

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Press has little understood the significance of the announcement that the Government intend shortly to institute an inquiry into the relationship of the State and the railways. The deduction made by the "New Witness" from this fact is that a movement is on foot to limit the right of the railwaymen to strike. Another deduction is that the Government are contemplating nationalisation. These projects may, for all we know to the contrary, be under discussion, but neither the one nor the other is the immediate cause of the proposed inquiry. To discuss this it is necessary to return to the great railway and coal strikes of twelve and more months ago. As we said at the time—though apparently to deaf ears—the psychological effects of the men's defeat would show for many a day. A defeat in a merely ambitious object and after a fair fight discourages nobody; on the contrary, such a defeat inspires to fresh and manly exertions. But a disgraceful defeat engineered by disgraceful means and in a cause which itself is mean depresses the losers and weighs upon their spirit for months and probably years. Such a defeat was undoubtedly experienced by both the railwaymen and the miners. In each instance the avowed objects of the strike were petty demands for a little more corn or a more comfortable harness; the demand for the liberty of responsibility was undreamed of then. In each instance, too, it appeared as if the men were bound to win; in other words, they indulged themselves freely in the intoxicating drink of confidence. Finally, in each instance, they owed their defeat to the lies of politicians. But to go out like asses to seek fodder and to come home empty on account of rats is humilia-

tion indeed. Shame and disgrace, defeat and disappointment were equally mixed in the cup of which the men then drank. And the effect which we foresaw as inevitable speedily appeared: the spirit of the men was bruised if not broken—with the further economic consequence that their work has suffered in precise correspondence with the ignominy of their defeat.

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We have reasons for not desiring to be too explicit in this matter; but penetrating readers and readers already informed from behind the scenes will be aware that our interpretation of the Government's anxiety is nearer the truth than the interpretations popularly given. The immediate problem, in fact, is a psychological problem, and only economic as economics depend upon psychology—for psychology precedes economics precisely as economics precedes politics. It may be stated in a simpler form: how can men suffering from a spiritual affection *which shows in their work*, be restored and made whole? As we gather, the weight of present opinion in the Cabinet is equally divided between two equally wrong answers to this question. One section believes that an appeal to the railway and mining directors to raise wages and improve conditions would both remedy the present distress and keep the patient in health for some years. The other section holds that nationalisation is the only remedy. But both, as we say, are wrong. It is true, we admit with the latter, that the private employers have irretrievably failed to keep psychological pace with their men; indeed, as fast as the men have advanced in intelligence, in esprit de corps, in patriotism, their masters have retrogressed, with the consequence that at this moment the men are more responsive to the welfare of the State than their masters are. But it is not true that the substitution of the State bureaucracy for the existing profiteering bureaucracy would give us any spiritual improvement. If the disease is spiritual—and it is—the remedy is not administrative, but spiritual. Merely to be transferred from the nominees of private shareholders to the nominees of public shareholders would bring no essential change to the miners and railwaymen. In short, nationalisation with no other change would mean no change at all.

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That it has brought no change in the postal service, for example, is plain both from the institution of the

Holt Commission and from the reception by the men of the Holt Report. The Commission, as we understand it, was faced by much the same state of things in the postal service as exists in the railway and other services. That is to say, there were grievances, partly economic, partly psychological, which threatened the efficiency of the whole service. If they were allowed to continue, in no long time the whole service would have become so demoralised that three men would be required to do the work of two, and even then the work would have been badly done. (Remember we are hinting at facts.) But the Holt Commission, though appointed by the Government, and presumably therefore at liberty to recommend *any* measures necessary to the circumstances (without, that is, considering profits or private interests), has actually aggravated rather than allayed by its report the grievances it set out to diagnose and remedy. There is not a dirty trick on the board of private commerce that the Commission has not recommended the State to employ in its dealings with postal servants. For instance, one of the most familiar tricks of employers when forced by other circumstances to raise wages is to give a turn to the screw in the matter of conditions. For a sixpenny increase of wages they think it politic to insist on a shilling's worth of extra work. But a considerable part of the original grievance is precisely too much work for too little pay; and the grievance is not touched by increasing both terms of the proportion. The Holt Commission, however, has recommended this policy to the Government as if, in fact, the Government were an ordinary employer; and we do not doubt that the Report will be adopted. But where in it is the promise to railwaymen that under the State they will be better off in any respect than now? Nowhere that we can see. It follows, therefore, that not only has profiteering broken down, but the policy we once thought to be its ideal alternative, namely, State control, has broken down also. If the railwaymen are offered the alternative of nationalisation, the postmen will be there to warn them against accepting it, except upon terms.

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What those terms are the postmen, we are glad to see, will define more or less clearly at the Trade Union Congress this week. Their essence is that the men themselves in any industry, whether State or private, shall have sole responsible control over the conditions of their labour. It may very well be that in the postal service and, in fact, in every other national service, the specification of the work to be done shall be made by the State—that is, by the community; only by such means could we ensure ourselves against the group-individualism of Syndicalism. But once this specification is made and incorporated in a charter, the union of workmen—postal or any other—must be given the corporate responsibility together with the necessary privileges for carrying it out. Under such a system the trouble of Labour would be a trouble for its own consideration and remedy. We, the public, should have contracted with the Unions as monopolists of Labour, and theirs would be the responsibility of discharging their part of the bargain to their own as well as to our satisfaction. In short, we should treat them as if they were men and not, as now, as if they were trolls and gnomes. That this would mean a psychological revolution as well as an economic revolution we are, of course, aware. But if we are rightly informed, the psychological revolution is already taking place. In fact, we know it is. The play of ideas upon the Labour

movement was bound in the end to produce an effect; and all around us at this moment are signs that the effect is becoming manifest. Our pages every week bear witness to the break-up not merely of the economic, but still more importantly, of the psychological forms of the present system of national industry. Never again, we say with confidence, will profiteering be re-established; but never either will nationalisation as conceived by collectivists be established in its place. The revolution now proceeding, of which the Fawcett Association's resolution at the current Congress is the first official Labour sign, is still in the region of ideas; but before very long the ideas will materialise in facts and make an economic revolution as well. We have every reason to be gratified and stimulated by the present prospect.

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By contrast with this movement, the greatest the world has seen since the abolition of chattel-slavery, the despairing cries of the dying order sound like a chorus of worms. The Labour politicians in particular are in a wretched plight. They must either declare for a revolution they do not understand, or see themselves forced to become Liberals against all their pledges and protestations. There is really no third course for the party. Even the "Nation," that has not yet dared to mention the word Guild, is aware that the Labour Party must be either revolutionary or Liberal. "While," it says, "the general conception of Labour policy is not revolutionary but ameliorative, there is no moral or utilitarian objection to the Liberal-Labour block." We should say not, indeed; for the remark amounts to this: that while the policy of the Labour Party is identical with that of the Liberal Party, the two parties have no legitimate ground of antagonism. The mere difference in caucus organisation is nothing to us provided that the two caucuses are built on the same idea. Like ideas congregate by their instruments what they may; the subtle sympathy of ideas always overrides even the most manifest differences of presentation. When, therefore, Mr. Barnes declares, as he did at Glasgow on Friday, that a great deal had been done by the Liberal Party in the last eight years to lighten the load of poverty, he declares himself to be a Liberal, in sympathy with Liberalism, and this in despite of his subsequent qualification that enough has not yet been done. Enough? Of course there is never an end of amelioration; of course amelioration is never fast enough. There is not a Liberal who would not subscribe to Mr. Barnes' qualification as well as to his tribute to the Liberal Party. Provided that he is satisfied that amelioration is the proper policy, he is not merely a Liberal, he is a good Liberal. On the same assumption the Labour Party is merely a good Liberal group, obliging enough, moreover, to provide its own electoral expenses without troubling the party funds. For the life of us, however, we do not see why the pretence of difference should continue, now that the lie is out. As the "Nation" says, there is no moral or utilitarian objection to a Liberal-Labour block. But both objections lie against the pretence of independence.

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A worm of a more repulsive character than even the Labour Party is the Tory demagogue. We have explained before, we think, that the true demagogue does not flatter the people against their rulers, but the rulers against the people. For sycophancy of this kind and addressed to such rulers as we have to-day, Mr. Garvin is still sweating in the running for the prize. For some years, as our readers know, Mr. Garvin has been accepting every form of compulsory legislation offered by the Liberal Party as affording a national discipline and training in preparation for compulsory military and other service. The word Compulsion, he would have us believe, was to be blessed in the highest and would in time become consecrated to the service of the State. But it now appears, as we never doubted it would, that Compulsion is only blessed when attached to Mr. Garvin's private likes and dislikes. In short, he would

have the State compel the nation to do as he pleases and so constitute himself vicariously a sort of secular Pope. Compulsion as applied by a great trade union to the conditions of its trade and membership is in Mr. Garvin's eyes an offence against liberty. The miserable cowardice of the few men who stand outside their union in the hope of winning in any event—by blacklegging if the Union loses and by sharing in the spoils if the Union wins—Mr. Garvin announces as the "Fight for Free Labour." The freedom of the Labour of the ninety and nine jeopardised by the treachery of the hundredth is nothing in comparison with the freedom of the latter to betray. He, of course, must be preserved in his rights even if they should need the compulsion of the ninety and nine to work with him. They must accept him, but he is to be entitled to reject them. Mr. Garvin's love of freedom, in fact, is what it has always been—a preference for the sneak, coward, and blackleg. His tribe, fortunately for melodrama, but unfortunately for statesmanship, is immortal.

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The successors to the men at Homestead, whom Mr. Carnegie had shot whilst he was fishing in Scotland, presented, through Mr. Carnegie, about £300,000 to the Dutch Government for the erection of a palace of peace. Last week this building at the Hague was opened with some pomp and circumstance, and Mr. Carnegie, the Homestead butcher, was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau. On the day this building was opened a meeting was held in Amsterdam protesting against the hypocrisy of accepting such a token from a blood-and-iron plutocrat. As a general rule (there are exceptions) it must be admitted that if the Carnegie type wants international peace, it can secure it. We may feel the grim irony, but there can be little doubt of the power of international finance to prevent war if it be so minded. Whilst great armament manufacturers may occasionally contrive to egg their governments into war, they are, economically considered, very small fry compared with the manufacturers of bridges, rails, steamships, machinery, textile goods, and a thousand other articles of commerce. Mr. Carnegie's interests probably harmonise with the armament manufacturers only in the building of war-ships. A naval war is soon over, and no great harm done; but prolonged military operations are not only a dreadful burden upon the population, but involve a cessation of commercial expenditure during the war and financial stagnation for several years after. Mr. Carnegie's memory takes him back to the commercial prostration that followed the war of the Union. He knows that dividends on invested capital are hard to come by both during and after a great war. This man, whose colossal fortune was gained by keeping his lieutenants in a state of perpetual hatred and war, and who had no hesitation in applying gunpowder to his desperate wage-slaves, finds that peace is soothing to his conscience and good for trade. He will wear the Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau—this unbending republican—with the unction of a profiteering churchwarden in his gown.

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We need not unduly linger on the psychology of peace-mongers like Carnegie. Theirs is the civilisation of the period of wagers. They seek peace and ensue it. They are emphatic that war is wasteful, and they wage war upon war. Industrial war is in their sight equally wasteful, and they accordingly seek to eliminate competition between themselves and their competitors and to suppress, promptly and vigorously, any revolt among their wage-slaves. They are at least consistent in their theory. It is by peaceful methods that they can most effectually build up the social fabric. In times of war the soldier supplants them in authority. When Colonel Kekewich, who defended Kimberley, found that Rhodes was interfering with his authority, he heliographed Kitchener for instructions. "Put him in irons," was the laconic response. During warfare, there is always a chance

that the Carnegies may be put in irons or even shot as rogues. In peace, the Carnegies have the whip-hand of the Kitcheners. But the foundation of the social structure which gives power to the Carnegies is the wage-system. It is, therefore, imperative to maintain the fundamental principles of wagers. International peace, even though it be dishonour; industrial peace, even though it be the death of proletarian manhood. The soldier is no friend of the plutocrats, whose best friend is the policeman. But as they have the political power that is the inevitable corollary of economic power, they have so manipulated affairs that if the policeman is not strong enough to keep the wage-slaves in subjection, they can call out the soldier to support the policeman. When you know how to do it, nothing is more simple. In connection with this peace movement and its apparatus for arbitration, it is important to note two facts: These ardent pacificators do not propose to abolish or even to reduce the military establishment; secondly, with the growing concentration of economic power into trusts, formal and informal, has come the concurrent vesting of political power in the Cabinets of Western Europe and America. Thus when capitalism is threatened, the Cabinet, politically armed, can move the police through the Home Secretary (always a member of the Cabinet), and the military through the Secretary of State for War (always a member of the Cabinet). In this way we find that the Army, the police, the profiteers, and political power all hang together in the unity of mutual interest. Mr. G. N. Barnes, the fool who represents in the Labour interest one of the Glasgow divisions, in his speech last week claimed for the Labour Party that it had created a new atmosphere in Parliament. If he had not the eyes of a mole, he would see that this combination is something vastly more concrete than "atmosphere." God rest the poor man's soul; the last time we saw him he was in a top hat and a frock coat at the unveiling of Queen Victoria's monument outside Buckingham Palace. Of such are the kingdom of God.

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It would be foolish to contend that all wars are strictly economic in their origin. History abounds in instances of bitter wars arising out of religious hatreds, whilst wars for the extension of dynastic domination have been, in past generations, the rule rather than the exception. We have not yet formed any clear conception of the motives and impulses that set the Balkans in a blaze. No doubt there was a deeply-rooted distrust between the Cross and the Crescent; no doubt there were economic considerations; but it is probable that the dominating impulse was the dynastic ambition of that arch-charlatan, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. It was common knowledge that Bulgaria was on the eve of great economic developments. It is doubtful if Bulgaria's economic prospects were likely to be bettered by territorial expansion. But it is certain that King Ferdinand and Danef thought the moment auspicious, handsomely supported as they were by strong financial groups, to aim at becoming the "Prussia of the Balkans." The calm indifference with which international finance regards the occupation of Adrianople by Turkey suggests the belief that even yet Turkey is regarded as a richer milch cow than Bulgaria. The difficulty, now as always, is to disentangle the formal from the real reasons for plunging into war. What, for example, would be the main consideration that would induce French and German statesmen to avoid war or to declare war between France and Germany? Undoubtedly, the memory of Alsace-Lorraine still rankles in France. Whatever the formal pretext, that is a factor in the situation not to be ignored. It would be comparatively easy to inflame French patriotism by judicious references to that unhappy episode, just as the episode of Majuba Hill played no small part in the British-Boer war. That is to say that economic policy, in international affairs, must sometimes, if rarely, play second fiddle to wounded national pride. At the present time, however, the broad facts are that Germany wants the rich iron deposits that are supposed to be in Morocco;

her manufacturers want more French customers than they have at present. On the other hand, French finance is anxious to put a term to its Russian liabilities and would be glad to lend more largely to Germany. A diplomatic mistake might raise the devils of 1870 and destroy these economic considerations, but the probability is that commerce and finance will finally exorcise those demons. The point to be noted is that national sentiment or dynastic ambition or diplomatic arrogance is at any moment liable to destroy financial policy. That, in short, is the great note of interrogation in international affairs. In any event, as things are now the army of wage-slaves has practically nothing to do with it except to become gun-fodder.

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The late Mr. Keir Hardie (whose death we announced some years ago) thinks that the threat of a general strike is sufficient to prevent war. The poor dear fellow never could see farther than his nose. It never occurred to him that if it were immediately possible to organise a successful general strike against war, it would be infinitely easier to organise a general strike against wagery. We have pointed out that you cannot destroy wagery until you are ready with a constructive alternative. That alternative is first to secure a complete labour monopoly and apply its economic power—through the medium of national guilds. We have further proved—proved, not merely suggested—that the creation of national guilds in Great Britain would inevitably lead to the creation of similar guilds in the other industrialised countries. In a decade, we should have the British guilds trading with German and French guilds and, in consequence, becoming the economic arbiters of Western Europe. From the point of view of national affairs, not only would economic harmony thus be reached, but the spiritual values of national genius would be appreciated and, if possible, conciliated. But we have never contended that the national guilds would become as sloppily sentimental as the I.L.P. We can easily visualise a group of guilds going to any lengths, even to war, in protection of their interests. But such warfare is supremely unlikely. Much more probable would be an armed resistance to guild organisation throughout Great Britain, Germany and France, by the governing castes, with their profiteering henchmen and parasites. We would not dream of depreciating moral power, but immediately all social institutions are based on physical force. In its struggle towards economic power, organised labour may from time to time find itself opposed to such physical power as threatened capitalism can collect. Without anticipating it, we would be foolish not to be ready to deal with the Prætorians. The revolution involved in the destruction of the wage-system will not be child's play.

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The International Co-operative Congress, held in Glasgow last week, has again directed public attention to co-operation as an ameliorative factor in modern economy. Earl Grey presided, and in his opening speech seemed to foresee the millennium through the wide extension of co-operative practice. When an ex-Governor-General talks in this strain, the wise man expects Greek gifts. In the co-operative movement, Earl Grey sees capitalism and labour happily united. We have repeatedly dealt with the subject of co-operation in these columns, so that we need but briefly refer again to it. The co-operative movement is primarily an organisation to get the most out of wages. It does not strike at the wage-system; it accepts wagery as inherent in our industrial system and tries to make the best of it. On the whole, it has succeeded in this object. Had there been no co-operative movement in the North of England, it is doubtful if the wage-system would have survived. It has taught the wage-slave to get twenty-one shillings worth of commercial value out of each sovereign's worth of gold. In other words, it has cut into wholesale and retail profits to the extent of

about 10 per cent. But it could only achieve this result by rigidly maintaining the wage-system throughout its whole organisation. Wages in co-operative establishments are practically on the same level as those obtaining in competitive shops. Sweating is not unknown, and a few years ago was even prevalent. The conditions of co-operative employment have, however, improved in recent years. The spiritual side of co-operation is summed up in the word thrift. Thrift has been encouraged by dividends. But always it has been assumed that the worker must live by wages and use co-operation to get the most that his limited wages would procure. It is not a very high ideal to aim at, and we are glad to know that many co-operators are seriously thinking whether the co-operative movement cannot be turned to more effective purposes. The great value of the co-operative movement is found in the experience it has given its proletarian customers in the direction and management of commercial affairs. It has transformed many wage-slaves into men of affairs. In this way we can find a considerable nucleus of men, particularly in the North, who can readily understand the idea of National Guilds and help practically in their development. One of the psychological difficulties in our way is to make the wage-earner think in millions. His economic limitations necessarily narrow his financial horizon. The co-operative artisan who grasps the meaning of wagery will quickly perceive how to apply the labour monopoly to wealth production, and the thought of millions, whether in money or tonnage, will not frighten him. The training which the co-operative movement has given the artisan can, therefore, be turned to good account in the building up of the National Guilds. All this is, therefore, so much to the good. But if the earlier Socialists had kept faith with their creed, which demanded wage abolition, it is conceivable and even probable that the energy and brains that went into the co-operative movement would have attacked wagery and perhaps by now destroyed it. The English instinct for the practical has turned thousands of well-intentioned wage-slaves from the sentimentalities and academics of Socialism into co-operation. When they perceive that wage abolition is not only practical but rich in results, these men will become fervent apostles of guild organisation.

#### CATHAY.

FAR o'er the salt seas lie the Isles of Cathay,  
Sing Ho : for the Isles and fair Sea way.  
There's an Eveless Ede in the depths of a Bay,  
Sing Hey : cast away : sing a Hey day.

No Eves to propel you through shutters of glass,  
Or splatter your nerves with their plunder.  
No Maidens of Stealth with sad faces of Brass,  
To cr-r-rumble your door-posts asunder.

No tight-quilted Wasps who insist they Aspire  
Or a willy cum nil have their say.  
No bifurcate Hoydens, no Spillers of fire,  
And no God damn heroics each gay day.

Non Femme de Chambre adjusting your spat  
With the crease in the nap of your hat.  
No Flappers with babies to frighten your sleep,  
No more frockies nor rentals for Bo Peep.

No females who ken that tobacco's not good  
Or pot whiskies are hot for the blood;  
No Franchisette gauges, no tantrummy rages,  
Nor those pestilent whores with their Wages.

In the Islanded Bay in the depths of Cathay,  
Fair Sea way ; away ; sing a Hey day.  
There's no name for this U who insist *they've* a Say,  
Far away o'er the Seas give us ship way.

Come, let us belay for the Isles of Cathay,  
Sing a Hey day ; away ; and fair Sea way.  
There *are* WOMEN who wait in the depths of the Bay,  
And some say they too sing cum a Hey day.

G. F. WHITE.

## Current Cant.

"Beauty thrives best by artificial light."—ZOE GORDON.

"We are all for the Higher Education in these days."—"Daily Mail."

"I have been blushing violently ever since I saw a paragraph in the press to the effect that Mr. Sims claimed 'The Ever Open Door' to be the best example of the style of Drama which has made him so justly famous."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"For months Mr. Bernard Shaw has been studying Lions, in all their moods, at the Zoo."—"News and Leader."

"The Prince of Wales is in a fair way to become quite a ladies' man. He is simply charming with the married ladies. . . ."—"London Mail."

"Let me congratulate the 'Daily Express' on the efforts it is making to stop the adulteration of food."—Dr. BRUCE PORTER.

"Woman has at last decided to let the world see that she has an appetite."—"Daily Mirror."

"It is hard to recognise in the loosely-clad idler on the beach on Sunday him, who, if he were at home, would be joining with the faithful in the worship of the Lord."—CANON NEWBOLT.

"As a rule, Ella Wheeler Wilcox cannot remember her own poems."—"Christian Commonwealth."

"The Throne, like every other institution under democracy, is on its trial for efficiency."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Property, leisure, instruction, reading, travel, whatever was the privilege of the few, have become the common property of the majority."—"Everyman."

"Let us be courteous by all means, but let us also be sensible."—"Daily Express."

"The English woman is queen of the open air."—GABY DESLYS.

"No one would for an instant attempt to underrate the devoted work which Bishop Bury is doing in North and Central Europe."—"Morning Post."

### CURRENT CUPID.

"The Executioner's Secret."—Cupid's Cinema, Leicester Square.

### CURRENT BLASPHEMY.

"Rehearsing the costliest cinematograph film in the world. Dummy ocean liner with 500 souls on board to be sunk at sea."—"Daily Mirror" Photographs.

"Seated in Miss Lillah McCarthy's drawing-room, I asked boldly, 'Are you a believer in Christianity?'"—"Pall Mall Gazette."

### CURRENT SENSE.

"An age of undress! Well, we—I write as a woman—rather glory in it. . . . If you come to think of it the tremendous advance made by women during the last fifty years has been brought about by undressing."—EMILIE MARSHALL, in the "Weekly Despatch."

"The judge's ruling was greeted with a wild demonstration in favour of Thaw on the part of the Canadian spectators, who cheered and shouted 'Hooray for the British flag' and 'Hooray for Harry Thaw.'"—"Daily News."

