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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MUCH the most important political event of the week was the declaration by Mr. Bonar Law at Norwich that the Unionist Party, if returned at the next General Election, would repeal the compulsory clauses of the Insurance Act. The General Election is not here yet and will not be, in our opinion, for another eighteen months; the Unionist Party is of not much more political importance than the Labour Party at present; and the repeal of the compulsory clauses of the Insurance Act alone will not undo all the evil done by Mr. Lloyd George. It is, however, the first occasion on which any official leader of any party in Parliament speaking ex cathedra has admitted that the Act is a failure past mere amendment and committed himself to its virtual repeal. The circumstances of its actual working in the country, referred to by Mr. Bonar Law, are not only worse than he expected to find them; they are worse, we believe, than he yet has any idea of. The Friendly Societies are in the condition of men drifting swiftly down the Niagara race to bankruptcy and extinction; the medical administration is in chaos; the Trade Unions in this part of their work are at their wits' end; but these collective calamities, most of which have the mitigation of being thoroughly well deserved, are as nothing to the undeserved calamities that fall indiscriminately on the majority of the insured persons themselves. A worse Act than the Insurance Act was not only never designed, but as bad an Act has never in all our history been so immediately prolific of even more evil consequences than the most pessimistic of us prophesied for it. It is not justification alone that we can claim for our forecasts of now over two years ago, but a tribute in the light of the events of to-day to our moderation of yesterday. Nothing that we have ever said equals the truth of what everyone may now know; for bad as the Act was on paper and in prospect it has proved worse in administration and in experience.

* * *

How the Act is to be transformed, without total repeal and re-casting, from a compulsory to a voluntary measure, we confess we do not know. We have seen the scheme drawn up by the Insurance Tax Resisters' Association, and at Norwich Lord Robert Cecil, if we understand him, gave his word as a barrister that the transformation was practicable. The details, however, are not for the moment of great importance; for it is certain that where there is a will there is a way. It may prove to be more easy than we at present think to make the change while leaving the Act on the Statute Book; again it may prove impossible without ending it to mend it. The fact of greatest importance is that we have now the virtual promise that the Act will be killed or cured; and we may say with all confidence that if the Unionists do not effect it, the Liberals will. What is surprising, indeed, is the time it has taken the Unionist Party in particular to realise how unpopular the Act was, is, and will continue to be. There was some excuse for the Liberals in their shirking of the meaning of the evidence before their eyes. The drums and tramplings of Mr. Lloyd George had so often before drowned the cries of popular distress that it might appear that on this occasion also his blares would silence and his legions would wear down the opposition to the Act. Moreover, the Liberal Party had other sources of strength from which even the unpopularity of the Insurance Act could make but comparatively small subtractions. That Act, in short, was by no means their all. But in the case of the Unionists, the Insurance Act was not only their only political asset, but it steadily won them by-elections in spite of themselves. They might follow Mr. Lloyd George's lead and treat the Act as a dead issue, but it rose up and fought for them and insisted on victory when they

would have had only defeat. More astonishing blindness on the part of a stupid party has never been witnessed than the blindness of the Unionist Party to its best friend. We even believe that the Insurance Act might have won them the next General Election in spite of themselves and against their own efforts, so imperative is the need for its repeal. With Mr. Bonar Law's declaration, and provided that this is seriously followed up by his party, the success of the Unionists, we fancy, is now assured.

* * *

We forbear to rake up the past as it applies to the advice tendered two years ago to the Unionists on the respective merits as living issues of the Insurance Act and Home Rule. It is well within general recollection that whereas the Unionist journals were certain that the Insurance issue was dead, they were even more certain that the Home Rule issue was alive. In the latter, however, they have proved, if possible, more at fault than even in the former; for the Home Rule issue is not only dead in England, but all the galvanic batteries of the Unionist Party cannot give it the poor twitchings of even apparent life. It may be that concerning this issue England is making a great mistake about Ulster; but, so far, at any rate, it looks as if Ulster has been making a colossal mistake about England. Both the Unionists and Ulster assumed that Home Rule has not been so steadily determined on by the mind of England that the threat of force would not shake her resolution or, at least, diminish the moral authority of the Government if the use of counterforce should prove necessary to pass Home Rule. In this likewise they reckoned without their host. For the truth is, we firmly believe, that as little as the English public has yielded to the threats of Mrs. Pankhurst will it yield to the threats of Sir Edward Carson. Nay, more, in precise proportion as those threats are pressed and show signs of becoming active, English public opinion will harden in support of Mr. Asquith and require him perhaps to concede less than personally he may incline to concede.

