money in some form, in this as in most other spheres of life, is unfortunately still the prominent factor for most people; and those who have freed themselves from this idea are disinclined to enter into a bond mediæval in spirit and iniquitous in practice. To urge women to return to the behaviour of their grandmothers is inconsiderate, unphilosophic, and impossible. It is pitiable to see them strenuously ubiquitous or resignedly apathetic, but let them not think that any change of tactics can help them now. If they would only get some knowledge of facts and forget their theories, if they could understand that marriage is not a bargain but a gift, not a contract but a state, that the element of property cannot enter, that there are no rights between the parties, if, in fact, they could realise that the present laws of marriage and divorce are the enemy, and would help and not hinder men in destroying them, they would find that they had solved not only their own problem but many another on which at present they expend their harmful energy. Until then there is no hope for them—none whatever.

FRANK CROSHAW.

* * *

Sir,—Out of the literally unanswerable correspondence addressed to me on this subject, only two of the writers desired publication. I interpret this to my own satisfaction to mean that the rest are more interested in doing than in saying. A second phenomenon is that there is only one letter, this "not for publication," which could be called abusive; I am so accustomed to abuse that I almost miss it. A synopsis of the views I have received from the feminine side may be given in a few words: "Let us do what we feel like doing and not bother about things . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . I am sick of the movement!" The views of men (I reluctantly suppress all personal compliments) vary between a sanguine belief that women have come to their senses and a melancholy despair lest they have none to come to.

Well—it may be for sheer lack of stimulating abuse—I am at the end of my immediate literary interest in the subject of feminism. One or two letters induce me to notice points which it is really just like women to raise. What those women are to do who are committed to politics or industry? How to restore one's youthful energy? Whether I am religious? What is the personal touch in dress?

I should say that the single women in industry will stay there until they are edged out by time or an industrial revolution, thereafter to become tenants of the attics of boarding-houses, burdens upon their friends, or, at the most dazzling, small capitalists of some more or less heart-breaking concern. (By the way, no woman can plead being forced into industry while all the world needs domestic help.) The political women will go to America via Paris, and live fatly ever after. Very few women are "committed" to politics any more than a barnacle can be said to be committed to a ship. About youth. I gather that some words in my "Unpublished Novel" have secured me the reputation of a phoenix. I come of a physically youthful family; my mother retained her energies after a life which would make most women reel to hear about, including two Kaffir sieges, twenty long voyages, and sixteen children, four happily born dead. At fifty-four she outraged us all by pronouncing herself a born lecturer and proceeding to cajole Lady Henry Somerset into giving her some audiences. On the only occasion at which I was allowed to be present, her official subject being, of course, temperance, she kept everybody spell-bound with a snake story. The chase was finally successful, but the man had been bitten. There was no doctor within forty miles. My mother had rushed

indoors and got the whisky before the eyes of a teetotal-mad audience. I saw her pull herself together, and we all breathed gratefully, for we were thoroughly enjoying the illicit yarn, when she announced, "I drove out one poison with—another!"

Please forgive my rambling. You see, it is hereditary. Like my mother, I live very frequently with my earlier self. Recollections of childhood and youth might very well be given by the beauty doctors to women as subjects for meditation. Painful recollections tend to die away, for the human mind naturally rejects them. I should say that the modern morning debauch over such papers as the "Mirror" and the "Daily Sketch" wrinkles and hardens the faces of women as badly as might a matudinal dope with gin. If they were conducted by mental eunuchs these papers could not be worse, for the issues I have seen contain almost from end to end nothing but cunning servility, cruel sensationalism, and rotten advice usually favourable to some advertiser.

Whether I am religious or not cannot, it seems to me, concern anyone very deeply. I suppose it is no answer to say merely that I respect all sects and detest missionaries. But I don't feel inclined to make any professions.

The personal touch in dress can only be given by one's own fingers. I am far from saying that all women should, for instance, build their own "tailor-mades," though I remember that most of my girl friends in Africa made their own very respectable riding-habits. But even the richest lady must select and arrange her attire if she is to avoid being mistaken for a mannequin. Personally, I am most unfortunate in hats. I almost never can buy one to suit me in all moods, so that I have to beg old crowns and brims from anyone who will give them to me, and trim them up as best I may, to wear on occasions when I must be out for more than an hour or two. The great rule about clothes—that a garment never sets perfectly under half a score wearings, and frequently not until it has been thoroughly "weathered"—seems to have been forgotten by women. Men undeniably show their sense in this as in other matters. A garment must look like its wearer, or it has a vulgar atmosphere. It is always an economy to buy the best stuff and make it over and over. A much admired scarlet plush house-coat of mine served me first as a fancy dress fourteen years ago, and I am wearing to-day a smocked pink Liberty frock which in slight fashion resembles the affair I carried off from a friend's wardrobe in 1909. I can do anything with these and other good ancient stuffs, so long as they will hang together at all. However I fashion them, they look something like me, even if I fail sometimes to get a very good fit; but I juggle this out of sight somehow or other—by a smile if everything else fails. Boots are a curse. You may buy a pair that look good and actually fit for a day or two, then they go out of shape. I alternate now between sandals and three-inch heels. High heels are less tiring than inch ones, as I learned from dancers. But it is a mockery of women's rights that for twelve and sixpence manufacturers cheat you. Here and in similar affairs is our powerful interest, if we only knew it.

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