"I was looking in the shop window of an Oxford Street stationer's yesterday. So also was a 'flapper,' who was apparently taking a stroll during the mid-day hour from one of the many neighbouring scholastic institutions. Close upon her heels came an immaculately-clad negro. The latter calmly stepped between us and leered at the young girl. Looking frightened the latter walked quickly away. I thought of the good old days when people carried revolvers!"—"Daily Sketch."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

At the time of writing the news from Mexico is very uncertain; but there is no doubt that considerable pressure has been brought to bear on President Huerta to induce him to come to some arrangement with Mr. Lind which will enable the United States Government to save its face. The Mexican Foreign Minister has already pointed out that under the Constitution an ad interim President cannot stand for election—a fact which ought to have been perfectly well known to the permanent officials at Washington. With the aid of a "formula" or two there should really be little difficulty in reaching an amicable settlement. If the Washington Administration had displayed more tact from the beginning there would have been no need for the dispute to have attained such serious proportions in a week or two. But, whatever arrangement may be come to now, the United States Government has lost an amount of prestige which it cannot expect to regain. No South American Republic is likely to look towards the north for its inspiration in future.

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Speaking of the Mexican Constitution reminds me that Mexico is one of those countries, gradually becoming so numerous, in which the Constitutions are fictions and are dragged out from time to time only for the purpose of deciding delicate questions such as President Huerta's continued occupation of the Mexican Presidential chair. Mexico, like Persia, China, and Japan, is one of the countries in which Constitutions on the English model do not work. When a country is accustomed to paternal government it is a criminal blunder to attempt to alter the nature of the people by giving it a Constitution and expecting that to do the trick—especially since Constitutions, as in the case of China and Persia particularly, seem to follow capitalistic enterprises and to be drawn up with a view to providing sweated labour. The thing has been done over and over again, and not least of all in England and Germany. The people are made aware of their "freedom," so that patriarchalism is destroyed, and then the "free," unorganised people are driven into the factories or plantations of the syndicates.

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The not always inspired Macaulay was once inspired to write: "A good Government, like a good coat, is that which fits the body for which it is designed. A man who, upon abstract principles pronounces a Constitution to be good, without an exact knowledge of the people who are to be governed by it, judges as absurdly as a tailor who should measure the Belvedere Apollo for the clothes of all his customers." It is chiefly the English Liberal, of course, who always measures the Belvedere Apollo for a new constitution. What effect, however, has the constitution had in China or in Persia? Only the effect of weakening such well-organised communal bodies as existed and diverting the energies of the people in general to matters of minor consequence. China maintained her admirable system of government by viceroys for hundreds of years—thousands of years, some authorities would say. But with foreign loans came the syndicates of capitalists, "freedom," and wage-slavery.

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It is obvious that sheer anarchy would be the consequence of the indiscriminate exercise of authority by a nation, hitherto accustomed to being led, suddenly being called upon to lead. The result is that, in addition to the evils of capitalistic government, the nation concerned may have to suffer from the effects of a tyranny. For, as the suddenly "freed" community cannot rule, does not know how to rule, and does not want to rule, the administration falls into the hands of an omnipotent ruler (as is the case now in China and as

was the case in Mexico under Diaz) or into the hands of capitalists working through a man who, while a tool in their hands, is a despot, in effect, towards the people of the country—e.g., the present young Shah of Persia, or Mexico under President Huerta. President Huerta can afford to flaunt the United States, not merely because the United States has made gross diplomatic blunders, but also because so many influential groups of European and South American capitalists are "interested" in Mexico in addition to the Wall Street syndicates.

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This omnipotent ruler may be very strong or very weak; there is hardly room for a mediocre person. A very weak man will be of assistance to the capitalists; and a strong man, on the other hand, may be able to make use of the capitalists for his own advantage while governing well. President Huerta and the Shah are examples of the first type, just as Yuan-Shi-Kai is an exceedingly interesting example of the second type. German, Belgian, Russian, American and English capitalists have tried to entangle the Chinese President in financial nets and he has practically diddled them all round, making his own position secure at the same time. He has played off one group of capitalists against another in exactly the same way as Abdul Hamid used to play off one great Power against another in the interests of the Turkish Empire. In this respect a comparison between the two men, so unlike in other ways, is not inapt. Abdul Hamid had to withstand ceaseless intrigue for the possession of Constantinople, not to speak of "concessions," during more than a quarter of a century. He counter-intrigued and got the better of all his adversaries time after time. In China Yuan-Shi-Kai is now going through a similar ordeal. He has spun Parliament round like a top to such an extent that the dizzy and bewildered legislators hardly know to whom they are indebted for loans. But a manœuvre of this nature is essential in a new country; and, so far as constitutional government is concerned, China is a new country. The choice is not the abstract choice between government through a parliament or government through powerful viceroys; but between Yuan-Shi-Kai and anarchy. Here, most emphatically, the body of the nation was not properly measured for the coat, even though Yuan besought the great British nation to ask the blessing of God for him—a positively Rabelaisian joke.

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So far as the Balkans are concerned, there is little to comment upon this week. After a long series of hesitating overtures, General Dimitrieff has at last been appointed Bulgarian Minister to Russia. The General is well known for his Russian sympathies, and the appointment is itself the sequel to a series of negotiations which will doubtless take the practical form of an alliance between Russia and Bulgaria. The unexpected gains of Greece have induced Russia to turn to Bulgaria as well as to Serbia for the purpose of preserving her authority in the Balkan Peninsula; for the Greek claim to Constantinople—more than once put forward in the course of the war—is one that Russia will never admit.

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The Greeks, on their side, are trying to negotiate something more with Turkey than the mere commercial treaty for which they have already arranged. The new balance of power in the Balkans is thus beginning to shape itself. Russia will try to bring Serbia and Bulgaria together again. Greece will do her best to act with Turkey, diplomatically and strategically. The Servian authorities are doubtful whether to support Greece or Bulgaria, but, whatever their immediate decision may be, they will support Bulgaria eventually. One phase of modern Balkan history is thus at an end. The next phase will begin when Bulgaria, after recovering her strength, makes the inevitable determined effort to drive Greece back from the north-eastern to the north-western side of the Ægean Sea.

## Military Notes.

By Romney.

It is possible to worry too much about formations. Up to a certain point it is of great importance in what order and disposition troops advance to the attack, but no one must forget that a certain exaggerated nicety and over-elaboration are a danger in war. For in the stress of battle only the simple is feasible, and even if the more complicated formations were possible, the time lost in carrying them out would more than counter-balance any advantage gained by them. A comprehension of the theory of fire effect, though indispensable, is, therefore, useless without the judgment to decide what is practicable. But this is intended as a caution to the over-ingenuous, not as an excuse for the mentally indolent. And it is from the latter fault that our generation principally suffers.

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One of its worst results is the fallacy of extension. Towards the end of the last century soldiers discovered that by going into battle and assaulting positions they were apt to lose men. There was nothing new in this. The phenomenon was of ancient occurrence, and an examination of the casualty statistics will show that the losses of former days, instead of being slighter, were far heavier than anything sustained in 1866, 1870, 1904, or 1912. And yet, as Meckel sarcastically observed, "there is no evidence that Frederick's generals spent their winter evenings in devising schemes for their reduction during the coming campaign." They took them as a matter of course. But the growth of a certain half-heartedness and sentimentalism, the alteration in the quality of the troops and the rise of the hysterical newspaper correspondent changed all that. The opinion arose that the losses of modern campaigns, so far from being moderate or light, were inordinately heavy, a fact attributed to the power of the modern rifle, and everybody made it their business to discover by what jugglery of formations these losses could be lessened. Sub-consciously, the idea arose that positions could be taken without losses if we were only clever enough, and the talisman was supposed to have been found in Extensions. It is the truth of this idea which I propose examining to-day.

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It is generally accepted that to assault a hostile position you must bring a firing line of a strength at least equal to your enemy's to a point about 300 yards distant from it: e.g., if your enemy is holding the position with 1,000 men, you must bring, say (to allow for losses), 1,200 men to within 300 yards of him before you can assault. Assuming for purposes of argument that your troops come under rifle fire (which alone I am considering) at 1,000 yards distance, the question before you is how to move 1,200 men over 700 yards under rifle fire with (a) the minimum of loss, (b) the maximum of speed, (c) the maximum of morale, combined.

\* \* \*

We shall assume the force of the enemy to be of the normal quality: that is to say, it starts by being fairly well aimed, but diminishes in effectiveness as your own increases in proximity and volume. For purposes of this problem we may assume that every rifle which you succeed in getting up to the 300 yards position neutralises one of the enemy's. In actual war this figure would vary according to the training and morale of the forces engaged.

\* \* \*

For the rest your men may be supposed to lose one per cent. per minute of exposure whilst running and  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. for every minute of partial exposure whilst lying, after leaving the cover at 1,000 yards from the enemy's position.

If you run your whole 1,200 men up simultaneously, the result will be as follows :—

You will get there in the minimum of time.

You will get there with the maximum of morale. Men advance better in large numbers than in small because every individual knows that the more men there are exposed, the more there are for the enemy to aim at and the less the chance is of his being hit. For it must be clearly understood that soldiers in action are worried by considerations not of the total loss suffered, but of the risk to their individual lives. Besides, the larger the crowd, the greater the enthusiasm generated.

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You will also (although this is less obvious) arrive there with the minimum of loss. If it takes you, say, ten minutes to arrive by advancing all at once, of which four minutes have been running and six minutes lying down, your losses will have been, by the terms of our assumption, 4 per cent. plus 3 per cent., which equals 7 per cent., or eighty-four men. That this is the minimum will be seen when we consider the next alternative, which is to extend. Instead of advancing your 1,200 men simultaneously, you extend enough to fill your frontage at five paces extension—say 200 men. If these take the same ten minutes to get to their goal, four minutes running, six minutes lying, they also will incur 7 per cent. loss, or fourteen men. So far, so good. But your troubles are not over yet. In order to assault the position you have got to get not 200 men up, but 1,200. You will, therefore, have to go on sending up batches of 200 until you have got the whole 1,200 up—in all six batches. Your position will then be as follows :—

The operation will have taken considerably longer than if you ran them all up together. Now in war, time is really always worth buying at the cost of lives.

\* \* \*

As regards loss, you will have suffered the same loss as in the first instance, viz., eighty-four men plus an extra quantity determined by the extra time which each batch has had to lie out half exposed to fire whilst the succeeding batches were coming up to join it. (This, of course, was avoided when all ran up at once). Even if you reckon that the covering fire of each succeeding batch as it arrives neutralises an equal amount of hostile rifles, and that the last batches have, therefore, under 200 rifles to face, the loss still works out considerably in excess of the first estimate.

\* \* \*

As regards morale, your men will be comparatively discouraged by the delay in taking the position; they will advance, for reasons given above, far less confidently in batches of 200 than in batches of 1,200; and if the extensions are too wide, they will get out of hand, lie down, and very likely refuse to advance at all.

\* \* \*

So far the advantage is all on the side of non-extension and a simultaneous advance. There is, however, this to be said :—

In a protracted fire fight the ammunition of the firing line is apt to get exhausted. It will therefore be as well to keep a certain number of men behind to advance subsequently carrying a fresh supply with them. Such men will also act as an infusion of fresh blood and fresh courage to the firing line at a time when it is, perhaps, becoming disheartened, and their retention will give the commander a small reserve against contingencies. (But this entrenches upon the theory of reserves.)

\* \* \*

Again, as the enemy will probably expend as much fire against the advance of 200 men as against that of 1,200, to advance your men in six batches instead of in one will be to make him expend six times as much ammunition. Circumstances are conceivable where this would be an advantage.

\* \* \*

Lastly, men advancing a few at a time can sometimes take advantage of cover and concealment in a way im-

possible to large numbers advancing simultaneously. As a matter of fact, nine times out of ten a line advancing at five paces extension is as visible to all practical purposes as a line not extended at all. Still, cases do occur where, suitable cover being available, and your men being sufficiently skilled and sufficiently disciplined to be trusted to advance with wide extensions, and *time being no object*, the extended method may pay you.

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It should be understood that all this refers to European warfare on a large scale. When, as in South Africa, small isolated bodies are fighting one another on an unlimited frontage, other factors come into play. *The frontage being unlimited*, either side, by extending, can outflank the other and gain a considerable advantage. He who extends his forces around the circumference of a circle offers less target than he who occupies the centre, whilst his fire is equally effective, being automatically concentrated on the mark. But—and this is important—the radius of such a circle must not exceed the range of the rifle—say, 1,500 yards at the most for practical purposes. One cannot, therefore, advantageously outflank an enemy more than 1,500 yards by this method—a distance which, although it might mean decisive victory in the case of small forces, is negligible in dealing with armies hundreds of thousands strong.

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I may say that the substance of the above theories has been before the public (in Col. F. N. Maude's works) for over ten years, and that, so far as I can tell, no one has hitherto taken any notice of them. Yet so far as reason can go, they are irrefutable.

## Towards a National Railway Guild.—VII.

THE legitimate aim of individual or private enterprise is always towards monopoly, be it of land, material, method of production, power of purchase, sale, transport, skill, ability, or labour. Monopoly once secured and the danger of unfair competition by sweated labour or by the deception of shoddy production once past, private enterprise can then pay such wages as may appeal to its conscience as fair.

True, private enterprise has often to be satisfied with the monopoly of some small power incident to its particular line of business; but this accomplished, by combination, agreement with competitors as to prices and qualities, or by length of purse, then, unfortunately, plunder of the public begins by the simple method of private enterprise fixing its own prices so as to obtain the largest possible portion of the necessities and luxuries produced, nationally or internationally.

The amount of plunder over and above a fair return for labour is most often received as, or, at any rate, ultimately converted to, income in the shape of dividends on capital.

These dividends extracted from the public wealth really belong to the public.

It is only, however, when nationalisation or municipalisation occurs, in such directions as railways, trams, gas, etc., that a strong demand arises for return of these profits to the community by cheaper services, or doles in relief of rates or taxes.

It would be impossible to resist the justice of an appeal in the case of nationalised railways for such profits to go to the community, after payment of reasonable returns to labour, if private enterprise were also returning its profits to the same source, and if it were known what a fair return for different classes of labour is, or if the "community" really meant the whole of the people.

We know, however, that so long as the wage system ensures nothing more than an average subsistence to labour, the community is simply another name for capitalism, and nationalised railways would in effect

belong to private enterprise. In other words, the country would own the railways, and in its turn the country would be owned and run by private enterprise.

It should not be a difficult thing to create doubts in the mind of a working man as to State ownership being little better, if any, than private ownership, so long as it is possible to point to under-paid postmen and gas-stokers employed by State or municipality.

Where labour has secured some sort of monopoly its working conditions are better; and where private enterprise has some monopoly and labour has not, any wages paid over and above the recognised standard are purely a matter of goodwill of the paymaster.

The policy of a National Railway Guild at the beginning should be that what net savings can be effected by the Guild over and above those made in the past by private enterprise, should at once become the property of the guild workers.

After the transfer to a guild trust fund of the fifty millions per annum (or what a fair average amount of annual dividend the figures might be at the time of guildisation) and the adjustment of the most pressing necessities of underpaid guild-workers, every million pounds which is gained might be apportioned to the various grades on the basis of present salaries or wages received.

The pay of an official receiving £500 per year should be increased exactly by ten times as much as the pay of a porter receiving £50; and by this method the measure of benefit conferred by the guild system would soon be apparent by comparison with salaries and wages of similar labour under private enterprise.

If an official is worth ten times as much as a porter to private enterprise he may be considered as worth proportionately more to the Guild until some fairer standard is revealed by a general guildisation of industries.

Roughly, every grade in a railway service has its recognised standard of wages or salaries. It is laid down what each place is "worth," and the basis fixed could be worked upon during the initiation of the Guild system; with this proviso that any position must be attainable by any Guild member provided he have the qualifications necessary to it, no regard whatever being paid to agnation or outside influence.

After general guildisations of a number of industries have taken place and the dividends transferred to trust fund have wiped out all indebtedness, this enormous wealth would be available for general guild and national purposes, and for increasing the pay of such guilds as perhaps the Teachers' Guild, the Post Office Guild or any other guild whose source of income is wholly or partly from national or municipal funds.

As will be shown later it would not be necessary for a single official to be added to the personnel of the Railway Guild, and per contra, no labour displacement whatever need take place.

What labour is maintained by the railways to-day could be maintained by the guild. Labour economies would arise naturally by superannuations and deaths where it would not be necessary to fill the places except by the reorganisation which would have been going on in the ordinary course of guild development. Officials and men would only need to be replaced from outside the guild as shortages actually occurred.

Parliament has already laid down that rates may not be increased without its consent. The Board of Trade and the Railway Commissioners protect the interests of traders where injustice can be shown.

There remains little need for further restrictions by the State beyond Parliament ensuring that no public facilities must be withdrawn unless it can be shown that such have not been in accord with commercial usage, i.e., wasteful and unremunerative.

A guild system would receive such careful attention by the general Press that the publicity of every small failing or apparent failing would be adequate protection itself of the public interest. Every fatal accident, every public inconvenience would receive far more attention than now, and the guild would find it more desirable to

remedy evils than to excuse them by comparison with statistics past or contemporary.

There are many minor annoyances a Railway Guild would remedy that would be unaffected by Nationalisation.

Take the ordinary tipping system to which all travellers have to conform: Though popular estimates are probably far above actual figures a fair amount of money passes in this respect.

A small gratuity given in recognition of a service received is defensible, although the receiver places himself in an inferior and servile status by accepting it.

A gratuity given to obtain something to which one is not entitled is a bribe.

For a coin, I have known a first-class passenger to secure the whole of a compartment, and use the seats for luggage, the proper place for which was the guard's van; the door being locked whilst other passengers have had difficulty in finding seats before the train started. Similar unscrupulous bribing is done regularly to the great inconvenience of the public generally and the good of no one.

It is almost impossible for the public to prove such a case against the culprit, but let the guild make the receipt of tips an offence and witnesses enough would be available.

Tipping, either as gratuities or bribes, would have to go, as it would be a necessity that the actual pay of guild workers must be officially known.

Numbers of offences for which officials have now to administer deserved punishment could be left to the men of the grade to punish, and the result would be sure and effective, without the cry of victimisation which is apt to arise regardless of the true merits of the occasion.

At the risk of repetition: Nationalisation would be followed by the results of economies being frittered away in the shape of reduced rates, increased uncommercial facilities, and political patronage, the workers being left substantially as before.

Guildisation could secure the results of economies to the guild workers, than whom none have better title to them.

HENRY LASCELLES.

## August Bebel.

(*"Neue Freie Presse," August 17. Translated.*)

The news of August Bebel's death was not a matter for surprise. For some time it had been known that he had only a short term to live. He who never spared himself, and who threw himself into everything he did, had exhausted his strength. The flame was quenched. He barely managed to live a few years beyond seventy, and during the last years he was a mere shadow of his former self. He was still always to be seen in the House. For in spite of all entreaties on the part of his relations, and all warnings on the part of his doctors, he could not make up his mind to retire and to derive his information about political matters from the newspapers. He had to do his share, to do his share among the foremost ranks, as he had for close on a generation. He was too much of a man of action ever to be a looker-on, even though retirement might have lengthened his life by a few years. Death could come, sooner or later—he was prepared. But till then he had to be in the thick of political events. That alone was the element in which he could exist. He was also governed by his sense of duty towards his constituents and his party. And so he was a busy and conscientious figure at the sitting of the House, as he had been accustomed all his life; and not until the session had come to an end did he choose his time to die.

He could be seen in the House almost daily. It was a sad spectacle. The sclerosis of the arteries from which he suffered had made terrible progress. He crept about slowly and wearily, his face was pallid and hollow-cheeked, his eyes were sunken. Only in his

glance did the old fire occasionally flash up. Towards the end he scarcely ever took part in the debates. Now and then he rose to speak, but he confined himself to brief observations. Nevertheless, the familiar white head was sure to be seen in the well-known place on the second last bench of the extreme left. He stuck to his post there for hours at a time, listening attentively; and though he lacked the strength for a speech, he sometimes took part in the discussion by some loud interruption.

Thus he had not made great speeches for some years. Time was when Bebel had been the orator of his party in all debates of importance. In particular, he was the chief speaker on the Budget. He performed this duty as long as his increasing infirmity permitted; and it was a hard thing for him to decide to resign this leading political role in favour of younger successors. In Prince Bülow's days, Bebel still used to speak regularly on the Budget, and Bülow delighted in replying to him. The Imperial Chancellor, a good, and consequently, an eager speaker, naturally chose as his opponent one of the most prominent orators in the House. He liked to gauge his own strength against a man of whose rhetorical powers he was well aware. It is a long time since the Budget debates in the House have been as interesting as in the days when they consisted of a duel of words between Prince Bülow and Deputy Bebel. In these tournaments the Chancellor was far superior to the social-democratic leader in his use of all the tricks of rhetoric. Prince Bülow had a nicety of form and an elegant swiftness in dialectics that were not vouchsafed to Deputy Bebel. Above all, he excelled him in humour, a quality in which Bebel was completely lacking. Thus, the Imperial Chancellor could always count on finding favour with his audience. If a division had been taken immediately after such a debate, it would, of course, have ended in a majority for Bülow against Bebel. This result, to be sure, would not seldom have been unfair, like most results that are the outcome of rhetoric. For although injustice has frequently been done to Prince Bülow by calling his speeches causeries and feuilletons (in Germany it is easy for a man who attaches importance to elegance of form to get the reputation of a lightweight), still, what Bebel said was often well founded and accurate, and was by no means refuted by Prince Bülow's dialectic skill. Prince Bülow himself, by the way, in his gentlemanly manner did justice later on to Deputy Bebel. In one of the last debates on the Budget while Bülow held the office of Imperial Chancellor, Bebel no longer felt himself able to deliver his usual speech on the Budget, and another of the social-democratic leaders spoke on behalf of the party. After he had spent some time in denouncing the Chancellor for all he was worth, Prince Bülow rose to reply. He did not spend much effort in replying to the accusations that had been brought against him, but he turned to his assailant and said: "I regret very much that the honourable leader of the social-democratic party did not speak again to-day. He is a man of quite a different type, and he did these things far better than the honourable gentleman who has just spoken."\*

Bebel, who was one of the most prominent orators of the German Parliament, was never an orator of polish—not even of artistic form. Generally speaking, of course, the art of oratory, as such, is cultivated but little in the German Parliament. Among the German deputies there is none who could be compared with the famous speakers of the French Chamber, with Jaurès or Count de Mun. Even the powerful eloquence of such a man as Eugen Richter was quite crude; and Bebel, too, was elementary as an orator. The impression he made was due to other causes.

Bebel's effects were produced, above all, through his temperament. Politicians of temperament such as are found so abundantly in the Latin countries, are not numerous in Germany. Ardour is rare in the mild temperature that prevails in the atmosphere of German

politics. Bebel, however, was a Hotspur all his life, and his white hair brought no change in this respect. He was filled with passion, genuine political passion. It is true he had learned to control it. Among the speakers of the Opposition in the German Parliament there are not many who offended against Parliamentary manners and had to be called to order so rarely as Bebel. But now and then his temperament had its fling; that was inevitable. When it burst forth in the heat of the political fight with all its violence, and all its passionate ardour, then it carried his hearers irresistibly along with it.