* * *

Not only for bluff pure and simple has the English character contempt, but for the appearance of bluff, whatever may be behind it. Can it be denied that the Ulster resistance appears, at least, to be bluff? The temptation to call it, to wait and see, is well-nigh irresistible. Again, the moral authority of Parliament may not be sufficient to command respect in England; we are too near the good God's kitchen to have all the illusions of the devout or of the heathen; but the moral authority of Parliament is sufficient to command our obedience—witness the Insurance Act; and if our obedience, still more the obedience of a few hundreds of thousands of Ulster Protestants. Who are they to rebel when all our millions submit? Who are they to defy an authority that can command us? Why should they be privileged to flout with success an authority we ourselves flout without so much as the expectation of success? Still, again, it is not the case that in dealing with Home Rule or with Ulster, Parliament in the hands of the present Government has as yet committed a single serious fault in English eyes. Not Mr. Lloyd George, fortunately for everybody but Ulster, has been in control of the Home Rule Bill, but Mr. Asquith; not Amurath, but Henry, the most English of our Prime Ministers since Palmerston. No fault as regards Ireland can be found in him, but, on the contrary, just such merits as the English admire. He has been clear and frank in his explanations of his intentions; he has been firm and consistent in the definition of his methods; he has been placable, conciliatory and generous in his offers of discussion and compromise. Nothing, we repeat, that he has done requires to be apologised for by England, or even to be done better than he has done it. Admitting that Home Rule is the fixed object of the English mind at present, Mr. Asquith has so far conducted the enterprise to our complete national satisfaction.

* * *

It will be said, it has been said a thousand times, that in all this England merely proves that she does not understand Ulster; and, in short, that Home Rule is not necessary. But, whether Home Rule is necessary or not, either in Ulster's opinion or, for the matter of that, in Ireland's opinion, is nothing to the fact that it is necessary in England's opinion. We do not attach much importance to the reasons given by the official Liberals for the urgency of Home Rule. The unthinking hordes of that party would probably, indeed, find it hard to convince from their own resources any man, woman or child, in the three kingdoms, that they have reasons for anything. Neither do we attach much importance for the moment to the apprehension of what Ireland might do if Home Rule were now refused. Presumably England would be no more moved by the threat of an Irish revolt than by the threat of an Ulster revolt. There are, however, two good reasons, and both permanent reasons, why Home Rule is necessary to England and necessary now. One is that we have had enough of the Irish Party as a party in Parliament and cannot endure their presence any longer. The other is that Ireland blocks the way to the creation of an Imperial Commonwealth. But neither of these reasons, each sufficient in itself to justify Home Rule, does it appear that Ulster appreciates; and thereby she shows herself more Irish than even the rest of Ireland. For it is incredible that if Ulster were, as Sir Edward Carson would have us believe, more English than the English, she would not realise that the acceptance of Home Rule would be the best proof of it. The sacrifices demanded of Ulster in accepting Home Rule are such, moreover, as seem to native English opinion trifling; and her reasons for refusing it appear to us preposterously flimsy when even they appear at all. The status of an autonomous member of the Commonwealth is not so degraded that Ulster need sneeze at it; and the safeguards against her oppression by the rest of Ireland are exactly as numerous and effective as she cares to define and ask for. What burglar-alarms, spring-guns and life-preservers Ulster needs in the new constitution to enable her to sleep in peace under Home Rule she can have ad lib. from the catalogue. Against insubstantial terrors, we fear, there is no political remedy; psycho-analysis has not yet penetrated politics; but against any nameable and substantial apprehensions Ulster can find, if she wants, as many defences as are necessary. But no, Ulster cares for none of these things. Ulster is a strong man armed who is afraid of nothing but fear. Ulster will feel safe only if tied in the old-fashioned way to her grandmother's apron-strings. Ulster will not play with the rest of Ireland, the naughty, dirty Catholic boys. Ulster wants to be with mother. But the love-idyll here presupposed is not exactly the setting for Ulster's bloody history. In short, mother is only too well assured that Ulster can look after herself.