From his intelligence, however, Bebel derived effects of quite a different nature. For Bebel was not at all witty, but it did one good to observe his intelligence. One of the best gifts he had was his good sense. As a child of the people he brought into political life sound common sense by virtue of which he always managed to hold his own. He had a remarkably emphatic manner, with that clear voice of his (the sound of which nobody will forget who has once heard it, and in which a clear thought seemed to find a clear tone), of saying in the confusion of a debate the very thing that not seldom was the only sensible one.

But above all he acted in accordance with the principle, which one of the founders and earlier leaders of his party—his predecessor, Lassalle—formulated: "To say what is." This sounds like a platitude, but it is nothing of the kind; for usually everything is said except "what is." And it is the best rule for the speaker of the Opposition, who can acquire no greater merit than by calling things by their right names, without fear or favour, in the face of all powers and all interests. Moreover, in that way he will ensure the greatest successes, because there are situations in which the man who simply speaks the truth attains the highest oratorical effect.

It was a crowning virtue of the great Liberal leader Eugen Richter that he invariably succeeded at the right moment in "saying what is." And when Bebel, too, undertook, with his clear intelligence, his indomitable courage, to "say what is," he often echoed the inmost sentiments of thousands.

Thus Bebel was a prominent speaker, although he knew little or nothing of the art of rhetoric. As is always the case, it was the personality that was the decisive factor. A man who brings a personality to bear on affairs is an orator, and his greatness depends on the greatness of the personality. Moral qualities in particular make the strongest impression. The æsthetic form of a speech can almost completely be replaced by its ethical contents. Bebel was a man of honesty, probity, conviction, with a mind that cherished ideals. And honesty, probity, conviction, idealism form the highest eloquence.

The chief defect of Bebel as a Parliamentary speaker was diffuseness. During later years this defect grew more and more noticeable. He ruined the best effects of his oratory by not being able to express himself briefly and by never knowing when to leave off. If he had condensed into three-quarters of an hour his speeches of two or three hours, the impression would have been strong and lasting. But that he could not manage. Armed with a portfolio that bulged with papers, he ascended the rostrum. He spread his papers out, and each single one was produced and discussed—every letter, every newspaper cutting, every extract. The House that was all attention when the bell rang to announce his speech, and that had a sincere desire to follow him, was, finally, with the best intentions, unable to keep up with him. Bebel did not weary, but his hearers did, as well they might. Even the most distinguished orator frequently forgets that it is more difficult to listen than to speak, because the orator is producing the results of a mental labour which he performed when he was preparing his speech; while the hearers have this mental labour still to perform, by absorbing the speech itself. Above all, the orator ought to give as many conclusions and as little of his

\* In the original, the reference is direct. Bebel is mentioned by name, and the speaker as "you."

material as possible. But Bebel's speeches were loaded with material. As is frequently the case with self-educated men, he had an excessive respect for exact scientific investigations; he fancied that he had proved nothing until he had proved it by statistics. Hence he assailed his opponent with statistics, although by a single onslaught of his polemics he could do his enemy much greater damage than by all the columns of figures that he mustered against him.

Towards the end Bebel, as has been remarked, no longer acted as orator. But aloof from publicity, within the party itself, he developed an activity which, particularly in recent years, was of great importance.

Under Bebel's leadership the social-democratic party with its 112 delegates grew to be the strongest party in the German Parliament. It is scarcely likely that he himself fancied that this gigantic growth was occasioned by his own talent for guidance. Certainly he was not free from vanity, a fault in which no popular man of affairs is lacking—least of all a Parliamentary orator and the leader of a party. There were times even when he showed signs of a certain Cæsarian disposition, that manifested itself in utterances and actions of a somewhat dictatorial character. His friends once drew attention to the fact that he but rarely attacked the Emperor Wilhelm. They added, jokingly, that the reason lay in a scarcely perceptible sympathy of Bebel with the Emperor, and that this could be explained by a slight similarity in their two natures.

But Bebel was certainly not so vain as to attribute the growth of his party to his own merits. In fact, a few years ago he even did everything to hinder this growth. At that time he was still completely under the spell of those who proclaimed the "pure doctrine," unalloyed Marxism. Impulsive as he always was, he suddenly took steps at the Dresden party conference to "purge" the party, put a ban upon the revisionists, and to hunt the converts out of the temple. The result was that at the Parliamentary elections which took place after the Dresden Conference, the converts actually ceased to be converts, and returned to the liberalism whence they had come. Prince Bülow, who was Imperial Chancellor at that time, was alert enough to realise that the only safe means against an increase of social democracy lay in liberal politics, and in addition he held out the hope that certain demands of liberalism should be conceded by the Government. Thus it turned out that through those elections social democracy in the German Parliament was reduced to nearly one half of its previous strength. But as that Parliament had not fulfilled the hopes of liberalism, as Prince Bülow, who had sought to rule with the liberals also, had been defeated by a Conservative-clerical coalition, and as this coalition was dragging the whole political life of Germany in its reactionary career, discontent seized upon ever wider circles of the German electors. When in the following year Parliamentary elections took place once again, four and a half million social-democratic votes were polled, and 110 social-democratic Deputies were elected. By-elections have since brought their number up to 112. How many among the four and a half million German democratic electors are really social democrats, is hard to say. Quite a considerable portion consist, no doubt, of the converts from the conventional parties. There is no doubt whatever that hundreds of thousands among the German electors merely vote as social-democrats because such an action forms their best protest against the Government; consequently the number of social-democratic mandates is like the reading of a barometer which indicates the strength of the pressure of reaction in Germany.

Thus it was that the converts returned to social democracy. They forgot the affront they had suffered from Bebel at the Dresden party conference. And Bebel himself soon realised what a mistake he had made on that occasion. Among the qualities of a leader few are so valuable as the ability to see his mistakes and to correct them.

Bebel not only abandoned his hostile attitude towards the revisionists soon after the Dresden party con-

ference. One might go even further and say: If the revisionists, that is, the temperate elements of social democracy, have during the last few years continued to gain ground within the party; if radicalism and revolutionism have been thrust more and more from their previous predominance, this result, this phase in the development of social democracy, which is of the utmost importance for the whole political life of Germany, is due in no small degree to Bebel's influence. This was the direction in which his activity moved—the activity which, during the last few years he developed within the limits of his party. With a statesman-like insight which did him great credit, Bebel recognised that the period of dogmatism and radicalism for his party was over, that the path to the future was not revolution but evolution. He, who once had prophesied the "great smash-up" gradually gave his blessing to that type of social democracy which hopes to accomplish its programme, without a general upheaval, by progressive development on the basis of things as they are. Unobtrusively, little noticed by the public, regarded only by those who can view matters from close quarters, there was brought about a change such as the history of few parties can show. The veteran of the party approached the rising generation step by step, the aged leader with a capability for spiritual regeneration that cannot be praised highly enough, sought to merge himself in the ideas of a new generation, to merge with youth.

In the party counsels the revisionists, or the moderates, or whatever else they may be called, had in Bebel a safe support. It was due to him as much as to anybody that on important occasions some of the best of them were sent to the front as orators by the party. All those items of the last few years—and to enumerate them is to indicate the direction of a path on which social-democracy seems slowly, quite slowly to be striving from mere negation towards positive collaboration—the favourable attitude of social democracy towards a constitution for Alsace-Lorraine, and towards taxation measures to meet the expenses of the last military estimates, the alliances with the Liberal parties at the final ballots for the German Parliament and the Prussian Diet, etc.—all these extremely significant events were brought about with Bebel's approval—sometimes even through his decisive collaboration.

Often when an old party leader dies it is a fortunate thing for the party, because he had been clinging to out-of-date ideas, and had thus formed an obstacle to progress. The death of Bebel is, on the contrary, a heavy loss for his party. In this old man, who after a strenuous and troubled life has now gone to his rest an influential champion of new ideas has been lost, and the young elements in his party are deprived of their strongest protector.

P. G.

## The National Guilds System.

By Maurice B. Reckitt.

[Being extracts from an article in the "Church Socialist" for May. Reprinted by permission.]

THE Ideal beginning to be known as "Guild Socialism" is, I hope and believe, destined to provide the revolutionary movement in this country with an inspiration and a driving-force of which, in its divorce from reality, it has in the past stood so clearly in need. . . .

I attempted recently to show that if we took "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" as a convenient formula by which to express our principles, capitalism would be seen to have set about the destruction of each of them, using as its medium a false conception of "Progress" acting through the operation of State Machinery. Socialists—it was argued—had made a mistake in their indiscriminate support of State action—not only because the State was capitalist, but also because it was not for economic purposes the most natural of human associations. Liberty and Equality could only be gained through Fraternity, and the principle of Fraternity applied to industry involves the Guild.

So far then has the argument proceeded; it remains

to explain and justify the principles of Guild Socialism—not only, that is, its central idea, but its implications, and the methods by which we may hope to see it attained. Its governing principle, indeed, is clear enough. It is that the business of production and distribution should be entrusted to associations of the workers in each industry who shall be autonomous except in so far as the State shall require of them a standard of equality, efficiency and conditions of work. These associations will include "all whose work is necessary to the healthful economy of the community. A combination of manual workers remains a trade union—a combination of all the workers, mental and manual, is an unconscious Guild. It becomes an actual Guild when it consciously realises its strength and induces or compels the community to deal with it as an unit, and to entrust to it the production of all wealth that comes within its purview and the economic governance of its members in health, sickness and old age."

These words are quoted from THE NEW AGE, where the principles of Guild Socialism have lately taken shape. How much the idea owes to the writers for that review it would be difficult to estimate, but they would be the last to claim any monopoly for its principles, which were perhaps bound to emerge as the Socialist movement sought for a more enduring basis than the speculations of Communist or Fabian have so far provided.

The first point to be seized is this—the Guild is an historical fact. Whatever may be said of Collectivism as an untried experiment—a step in the dark—ceases to have any force as applied to the Guild. When we are told that Capitalism and its inevitable corollary, the Wage System, are "inevitable," we may point to the fact that there existed in the Middle Ages for two centuries at least associations of craftsmen controlling the whole field of their craft and maintaining a standard of workmanship far higher than anything that later ages have been able to show. Nor were their functions merely economic—their principles were moral principles, they guaranteed order and discipline, and between their members there existed no gulf such as the Wage System of our day forms to mock the very idea of Equality and frustrate the fellowship of man with man.

It is sometimes objected that the coming of the Industrial Revolution rendered the Guild System impossible, but nothing in support of this is shown. The truth is that the Guilds had been destroyed centuries earlier, and the coming of the great machines took by surprise an England already capitalist. The last relics of small ownership and free association crumbled before the onrush of a Factory System directed by a new class of economic adventurers whose advent to power the government of the day took no measures to restrain, and to whom the exploitation of man seemed as natural as the exploitation of land or material. For two centuries the grip of the industrial capitalist has been fastening more surely every year upon the mass of the people. The ultimate result of this development is now close upon us—it is the Servile State. By this term is meant the recognition in law, as well as in fact, that a distinction exists between the owner of the means of life and those dependent on him—a distinction which is not a temporary accident affecting equals, but a permanent and decisive reality corresponding to an essential difference in status, which difference involves the subjection of the "workman" to a special code of regulations from which the "master" is exempt. By thus reverting from contract to status as the basis of human relationship we are denying the first elements of freedom, and setting up a new plutocratic feudalism based not like the old upon service, but upon gain. When we find such a development called "Progress" it becomes clear that our society has lost all sense of former values and that its breach with Christian tradition is complete.

The engine of capitalist tyranny is the Wage System. By this we mean the state of things in a society which, having divorced moral principles from industry, forces the man without economic resource to sell his labour

at a price bargained for in a "labour market" and offers him no alternative to this but starvation. While this system is maintained, whether by Individualist Capitalism as we know it or by the State Capitalism of the Fabian, no emancipation of the people is possible. Deprived of the God-given instinct to create and to control, tossed between sweating and idleness by slumps and booms, blacklisted by State officials in Labour Exchanges and blackmailed by an Insurance Scheme in the interests of industrial efficiency, the worker is rendered as incapable of fellowship as he is of freedom. With real wages falling steadily every year, he is expected to rest satisfied if in return for the narrowing of his area of choice which such a fall involves, he receives reforms calculated to increase his usefulness as a dividend producer. As if this were not enough, all the fads of the prosperous are let loose to prey upon the pleasures of the poor, and the "armed conscience of the community" is invoked to chastise a population so undisciplined as to desire to drink when and what it likes and wed when and whom it likes regardless of the eternal verities of Teetotalism and Eugenics!

From the Wage System, then, we must somehow escape, and here it is of the first importance to realise that this will never be achieved by the methods which we have learnt to call political. Experience shows how difficult it is for those whom the glamour of "Politics" has once bewitched to seize this elementary fact—yet until it is so seized by the revolutionary movement in this country wages will continue to fall with the same persistence that they have done ever since the appearance of the Labour Party in the political arena, and the day of our redemption will be indefinitely postponed. It is, I say, notoriously hard to make this clear without a lengthy demonstration for which there is here no space—but I must rest content with a brief and doubtless unconvincing summary. If we argue that what we desire is an industrial democracy it must be clear that a basis for such a democracy must be sought in the industrial sphere. Such a basis is afforded by the economic power which results from a successful combination of labour for an economic purpose. But applied to politics such a policy is futile for it implies (1) That the proletariat can be united to support a particular political policy which is probably impossible. (2) That even if it were so united the votes of men without economic resource could be expected to avail against those of the classes who had at their back all the power conferred by the possession of the means of production. (3) That if a Labour Party found itself in possession of a majority in Parliament it would be able to use that assembly as a means of carrying out its ends. It could indeed call upon the capitalist and the landlord to abandon their monopolies just as Hotspur could "call spirits from the vasty deep," but the reply to both must be the same:—"But would they come when you do call for them?" The question answers itself and emphasises the truism that can never be too often repeated:—"Economic power must precede—it cannot follow—Political Power." . . .

So the wage system must go and the Guild system arise to take its place—and, again let it be said, not for economic reasons merely. "There is an inevitable harmony (I quote from THE NEW AGE) between existing economic conditions and the spiritual life that belongs to them; ethics and economics are the obverse and reverse of the same coin. . . The wage system is primarily uneconomic because it is dehumanising. It reduces life to terms of barter; the literature and art of that life are degraded with it, and by precisely the same process." But if this is realised, it supports the contention that "economic power precedes political power." And if politics are for the time being a cul-de-sac the struggle must obviously be transferred to the economic field. And here we find a weapon ready to hand—the trade union. Feeble and insufficient as this weapon may appear, it is yet the one hope for the worker, the one point upon which all his energies must be concentrated. The trade union must become the

Guild. And it can only do so when it realises that its action must be directed towards not the amelioration but the overthrow of the wage system. The trade unionist must first throw off the thralldom of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" of politics, and with the resources and energies thus saved set himself down to the task of so perfecting his organisation that by creating a monopoly of labour power he forces the capitalist to concede to him not a mere increase of wages, but an instalment of control. There need be no doubt that once this definite goal was realised and thoroughly prepared for, such a result could be achieved. Labour is indispensable to production, and by establishing a monopoly of it in any branch of industry (and by branch is not intended a mere section) and then refusing its use, the skilled worker's victory is assured. Assured that is on two conditions—that he had the support of other federations of labour prepared in the last resort for a general strike, and that by contract with the co-operative societies, he obtained at wholesale prices, through the funds of his union, the necessaries of life. The difficulties in the way of organising such a state of things are doubtless tremendous, but there is nothing ipso facto impossible about the task, which would not be confined to the industrial arena. The professional Guilds may be expected to give the lead as the inroads of the capitalist, in alliance with the State, become more pronounced. The doctors, in the Insurance controversy, almost found their way to the Guild Socialist solution ere the blacklegs amongst them began their stampede to the panels. With the disgust for politics everywhere increasing, the ravages of capitalism becoming always more complete, and the servile nature of the new State machinery growing daily more clearly apparent, the rise of Guild Socialism is certain. Though its ultimate victory is by no means assured, if once the principle seizes upon the imaginations of the perplexed in every class who are seeking to escape the grip of a loathsome plutocracy, it may be trusted to spread like a flame. The fiery cross will be passed from hand to hand and the clans will go forth to battle.

A rigid scheme of prophecy is no part of our function—no true Democracy will accept a Utopia which it does not itself create. Once economic power has been seized by the workers it seems natural that the State should acquire the railways and the mines and lease them to the Unions by charter. In industries which partook less of the character of services the control of the Guilds might be expected to be more complete. Entrance to the professional guilds would surely be guarded by rigorous competitive examination, and no longer remain open for intelligent idlers to wander into them as an excuse for the pursuit of a definite occupation. Distribution by means of stores would form part of the activity of the Guild, and except in the case of small non-routine industries where individual taste was a dominant factor, would replace the private shop. But all these suggestions touch points of detail only—the great question before society would be to what extent the State and to what extent the Guilds should control, and, in the final analysis, own the means of life. That question would depend for its decision upon tradition, experiment, instinct, and circumstances—it cannot be determined in any theoretical discussion. Yet one thing seems clear—the State should concern itself with economic organisation as little as is consonant with the safety of society. Freed from the obligation of entering a sphere where its interference leads to oppression and its supremacy can only end in tyranny, the State would be able once more to assume functions truly political—it would express the national consciousness on national affairs—"the ends and aims common to all citizens." The defence of the nation's dignity and honour, the choice of its policy in the world, the education of its children in the true culture of life, the maintenance of its fiscal system and its essential services—in all these tasks the State is hampered to-day by the wretched necessity of interfering to buttress a vile in-

dustrial system so savage in its operation that if left to work alone it would destroy the very human material it seeks to exploit and enslave. In the Guilds men would find the medium for a healthy industrial life, an encouragement to regain the lost spirit of craftsmanship, a school of discipline, a means to create and to control, a social and spiritual fellowship of incalculable value. We, who in this age of tyranny, avarice, and fear, look to this alternative and take courage, can say with Mazzini: "Sacred to us is the individual; sacred is society. We do not mean to destroy the former for the latter and found a collective tyranny; nor do we mean to admit the rights of the individual independently of society and consign ourselves to perpetual anarchy. We want to balance the operations of liberty and association in a noble harmony."

## The Boarding House Boss.

By T. H. S. Escott.

THE Thames-side joint-stock palaces that still parade the privileges of private ownership are destined in the fullness of time to undergo the same metamorphosis as that which, some years since, made an inn of the former seaside resort of Randolph Churchill and his fourth party satellites, the Orleans Club, in the King's Road, Brighton. For the average M.P. and his wife, the week-end exodus during the session is not to any domestic roof, on shore or mountain, in forest or plain, but to some co-operative abode where he and his can be received and done for at so much per head. The Metropole for the Stock Exchange Midas as he descends upon it in his "Daimler," accompanied by a lady, incandescent with the light of precious gems, and all the glory of golden hair; for less dazzling patrons the faded caravanserai, now deserted by pleasure coaches, or in some one of its innumerable varieties the boarding-house. The last of these means for most of its habitués not only a vacation outing, but an excursion into polite life. So long as it be not the home or a domestic lodging, it does not indeed much matter where. Wives and husbands, parents and children, have seen enough of each other for weeks, months, perhaps years past, not to be particular about the holiday company in which they find themselves, provided they do not sit next to each other, and get what they pleasantly call change and rest, consisting as these do of faces and fare that are not the staple of their everyday experience.

The sufficiently severe ceremonial order of the Russian Court has been described as laxity in comparison with the pedantic rigour of palace etiquette in the tiny principality of Monaco. Nothing is so grimly austere as the social environment of ladies with a past which by surroundings of exaggerated virtue and present associations of preternatural respectability, they are engaged in the stern attempt to live down. Something of this sort is the case in those establishments that form the holiday grounds of bourgeois and middle-class patrons generally in annually increasing numbers. "We are all going to heaven" were Sir Joshua Reynolds's last words, "and Vandyke is one of the company." The passion of making a party for everything, fomented by smart American influence, now includes all the arrangements of Anglo-Saxon life from the font to the funeral. The seaside or country lodging house sufficed for parents and children during the whole of the annual absence from home down to the last century's very end. That arrangement has now gone as much out of date as the home itself. It is not only that the household mistress protests her turn has at last come for some break in the weary round of the daily interview with an unsuggestive cook and of racking her brains for the making up of the noonday or nocturnal dinner. Our old friends of the Bounderby and Gradgrind connection have expanded their ideas a good deal since their first introduction to us by Dickens in "Hard Times." The Bounderby and Gradgrind boys are sent to Harrow, not that they may get knowledge, but to

make acquaintances. So, too, the young ladies of both household's complain that the fashionable intercourse of Suburbia, even with an occasional trip to the theatre and a rarer dinner at a restaurant thrown in, give them no opportunity of showing off the periodical new dress, or of proving that they can be as flippant, frivolous, if not as naughty as the betitled or modish drawing-room queens and playhouse princesses about whom they know everything and more than everything from the penny society Press. Something, therefore, more stirring for them than a week or a fortnight in the solitude of a Brighton parlour or a Margate first floor!

Adventures are to the adventurous. Only let them penetrate to some Midland metropole where the whole family can by special arrangement be taken cheaply enough, en pension, to some East Anglian boarding house in the most approved Jewish neighbourhood, or to the pick of the hydros that dot the country beyond the Trent, and that multiply like mushrooms in the Scotch Lowlands—the daily and nightly table d'hôtes, the drawing-room there, the conservatory lounges, where the band plays while young men and maidens mingle their cigarette fumes, will really introduce them to the polite existence of which as yet they know nothing save from the accounts of the Misses Richards and Smith, one of whom found a holiday lover and another an actual husband while visiting these areas.

That may or may not be the experience of the two or three Miss Plantagenet-Joneses who have prevailed on their parents once in a way to take them into the paradise of the selectest boarding house in all the border counties. One thing at any rate is certain, Prince Charming in the shape of a real baronet's reputed relative, together with his fascinating friend, the prospective head of a flourishing hardware business may not yet have arrived, or may or may not look like meaning something serious by his advances. The perennial feature of all these resorts is the permanent instalment of some lady or gentleman—perhaps a co-operation of the two in the place of boarding-house boss. The lady is sure to be a professional poor relation; she divides her time in quartering herself on the friends she has not exhausted or the many times removed twentieth cousins she can hunt up. Not that there is anything about her of the diffidence of the dependent. On the contrary, she is the chartered and bullying dictatrix of the whole place. All her table talk is of the past splendours of the style in which she once lived, her delightful journeys round the world in the Prince and Princess Baratavia's yacht and automobile, or the hospitalities she dispensed herself to the choicest guests of the Black Country, in the beautiful home on the outskirts of Tartarusville, to which the knightly manufacturer of small arms conducted her as his blushing bride, in, as the German historian has called the Greek myths period, "that past which was never a present." For it is all pure fiction. The mansion recalled by her tearfully as her dear, dead, old home, was a castle in Spain; the feasts graced by the great ones of the earth were less satisfying and real than stage banquets; the acquaintance with the nobility and gentry is the product of housekeeper's room gossip and much study of cheap reference books. The gentleman with whom she sometimes shares her boarding house position is a little less perhaps the reverse of genuine. In the full open silk-faced frock coat to set off a large superficies of white waistcoats, he affects not only a dignified but almost a royal air, and speaks with the authoritative omniscience of a walking peerage. When at home, in London that is, he inhabits a single room in a by-street off Pall Mall, so obscure as to be discoverable only by himself and the policeman. He belongs to one of the new clubs in the neighbourhood where he can write his letters, see a newspaper, and without regularly breakfasting, lunching, or dining, except as some pitying fellow clubman's guest, he can live for something between eightpence and two shillings a day. He is already elderly and knows the day cannot be distant when all that the club will know

of him must be from the exclusive little list of members deceased.

He differs from his lady rival in really knowing the facts that relate to the court gossip, which is his conversational speciality, and a real attraction to the Midland boarding house where he recruits his almost worn out energies during the long vacation for a mere song. The reason, old Algernon Truffleton knows, is that in earlier life for several years he filled a place in the turnspits department at a royal palace.

## Australian Notes.

By Grant Hervey

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

THE particular kind of strenuous life that I have in mind, in writing a title for this series of occasional articles—articles which seek to explain the real, as distinct from the imaginary or Imperial orator's Australia—is the vigorous life of the national soul, seeking to give an effective expression to itself by means of the finely convoluted turbines of the brain. This should be clearly understood from the beginning. For I hold, and all the men in our movement hold, the methods of Foster Fraserism in contempt. We want, and mean to give, no gush. We object to the bagman's idea of the strenuous life, which merely consists in an aimless rushing about; and which—although it creates a lot of noise, and deafens or blinds the average onlooker—not only means nothing, but also disappoints the few of a fine and earnest attitude of mind, and therefore gets the nation nowhere. Bagmanism is, in fact, the vice of almost all modern speech-making and article writing. Men and women who have never taken time even to read, let alone to think, are besieging the United States and the British Empire; bombarding the Anglo-Saxon world-wide audience with books and blethers that leave one dumb with a kind of mournful astonishment. The monthly and quarterly reviews of Great Britain and America, like the House of Commons and the average American legislature, are full of these monstrous literary and political auctioneers, all of them crying their wares with a terrible zeal and fury, as if they had to obtain orders for Tariff Reform, Free Trade, Industrial Insurance, Women's Suffrage, or some other Brummagem-Yankee notion, on pain of instant death. Just here and there is heard the still small voice of someone who has really thought, who has really gone down into the heart of things, and has brought up some diamondiferous, light-reflecting jewel. To belong to this numerically insignificant order of thinkers and searchers is real distinction. It is for such as these, and with the aid of that world-surveying legion, who march upon the Anglo-Saxon mind's frontiers, that this quiet account of our Land of the Strenuous Life is written.

In an article published in another place\* I have given a general statement of the external policy of the Young Australia Movement. In that synopsis of our platform, written some six months before the Australian elections of this present year, held upon May 31, it was essential to walk warily upon the industrial flank of the Australian Liberal and Labour Parties; lashing these hopeless, old-line organisations with the whip of destructive criticism, but holding our hand from constructive work until such time as the pride-blown banner of Labour had slightly fallen. Now, when the Australian Labour Party is slowly extracting itself from the mud of unexpected, and, therefore, humiliating disaster, we are prepared to unpack our industrial ideas at leisure.

I took personal care, however, whilst that little article of mine was undergoing editorial incubation in the office of Dr. Albert Shaw in New York, to submit a proof to a live Australian working man, inviting his comment or suggestions. The view of the actual worker is the view that the average bagman of the House of

\* "The Young Australia Movement." By Grant Hervey. American "Review of Reviews" for June, 1913.

Commons—and of the heavier magazines—is prone to overlook. Yet, in the last analysis, it is the workers' view—which means the voting view—that matters. Not to have it and not to carefully consider it is to stumble around in a hopeless fashion, completely in the dark. I take pleasure, therefore, in submitting this genuine note of adverse criticism:—

I think that the Young Australia Party are too vague in their proposals to mitigate poverty. Until this great question of unemployment is settled, all schemes for the construction of a fair and beautiful Commonwealth are so many cobwebs. Labour parties, Trade Unions, etc., with all their faults, must be conceded this much—they are direct, and deal with the here and now. However wrong-headed they may be, they know simply and precisely what they want, namely, *more money*. I know men here to-day in Melbourne who cannot rake in more than a few shillings a week. Visit their unspeakably insanitary homes, and see two and three poor little toddlers packed into one bed, and then all this talk of population, of Empire, and so forth—how inane it all sounds. Your proposal is to protect all workers and ensure them a living wage, and at the same time encourage private enterprise. I have only one answer to this—it cannot be done. Now I implore you in the name of the love I bear you not to be associated with any doctrine that blinks at FACTS. I would sooner see this country fall back into the hands of the black fellow than that any polity should arise which continued to tolerate one willing man out of work, one child ill-clothed. I do not pretend to be able to solve this question, with humanity in its present state. Indeed, the solution must be an evolutionary one; but any theory that ignores it only makes me feel sleepy. I will put no faith in the Young Australia Party as politicians until they are explicit upon the question of supply and demand in connection with the labour market. MARKET!! Fancy calling it a *market*—how disgusting! As a spiritual movement, I am quite eagerly interested in it. My only objection to the Party is that it should promulgate ideas that cannot be defined.

As a criticism this is excellent. It agrees exactly with what the founders and directors of the Young Australia Movement have thought in advance. Politically, we shall not make any progress in Australia until the needs—to be distinguished, of course, from the expressed "wants"—which underlie this Labour movement are satisfied. We admit that the Labour movement is our enemy out here, precisely the same as it is the enemy of the industrial reconstructionists in England; but we propose to meet it with understanding, and as its superior, and not—like the hopeless Australian Liberal Party—to abuse, misrepresent, and ignorantly assail it. We are, indeed, quite well aware what happens whenever the brain of a nation attacks the national belly. The latter, of course, suffers; but the former also loses strength. And, undoubtedly, so long as any Australian party—whether it be the Young Australia Party or another is immaterial—so long as any Australian party has no better offer than Wage Courts for Labour, then just so long will Labour lay hold of all such parties by the legs and bring them down in confusion. It is our special merit, as the directors of this Young Australia Party, that we have been sufficiently strenuous and intellectually alive to perceive all this in advance; and we repudiate, once and for all, the vicious and malignantly lying attitude of Australian Liberalism towards the fundamental problems of Labour.

But so long as there was an elated and unreasoning Labour majority in possession of our Australian Senate and House of Representatives, and so long as the attention and good faith of the Australian working man was concentrated upon the pseudo-statesmanship of Andrew Fisher and upon that of the Welsh Lloyd George of this Australian Commonwealth—Mr. William Morris Hughes—just precisely so long did we think it useless to meddle publicly with industrial affairs, or to seek to better the collective wisdom (!) of Labour. Instead, we held that as a party we would do better to concern ourselves with quiet and unostentatious plans for constitutional reform, as also with the problems of foreign and imperial relations. To-day the attention and good faith of the average Australian working man is concentrated upon the figure of Andrew Fisher no longer. We have waited for this day; we have pre-

pared for this day; and now that it has at last arrived, plunging the worker's mind once more into the depths of doubt, we are quietly and calmly equipped in mind, and stand at ease.

Our Young Australia Party, so far as I am aware, will be the first distinct English-speaking organisation of men to adopt as the solid basis of its industrial policy the plan of national reconstruction so ably and so irrefutably laid down in *THE NEW AGE*. We shall formally accept that plan at our next annual conference, to be held at Melbourne in November. We do not absolutely accept it now, at this very hour of writing, because it is not our habit to do important things—things that must affect the whole future of our party—in a hurry. We wait, we think, we revise, we consider, we compare; but when at last we do adopt a given policy, then we are prepared to stick to that policy and to make it part and parcel of our life. Were our attitude other than slowly taken, its steadfastness might suffer in proportion. We are British enough to be cautious and to hesitate; but—this step once formally made—the act will be irrevocable. Our party is a party of quality, not of quantity; and nothing but the best is good enough for us. Given the quality, first in leadership, second in policy, and third in opportunity—given these three, and mere quantity, the thing that puts a policy into permanent action, will follow soon enough.

A note might properly follow here, as to the peculiar constitution of our Young Australia Party. Unlike all other political organisations in Australia, we do not seek to water down our views to a degree that might make them acceptable at an early date to a working majority of the Australian people. That is the role alike of the Liberal and the Australian Labour Party. The consequence is, that not one solitary man in Australia knows to the last iota what Labourism or Liberalism means. Their policies are emasculated unto a condition of shambling hopelessness. We, on the contrary, believe that an effective policy, to be permanent and all-enduring, should be tightened up—not watered down. We hold that a party, right or wrong, ought to say what it means with such precision and such honesty that no one, either friend or foe, shall have one moment's doubt about that party's attitude. To be nebulous in politics is to be, not splendidly, but lamentably null. Accordingly, our Young Australia Movement has never wasted an hour in apologising for itself; has never crawled upon the doormat of any politician, imploring him to take up our cause; and instead of beseeching the crowd to join our Party, we look carefully and very suspiciously at individuals, weighing their value as potential apostles and awakeners of men.

Our great objective, it may perhaps seem pertinent to add, is the gearing up of the Australian nation. We propose to gear up industry, as well as Art, Literature, Music, and the like, to the service of this Commonwealth. We are intuitively aware that a place must be found for everybody—for the workman with his hammer, as well as for the sculptor with his chisel. The Australian Labour Party and the Australian Liberal Party are alike in this—that 99 per cent. of their membership consists of intellectual and spiritual barbarians. It is the fierce, flaming enthusiasm of but one per cent. of the cultured, aspiring-minded men that keeps those parties moving. Presently, when the fully developed industrial and external policy of the Young Australian Party begins to be clearly understood, that one per cent. of magnetic-minded enthusiasts will rush into a new concentric order. They will be filled with a divine, dynamic haste to become even the humblest part in this great new gearing system of the nation. When that happens, the Australian Labour and Liberal Parties will be struck dead. They will die of paralysis of the soul, which suspends all action of the brain. And neither Party will leave any effects. Nevertheless, we have no doubt that it will be amusing, in the course of time, to hear our bustling bagmen and auctioneers of Australian politics and journalism each and all of them offering up their futile and anxious prayers anent the testamentary wisdom and capacity of the deceased.

## The Irish in England.

By Peter Fanning.

ON July 18, 1891, Mr. Parnell arrived in Newcastle for the purpose of addressing a public meeting in the Town Hall. A number of his local supporters met him at the Central Station and accompanied him to his hotel. After a short time all departed about their various occupations and I found myself alone with the chief.

"Now, go and engage a cab," said Parnell, "and we will drive down to Stella and see Joe Cowan."

"Would it not be best to ascertain if he is at home first?"

"Certainly, if you can do so."

I went along to the "Newcastle Chronicle" office, where they made inquiries and found that Mr. Cowan was away from home. So I returned and informed Parnell.

"Perhaps it's as well. I'm very tired and will have a rest." With that the Chief stretched himself on a sofa. He wore a little black skull cap, a fawn-coloured covert-coat, and what looked like a common cotton shirt, the sleeves of which were so long that the cuffs came right over the back of his hands.

He questioned me concerning my course of life since we had met ten years before, and when I had given him a brief outline of my adventures he at once remarked: "Return to South Africa; there is nothing for you in England. I will give you a letter of introduction and recommendation to Cecil Rhodes which will secure you employment."

Observing that I made no sign of accepting his offer, he asked: "Do you not like South Africa?"

"Yes, sir, I like South Africa all right; but I know Rhodes, and—I don't like him, and—I like his schemes even less than I like himself."

"What's he up to?"

"Rhodes is at the head of a crowd of Englishmen, a handful of Irishmen, and a whole host of Jews, who are determined, by hook or by crook, to sneak the gold-fields of the Rand from the Transvaal, as they previously sneaked the diamond fields of Kimberley from the Orange Free State."

"But you need not get mixed up in that business. You can go up country, where you'll be out of reach. Anyway, take a month to consider the matter, and if you alter your mind, write and let me know."

At the end of our conversation Parnell closed his eyes, and as I thought he was falling asleep I sat quite still. Sure enough, in a few minutes the cigar he was smoking dropped from his fingers on to the floor and he slept, which enabled me to observe him closely. In sleep his muscles had relaxed and the paleness of a corpse spread over his features. I had seen enough sick and dying men in my time to realise that I was looking at a man whose days were numbered. The Chief had slept, perhaps, for five minutes, when suddenly his whole frame, from head to foot, seemed to lift from the sofa as if he had received an electric shock. He opened his eyes with a startled look, but encountering only me, he smiled and said, "I think I must have been asleep."

"Yes, sir, you have," I replied. But I asked myself, what had he seen during his short slumber; was it the remainder of his awful journey and the near approach of his Calvary? Anyway, I had seen enough to know that Tim Healy and the priests had won; that the great heart which had faced and defeated all the resources of the British Empire was broken by the base betrayal of those whom he had served. Well, he would soon be beyond the hatred of the one and the slanders of the others. And then, who knew but a day might come when even I would pay them back, in some degree at least. And now that day has arrived.

Parnell was determined not to sleep again, so he began to talk upon various incidents of the past. I happened to relate that one morning when about to cross the river Tugela from the Zululand to the Natal side, I was handed a packet sent to me from Newcastle, which, on opening, I found contained photos of himself, Davitt and Healy. This set him talking of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Of the brothers, John and Willie Redmond, he spoke affectionately. Of Mr. John Dillon he spoke with contemptuous bitterness. Mr. William O'Brien he mentioned more in sorrow than anger, as a good but weak man who had been led astray by stronger men than himself. I then asked him: "Is Tim Healy as clever as he is represented to be?"

"Oh, yes! Much cleverer than ever he has been represented. There never was but one Tim Healy, and there will never be another; but he will never lead the Irish Party for all that."

"How is that, sir?"

"Because he suffers from a kink in his mind."

"How does it display itself?"

"Well, the simplest illustration I can give you is this. If I said to you, 'would you mind drawing that blind down, Mr. Fanning, I feel the light too strong?' you would simply walk across the room and draw down the blind. But if Tim was occupying your chair and I said to him, 'You might draw that blind down, Tim,' he would get up and turn to his right, and because there were no obstacles between him and the window, he would walk up the room amongst all those chairs and tables, just to find obstacles, and overcome them—that's Healy."

"Considering your former relations, his present hostility to you puzzles me; what is his motive?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Parnell, "that takes some telling." Then, after rearranging his pillows and closing his eyes for a few moments as if in thought, he spoke thus: "During the session of '85, I received information that Healy was intriguing with the Liberal Party on his own account. A few days afterwards I received further information that he was intriguing with the Conservative Party also. He was, in fact, trying to bag either or both parties for his own purpose behind my back. I took no immediate steps, but waited till I met Tim in a casual way in the Lobby. I then drew him into a recess, and laying my hand on his shoulder I said to him: 'Tim, I know your game; drop it, or I'll squelch you.' The Lobby was full of members and journalists at the time who, I have no doubt, would have dearly liked to know what passed between us. Well, that is all that passed. But Healy has never forgiven me for it. If you ever hear this statement contradicted, I will give you a sign by which you can test and prove it." And Parnell gave me a sign.

I then asked him, "How do you account for the attitude of T. P. O'Connor?"

"Ah—T. P.? A strange case. Of all the anti-Parnellites, T. P. is the only man with a political head on him; but the pity of it is, it isn't Irish. All his interests are in England."

He then spoke of various leading politicians of the Liberal and Tory Parties, hitting off the strongest points of their characters in a few words and predicting their future course of action. The past twenty-two years have enabled me to test the views of Parnell concerning these men, and, looking back, the accuracy of his forecasts appears little less than marvellous. Deputations now began to arrive, and our conversation came to an end. Irish Nationalists from Newcastle, Sunderland, Blythe, Middlesbrough, Wallsend, Trimdon and Walker presented addresses, thanking the Chief for his past services and hoping that he would defeat his enemies in the present as in former contests.

Later on, we all moved to the Town Hall for the public meeting. For a month previous the priests and anti-Parnellites had done their dirty worst to make the meeting a failure, but they did not succeed. Some of their supporters, however, put in an appearance, full of drink and Healyisms, and assailed the Chief with a torrent of filth that could not have been beaten for sheer putridity by

the great Tim himself. One fellow in particular was so scandalous that I slipped across, caught him by the scruff of the neck, dragged him to the stairs and pitched him head first down. We had peace after that. It is needless to recount here anything that Parnell said on that occasion, beyond his declaration that he would fight on to the end, which, in fact, he did.

When the meeting was over he sent me to the Central Station to engage a "special" to carry him back to London. And when he was leaving about 1 a.m. on Sunday, his last words to me were, "Now, remember about South Africa. If you make up your mind to go, write me and I will assist you all I can." Such was my parting with the Chief, whom I had followed since I was a little boy of twelve.

On the morning of October 8, 1891, the world was startled to learn that the greatest of all Irish Parliamentary leaders had passed away. It is not saying too much to assert that the whole Irish race were shocked and pained at the sudden and tragic ending of the Chief's career. Some of us, myself for one, swore eternal enmity against those who had destroyed him. In the short space of fifteen years, against internal and external enemies, he had accomplished more for Ireland than had ever been effected by constitutional leaders in three centuries.

And now, one of those who so readily deserted him the previous year, merely because an Englishman had turned his thumbs down, rushed into print, with a "Shilling Shocker," before his corpse was cold, to glut the appetites of the Nonconformist "wolves" and line his own fob. Truly, "all his interests are in England."

To the public funeral of Parnell in Dublin the Parnellites of Tyneside deputed Mr. James Louis Garvin to attend as their representative. During his presence in Dublin Mr. Garvin wrote some descriptive reports of the proceedings for the "Newcastle Chronicle," on whose staff he was then employed. In that week's issue of "United Ireland" there appeared a leading article of extraordinary power and passion, which attracted world-wide attention. This article was credited to Mr. Garvin. That he was really the author of it I fully believed, and the majority of Irishmen are still under that impression. But some time ago, when dealing with the latter developments of Mr. Garvin's politics, I happened to mention, amongst other things, this belief of mine regarding the authorship of the famous leading article. For my trouncing of Mr. Garvin I received letters of thanks from Irishmen in all parts of England and Ireland. And amongst them the following correction:—

Lincoln.

My Dear Peter,—

Just a line to thank you for your timely intervention in the masquerading of our old friend, James Louis Garvin. Your scathing exposure would not, I feel sure, be launched against the professional paid journalist; but Mr. Garvin has gone very far beyond that and richly deserves all you have given him. I had some little to do directly or indirectly with a great deal of what you mention and know the truth of it. I forgave Mr. Garvin the journalist, but I have been grievously pained at *James Louis Garvin* pamphleteering against poor old Ireland over his own name.

Now to your query. The leading article, "Ula Ula," in "United Ireland," was written in my presence by John McGrath, and was only waiting to be proof read by Ned Leamy when I last saw the copy. *Garvin did not write it.* The assumption of the authorship of the "Ula Ula" article is a fraud and a sham. Afterwards we made up a party of four cars and drove to Glasnevin to see Parnell's grave and the Martyrs' last resting place. And would you believe it *now*, Peter? Garvin's eyes filled with tears on reading the inscriptions.

When I was in London, Irishmen gave Garvin a wide berth and that is all they did. I was a member of the "Irish Club" and the "Irish National Club." He was unacquainted with either. I had a marked copy of your article by the very next post from Mrs. O'Connor, drawing my attention to it. She is positively grateful to you.

Yours gratefully,

JOHN DESMOND O'CONNOR.

## The Restoration of the Guild System.

By Arthur J. Penty.

VIII.

PASSING ON now to consider the problem of ways and means of re-introducing the Guild System, the first fact we must grasp is that the Guilds cannot be re-established by further evolution upon the lines along which society is now travelling, but by the development of those forces which run counter to what may be considered the normal line of social evolution.

Of these, the first force which will be instrumental in restoring the Guilds is the Trade Union movement. Already the unions with their elaborate organisations exercise many of the functions which were performed by the Guilds; such, for instance, as the regulation of wages and hours of labour, in addition to the more social duty of giving timely help to the sick and unfortunate. Like the Guilds, the Unions have grown from small beginnings, until they now control whole trades. Like the Guilds, also, they are not political creations, but voluntary organisations which have arisen spontaneously to protect the weaker members of society against the oppression of the more powerful. In three respects only, as industrial organisations, are they differentiated from the Guilds. In the first place, they accept no responsibility for the quality of the wares they produce. Secondly, masters are not permitted to become members of these organisations; and thirdly, they do not possess monopolies in their separate trades.

Of course, these are very important differences—differences in fact which for the time being are insurmountable. The circumstance that modern industry is so completely in the grip of the financier and speculator is alone sufficient to prevent any speedy transformation of the Unions into Guilds, since so long as it exists it is difficult to see how masters and men could belong to the same organisation. The question, therefore, which we require to answer is this: Will industry continue to be controlled by the financier, or are there grounds for supposing that the master-craftsman will supplant him in the future?

My answer to this question is, that we have very good grounds for supposing that the craftsman will supplant the financier. Speculation brings its own ruin. It is already ruining the workmen, and in proportion as it succeeds in this it will undermine effective demand, and so ultimately destroy the very source of its dividends. This prediction is based on the assumption that society will quietly acquiesce in the operation of the speculator, but the probability being, as has already been shown, that a revolution will result, the ruin will be considerably hastened. Meanwhile, there are two agencies at work in modern society which are destined to supplant the large factory by the small workshop. The first of these is the increasing use which is made of electricity for the distribution of power at a cheap rate, and the second is the gradual raising of the standard of taste and craftsmanship.

Respecting these, it is easy to see that just as the introduction of steam power created the large factory by concentrating industry, so electricity, by facilitating the distribution of power, will render possible the small workshop in the future. It is true that the growth of the factory system preceded the introduction of steam power and machinery. This, however, in turn was preceded by a decline in craftsmanship which, by substituting uniformity for variety in the practice of industry, made such development possible. And so it

may fairly be assumed that just in proportion as the standard of taste and craftsmanship is raised, the factory system will tend to disappear. The practice of good craftsmanship demands that care be taken with the quality of the work; it demands that work be done leisurely; that the worker shall receive a fair price for his work and that he shall have security of employment. All these things commercialism and the factory system deny him and must deny him, for the two are essentially antagonistic. The victory of the one must mean the death of the other.\*

This brings us to the consideration of the second force which is preparing the way for the restoration of the Guilds, namely, the Arts and Crafts movement, which exists to promote the revival of handicraft. Recognising that the true root and basis of all arts lies in the handicrafts, and that under modern conditions the artist and craftsman have, to their mutual detriment, become fatally separated, the Arts and Crafts movement sought to remedy this defect by promoting their reunion.