* * *

The demand of the Unionists for a General Election on the Home Rule issue is only next in size and as bluff to the demand of Ulster to keep Ireland in England's way. It is not in the rules of any game we have ever heard of that a thrice-defeated party should be able to demand a fresh deal because its fourth hand is also bad. And the metaphor is inadequate, since the Unionists on each occasion have had the deal all to themselves, and might, by the rules of politics, have selected their cards. We, watching over their shoulders as they dealt, named the Insurance card as one essential to the game. Another winning card was Federalism. Still another was the re-constitution of the Second Chamber on the accepted basis of the Parliament Act. But those political sharps, Mr. Garvin, the "Daily Telegraph," and others, held the long ears of the leaders firmly in their

hands, with the result that the Unionist Party chose cards to lose on every round. The idiots therefore who are now asking for a fresh deal are precisely those who have already proved that they do not know good cards when they see them. But apart from saving the face of the Unionists by a General Election on the Home Rule issue, what advantage is to be gained by it? The nation shows no signs of wanting a fresh Election; but, on the contrary, to judge by the by-elections, is only impatient to get on with the business without one; the Liberal Party (including the Labour Party) in its rank and file would regard the concession by the Cabinet of an Election as an act of cowardly treachery; the Election could not be fought on Home Rule alone, for both the Insurance Act and the ghost of Tariff Reform would be present at the banquet; finally, whatever its result, it would settle nothing. Suppose the Unionists were to win, the Ulster problem would remain, only translated in terms of the rest of Ireland and of Westminster. Suppose, as is certain, they were to lose, Ulster remains exactly as it is to-day. The moral support, it is true, of the Unionist Party would be withdrawn from them. Mr. Bonar Law would loyally talk about Tariff Reform instead of Ulster's righteousness; and the "Spectator" would preach non-resistance and compromise. But it is not the moral support of Unionists on which Ulster is relying; nor is Unionist resistance the opposition the Government needs to overcome. If even a General Election and a Liberal victory were able to overcome Ulster's objections to Home Rule, a General Election, we believe, would be inadvisable. Since it cannot, it would be ridiculous. The conclusion is that Ulster must cut her coat according to her cloth and the Unionist Party must help her. Home Rule is inevitable; what remains to do is for both Ulster and the Unionists to make the best bargain out of it they can. With anything like intelligence, Ulster should be able to secure the hegemony of Ireland; and the Unionists to ensure their own return in 1915 to assist this end.

* * *

Having it on the word of Miss Asquith, who appears more in politics than her father, that Mr. Larkin's imprisonment accounted for the defeat of the Liberal at Reading, we cannot at the same time believe that his release was a purely judicial act. To accept Mr. Birrell's speech, we have to imagine him, egg-glass in hand, waiting for the sand to run through to snatch Mr. Larkin from prison at the exact moment when his sin of sedition had been punished to a turn. No other consideration than this intruded itself in all that anxious time upon Mr. Birrell's chef-like conscience. Whatever his own impressions of the facts may be, the plain fact is at least more credible, that the Government discovered from by-elections and (let us give credit to it) the Press, that in imprisoning Mr. Larkin for a thousandth part of the offence of Sir Edward Carson they had come near to wrecking themselves, their Dublin colleagues, and the Irish Nationalist Party. From all we can gather, indeed, Dublin is at this moment more to England than not only Ulster and Ireland put together, but than the life of the Government itself. The official element of the English Trade Unions is once more, we believe, considerably behind public opinion in its attitude to the Dublin strikers. For Mr. Bowerman, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Havelock Wilson and others, Dublin is Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Larkin is a hated rival; but for public opinion Mr. Larkin is Dublin, and Mr. Larkin is right. More acute once more than the Trade Union leaders who would, as we said last week, have kept Mr. Larkin in prison for life if they could, the Government has not only released him but intervened in the dispute. The credit, of course, will go to them; and the official Trade Union leaders will once more have a shameful defeat registered against them.

* * *

How much longer, we ask, are these trade union leaders to be allowed to interpose their whims against the march of the rank and file and of events? If it were the case that their members in the mass were satisfied with them; or if only the success of their own unions depended upon their comprehension of the industrial situation; we could leave them to rot in their offices and only pity their dupes. But the affairs of trade unions are no longer of private interest only; the future of this country depends upon them; and every citizen of us has the right and the duty to examine and to criticise their doings. Mr. Thomas, who, we understand, is bringing an action for damages against us for venturing to suggest that he should get on or get out, is probably of opinion that, since he does not owe his office to the public, he owes no duty to the public. A more belated conception of the position occupied by a trade-union leader in these days could scarcely be found. As the method of emancipation adopted by the proletariat has changed from the political to the industrial Guild, the responsibilities of the leaders of the former have been transferred to the latter. We no longer trouble ourselves much about the doings of the Parliamentary Labour Party; they have become personal and domestic. To the same extent, however, the trade unions have become public and national. Mr. Thomas is not only the assistant secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, but his office includes the power to shape the future of the railway service in the interests and at the peril of us all. Our right to criticise him is therefore unchallengeable and we intend to retain it. Nor are we alone in our opinion that the present-day leaders of trade unionism are behind the times. The rank and file are, happily for the nation, of the same opinion. Would their respective unions, if they had been canvassed, have replied to Mr. Larkin's call for help after the manner of Mr. Bowerman and Mr. Havelock Wilson—or even of Mr. Thomas? It is true they sent money; but so did the Co-operative Society; so did the "Daily Herald"; so did thousands of private persons, of no official connection with Trade Unions. Of Trade Unions towards Trade Unions and on occasions when Trade Unionism itself is at stake, Trade Unionists expect through their leaders more rather than the same or less than of other people. We are satisfied that the rank and file would not endorse the chilly attitude towards Mr. Larkin of their official leaders.

* * *

In a different aspect the nation is yet again in the hands of trade unionism. What, we may ask, is to become of the railway service in particular? What do Mr. Thomas and his friends propose to do? It is all very well to put the companies into difficulties and to threaten to do the same by the nation under nationalisation; we approve and commend both courses, but only on condition that the railwaymen show themselves to be aware of what they are about. At present, save for our own light, the nation and, we suspect, the railwaymen's leaders themselves, are totally in the dark. Their union, we know, is piling up membership and now includes some seventy per cent. of the whole service. It is a formidable force; capably used, it is an irresistible force; intelligently directed, it may well lay the first stone of the new order of society. On the other hand, in ignorant, wilful, blind or clumsy hands such a force may wreck the structure of the poor society we have without hope of a better. Surely some indication is due to us, some Jovian nod of reassuring intelligence, to us whose fate dangles on their word! Is it recognition from the companies they require? They can have it. Is it co-management with the companies? They can have that, too. Indeed, we are afraid, being mere consumers and public and neither railwaymen nor railway shareholders, that co-management with the companies, and consequent co-partnership in our exploitation, are what will shortly be offered to them and accepted by them. Refer, for confirmation, to the article in the "Times" of last Tuesday. Not only is Recognition of the Union offered in exchange for guarantees of collec-

tive good faith in matters of contract, but the way is opened for negotiations on the subject of management as well. Though the Royal Commission of 1911 affirmed that "with their great responsibilities [the case of Caudle, by the way, makes nonsense of this] the companies cannot and should not be expected to permit any intervention between them and their men on the subjects of discipline and management," yet, in view of the economic power arising from a more complete monopoly of its labour, the Union is distinctly encouraged in the "Times" to ask for the extension of the Conciliation Boards next year to include questions of management. How far is this off fulfilling our promise that the first union to become blackleg-proof would have its employers offering partnership? But the point is that we, the public, are ignorant of what indeed the railwaymen's leaders do want. The companies, we have seen, have made a guess, and a bid with it; but whether it is right or will be accepted we do not know. What is certain, however, is that the State, to save itself from the prospect of a coalition between syndicatists and syndicalists, would in common sense be compelled to bid higher. But where, and in what direction is "higher"?

* * *

Mr. Joynson Hicks, we truly believe, is nearer the centre of ideas in Trade Unionism than most of its leaders. Speaking at the London Chamber of Commerce debate on Industrial Disputes last week he expressed the original and well-reasoned view that Sir George Askwith had been the worst enemy of industrial peace in this country. First—if we may expand the report of Mr. Hicks' speech—the discovery of the real grievances of both sides had been thereby delayed; and, secondly, the belief had been fostered that Conciliation would always prove successful. Mr. Hicks, however, was afraid that, before long, questions of management would come up for settlement when Conciliation would, though he hoped it would not, be proved to be impossible. His fear and his hope, we may say, are the very reverse of ours. For he fears that the Unions will shortly be claiming managerial responsibility—and we hope it. And he hopes that Conciliation between Masters and Men on the subject may be successful—and we fear it. But how intelligent Mr. Joynson Hicks proves himself to be to hold even the opposite of our view! The "Spectator," on the other hand, on the subject of economics is all things by turns and sometimes everything at once. The quick-changes of this lightning illusionist would make a fortune for its author upon the comedy stage of ideas if only audiences of wit could be discovered. From about September of the black year of Insurance 1911, the "Spectator," being convinced that the alternative to State doles is higher wages, continued until about the summer of last year to cry for higher wages as a remedy for almost everything. Such a panacea, indeed, high wages for everybody engaged in industry would undoubtedly prove; but the question was bound to be asked sooner or later whether high wages for everybody are possible and, if so, by what means. We temerariously undertook to put this question to the largest sixpenny circulation in the world and received for answer the direction to increase production and to multiply capital till it and not labour went competing for employment. With all the earnestness of which we are capable we replied to the "Spectator" that England for capitalist purposes was not an island, but rather a sieve; and that as fast as labour created capital capital fled away to other parts of the world where employment awaited it without the least competition. A few months later, unwitting what he did, Lord Milner or Lord Selborne supplemented our representations by stating at Birmingham, we believe, that, despite all our efforts, capital was not being created fast enough to satisfy the demand for it—in England?—no, in the unexploited parts of the world. As much again as we produce could be done with by those hungry territories in South America and elsewhere; and still we should be as far off as ever from making a glut of capital at home. For several weeks, and while, if we remember, Mr. Lloyd George was indulging in peasant shooting and the "Spectator" was jeering at his bag, the "Spectator" said nothing on the subject. But at last it came out with the opinion, which we reported at the time, that, after all, wages could not be raised and that, in a Christian country like this, we should have to make the best of it. Contented with this we put the "Spectator" on the shelf as hors de combat. No more for it the gallant tourney in defence of impossible wages; no more the clang of its pen against ours on behalf of more capital for the capitalists; when, in the current issue, we were amazed to read in an editorial review of Mr. Booth's pamphlet and in a note on Agriculture, first, that higher wages are the only remedy and, secondly, that the means of raising wages is to increase production! What does it mean? Are fallacies immortal? Have they in the "Spectator" as many lives as a cat? We pause for a reply.