Writing on the Revival of Handicrafts and Design, † Mr. Walter Crane says: "The movement indeed represents, in some sense, a revolt against the hard mechanical life and its insensibility to beauty (quite another thing to ornament). It is a protest against that so-called industrial progress which produces shoddy wares, the cheapness of which is paid for by the lives of their producers and the degradation of their users. It is a protest against the turning of men into machines, against artificial distinctions in art, and against making the immediate market value, or possibly of profit, the chief test of artistic merit. It also advances the claim of all and each to the common possession of beauty in things common and familiar, and would awaken the sense of this beauty, deadened and depressed as it now too often is, either on the one hand by luxurious superfluities, or on the other by the absence of the commonest necessities and the gnawing anxiety for the means of livelihood; not to speak of the everyday ugliness to which we have accustomed our eyes, confused by the flood of false taste or darkened by the hurried life of modern towns in which huge aggregations of humanity exist, equally removed from both art and nature, and their kindly and refining influences.

"It asserts, moreover, the value of the practice of handicraft as a good training for the faculties, and as a most valuable counteraction to that overstraining of purely mental effort under the fierce competitive conditions of the day; apart from the very wholesome and real pleasure in the fashioning of a thing with claims to art and beauty, the struggle with and triumph over technical necessities which refuse to be gainsaid. And, finally, thus claiming for man this primitive and common delight in common things made beautiful, it makes, through art, the great socialiser for a common and kindred life, for sympathetic and healthy fellowship, and demands conditions under which your artist and craftsman shall be free.

"See how a great a matter a little fire kindleth." Some may think this is an extensive programme—a remote ideal for a purely artistic movement to touch. Yet if the revival of art and handicraft is not a mere theatrical and imitative impulse; if it is not merely to gratify a passing whim of fashion, or demand of commerce; if it has reality and roots of its own; if it is not merely a little glow of colour at the end of a sombre day—it can hardly mean less than what I have written. It must mean either the sunset or the dawn."

\* A possible objection to this is that the raising of the standard of taste will not affect the engineering trades. The answer is that the engineering trades will shrink immeasurably in the future. The growth of the engineering trades corresponds with the growth of artificial conditions of life, and as life in the future will be lived under simpler conditions, they will shrink proportionately.

† Arts and Crafts Essays. A collection of essays by members of the Arts and Crafts Society.

We do not, of course, need to take this war-cry at its face value. It is one thing to declare a principle, it is another to reduce it to practice. And looking at the Arts and Crafts movement to-day it seems to resemble the sunset rather than the dawn. It cannot be denied that up to the present, while the movement has succeeded in popularising the idea, it has for the most part failed to reduce it to practice. A favoured few, possessed of means or social advantages, have succeeded in establishing themselves before the public, but the number is comparatively insignificant. The majority, after struggling for a few years, have lost heart, and a depression of the movement has followed in consequence.

Sunset, however, is followed by dawn, and while we frankly recognise that the movement is suffering from a reaction, we are not justified in concluding that failure is its inevitable doom:—

Tasks in hours of insight willed  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled,

says Matthew Arnold. The movement is fortifying itself upon more impregnable strongholds, for viewed from the inside it may be seen that the centre of gravity of the movement is being slowly transferred from artistic and *dilettante* circles to the trade. Hitherto the movement has suffered from weakness in three directions. The first was its isolation from the trade; the second, the general absence of intellectual patronage—fashion having been the guiding and controlling influence with the vast majority of its patrons—and the third has been lack of knowledge as to the sociological bearings of the movement, such as would have enabled it to direct its energies in the most effective way.

The gulf which has hitherto separated the movement from the trade shows a tendency to become bridged over. In many directions there are signs that the trade is being gradually leavened; the wave of feeling which created the Arts and Crafts movement has at length reached the workers, and there is good reason to believe that the first condition of widespread success—namely, the co-operation and goodwill of the trade—will ere long be attained.

The patronage afforded to the crafts by fashionable circles, if it has not altogether ceased, is rapidly decreasing, and though, in the general absence of intelligent patronage the Arts and Crafts movement has every reason to be grateful to fashion for keeping the flame alive, we are persuaded that the withdrawal of such patronage will prove to be no evil, since so long as the movement accustomed itself to look to fashion for its support, the work produced must necessarily be of an exotic nature, while the really valuable work which the movement stands for, namely, the restoration of beauty to life, is retarded.

The greatest weakness of all, however, is that hitherto the movement has never clearly understood its own sociological bearings—a defect which the present volume aims at remedying. In the long run I am persuaded that the movement will never be able to make much headway until it possesses a social theory which accords with its artistic philosophy—since until then it can never have a common meeting ground with the public; it will be unable to get support of the right sort, and without such support its value as a force in social reconstruction will be impaired.

I feel well advised in ranking the Arts and Crafts movement as one of the forces of social reconstruction, and that not merely because art is the eternal enemy of commercialism, but because of the peculiar relation in which it stands to modern society. This is the first time in history that art has progressed in advance of the age in which it is practised. Hitherto new movements in art have been preceded by popular movements which have prepared a public capable of understanding them. Thus, the Humanists in Italy prepared the way for the revival of Classical Architecture at the

time of the Renaissance, and similarly the Anglo-Catholic movement provided a public for the Gothic Revivalists and the pre-Raphaelites. I cannot but believe that there is a great significance in this fact and that art is one of the great forces of social reconstruction destined to roll back the wave of commercialism. At any rate, art is no longer able to follow the trend of the age, and sooner or later it will have to choose between being thrust out of society by the ever-increasing pressure of commercial conditions of existence, and definitely taking in hand the work of social reconstruction.

The obvious way in which this is to be accomplished is by joining hands with other reform movements. Instead of seeking to understand each other, reformers have attempted solutions of their own separate problems, regardless of the efforts of others to solve kindred difficulties, with the result that one and all have lost their way amid the expediencies and compromises of practical politics.

### IX.

It would appear that the immediate work before us is the promotion of intellectual unity by a return to fundamentals, the result of which would be not only to unite the different sections of reform movements with each other, but to unite them with the public.

There are many signs that the tendency of modern thought is in this direction. One result of the failure of all reform movements to realise their direct intentions has been the growth of a general consensus of opinion that all substantial reform demands the spiritual regeneration of the people. On this point it is clear that sociologists, scientists, artists, philosophical thinkers, politicians and reformers, are coming to some agreement. Moreover, it is becoming apparent to an ever-increasing body of thinkers that gambling, drink, and many other social ills have their roots in modern industrial conditions; that so long as the majority are compelled to follow occupations which give no scope to the imagination and individuality of the worker, nobler conceptions of life, in other words, spiritual regeneration, are strangled at their roots; and that the cultivation of the æsthetic side of life is the great need of the day.

Meanwhile, abstract thought is tending in the same direction. What was ordinarily called philosophic materialism has of late years receded very much into the background, and in its place we find a restoration of belief in the immortality of the soul through the growing acceptance of the doctrines of re-incarnation and karma, and the tendency to admit the claims of mysticism. The necessity of a revival of religion of some kind is becoming very generally admitted. Consequently we do not hear so much of militant agnosticism as of a tendency to try and find out what are the really essential things in religion.

The discoveries of modern science are confirming this tendency. One has only to mention Sir William Crooke's experiments with radiant light, the Röntgen rays, the N. rays, Dewar's liquid air experiments, the Hertzian currents, the discovery of radium, to show that the abandonment of the doctrine of the physical origin of life (so incompatible with spiritualistic conceptions) is not very far distant. To the lay mind, at any rate, the postulation by science of the existence of a universal consciousness interpenetrating all matter as the explanation of the contradictory results of investigations conducted by the chemist and the physicist, the astronomer, and the geologist, implies such an abandonment.

Hopeful as this tendency undoubtedly is, the prospects of unity are still more hopeful now that the establishment of a just standard of taste in art, in conformity with a philosophic conception of its nature, is within sight. After a century of experiment and failure, art

is at last emerging from the cloud of darkness which through the nineteenth century enveloped it. It is difficult for those who are not professionally engaged in the arts to realise the enormous strides which have been made in architecture and the crafts during the last fifteen years, owing to the circumstance that so little good work finds its way into the streets of our great cities. Yet the advance is remarkable. The reason of this is that as a result of our experiments the fundamental principles of art are becoming more generally understood. The architect of to-day realises that architecture is not a system of abstract proportions to be applied indifferently to all buildings and materials, but that, as already stated, the true root and basis of all art lies in healthy traditions of handicraft; that, indeed, it is impossible to detach design from the material to be used, since in its ultimate relationships design is an inseparable part of good quality. The discovery of this principle, which was foreshadowed by Ruskin in that famous chapter in the "Stones of Venice" entitled "The Nature of Gothic," is rapidly rejuvenating modern art. Commencing with the establishment of traditions of handicraft, architecture by reaction is being regenerated. It is not unreasonable to expect that this new standard will gradually find its way into the finer arts of painting and sculpture. Painting and sculpture can never be healthy except when practised in subordination to architecture, and as patronage of the arts is now so grudgingly given, frequent opportunities for successful collaboration are not likely to be forthcoming.

We may safely anticipate that the new ideas now germinating in the arts will gradually find their way into other branches of activity. It may be true, perhaps, that the æstheticism of the connoisseur is often a very superficial thing. Nevertheless it is the stepping stone to higher attainments; for no man in the long run can study æsthetics apart from the realities they symbolise. The Gothic revival and the pre-Raphaelite movement at their inception may be regarded as in many respects superficial. Yet they have led to the discovery of truth in a hundred fields of research; indeed, it is difficult to say for what they are not responsible. To them in the last analysis we owe the re-creation of the whole fabric of design, while indirectly they have re-created the past for us in a manner never understood before. Incidentally it may be pointed out that the forces they set in motion have not only supplied the key to the problems discussed in these pages, but have also supplied the facts necessary for their proper statement. While again it is to the æsthetic movement in literature that we owe the revival of interest in folk lore, symbolism and peasant life.

It will be thus, as element is added to element, that a soil will be prepared wherein new spiritual conceptions may take their rise. Ideas of spirituality have hitherto been associated with ideas of beauty. And just as spiritual truth is not to be expressed apart from the medium of beautiful form, so beauty of form is not ultimately to be detached from spiritual truth. It will be thus that the pursuit of beauty will tend to re-awaken and to give reality to the spiritual life. Not that the worship of beauty can ever be sufficient to constitute a religion, but that the seeking after beauty in all relationships of life (for society must pass through a state of self-conscious æstheticism ere beauty can resume its proper and subordinate function) is more likely to lead us into the vicinity of spiritual things than a breathless pursuit of riches and ugliness.

Such appear to be the main outlines of an intellectual unity to which we may reasonably look forward in the future; if, indeed, it can be called intellectual unity, for the unity which we anticipate will frankly recognise that the basis of all thought is emotional rather than intellectual, that thought is nothing more than the emotions become self-conscious—a conclusion which a modern writer has expressed in the striking phrase: "Reason can clear away error; it can give us no new light."

Meanwhile the external conditions of modern society are co-operating to lift the masses out of the grooves in which they move and have their being. Rapid mechanical development has not lessened but increased the drudgery of the world; money-making has not, as our political economists prophesied, made the many rich, but has precipitated the masses into the most abject poverty the world has ever seen, while free trade and universal markets have not inaugurated an era of peace and goodwill among nations, but have plunged society into endless wars. Hence the majority of people to-day, feeling that the tendency of modern civilisation is to add more to the sorrow than to the joy of life, are beginning to ask themselves what Carlyle and Ruskin were asking themselves fifty years ago—whither modern civilisation goeth. And so it is not unreasonable to expect that the force which is to carry us back to the Guild system is now germinating in our midst. The failure of modern society to realise itself will result in an effort towards finding lost roads. The people will come to connect the Golden Age with the past again rather than with the future. And such a change is just what is wanted to unite the people with the intellect of the age. For it is the popular superstition exalting the present age at the expense of the past which, more than anything else, perhaps, separates ignorant from cultured people, who, being better informed, are, on the one hand, unable either to take part in popular activities, and on the other, to get a feeling themselves.

A reverence for the past, then, is the hope of the future. This is the testimony of history. Consider what the consciousness of a glorious past did for the Italians of the Renaissance. It was the hope of restoring the ancient splendour of the Senate and the Republic which created the force that gave birth to the great achievements of that era. And though this ambition was not realised, the ideal which it inspired in the national mind remained a force of reconstruction. In like manner a reverence among the English people for the achievements of the Middle Ages in architecture and the crafts, and of the Elizabethan era in literature, would become an influence co-ordinating a multitude of our national activities. The spirit of emulation which such a reverence would engender in society, by setting certain forces in motion, would add just those ingredients which are lacking and lead us out of the quagmire of materialism toward the realisation of a happier and more beautiful life.

Evidence is not wanting that the change will be in the direction here indicated. It is only a century ago that Sir Walter Scott thought it necessary to apologise to his readers for his love of Gothic architecture. Compare England to-day with the England of 1851, with its insolent belief in its own self-sufficiency. If external evidence be called for, take as a common instance the development of the trade in antique furniture and bric-à-brac, yet many of the men who set this force in motion are still with us. Indeed, the change of feeling which is now to be seen coming over the national mind appears to be nothing more than a change which was consummated in the world of art three-quarters of a century ago, for just as the eighteenth century architects thought they had reached a state of perfection equalled only by the ancients, so the mid-nineteenth century thought itself on the high road towards perfection. Subsequent experience, however, revealed the idea in each case to be illusory—a false development preparatory to accelerated decline, since, being essentially artificial, both had moved out of contact with actuality. And just as it was found necessary in the arts to seek a new source of inspiration in a study of Mediævalism, so society by a reverence for the past may renew its lease of life. We live the life of the past to-day in our thoughts, to-morrow we may live it in reality. Thus hopes may be entertained that what has been may again be, and under new conditions with new possibilities, may be again in fuller measure and more complete perfection.

## Readers and Writers.

A WELL-KNOWN literary organ (I should be inclined to call it a literary hurdy-gurdy), informs its readers that Mr. Hall Caine's new novel is to be issued almost simultaneously in fifteen different languages—Bohemian, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, French, Swedish, German, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Russian, Spanish, Yiddish, and English. It is a pity there is no Basque version, but, in default, I think I shall order my copy in Finnish.

\* \* \*

Possibly as a punishment for this piece of flippancy, I have since had the misfortune to read a review of the novel. Miss M. P. Willcocks wrote it, and the "Daily Chronicle" printed it. Most of it is too deep for me, but it contains a charming little combination of comparative literature and mathematics, which quite took my fancy. The theorem is this:—

Sudermann : d'Annunzio :: Anatole France : Hall Caine.

\* \* \*

I suppose my knowledge of proportion is rusty, for I have worked out this sum several times, and I get a different answer every time. Worse still, all my results are different from the one obtained by Miss M. P. Willcocks. But I begin to suspect that the real answer is a surd or, perhaps, even an imaginary quantity. When I think of Mr. Hall Caine and his novels, I am reminded of a joke I once saw in "Simplicissimus" or "Jugend"—I am not sure which. The drawing represented a most blatantly unintellectual person out for a walk with his friend. The road before and behind them is littered with the blatant one's numerous progeny. His friend, calling attention to these unedifying phenomena, expresses his wonder at the number thereof, and his doubts as to the necessity of additions. Whereat the proud father remarks hopefully: "Well, you never know; we may yet have a Goethe or a Schiller in the family." When I think of Mr. Hall Caine and his productions, I share the doubt with which the friend receives this optimistic explanation.

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A German publisher recently issued Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" in what he described as an "authorised translation." Perhaps one cannot be too cautious in such matters, with all these ticklish laws of copyright. This perhaps explains why a well-known English publisher has recently brought out a new version of the "Song of Songs"—with the author's permission.

\* \* \*

"On October 15, 1913, the French Republic will celebrate the second centenary of the birth of Diderot." This is the text of a bill voted during July in the French Senate. It is hardly to be expected that anything analogous will be done in England for Sterne, who was born on November 24, 1713. In his own day Sterne had a great reputation abroad. There is little doubt that Jean Paul Richter copied his style, and as Carlyle copied Richter's, we have a curious example of ziz-zag borrowing and re-borrowing, which is not without interest for the student of comparative literature.

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Last month I made some odious comparisons between the literary articles in English and German newspapers. I do not wish to insist too much on a painful subject, but I cannot pass by a similar example that has since come to my notice. In a copy of the "Národní Listy," a daily newspaper published in Prague, I find on the front page a longish article on free rhythm. The patrons of our halfpenny Press would, I rather fancy, strongly resent the intrusion of mere prosodic matters into their morning thrills. (The only metres that concern them are those covered in the latest automobile jaunt.) This particular article, by the way, is signed O. F., and I think I am not wrong in assigning it to Ottokar Fischer, a poet critic and stylist of a high order, whether he writes in Czech or in German. Nietzsche has influenced his work strongly.

Some of the Russians seem to have been indulging in very high jinks on Tolstoy's estate. So much so, in fact, that Countess Sophie Tolstoy has been constrained to write to the Moscow newspapers in the following terms: "As the public that visits Yassnaya Polyana and Leo Tolstoy's grave, behaves in an unbecoming manner, and shows a particular bent for rowdyism on Sundays, I hereby inform the public that in future the house and the estate of Yassnaya Polyana will be open for visit and inspection only once a week. I have been forced to this measure by the conduct of the public. On June 22 four strange men brought into the house a drunken man whom the doctor had great difficulty in restoring to consciousness. On June 29 the park was filled from early morning to evening with many visitors, among whom a number of drunken persons could be noticed. The public does not pay the slightest heed to the fact that the park is open only at particular times, but even go so far as to protest against such restrictions." This looks more like the power of darkness than the fruits of enlightenment.

A correspondent to THE NEW AGE has already drawn attention to the way in which Strindberg is being indiscriminately foisted on to the English public. Any old thing will do as long as it is labelled Strindberg. The only amusing feature of the business is the way in which publishers and translators perform their parts with the air of persons who are breaking entirely new ground by acquainting the civilised world with a hitherto unknown author. (I read "The Father" and "Miss Julie" at the age of sixteen.) And the puny hacks who write in the literary journals trot out the usual clichés about baffling personality and the rest of it. Strindberg himself would have roared at the comedy, although he was not exactly given to laughter.

The Strindberg craze has set me reflecting on the number of European literary personalities who are still completely unknown in England, and I came to the conclusion that it would be an easy matter to make a similar literary "discovery" every week for a year at least. I wonder if we shall ever hear, for example, of such Scandinavian authors as Gustaf af Geijerstam, Herman Bang, Amalie Skram, or Arne Garborg? These are just a few names which occur to me, and they hardly belong to the present generation. Then there is the Dutch writer Edward Douwes Dekker, whose pseudonym Multatuli was no pose. But he, at any rate, shall not remain entirely unknown to NEW AGE readers.

Ant. Klástersky, the author of the "Ironické Siciliani," which I have translated for a future "Pastiche," is of sufficient interest and importance to receive a special comment here. Before I received the book from the author a few months ago, I knew him as a lyric poet who has been compared to François Coppée, as a delicate and skilful sonneteer, and as an active translator, particularly from English poets. (At the present moment he is completing the Czech translation of Shakespeare, begun by the late J. V. Sládek.) In more senses than one I value the autograph copies which I possess of his complete translation of Wilde's poems and of Eugene Lee-Hamilton's "Imaginary Sonnets." But these "Sicilian Octaves" revealed to me an entirely new and equally sympathetic phase of his work. At first I hesitated to undertake the difficult task of putting any of them into English, chiefly on account of the exacting form in which they are written. However, by choosing a day when I felt more satirically inclined than usual, I managed to produce something which does, at least, give a faint suggestion of the original. In this way also I have attempted to pay off some small instalment of a debt I owe the author, who has translated and printed certain of my own productions.

On July 19 of this year Hermann Bahr, the Austrian novelist, playwright, and critic, celebrated his fiftieth

birthday. Thereupon the Berlin publisher, S. Fischer, brought out, with praiseworthy enterprise, "Das Hermann-Bahr-Buch." (If a writer can be found in England whose work is worth reprinting, and if he ever celebrates his fiftieth birthday, I recommend the same procedure to his publisher.) This "Hermann Bahr Buch" contains sixty-six of Bahr's essays on social, philosophical, artistic, and literary topics. (It was Hermann Bahr, by the way, who coined the phrase "die Moderne.") With a lightness of touch, which, in spite of his own protest, he has learned largely from the French, and a real insight into things in general, he discusses the most incongruous subjects from education to Mr. Lloyd George—from Verlaine to Austrian railways—from money to "The Sermon on the Mount."

As a literary critic Hermann Bahr is too impressionable to be safe. He "discovered" Hugo von Hofmannsthal, for instance, and supposed him to be a middle-aged Frenchman writing in German. Yet at the time, Hofmannsthal was a mere lad. Bahr describes the whole episode charmingly in the essay "Loris." In dealing with Mr. Lloyd George he gets even farther from the truth, except in one passage where he artlessly observes: "Under certain circumstances he might have become one of those unscrupulous adventurers of genius on the Stock Exchange, who stick at nothing because they know that everything can be had for a mere tip." The irony of it!

But when Bahr deals with Austrian affairs that he understands, he develops what might almost be called indelicate irony. Thus the beginning of his essay on "The Austrian Post Office": "Austrians ought not to be allowed to travel abroad. They get pampered there, and when they come home they are thoroughly impudent. I, for example, since my stay abroad, have got an absurd notion into my head that the Post Office should deliver letters. And it is of no use that the utmost trouble is taken to free me from this erroneous idea. . . ."

English readers will find much to reflect upon in Bahr's analysis of the English character and his comments on English literature. Of the late Samuel Butler he says amusingly that he was "the father of Bernard Shaw, and, so to speak, the aunt of G. K. Chesterton." And where he goes wrong over Wells, Bennett, Shaw or Galsworthy, he goes amusingly wrong.

"Das Hermann-Bahr-Buch" ought to send many readers to the various volumes of essays from which its contents have been compiled. And I mention, in passing, that this well-printed volume of 318 pages with twenty-one illustrations costs a mark, or, in stiff covers, a mark and a half.

Another Austro-German writer has recently been celebrating an anniversary. This is P. K. (i.e., Petri Kettenfeier) Rosegger whose seventieth birthday fell on July 31. He received numerous congratulations from people quite unconnected with literature, and the event had, indeed, more chronological than literary interest. Rosegger's first book, "Zither und Hackbrett," a volume of dialect poems, appeared in 1879, and from that time onwards he continued his overproduction of novels, tales, and sketches from Alpine life. In this way he set a dubious fashion in "Heimatkunst," which, being freely interpreted is Kailyard. A strong and homely personality working on the good old conventional lines, together with the halo of romance which surrounded the struggles of his uneducated youth, did much to establish his popularity. But for my own part, I find that this kind of thing tires me after half-an-hour:—

"Da heundigi Tog is sa schen, als wia wann er von Himel wa gfoln. Don und won lasst er oan ower, unser Herrgott, an glückselign Tog. Vor funfzg John is ah oana gwen. Ees zwoa Leutl seids selm in unsrer liabn Pforkirchn vor Oldor gstondn, jung seids

gwen, und gern hobbs Enk ghobb, wir Qdam und Ever in Poradeis."

\* \* \*

This specimen of Styrian dialect (especially the forms "Ees" and "Enk," which are old duals) interests me as a student of language, and that is all. To be sure, Rosegger does not always write such broad vernacular as this, or he would never have been so widely known, but where he loses in linguistic interest, it cannot be said that he gains correspondingly from a literary point of view.

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As a writer of verse Rosegger is at his best when he lays aside his sentimental trappings and speaks out with true peasant bluntness. The following lines headed "Die Dichter und die Leute" are a fair sample:—

Wir säen Samen,  
Es wachst nix.  
Wir schreiben Dramen,  
Es wirkt nix.  
Wir erzählen Geschichten,  
Es tut nix.  
Wir dichten Gedichten,  
Es hilft nix.  
Wir sprechen Sprüche,  
Es nutzt nix.  
Wir fluchen Fläche,  
Es schad't nix.

This may not be very good poetry, but it is good common sense; and it sums up most of the business of literature and a good deal of the business of life.

\* \* \*

"Die heilige Erde. Ein Hausbuch für freie Menschen" (Ernst Reinhardt, 3 marks) is a collection, chiefly in verse, whose tendency is freedom of thought—using that phrase in its fullest sense. It bears some resemblance to "Das Buch der Freiheit," which Karl Henckell edited for the "Vorwärts" ten years ago. It is, however, not so copious as the older book, and some of the contributions by quite modern writers seem to me of questionable value. Still, as Goethe, Schiller, and Nietzsche are well represented, nobody can fairly grumble at the compiler, Louis Satow, for the general effect of his selections. But I wonder why the ten extracts from Whitman are described as translations from the American. Surely that is the language into which German writers are translated for our benefit, and not the one from which they themselves translate.

P. SELVER.

## Over Two Passes.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

WE left Tragbal at seven in the morning by the Gilgit road, there a soft shady path bending up through fragrant pine woods. Through the trees were wonderfully clear views of the mighty snow-peaks encircling the lake, which lay as blue and as calmly beautiful as the cloudless sky. We could hardly bear to look on the mountains, so dazzling was the sunlight upon them. Soon we passed patches of brownish snow lying under the pines, and, at length, the path began to be covered. At last we passed out of the sweet-smelling pines on to a great white shoulder. One well-worn line of tracks showed the road, and another, rising more directly and steeply through the snow, the short cut. We trudged up the straighter way, pressing the soft flakes beneath our feet into little lumps of ice. Sometimes they melted away under us, and we slipped down the cold moist slope. Now and then we fell in up to our waists through the snow-lid of a concealed hole. The ponies with our baggage whinnied uneasily on the road as their legs sank deep into the snow. The six pony men, one to three horses, led them along with a monotonous warning, "Hoosh, khubadar! Hoosh, khubadar!" For about an hour we clambered up the steep slope. The reflection of the blazing sun upon the snow was so painful that we put on coloured goggles, which made it still more difficult for us to find out the harder snow and the more easily graded tracks. As it got later in

the morning the surface of the snow began to soften. At last we reached the top of the ridge, far ahead of the ponies. Before us was a huge dip in the gleaming snow. We had to pass down through this, and then there was a far higher and steeper slope to ascend to the top of the pass, on the left of which rose smoothly the actual summit of the mountain—the Survey Peak. It was a pleasant change to tread down the path, but, as we crossed the dip, clouds began to gather on the peaks, and a biting wind sprang up. Breathlessly, for breathing was difficult at the altitude, we toiled up the ridge. The wind ceased, the sun shone hotter than ever, and glistened on myriads of dazzling snowflakes. We were half-way up, when we saw the ponies arrive at the top of the first slope. The poor brutes were scrambling about in the deep top snow which was melting fast in the heat. Every now and then one would try to turn off the mushy path on to the harder and untrodden slopes below. One of the pony men had to run out and turn the beast, and those behind it, back on to the track—the Gilgit road! There are Roman roads over the Alps, Canadian roads through thousands of miles of bare, unmarked prairies, grand trunk roads through the parched plains of India, over rivers and watercourses, through desert and forest and meadow and ploughland, by village and city, but there is no road like the Gilgit road—the path that winds through the pine woods, that crosses in far away valleys scores of little streamlets, stepping-stones, or rude bridges of logs or even a single unsmoothed trunk, most wonderful of all, grips its precarious way through the steep slopes of everlasting snow, through blizzard, mist, and avalanche.

At last we reached the real summit of the Rajdionga Pass, but all the mountains were wrapped in mist, and we saw no view. The ponies and servants took a rather lower and longer way round, and we were separated from them at the top by a long ridge. We walked on one side of this, and they went round the other. When we met them again, a mile farther on, we found that Boyne's bearer was suffering from mountain sickness, and had had to have his eyes bandaged and be roped to Azdoo, the shikari. He complained of pains in his head, lungs, shoulders, and arms. We promised to cure him as soon as we got out of the snow. It was now midday, and the surface of the snow was unpleasantly soft, but we had to walk in the main path in order to tread it down for the ponies. Three or four of them plunged about in terror when their forelegs sank deep into a hole, and managed to throw their loads off their backs. At last, however, we came down to a place where the muddy path became visible. It was slushy and interrupted every few yards by a snow-drift, and with a horribly treacherous surface. Eventually we came down to a pine forest, very sparsely sprinkled with snow. We stopped here until the unhappy ponies straggled up. Then Boyne opened one of his kiltas and brought out a big rubber bottle, with which we performed on his bearer the first oxygen inhalation in Asia. The man, having great trust in his master's medicine, immediately declared the pain in his head and lungs gone; Boyne and I had both inhaled a few breaths, but, beyond a certain comforting of the lungs, we felt no effects, and it was no wonder, for we discovered afterwards that we had prepared a gas about one-twelfth of the necessary strength.

We pushed on through the pines down a zigzag path all muddy with the drippings from the melting patches of snow. At length we reached the bed of the valley. All the way down the steep centre of the gully from the top of the Rajdiongar Pass lay a great unmelted strip of snow, sheltered by the sides from the heat of the sun. Up and down this the dak-wallahs have to scramble in all sorts of wintry weather, as they carried the daily post to Gilgit in two-mile relays. Underneath it a little streamlet roared, increasing as it was joined by all the dribbles of the mountain-side, until towards the bottom and along the valley it tunnels away the snow to such an extent that it flows out into the light and is crossed only by the merest snow-bridges. The road led along

the foot of the valley for a few miles to a little stony meadow where we found the ponies turned loose and the camp being slowly pitched, with all the Indian servant's usual perversions and idiosyncrasies. A great fire was lit in front of our tents, and when at length we retired, each to his tent with his hurricane lantern, the crackling of the logs could just be distinguished from the noise of the cold torrent.

The next day we did not strike camp until past ten o'clock, as an easy march was before us. As in all Himalayan valleys, the southern slope on which we walked was bare alike of trees as of snow, while across the river great pine forests towered above little snowy nullahs which led down into the river.

We followed the bed of the stream for six or seven miles, until, at a bend, we came to the valley of the Kishenganga river. We crossed into the pine-trees' shade and marched on a few miles up stream over numerous bridges of snow, crossing and re-crossing the slate-coloured river by stout wooden bridges. On the bare southern slopes little streamlets trickled across the pathway; at some of them we drank, at others we were greeted by wild-looking men from the remoter valleys, in great fur-lined Pushtu coats and round woolly caps, true Tartar types. The valley gradually narrowed, and its precipitous wooded sides towered over us. For a mile we walked through this dark gigantic corridor, beside the sombre torrent. At last the walls began to open out and the path entered a bright, grassy pine-forest. Here many a flock of sheep and goats was feeding, shrilly tended by beautiful little shepherd lads. The forest ceased suddenly and we came out into the broad valley of Gurez. At its head, a couple of miles away, an enormous rock-peak tapered into the sky; all around rose steep, pine-clad mountains. Between them snowy peaks and shoulders gleamed in the sun.

There is a blight in this valley. A horrible icy wind seems to blow across the ploughlands, even when the tropical midday sun blazes down on the boulders and the dazzling white blocks of quartz. We stayed there three days. At first we camped beside the river, near a crazy wooden bridge, of which the whole centre section rested unfastened upon the two abutments, so that, in a flood, it could be immediately swept away without wrenching the foundations, which were securely buried in the banks.

Boyne spent an uncomfortable day with Azdoo and one or two coolies in a steep, stony nullah, after ibex. When he came up with the herd he had been stalking, I am glad to say that he found them to be all under the regulation size for shooting. It took him two days to recover from his fatigue and chagrin. We moved camp during this time a little higher up the valley, beside an old Ziarat.

Under some mighty elms was a little wooden building, pagoda-roofed and walled with smoothed logs and latticed windows, standing in an untended garden full of weeds and wild flowers, and enclosed by a high fence. A dozen ragged white flags waved on a platform, and little strips of cloth and paper were tied across the doorways. Within is the saint's tomb, made of rounded stone, and covered with a small dingy awning. Here we stayed a day.

We left Gurez early one morning for Tilail, a valley famous for its inaccessibility. We had therefore to take thirty coolies instead of the ponies. We left the Gilgit road a mile or two beyond the great rock-peak at the end of the valley, and turned up a steep snowy nullah. Hour after hour we toiled up through the snow, dazzled and slipping. With the sun on my back I began to feel ill, my head swam, and I became giddy and sank down. "Alfred" hopped down to me and I crawled on, and on, and on. Suddenly I heard a cheery voice above me. I looked up and found Harper holding out a flask of tea. A few yards farther and I gained the top of the pass. Before us rose row behind row of snowy peaks. As we sat gazing at the glorious sight, clouds began to cover the whole sky, except where, far away, a blue patch showed that no rain would fall on parched Ladakh, which, for this very reason, with the bitter

cold of its nights, is admitted to be cursed with the worst climate in the world. Soon hail began to fall and we scrambled helter-skelter down the pass to a distant pine-wood. There we dodged from tree to tree until the storm stopped. Then we walked down by a steep snow-bridged path to where the valley stream roared its way out from its snowy tunnels. There we rested under a huge pine until the storm-harassed coolies came down to us three hours later. We were in the valley of Tilail.

## From "Multatuli."

### SOUND MORALITY.

OLD Mr. Kappelman had a sudden craze for philosophy and he spoke thus:—

"My son, pay more heed to what you *say* than to what you *do*, and it shall go well with you in the shop that I shall give you near the apartment of your birth.

It matters little, my son, whether the plums are good that you sell. *Say* and repeat: How remarkably good these plums are.

Think what you like of Parson Theokrat, my son, and refuse him credit, if need be, when he sends again for sugar on a yearly account. Throw him out, my son, if he annoys you too much with fresh raisins when business is brisk; but, my son, be careful never to *say*: This parson is a noodle, or Those raisins are really from last year's stock.

Punch your wife, my son, if you are certain that you can punch harder than she can. But, my son, never *say*: I wish that the hussy were dead, or She has freckles.

Scratch someone's eye out if it must be, my son, but never *say*: This man squints.

Despise the people who behave badly in public and go a street further, my son, to avoid them, but *say*: I went a roundabout way to inquire how the woman is who has been confined. And if no woman has been confined in the neighbourhood, *say* that you chose that street, to see whether by chance any woman had been confined there.

And if you see anyone who has fallen down drunk in the street, *say*: This man is resting.

And whenever you notice any filth on your path, *say*: There was a lot of fish in the market to-day, or: It will rain when the wind drops, or: The wind will give over if it rains, or something of that sort; or *say* nothing at all, my son, but in any case do not speak about the filth that you saw.

For, my son, man is so constituted that he can swallow much filth, but by no means your words about filth.

And so, my son, by calling many things by strange names, or even by not naming the things at all, you will sell many raisins—even though they may be over a year old—and you shall prosper in your shop as I have said, when I was overcome by a whim for philosophy.

### GOD MAKING.

Voltaire said: "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer." Certainly! All power is from God. He who desires power, desires God. He who needs power or authority, makes a god for himself. Moses, Confucius, Zoroaster, Numa, Columbus, Cortez did that. All leaders of the people, all soothsayers, magicians, priests have done that. That is done even to-day by everyone who wishes to rule. The number of gods is as great as the number of desires. At every new desire a new god.

Holloway made gods from unknown physicians who urge you to buy his pills. "Thus speaks the Lord," says Moses, and "Thus speaks Dr. So-and-so," says Holloway. Obey and buy: And both add: "That your soul may not perish."

A servant girl went out with her master's children. She received the order to take good care of them. But, lo! the children were disobedient, and ran away, so that her attention was unavailing and her care useless.

Thereupon she created from "nothing" a black dog

that would bite every child who did not keep close to her. And the children were frightened of the dog, and became very obedient, and kept close to her. In the deliberation of her heart she regarded the dog that she had made, and she saw that it was useful.

But the children went mad for fear of this dog. And they have remained so to this day.—“Minnebrieven” (1861).

In Samoyedia—I do not know if the country is called so, but that is a defect in the language which we must make good—in Samoyedia it is the custom to besmear oneself from head to foot with rancid train-oil. A young Samoyede omitted to do that. He besmearcd himself neither with train-oil nor with anything else.

“You do not follow our manners,” said a Samoyedian philosopher, “. . . you have no manners. . . you are unmannered.”

That saying was quite correct.

It stands to reason that the unmannered young Samoyede was ill-treated. He caught more seals than anybody else, but it availed him nothing. They took his seals away from him, gave them to Samoyedes who fairly stank of train-oil, and let him suffer hunger.

But worse was to come.

After having lived for some time in an unsmearcd state, the young Samoyede began at last to wash with eau-de-cologne. Now, fragrance was not to be tolerated in Samoyedia.

“He is acting against morals,” said the same philosopher. “He is immoral! Come, we will continue to take away the seals he catches, and chastise him into the bargain.”

They did so.

But because in Samoyedia they had no slander, no copyright, no aspersion, no foolish orthodoxy, no false liberalism, no corrupt politics, no corrupting ministers, no rotten Second Chamber, they beat the patient with the gnawed bones of the seals that he himself had caught.—“Ideen,” No. 447 (1st series).

#### TO MY CHILDREN.

You are still too small, and would not yet understand me, but one day the time will come that you will read what I am now saying. Well, if I ever appeal to you on the strength of my fatherhood. . . . scoff at me!

If I ever demand love from you. . . . because. . . . because. . . . how shall I say? Love, because something happened once, whereby I thought absolutely nothing about you. Love, because I did something before you existed. Love, because. . . .

Fill that in, children; you will be able to when you are of an age to read what your father wrote; fill it in!

If I ever demanded love for that. . . . throw mud at me!

Scoff at me, ridicule me, throw mud at me if I ever demand allegiance. . . . because of that!

Imagine that the Bible text in the “Commandments” has been garbled by translators. Yes, and it has, too. Believe me, it runs: Hate your father, then shall you live long! Just try it!

I should only like to see a “Lord” who had the power to prevent you from loving your mother, and even if he promised ten long lives in ten lands at once! With or without Bible text, for or against the Bible text, with or without commandment, shall she and I be able to deserve your love through love. He who cannot do that is not entitled to any love!

Your allegiance will subsist as long and as far as my spirit is more developed than yours, because I began a few dozen years earlier. You will soon have made up for this space of time, especially since I, alas! am so often stationary upon my way.

Children, you will have nothing to thank me for except what I did for you after your birth, and not even that. Love finds its reward in itself.

Oh, if you were already so far that you could read my “Ideas,” and everything that I have kept for you alone! Oh, if I could only hear this:—

“We love you, O father, but you had no need to be our father for that!”—“Ideen,” No. 211 (1862-77).

(Translated from the Dutch by P. SELVER.)

## The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

### I.

PARIS is a civilisation almost wholly surrounded by cafés; few travellers arrive there. In the borders of this great oasis one may observe “the world *yanqui-polonaise*” which sits at the farthest tables and drinks the same drinks and regards the same boulevards and apparently the same gardens—with a difference. In the world *yanqui-polonaise* reside the English and the outcast, and they talk with great volubility and a moderate vacuity and they know next to nothing at all. They have “Hope”—rather like Watts’—and they have vague beliefs and intentions, and throughout the Quartier, art dilutes itself impalpably into life, and life is by no means regimented into the realm of the arts. It needs a native like Gautier to call a garret a garret.

Beyond the tables where they talk a great deal are the tables where they talk scarcely less—the tables of the Gallic periphery, of the Parisian Devonshire Street. L’Union Poétique Français or something of that sort they call it.

And beyond these faintly illumined borders sits Monsieur le Prince des Poètes in the Café Lilas with his hierarchy. They talk appreciably less, but their smiles are of the utmost benignity. It is part of the modern culture to speak well of the genial Paul Fort. They say his things have “The tone,” and I believe that this is the fact, although there are a good number of poets in Paris who are far more likely to stir the alien pulses. It is possible that one must hear Fort’s work read aloud by some perfect reader before one can realise how much Fort is Paris; just that—not an excerpt, not a portent, the tone!

Driving beyond this, beyond the sight of this table where men spoke in decent and fitting voices such as I have heard even in drawing rooms, I fetched up in the cellar of the “Chatelet.” It is hopeless to speak in general terms; the voyager can but tell his private adventures; so be it. I found about twenty men in an alcove. They were rather tense and laconic. The brains of to-morrow’s Paris were holding a council of war; it was not a plot against the State but only against the general stupidity. They have almost elected a lunatic to be member of the Chamber of Deputies. They lacked only about £60 for bribes. In the course of that pleasing campaign they had called a public meeting—“To protest against the earthquake in Messina.” They are capable of unveiling statues to Vercingetorix, of bamboozling chefs-de-gare, or rigging the daily Press, and of creating temporal princes.

I think no one of them spoke more than one sentence at a time. Their war against stupidity is a merciless war-to-the-knife. There seemed to be present among them some, perhaps inarticulate, consciousness that intelligence is always an oasis. Whether it be in Athens or in Alexandria there is always the world without. The barbarians, whether they are actually illiterate or whether they depend on a subsidised press, are always equally far from the living thought of the hour, equally far from to-morrow, equally a prey to superstitious conviction.

So for three satiric hours I watched the little flame of free intelligence at strife for its very existence. I saw Paris conscious of being Paris, indifferent to everything beyond Paris, knowing for a truth that if any prophet should arise in the wilderness Paris would know his message before his neighbours had heard it. I felt this pleasing, insolent consciousness that every thought, every invention that was worth considering, would be brought before them without any expenditure of effort on their part. As for the mob: “Nothing affects these people except our conversation.” This group did not bother to say that. Thinking with good cause that Paris is always at least twenty years ahead of all other “worlds of letters” they deem with almost equal warrant that if an original mind appear in any other country he will be driven to

Paris to get his first recognition. This may not be the case, but it is near enough to go by.

Beyond this bivouac there are, I suppose, the peaceful temples of that city. De Regnier possesses a house; at least he has been photographed sitting in something that would seem to be his own drawing-room; and he has written one noteworthy poem about young men who came there to see him. I am led to believe, on hearsay, that even in Paris certain lives are passed with that decorous order which is supposed to be produced only in England. Monsieur Remy de Gourmont must also have a *salotto*, for there has come to me, also by hearsay, the most delightful of pictures of M. Anatole France on this threshold in act of greeting the company, with his own perfection of style and with an ultimate finality, "Nous parlons de Cleopatre."

Yet these things are beyond my knowledge. I have never come into Paris. I have walked about in France. I know I have been in England, and by that I do not mean that I pay room-rent in London. I have been in a curious place where people move and speak as they do in Mrs. Ward's novels, and where the very illustrations of "The Century" would seem to have life and being. I am aware that this was a very high place and that having been born in Finisterre, in the peaks of Darien, it might be thought that I had attained the summit of mortal glory. It may easily be held that my desire toward Paris is a morbidity. Yet I do not precisely admit a "desire toward Paris." There are just two things in the world, two great and interesting phenomena: the intellectual life of Paris and the curious teething promise of my own vast occidental nation.

And London? Is just an easy-chair, the most comfortable place in the world. And the London life of letters? In my five years of residence I have found exactly one man who is really happy when someone else writes a good book; one man with a passion for good-writing! and a few with whom one can talk.

I do not mean to say that the island is wholly denuded of writers. There are older and unattainable writers—Henry James and W. H. Hudson—with whom one has had the chance of a few words in passing. There is in the background a sort of mythological Hardy, whom we vaguely believe to have been a crony of the late Walter Scott, Bart. There are a few foreigners, who come here for the quiet life. There are certain names spread over the Press, certain "abundant natures" who believe in doing things badly, provided you do enough. There are certain, even efficient, writers who stand for everything that the serious artist must most abundantly detest. There is at least one notable poet, and perhaps a dizaine of men who have written delightful poems, and, perhaps, a half-dozen young men who want really to come at good writing.

And I suppose that is really enough, and that mortal man who lives but a little space between block pavements should not seek from the gods any further surroundings. Such, at least, is the insular view. Ever esurient, I have sent forth my vagrant thoughts. They have ventured to cross the Channel. I do not propose, in the following papers, to provide the culturing audience with a complete guide to Paris. I do not pretend to any exhaustive knowledge of the contemporary writers of France. I have browsed about among their books and come upon matter of interest.

I have found men who were content to do their own job. I have found no one trying to be a super-Racine, or even a super-Béranger.

This lack of the atavistic tendency is piquante.

Roughly, I intend to make a few general remarks about English foreign relations and to discuss in a more or less haphazard manner the work of Remy de Gourmont, Romain, Vildrac, de Regnier, Corbière, Tailhade, possibly Rimbaud if the topic is not outworn, possibly Paul Fort if, as a foreigner, I find it possible to say anything intelligent about this so peculiarly French author. I reserve the privilege of dragging in anything else I like from "Emaux et Camées" to "Alcools" by Apollinaire.

## The Nature of Insanity.

By Harold Lister.

"What demon wages against the spirit of man that he neglects nothing but the art to live?"—*The Maids' Comedy*.

THE majority of people imagine lunacy to be a definite state of mind, with distinctive and easily recognised characteristics. Once a lunatic always a lunatic. Now the lunatic has his sane periods just as a sane man has his foolish moments, and it would be absurd to expect an all-round, machine-like regularity in either. There is, however, one particular characteristic whereby the lunatic is known to the specialist in mental disorders, and that is the symptom called "bulimia"—voracious hunger. The average man might think this a good sign of health, as witness when he hears of a friend being ill he says, "Well, now, and him such a good eater. Who would have thought it?"

At the recent Medical Congress it was decided that the great increase in insanity was due to some cause not yet known. They, too, think "good eating" an indication of health. Such a conclusion is only to be expected, coming as it does from a body of men obsessed by the microbe theory. With all due respect to these people, I must say that we know enough from the experiments of Prof. Loëb and Dr. Bernard Hollander alone to know that the cause of insanity is not at all mysterious, or difficult to grasp. Bear in mind, in extenuation, that the average medico, or specialist, is not a psychologist, and that he is usually so busy laddling out physic that he has very little time in which to keep up with the newer developments of his profession—and those who do have no practice!

The cause of insanity is purely mechanical—a temporary or permanent concussion as the case may be. Whereas, on the one hand, arising from the acids and gases developed in the process of fermentation (digestion), we have gout, fevers, etc.; on the other hand, also according to idiosyncrasy, we have these same acids and gases setting up a more or less permanent pressure on that part of the brain governing appetites and desires. The remedy for this kind of thing is not to try to stop the fermentation but to reduce it by checking the auto-intoxication arising from over-feeding (bulimia), and in the last resort, trepanning. In a good many instances when a "case" is taken in time the regular habits of asylum life, together with proper food, and fresh air, is quite enough to bring about a cure in "a comparatively short period," as the Commissioners in Lunacy naïvely report.

It is as well to keep in mind that the lower we go in the scale of human intelligence the more nearly do we approach a purely animal type, with an organism that can digest almost anything, at any time; yet it is amongst this class, crude, simple-minded, and easily ruled by habits, that the powerful lunatic is most to be found. The intellectual does not require anything like the quantities of food that are necessary to sustain a manual worker, and so long as he is governed by the clock instead of by his physiological needs just so long does he run the risk of disease, but far more so of mental derangement.

The Commissioners mention the "strange" and "paradoxical" fact that in "counties notorious for their high proportion of crimes due to drunkenness the insanity rate was comparatively low." Quite so. Your thorough-going boozier is rarely a big eater. It is, further, a striking commentary on civilisation that though the "blacks" have their diseases insanity is rarely one of them, owing to the fact that they live a more natural life. We have another sidelight on over-feeding and insanity in the fact that the animal-type man has usually a good set of teeth, whereas the intellectual may have a poor set or none. In the latter case it is an indication that the needs of the stomach are less, and it is folly (appearances apart) to get false

teeth under the impression that the old, adolescent feeding habits can then be continued, only more so.

In the last batch of lunatics I saw I would not dare to say that more than three per cent. were incurable, and even then I should have to admit that I was prejudiced by dour, sullen faces. This reminds me that one of the finest indications we can have that the race of Drake and Benbow—of men of action—is not wholly snuffed out by peevish-tempered J.P.s, is the hard, unsentimental type of face to be seen in a crowd of reformatory lads. They have capacity written all over them. To be a deaf and dumb antennæ to a high producing power machine is certainly not what man was intended for, yet this is the destiny of greater and greater numbers of men and women.

The man of to-day conforms more to the round-headed type—the imaginative faculties being predominant, with a correlative decrease in the occipital lobe, and the cerebellum (affections and libido sexualis)—and this implies that the contending force of a mentality of this type against the throttling tendencies of the industrial machine cannot possibly defer an explosion for any great length of time. The demand for more leisure is organic, and can only be adequately met by a gradual return to the crafts and healthy occupations, in which the worker would imbibe culture and recreation in his life's work. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that whereas the working-classes are fighting for the right to live, the sons of the middle-class professional man are quite satisfied with the present materialistic phase, and are entering the apron-string civil service in greater numbers. This is but a natural outcome of the levelling down tendencies of our educational system, with its negation of initiative. On a lower plane, yet differing only in degree, we have a type of mind which is easily sated and which, asking for little beyond bread and cheese and beer, will accept quite contentedly debasing conditions and unrealisable degradation.

To such a pass are we reduced in our general ignorance of the laws of hygiene that a number of people, and especially those who happen to be fired with the superman obsession—are in mortal terror lest the laws of nature be in abeyance. The legislation of the last decade or so appears, at least, to be based on such a supposition. Let us take the truly criminal Insurance Act as a case in point. Here we have an arch-quack pandering—through ignorance, it is true—to the vulgar love of hocus-pocus, and thus, by flouting hygiene, giving superstition another long lease of life! (The worker defraying the cost of his fetters!!! We still have those early Christian Fathers with us in spirit.) How easy would it not be to give credit for Machiavelianism did we not know that by the law of implication a quack can but indulge in quack statesmanship. Grant this type but a little more scope for their atheistical credo of compulsory this, that, and the other, and we shall have a new inquisition in full swing.

Let it not be thought that I am a blind idolator of nature and all her feminine antics. I do not believe in the pseudo-sociology of breeding à la eugenics. Nature has a nasty knack of discounting our calculations. Let us rather take the material we have and educate, educate, educate—in terms of regimen and discipline. The eugenists remind me of the witty, ugly Irishman who said to a pretty dolt, "Marry me, Bridget, and our childer will have your beauty and my brains." Now it so chanced that the children were as brainless as they make 'em, and as ugly as blazes!

If it should be that "civilisation" has bred in us a constitutional inability to look facts in the face then truly is insanity like enough to be the Nemesis of civilisation. In other respects insanity, any more than any other idiosyncrasy or symptom, is not serious in itself. (I trust the reader will pardon such a volt-face.) In some cases what we glibly call lunacy may be an actual reversion to type. It is now well known that a characteristic may skip several generations—quite possibly a reversion may go back a hundred years or more. We have to take into account the "dominant character-

istic": We do not inherit direct from the parent; we do inherit, along with the parent, a share in any given strain—ability or otherwise—that may be the predominating factor. Compare the lusty, aimless energy of the vigorous lunatic with the energy of a lusty, Bank Holiday crowd. This is in both cases the energy of youth and not of degeneration.

One of the tests of lunacy is to write down certain words such as hair, boot, cow, etc. Then note is carefully taken of the coherence of the answers, and the time. If you get hair: head, boot: foot, and cow: milk, in fairly good time there is nothing very seriously the matter. In like manner the state of a civilisation may be gauged by the time it takes for an idea to be translated into action. A sense of humour, too, is another critical test. Thomas Hood's double-edged puns were in the nature of a spiritual crisis, and what effect they had we know only too well.

We are a crude people, and too much in a hurry; and we have not patience enough. A saner attitude in regard to the treatment of disease depends for its fruition on just this quality of "Buddhic patience." That was the only sound note to be heard at the recent conference. If it were not for the regrettable obsession of the microbe theory it might dawn upon us that so far from the incidence of disease being a proof of degeneration it really is an evidence of function and vitality. Any surgeon of average experience knows that the body can suffer the most unheard-of maltreatment either from accident, or operation, and yet survive. The experiments of Prof. Loëb further show that the brain is as amenable to treatment as any other part of the body. If then the medical profession can so lustily defend vivisection, upon what logical grounds do they object to trepanning as one of the means of relieving local pressure on the brain? Are they actually looking for the microbe of insanity? (The evidence for the microbe theory is certainly circumstantial, yet circumstantial evidence is of the effeminate "always" order.)

All the facts point in one direction: that we are not nearly so civilised as we think we are. The dissemination of the Idea from the top downwards is the essence of all good government, and is the first milestone in any civilisation. The general backwardness, and crude, youthful vigour of the English people is never so patent save when it is seen in reflection. The emigrant, newly freed from the restraints and conventions of the old country, goes out to the new with a heart full of the idea of freedom. Given a ruling idea there would be every possibility of a new birth; but the emigrant finds that though he swap latitude and longitude he can never shake off the blighting influence of the system. Small wonder, then, that in very bitterness of soul he becomes more viciously parochial than ever the convention-tied Englishman could be.

It is the great tragedy of the Anglo-Teuton (phlegmatic) temperament that it cannot put off childish things. The Gallic temperament disguises a mercurial perception of the idea, and an inherently grave outlook on life by a superficies of gaiety. This seeming paradox has easily deceived the cold-blooded northern people, who attempt to retaliate on the Latin sense of humour by calling it antics and shallowness. Nevertheless, the Teuton fails repeatedly to rise to crises. The psychological moments in his civilisation come and go and leave him untouched, if not stranded. We have a loutish contempt for nerves, as if it were possible to have and to hold the finer things of life without this very quality of mettlesomeness. Psychologists will understand when I say that this extreme individualism savours of the mad-house. The Teuton lacks coherence, or clannishness, save in notorious cliques with their ghastly travesty of a religion; and it is this mainly—a provincial loutishness, together with the industrial machine of their contriving—that has made the woman question so terribly acrimonious.

To sum up. That a man suffers from a delusion is nothing very much. We visit palmists, spiritualists, crystal gazers, etc. We know there is nothing in it, yet we go. This is quite on a par with the state of

mind of a man who imagines himself to be the Prince of Wales. There are moments when the lunatic is not so clean daft but that he knows he is playing a part; but a low order of cunning, and an inordinate childishness being one of the characteristics of the lunatic he has enough horse-sense not to shout. The British farmer in his groaning about his crops, and one thing and another, plays a very similar game. Those of us who visit fortune-tellers realise now and again the folly of allowing ourselves to be swayed by the suggestion set up, and we say, readily enough, we will have done with such nonsense. Yet the moment we hear of some palmist or other with a reputation off we go again.

The number of men of the "practical, hard-headed" type who visit, and implicitly believe in soothsayers, would be incredible if it were not for the fact that it is just the practical, hard-headed man who lends himself so avidly to the industrial gamble. As Obermann says: "He forgoes being a man in order to be a business man." Yet here again we have lusty, youthful energy taking and enjoying—with no little childish abandon, by the way—all the risks of the game, as contentedly and not less industriously than, say, a lunatic who imagines himself to be a human spinning-top. The difference between these monomaniacs is but one of degree.

These same business men who are so accustomed to weighing the pros and cons of a deal, and who have made of their transactions something of a fine art, are, nevertheless, prepared at a hazard to stake their all on a chance word! Never had ancient sibyl better clients, or more gullible. These are not the Morgans of finance; they are for all that the caryatides of modern civilisation. We have here, together with our insane method of over-production, the key to the periodical financial crises. And what we have experienced in the past in that line is a mere bagatelle to what is in store for us, since intensification is the natural law, as it were, of the industrial insanity. When all eyes are glued on the 3 per cents. the ship of State rides without headlights.

Either we have the industrial "bloody flux," as Plutarch has it, or we have it not. We cannot hope to make a radical break in custom and tradition and escape scot free. The regimen in this country prior to the introduction of the factory system, was two meals a day; and the fact is patent enough to anybody but a dolt that the great increase in cases of insanity dates mainly from about the year 1870—that is, when proportionately greater numbers of people were becoming better off! The longer, therefore, we neglect the question of diet and hygiene the greater still will be the increase in cases of insanity.

The uniform health of the Spartans, the Greek and Roman peoples was due in chief to their having a strong instrument in a powerful public opinion against excess of any kind, even in wine. They were not "enervated by luxury, but hardy and vigorous" (Plutarch). Neither were they sentimental; on the contrary they were analytical to a fault, and we have much to learn from them in that they made Prevention the rule. The pagan peoples, above all, were not as superstitious as is generally supposed; the average Greek or Roman gentleman being in fact "a clear-headed and highly educated man, far removed from all religious enthusiasm," which had not, as a latter-day writer says, been "roused to blind partiality through opposition and vituperation from the other side." They had, it is true, a beautiful and most awe-inspiring ritual in their religious rites; yet this, while in a way it filled and held captive the senses of man—its avowed purpose—nevertheless left his thought free, which is quite the reverse of our method. Moreover, they had no microbes; though I rather fancy their philosophy, if not their wit, would have saved them from the crowning farce of the twentieth century.

To those who understand there is an appalling significance in the fact that we owe the finest definition of

sanity to a man who died insane. True civilisation, like all things worth having is not to be had without a struggle. "The essential thing is just not to will—the ability to defer decision. All spiritlessness, all vulgarity rests on the inability to offer resistance to a stimulus—people are obliged to react, they follow every impulse. In many cases such a compulsion is already morbidness, decadence, a sign of exhaustion—almost all that unphilosophical crudeness designated by the word 'vice' is merely the physiological inability not to react."

## Views and Reviews.\*

NEW superstitions die hard, and I expect that one of those which will die with most difficulty is the superstition of the gold standard and currency. How utterly conventional (and therefore superstitious) the belief in it has become may be seen by a reference to Mr. de P. Webb's arguments for the establishment of a gold currency in India. India already has a gold standard, and in connection with it Mr. Webb brings charges that are equivalent to malversation against the India Office. To some extent, it is true that India has a gold currency; for Mr. Webb tells us that English sovereigns "are now in circulation to the extent of over £40,000,000 in India," and that their use is daily becoming more popular. They are, of course, legal tender in India; the Indian trouble really is that its own currency, silver, is not legal tender in England. But if the difficulties of exchange are thereby complicated, and, by the action of the India Office (in opposition to authority) result in financial disadvantage to India, it is by no means clear that the cure for everything is a gold currency for India, with an open, free Mint for gold, the retention in India of the Gold Standard and Paper Currency Reserves, and the limitation of Council Drafts to the amounts necessary to pay the Home charges.

I may first notice one or two inaccuracies in Mr. Webb's argument. He assumes throughout his book, and, indeed, expressly states, that "money is depreciating—the sovereign is shrinking—prices are everywhere rising"; and he concludes that this is due to the increased output of gold during the last ten years or so. "A Rifleman," in "The Struggle for Bread," quoted figures to prove that the total increase of gold was practically equivalent to the increase of commerce; and, therefore, that the cause of the rise in prices must be sought elsewhere. He found it in the comparative scarcity of foodstuffs, and the glut of manufactured goods; the rise in prices being mainly confined to foodstuffs, the inference is that manufactured goods have declined in exchange value with foodstuffs. Professor Hobson, in his "Gold, Prices and Wages," also argued that the rise in prices could not be entirely attributed to the increase in the supply of gold. There were many causes to be considered, and gold was one, but not the important one, of them. There was more reason to suppose that more money had been invested in developing new countries, and that a considerable proportion of the activity of the world had been diverted from the production of commodities to the production of machinery, rolling stock, and other industrial capital. The thesis is, at least, plausible; although there are no very exact or complete figures to support it. However this may be, Mr. Webb's unsupported inference that the rise in prices is due to the depreciation of gold, consequent on its over-production, and, therefore, that it would be a boon to the whole world to allow India to increase the demand for gold by establishing a gold currency in India, is special pleading; but is apparently remote from realities.

The "Cui Bono?" argument is also destructive of Mr. Webb's case. It is assumed throughout the book that the development of a country is due to finance (or credit), and that the bankers are the only dispensers of

\*"Advance, India." By M. de P. Webb. (P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)

credit, which is based on the amount of gold. But a banker does not lend credit or money except on good security, so that the possession of wealth of some kind is the sine qua non of the creation of bankers' credit. So long as wealth exists, credit is comparatively easily obtained; as Dumas said in one of his novels, people will lend readily to a rich man who would deny the price of a meal to a poor one. Indeed, Mr. Webb argues that "India is not a poor country: it is the wealthiest division of the Empire outside the United Kingdom," and, therefore, it can afford a gold currency. In other words, if only it can be easily plucked, it is well worth plucking. That this is not an unwarrantable inference from his argument will be seen in a moment. He argues in the first place that a gold currency will not cost India a *pie* more than a silver currency; for there is a yearly balance of trade in favour of India, which last year amounted to £20,000,000. If India were to receive this balance in gold, and were to be allowed to retain and invest in India the Gold Standard and Paper Currency Reserves, she would have a gold currency for nothing. It is argued by London bankers that they will suffer terribly if India is allowed to import gold freely; and Mr. Webb thinks it a sufficient retort to quote the last three annual dividends of eight of the chief London banks, dividends which range from 10 to 21½ per cent. But the establishment in India of a banking system on a gold basis will not diminish the Indian bankers' dividends, and we may show no more tender regard for their dividends than Mr. Webb shows for the dividends of the London banks.

Mr. Webb's main reason for advocating a gold currency for India is, as I have said, a conventional one. "Two courses are open to us," he says. "To experiment for ourselves, or to take advantage of other nations' experiments. Nobody would suggest the former course, when, at no risk or expense and with very little trouble, we are able to reap the benefit of the latter." This is an opportunity for the Banking and Currency Reform League. As a simple axiom, it ought to be stated that every nation or country that has the opportunity ought to experiment for itself, rather than adopt a system which, as Mr. Webb himself says, has resulted in the excessive stimulation of commercial enterprises all over the world. Do we want another England in India? Are we to turn the whole world into one great manufactory of goods, and profits for other people? That is what Mr. Webb's proposals mean. The present banking system is only a method of giving the bankers money for nothing; and gold is, as Mr. Webb truly describes it, their principal weapon. The banking system only facilitates those productions that result in profit, not those whose chief value is use-value. The extension of a gold currency to India, instead of its abolition in England, can only mean an increased power to the monopoly of capital; and will force an enormous population into competitive wagers.

I have drifted to this subject because Mr. Webb says, quite truly, that "the general rise in prices is a grave misfortune to all fixed wage-earners." That is true of all those countries where they have a gold standard and currency, as well as India. "The only conceivable remedies," says Mr. Webb, "are to raise wages so as to counteract the effect of the rise in prices, and to make more use of gold so as to prevent its value falling still more, and prices all over the world, including India, rising still higher." As Mr. Webb concentrates his attention on the second remedy, we can only conclude that he recognises the first as a futile one. Wages cannot be made to rise with prices by any number of good resolutions; the one crucial fact is that while wages have been declining, and gold depreciating, profits and interest have been increasing enormously. If India follows our example, she can only obtain similar results; with more disastrous consequences than those caused by the difficulties of exchange.

It is interesting to note how inconsistent Mr. Webb is. He argues that to add "millions after millions of silver money to the already dangerously swollen torrent

of the world's gold currencies (as the India Office has done) is simply to encourage still more credit-spinning—still more money depreciation—still more price-inflation—still more demands for capital—still more speculation—till at last the pace must become so uncontrollable that a smash will be inevitable." If, on the other hand, the increased demand for gold caused by India's adoption of a gold currency resulted in an increased supply, on Mr. Webb's reasoning, the same results would follow. But if the supply of gold does not increase, and India's trade does (as prophesied by Mr. Webb), then prices will fall; in other words, the bullion merchants will get more for their useless commodity, and the manufacturer will get less for his almost as useless commodities. Labour will still be receiving wages, which fall as prices fall, but do not rise as prices rise. Labour stands to lose either way until the wage system is abolished. A. E. R.

## Pastiche.

TO "B. H." in "THE NEW AGE," AUGUST 28.

Methought I saw the poetess;

Wildly bright her eye was gazing;

From her pen fell vitriolic,

Runic, mystic words amazing.

Ne'er in garments framed by fashion

Did my fancy ever guess her;

Fairies, nymphs and gargoyle monsters

Wore the robes in which to dress her!

Now, alas! is fancy shattered;

This Beatrice wears—a red plush coat!

"Almost never" hats will suit her;

False beads, maybe, are round her throat.

Never more my dreams will hover

Round a rare elusive creature;

Singing, Babbling, Slinging lightning,

Calm contempt in every feature.

Cruel Priestess! harsh Cassandra!

Soft imagery thus to crush.

Can I vision Sibyl strutting

In a scarlet coat of plush?

ARTHUR HOOD.

### APOLOGIA: A REPLY.

Useful is fitting—Folly, veil my brow!

For folly is favour's passport here, I vow.

The which when Nature blindest binds o'er sense,

Most must we say we wore it of prepense.

Had Sappho won the suffrage of the world,

Nor bruised her love-sick laurels on the Rock?

Had Helen seen a thousand sails unfurled,

Nor risked what ranked her Envy's jesting-stock?

Vainer than Balaam's ass Cassandra spake—

For she deific folly once despised.

And vain shall mortals of success partake

Unless they be in folly's dress disguised.

Not more the sacred webs in Sybil's cave

Persuaded men than Phryne's gaudsome veil,

Which slow-withdrawn coerced a senate grave

And made a law of her two moons-vermeil.

The dress Achilles wore among the women

Would scarce have saved that warrior-loon exempt

From jealous rules forbidding any *him* in

Had it been made of nought but "calm contempt."

Let sirens tire in seaweed, sylphs in dew,

Such robes the comments of mere men may hush,—

But when I venture 'mong the female crew,

Grant me my conquering coat of scarlet plush!

B. H.

### THE BIRTH OF A HERO.

Peter Burgess was born in a bootmaker's, of the town of Hamfrith, London, Essex. His father, John Burgess, one of those proud citizens who love their boroughs, having belonged to his trade since his sixteenth year, had been a rationalist from the same time, and had, therefore, fallen in love with the mother of his child before thinking of marrying her, when they both invited the town registrar to stand for them in place of a priest. The off-

spring of Burgess's principles came into the world at the period when the nineteenth century after Christ was leavening its gospel of materialism with new, subtle theologies, and on the evening of his wife's delivery of their first and only child, which occurred four months after the sanctification of their bed, the bootmaker, who had performed much pondering on the matter, made the fine resolve within his bosom that the infant should be brought up in religion, for, said he, all this scientific delving into Nature which this century has witnessed, and has borne with more patience than a parent should afford the mischievous interests of his child, has no more seen the discovery of our creation from nothing than caused a single parson, priest, Pope, or cleric to throw off his love of God for any other reason than that of physical melancholy, which, of course, has been a common cause of atheism in all ages, creeds, and sects, but rather this busy inquiring into physical phenomena has succeeded in giving to the representatives of religion more confidence in their dogmas, tenets, doctrines, and articles of faith than ever they had before, and not only proved all atheists, sceptics, deists, free thinkers, and infidels to be a set of useless sophists and wisecracks, but also shown them to be the most noisy crowd of vulgar rascals which ever intruded upon this sacred sward of God. For this reason, said the bootmaker, I am a fool if I allow any child of mine to follow the same path of education as I have, and should this one turn out to be a boy, then I shall be all the more eager to divert him from it, for although religion and church-worship are good for a female, it is of less importance to the world whether she accepts them or not than whether one of the philosophic sex turns unbeliever or retains his faith, and, moreover, a woman will always be found at church when her friends are there. On being informed that a son had been born to him, he at once prepared to advise the mother of his intention towards her child, and, full of this moral thought, he went to his wife to empty it upon her.

This lady, whose character and features of a gipsy had doubtless attracted the gallantry of workmen, had been a machinist in the boot factory where Burgess had been a foreman. Having crept into his confidence, she had managed to secure his heart as well as his purse, but the latter was more to her liking than the former. For while the affection she lavished on the one produced only a single fruit, that which she bestowed on the other bore her earnest spouse in his whole partnership with her many a litter of discomforts. On this occasion, when the bantling had not known her more than half a day, on Burgess putting his ideal to her, she, not being desirous of disputing the theosophic question, returned his plan to him with more violence than he thought it deserved. "What, my poor woman," cried he, "have you no thought for your child's religious welfare on his birth-bed? Well might you, in your maternal condition, blame this impatience of yours. I would have this child baptised upon the spot." "Bah, you fool!" replied his wife. "Why do you not leave me in peace and attend in the shop? Do you think I married you for the sake of your soul? Away, before I die of you!" Thus, calling him a donkey for his trouble, she sent all grand purposes out of his head for ever, which, but for the action of Heaven, might have left the new-born babe in a Christian country unbaptised. Providentially, its spiritual welfare did not fall within the ring of chance. Opposite the bootshop, which was situated in that ward of Hamfrith called Churchfields, stood the church of St. Euphronius, where, within the friary adjoining, dwelt a whole province of reverend fathers, students, and lay-brothers of the Franciscan Order. These servants of God, as they had no commercial matters to vex them, daily took exercise into the country, in order to reach the first plot of which they had to walk six good miles over the pavements of the town, and through this they could not help wearing down their boots to the uppers, whereon being poor men as well as good citizens, they, in finding it necessary to have their footwear mended, sent it to the nearest repairer's. The gardener employed by them acted as their servant in this also. He was one called Maloney, who, seeing her child in its mother's arms one day in the shop, asked the bootmaker's wife politely how old it was. "Oh, the lumber is eleven days old and no more," replied the fond mother. "Who is the mother of it?" inquired Maloney. "You do not mean to be droll," said the other, "but to me there is no question in this matter about it." The honest gardener was taken back on hearing this. "Gracious, what is there to be frightened of?" laughed the woman. "Have I not worked for fifteen years in a factory?" "What a dreadful thing it would be," said the good man, "if, when it is within but twenty yards of holy water and a Catholic

priest, this little innocent were to die?" "Doubtless, accidents do happen to frolicsome babes at the hand of God," answered the bootmaker's wife, "but I am not afraid for this one, mister, and I have more faith in doctor's physic than holy water." "Ay, madam," said Maloney, "but your impiety does you no credit." "Take no offence, sir," said the hussy, "take no offence, but I leave such matters to my husband, who is more religious than I am." "I am much pleased to hear that of him," said the faithful servant. "If news were to be brought to them of any harm to this child the reverend Fathers, my good woman, would receive it with extreme displeasure, and find themselves unwilling to tolerate such carelessness. Have the babe baptised, I beg of you, before its soul is likely to be lost for ever."

From this moment the pious woman was convinced that without a Catholic education her son would not be worth a halfpenny to her. She thereupon called her husband, and reminded him of his duty to his heir. "Well, that is your business, not mine," replied he, thinking to rebuke his masterful spouse. "Here, you are always a fool," retorted she. "It is I who am always teaching you your business," and, commending the pleasant manners of monks, she went across the road from the shop to the friary, where, their gardener's zeal having already been rewarded with praise, the polite Franciscans received her with mercy, answered her supplications, tried her spirit, and blessed her offerings, her son being baptised on the following Sunday in the name of Peter.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

#### THE MASK.

By God, this stifles me! This waxen mask.  
This bland, set smile, this suave and courtly air  
Of clean gentility invests me with  
A Nessus garment.

Day by day I move  
Alert, innocuous, a pattern drudge  
For senior partners to enlarge upon  
To novices. I scrutinise each cheque,  
Not with perfunctory gaze, nor yet with keen  
And sordidly displayed suspicion, but  
With just the little of regard that marks  
Your model bank-clerk with the virtues of  
The Compleat Scrivener.

My oval brow  
Domed, glistening above my spectacles,  
Bespeaks discretion, probity and zeal,  
Arched with a pinkish tinge to match the mauve  
And mottled stronghold of a ledger, where  
My deftness adds, subtracts, indites, engrosses,—  
Performs the dozen tricks that keep finance  
From running into chaos.

Day by day  
You see me glide about, subdued and hushed,  
Murmur in tones of muffled silkiness,  
Smile, but display no mirth, or look concerned  
Without a show of grief or ire—in fact,  
You see me always doing just the thing,  
The proper, blameless, unexceptional,  
Damned, maddening, fiendishly-angelic thing,  
That clutches close and closer at my throat,  
Till even I begin to shift and writhe  
Eager to rid me of this husk, wherein  
Chrysalis-like I linger.—But can I,  
Chrysalis-like, destroy the swathing shell  
And range beyond my wonted confines? Can  
I stray at large, and turning on my peers,  
Harangue them thus? "You pack of fawning hounds,  
Drilled troupe of puny slobberers, who lick  
Your master's festering sores, and batten on  
Their cankers, see me in another guise!  
You saw me many a year,—it was not me.  
Look, how I wrench this leering mask away  
And set my fangs all bare, my wolfish fangs,  
Unfeigned, most horribly unfeigned! You deemed  
I was so meek and unctuous. I was  
A glib-tongued liar like you all, a blot,  
A satyr like you all, with greed, with hate,  
Soul running counter to the mobile lips.  
Hear me this once, that you may know the truth  
If never yet you knew it!"

And I plan  
A speech to make the dampest tinder blaze.  
But tho' I make such mad ado, I know  
My very frenzy is but feigned. I know  
How needful is the wearing of a mask,  
Chafe tho' it may. And so I still preserve  
A placid mien, a sexless gravity,

And chew my sober cud, and still proceed  
To do, unswerving, always just the thing,  
The proper, blameless, unexceptional,  
Damned, maddening, fiendishly-angelic thing.

So the curved contours of my cranium  
Will keep their wonted place, until decrees  
Are issued, and I sally out to cull  
Fruits that discretion, probity and zeal  
Bring forth in their due season,—Marble clocks,  
Pittances, then a wreath or two, and then  
A hearse, a tombstone with its carven lies.  
The while fresh masks are mustered in their turn  
Trained, just as I, to frown and smile by rote,  
Trained just as I, to waddle in a groove,  
To foster for the welfare of the world  
Stainless corruption, penal honesty.

LES MINDENS.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### SABOTAGE.

Sir,—A letter from "Syndicus" in THE NEW AGE, August 28, essays to attack a pronouncement of mine upon sabotage.

The only paragraph I have devoted to the subject reads:—"Once let rot set in through the physical and moral decadence which would assuredly follow permeation by the sabotage so glibly spoken of by one of your correspondents upon syndicalism, and the opportunity will have gone for ever—the men will be past spiritual redemption."

Clearly the paragraph deplures only the effect sabotage would have upon men who might practise it, yet upon this your correspondent founds against the writer charges of anti-syndicalist criticism, of conventional hypocrisy, of being an asset to capitalism, and of having a conventional respect for the sanctity of capitalist property.

The last paragraph of your correspondent's letter might well call for some reason to be given upon which I base my opinion, but here again the inquiry is involved by the introduction of a travesty of words used by me in an entirely different connection.

A disordered mentality which prompts charges of the sort mentioned, and immediately relegates to the side of the opposition anyone who denies the morality of its pet idea, is not entitled to further treatment, especially in the entire absence of some indication of capacity for intelligently receiving it.

To be quite just, "Syndicus" has made a correct copy of the title of my contribution.

HENRY LASCELLES.

\* \* \*

### "THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—Whether the official organs of the various trade unions come under the description of Press, I am not clear; but their opinions are usually worth recording. Three such journals have just been publishing references—friendly for the most part—to the proposals of a National Guild system—the "Engineers' Journal," the "Carpenters' and Joiners' Journal," and the "Postal Clerks' Herald." In the Open Column of the "Carpenters' Journal" no fewer than four communications are concerned with one or other aspect of the new industrial propaganda. One states that "it is time the workers changed their slogan from 'a fair day's wage for a fair day's work' to 'the abolition of the wage system.'" Another concludes that "we must consolidate in our societies a monopoly of our labour." A third attributes the recent defeat of the miners to their "removing the conflict from the industrial to the political arena." And a fourth agrees that "economic power precedes political power." In the "Postal Clerks' Herald" a lively correspondent, Mr. H. Scott, of Hull, asks an opponent "whether he has studied the Guild system of control in industry. . . . The advocates of the Guild believe that trade unionists should eschew politics . . . the great work before trade unions is to attain to the economic strength of capital, and they can only do this by obtaining a monopoly of their labour power."

In the "Church Socialist" for August (1d. monthly) a long and able summary of your whole series of articles appears over the signature of M. B. Reckitt. This article is professedly an exposition of the National Guild system, and constantly refers to your pages for its authority. It is unfortunately too long for me to quote;

but, if I may venture to do so, I recommend it as an independent study of considerable interest. "Justice," on the other hand, whose life-long tenets I have always understood to be implicit in THE NEW AGE proposals, allows its "Tattler" to tattle carpingly and, to my mind, not over-intelligently. Though loudly opposed both to Syndicalism and State Socialism, "Tattler" objects to the National Guild system that it admits the jurisdiction of the State as well as the monopoly of the labour of the Guild. "Tattler," in fact, is so muddled that he argues blindly against himself. The reason, I suspect, is to be found in your statement that the B.S.P., of which "Justice" is the official organ, is led by would-be M.P.'s. "Tattler" challenges the names of these. With your permission, I would name off-hand Mr. Hyndman, Mr. Dan Irving, Mr. John Scurr, Mr. Quelch, Mr. Russell Smart, Mr. Leonard Hall, Mr. Hartley—all of whom have already stood as Parliamentary candidates and are anxious to stand again. It is nonsense after this list (which is by no means complete) to pretend that the B.S.P. does not seek first the kingdom of politics; and it does so under the inspiration of the fallacy that has already brought the Labour Party to grief, namely, that political power precedes economic power. "Justice" had better reconsider its views lest it should prove to be irreconcilably reactionary.

The "Daily Herald" has been making amends for its long inattention by some flattering as well as intelligent comments on the National Guild system. A leader in its issue for August 28 contains an able summary of the "Open Letter" published in THE NEW AGE last week, together with a generous endorsement of the value of your propaganda. I note that it announces the republication of the "Letter" in its issue of Monday, September 1, and I learn from a good source that every delegate to the Trades Union Congress will be given a complimentary copy. While, undoubtedly, great progress is being shown in these directions, I have to record with satisfaction (since it confirms my cynical estimate of the intellectual dishonesty of the Press proper) that neither in the "New Statesman" nor in the "New Witness," any more than in their daily analogue, the "Daily Citizen," is there to be found any hint that the idea of the National Guilds has already revolutionised Labour and Socialist thought. These journals, so critical of the stick-in-the-muds of the official parties are themselves stuck in the mud in relation to the new propaganda. The poor old cob-Webbs of the "New Statesman" reply at dusty length to the mouldy proposals known as "Distributivism," and draw a letter, in the style of Aquinas, from Mr. Belloc, the dead thus burying the dead. But nowhere, even by chance, do the Webbs afford me a chance of convicting them of an intelligent apprehension of National Guilds. As usual, they appear to intend to wait until the ideas are abroad, whereupon they will claim, on the strength of quotations a quarter of a century old, to have subtly led the world to these conclusions. Never were there abler retrospective tacticians than the Fabians—wily, but always waiting. The "New Witness," I confess, astonishes even a hardened Fleet Streeter like me. The parallel between itself and the Ministry and "R. H. C." and itself is ludicrously precise. Here you have "R. H. C." suggesting that, on the face of the figures, the prospectus of the "New Witness" is too rosy for truth; and, on the other hand, the "New Witness" loftily ignoring the published criticism. It is only my own opinion, of course, but I offer it as that of an agnostic malgré lui; the profession of Roman Catholicism in these days argues intellectual dishonesty! At any rate, on no other ground can I reconcile psychologically the paradox of the "New Witness's" devotion to the character of Ministers and its convenient neglect of its own.

A last item is more intimate possibly than I dare more than whisper. "R. H. C." recently referred to letters he had received and burnt. . . . "A Mere Woman" writes in "London Life" on the typical Socialist: "One might expect that some Socialists would be fit to spend half an hour in some civilised drawing-room. But he rarely is; and even if by chance he has been properly schooled and colledged, all signs of decent training seem to evaporate directly he becomes a subscriber to THE NEW AGE. . . ." Was "subscriber" originally written "contributor"?

PRESS-CUTTER.

P.S.—I note that the "Christian Commonwealth" (August 27) referring to the "very significant resolution" of the Fawcett Association in favour of guilds, remarks: "It would seem that the elaborate and powerful arguments in favour of Guild Socialism in THE NEW AGE are

bearing fruit." They are, but thanks are not due to the "Christian Commonwealth" which mentions your ideas for the first time.

\* \* \*

#### UNITY.

Sir,—As the least important of your occasional contributors, and one who has perhaps offended the "Daily Herald," I beg you to allow me to reply to Mr. Christopher Gay, who intrudes like the well-known fussy friend between you and the "Daily Herald." This self-appointed would-be smoother of difficulties betrays the usual absence of discrimination characteristic of such persons. He professes to be "an intelligent reader" of your journal; but his mental grasp is clearly too feeble to seize your economic points against female suffrage, although he would perhaps admit that the present-day struggle is an economic one. I leave him in this matter handing out six votes to every woman with all the generosity of a capitalist seeking to stave off the revolution. My concern is to correct his absurd suggestion that THE NEW AGE despises the "Daily Herald" on account of the latter's alleged "rough uncultured" columns. No such language, to my diligent knowledge of your journal, has ever been used towards the "Herald." Not roughness, not lack of culture, have been the charges—but smartness and attacks on culture. The use of American thieves' slang in place of round English idiom is a serious fault on the part of the "Daily Herald," suggesting that the writers do not understand their weapon—language. The attacks on Oxford, which has an immortal tradition, instead of on the persons, mostly of the plutocratic class, who apparently mean to degrade learning by every trick known to cads, suggest that the "Daily Herald" belittles the power of the learned, a power seldom turned against the people except in self-defence. A treatise on this subject would show that learned men are by nature and training the opponents of tyrants, royal, priestly, military, commercial, or any other kind, since a tyrant must be the enemy of culture. I am no better equipped than a miserable poor student may be to defend learning; but if I should find a wage slave affecting to despise the scholars and their traditions I could enlighten his ignorance by exhibiting many combats fought by scholars on behalf of the people, and some of the bitterest against other scholars who have betrayed their order by embracing the service of the common enemy.

It seems to me that the "Daily Herald," while right in its satirical intention, often falls short of its aim through unsteadiness. Where this journal is effective, it must hurt very badly. For instance, the ingenious appellation of "Fat" for describing every sort of capitalist is, to my mind, an effective bit of ridicule. I find irresistibly ludicrous such an expression as "One for Fat," indicating some point scored by the wage slaves. "Fat" has no reply to a good old English thrust of this sort, and "One for" is honest quarter-staff English. But "Labourite Fed Up" is nothing but borrowed jargon fit for physical and mental idlers. "Asquith Gets it in the Neck" will not greatly alarm that gentleman, but no prosecuting lawyer could hear without internal depression his pompous decrees greeted with "Odds Bodikins!" He must recognise in such a retort the genuine English contempt for his utmost powers.

On this subject may I offer as an example of forcible, uncorrupt English Mr. Tom Mann's note in the "Herald" of August 29. It is weakened by only one touch of slang, the meaningless Americanism, "great." Everything in little America is "great," from Coney Island to chewing-gum; but you will not find serious Americans misusing this word any more than you will find them trotting Coney Island or chewing gum. Compare with this sound, serious piece of writing the hysterical and brutal advertisement of Mr. Neil Lyons' pamphlet, "in which he rips the Randlords right up the back." The veriest butcher among fighters would disdain such an *action*.

I have almost forgotten my friend Mr. Christopher Gay. Permit me to make him a bow and to beg him to suppress his officious sentimentality. T. K. L.

\* \* \*

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—For the benefit of Mr. Miguel Zapato and other new readers of THE NEW AGE, may I be permitted to repeat what I said in your column about three years ago?—viz., that I, as a critic of foreign affairs, and as a commentator upon them, am concerned primarily with countries in their relation to other countries, and only in the second place with countries considered as individual

entities. It needs no very profound research for anyone to realise that the Mexicans have to reckon with a serious financial problem; and I myself, in previous articles, have more than once emphasised the evil influence of Wall Street financiers in Mexico. The international relationships of Mexico are quite another thing; and the attention given by our Admiralty authorities to Bermuda, and the recent second attempt of the Japanese to lease Magdalena Bay, are only two factors out of many that I might bring forward to show that there are grave enough military and naval problems to be considered in connection with Mexico and the proximate opening of the Panama Canal. I hope I shall not offend your correspondent if I venture to suggest that his knowledge of the strategic importance of the Central American Republics is neither very deep nor up to date.

As for the movements of the various Austrian army corps, they are not unfamiliar to me. The Austrian army is "tied up" in the Balkans, and is likely to remain so for at least five years, because Austria's centre of political and military gravity has shifted there; and this statement holds good now even though the reservists have been disbanded and several score thousand troops drafted, for an obvious reason, into East Galicia. I do not think, in consequence, that Mr. Zapato is quite competent to criticise.

S. VERDAD.

\* \* \*

#### M. VENIZELOS.

Sir,—In your issue of August 21 you say that M. Venizelos is shortly to be relieved of his appointment, and that the present King of Greece does not appreciate his great statesmanship. I have no hesitation in saying that nothing could be further from the truth. M. Venizelos enjoys the confidence of all classes of the community in Greece to a degree which is almost without parallel in history. King Constantine's appreciation of him is shown by the almost affectionate message which he sent to him at Bucharest upon the conclusion of peace when he conferred on him the highest order of the kingdom. Even the leaders of the Opposition, who have shown such bitter animosity towards M. Venizelos in the past, now recognise the importance of his remaining at the head of affairs for the purpose of accomplishing the constructive work which now lies before the Greeks. As you say, it is as yet too soon to predict new developments in the Balkans, but in your surmises you appear to lose sight of one factor—Roumania.

A RECENT TRAVELLER IN GREECE.

[S. Verdad replies: As Dr. E. J. Dillon has also given his authority to my statement in the columns of the "Daily Telegraph," I shall at any rate be wrong in good company. But I am not wrong. The Greek Premier's political rivals are welcoming him publicly and intriguing behind his back; and he has so often thwarted the present King's designs that his Majesty would willingly work with a more pliant Minister. THE NEW AGE has not lost sight of Roumania.]

\* \* \*

#### "BY THE OPEN SEA."

Sir,—What a pity it is that your contributor, R. H. C., is not more careful in his column, "Readers and Writers"! I refer particularly to his reference to Strindberg's "By the Open Sea" in your issue of August 28.

I do not quarrel with him for condemning the book from a literary point of view, but why must he also condemn it from a Tariff Reform point of view?

He says "that the novel has come to us via America." By this I presume he intends to convey that the book has been translated and manufactured in America. This is untrue. The book was translated in England, was printed in England on English paper, and has English binding.

I cannot hope on account of this information to sell one extra copy of the book to NEW AGE readers, but I cannot really allow R. H. C.'s inaccuracies to pass uncorrected.

THE PUBLISHER.

\* \* \*

#### "THE SUPPRESSION OF SENSELESS SOUNDS."

Sir,—The "senseless sounds" question has come up again (as it must come up again and again until it is settled in favour of the civilised), this time in the columns of the "Pall Mall Gazette." The truth is that so many persons are still in the stage of the brute-passive that their senses are immune from noises which distract finer organisms. One of these persons advances the burly opinion that a place of rest should be provided by the

Nation, Sir, damme, for human beings who cannot endure the noises of their fellow men and of animals. But these dear rowdy fellow-animals, snobs and apes, as they usually are, will not allow their betters even so much as one hamlet free from their intrusions. They have rowdyfied England from end to end. Would one flee to Lakeland from them? They are there shouting on the lakes, and on the roads, stinking the country out with their motors. The newest boast among them is to have scaled every pass in Cumberland! To hear them gabbling about the scenery they have rushed through is to wonder whether semi-educated apes might not be easily trained to pass for rich tourists. One cannot imagine the Lake poets returning now to Lakeland! So much for the very best of the counties. I pass over such dense slums as Kent and Essex. But Devonshire and Hampshire, and even many parts of Cornwall, are in the claws of the noisy mob served by the jerry-builders. The most villainous architecture that ever proclaimed a vulgar nation begins to stretch out towards the moors to give menagerie-room to swarms of creatures whose notion of rural pleasure is the gramophone squalling through the noon and the midnight silences. From the gramophone it is almost impossible to protect oneself. Half a mile's distance is no obstacle to sound in the country. And the fact that a man finds bliss in an instrument of this sort deprives one of any hope of successfully appealing to him to cease his nuisance. Short of prosecution, nothing avails. Such a man never thinks except in business terms, and the last thing he would wish would be to commune with his own or any other mind, living or dead. He is afraid of silence as a dog is afraid of the whip which reminds him of superior powers.

Ah! and the dog in civilisation! One of the men who writes to the "Pall Mall Gazette" speaks of "those sane and healthy persons who love dogs," while he consigns to an asylum all those who object to the sordid noise of the beasts. Personally, I have never known a man who kept a dog to the discomfort of his neighbours who was not a liar, and few who were not ignorantly cruel to their animals. In a village where I was once tormented by dogs, I stopped the nuisance by threatening to set the S.P.C.A. on to five houses where the unhappy creatures were themselves enduring the torment of being chained practically twenty-four hours a day! Inquiries proved that several persons besides myself had long been disturbed, but their position among the rest of the villagers kept them too fearful to complain. It is certainly by reason of the average bullying character of them that create nuisance that quiet-living men endure so much slow misery. I note that one of the "P. M. G." correspondents, a Mr. F. Doody, of Winchester, brags that he, "at least, is a man who does not hide his identity." Well, Sir, the S.P.C.A. finds it absolutely necessary to preserve secrecy as to persons who inform against the torturers of animals. And if ever any of your readers is driven to contend with the row-loving Doodys of our towns and villages, he will find it as well to hide his identity as long as possible—for insensitive men are naturally none too fine in any relation. A doctor friend of mine tells me that there is a hospital in North-west London where the cries of the tormented patients are drowned by the Sabbath chimes from a church opposite, the congregation of which partially supports the hospital, but turns sour and vicious at any suggestion to stop the bells. Hypocrisy could no further go! It would be hard to say whether the brute-active had, in this case, really progressed even to the brute-passive.

ONE-TIME NEIGHBOUR OF A ROWDY-DOODY.

\* \* \*

**HEINE'S STATUE.**

Sir,—Dr. Oscar Levy may be pleased to know that there stands to-day in the Barkhof at Hamburg a statue of Heine which agrees with the description given in the "Interpretation of Atta Troll."

In deference to the Kaiser's antipathy to this statue, the powers of Hamburg would not allow it to stand in any public place. Its present position on private ground, being an open one, is, however, sufficiently public.

G. F. A. MEYER.

**A BUSINESS NOTE.**

Sir,—I have discovered the amiable but to us very costly practice among many of your readers of buying their NEW AGE at a different bookstall or newsagent's each week. This trouble is, of course, designed to stimulate the distributing trade to stock THE NEW AGE and to make a display of it; and for the intention I am grateful. The results, however, work out disastrously to my department; for newsagents are encouraged to order, on supply or return, a far greater number of copies than they can be certain of selling; and we, in consequence, must print a good deal of expensive wastepaper—consisting of unsold copies thrown back upon our hands. The greatest kindness your readers can do for us is really to do the very reverse of their present practice and to buy their copy regularly of the same agent. In a very little while we should be able to reduce our printing and paper bill with no loss to our circulation.

THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

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