* * *

We do not often agree with Mr. Keir Hardie, and Mr. Hardie appears to agree with us even more seldom. But his remark the other evening that the governing classes dare not educate the proletariat, which the "Morning Post" thinks "an obvious lie," we know and agree is a practical truth. The difference of method in education as practised in the popular and in the wealthy schools are such as can be accounted for only by assuming that the spiritual (by which we mean the spirited) futures of the respective children are intended to be different; in the one, the schools of the governing classes, spirit is preserved with an art that does the system credit; in the other, the schools of the proletariat, spirit is battered out with equal art, though with infinite discredit to all concerned. Nor is this difference, we are certain, due to causes over which our governing classes have no control; or of which they are not fully aware. They are both aware of the causes, and deliberately wishful to preserve them. Nothing, indeed, is left undone by them to strengthen and to multiply the causes that induce the very differences by which the supremacy of their own class is maintained. What, for example, is the reply we have received to our plea that smaller classes would mean a revolution in elementary education—a plea, as we know and they know, that is supported by every practical and theoretic teacher in the world? It is not, mark you, that the cost would be too great; for Mr. Pease announces that his Department is about to spend several millions a year more on education. It is not that teachers cannot be found in plenty and of the right kind; for the wages of teachers are lower than those of sub-postmasters, and at a few more pounds a year, more and still better teachers could be had. It is not, finally, that any urgent political problem, such as the religious difficulty, blocks the way to a drastic reform (a usual enough excuse for doing nothing in particular); for it happens that, for once, all other educational problems are fast asleep and snoring. The real reason, the unspoken reason, the reason tacitly understood and winked over, is that smaller classes would threaten to produce larger individuals, men as likely as not to challenge rather than acquiesce in the continuance of the present oligarchy. Deny it who can!

BIRTH.

Here upon this healthy hill
  Life in me began,
And desire is in me still
  For the earth and man.

I will live, for life is strong;
  I am I—the Master;
If the Fates have done me wrong
  I will live the faster.

H. E. FOSTER-TOOGOOD.

Current Cant.

"I stand for the Bottom Dog."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"Thank God, the Christian folk of London are in a vast majority."—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Her breadth of mind was masculine in its depth."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"Our only desire is to stiffen Mr. Churchill's back."—J. L. GARVIN.

"Can anyone conceive the world with London eliminated? It would be a world in ruin."—STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

"Should women wed without love?"—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Thus a Unionist policy is outlined, clear, keen, and immediately practical."—"Daily Express."

"Mr. Yoshio Markino's books are becoming quite an institution."—"The Observer."

"There is no evidence whatever to show that the Christian ideals have grown less powerful or more dim."—H. H. ASQUITH.

"The Lord Mayor's banquet is a notable function."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Prudishness is no part of our policy."—"Daily Mail."

"Frankly, Mr. Raymond Rôze has succeeded brilliantly."—BRASTIAS, "T. P.'s Weekly."

"The boy with brains, how he is given a chance in London."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"With Blake it was hit or miss."—C. H. COLLINS BAKER in the "Saturday Review."

"Whatever subject Lord Rosebery touches is raised at once out of the commonplace; it is gilded with happy phrases, it sparkles with effervescence and laughter, and it becomes a part of the intellectual capital of the whole community."—LORD CURZON.

"Mr. Arnold Bennett has the gift of putting his finger on the weak spots of our own nation."—"The Athenæum."

"The Premier was able to announce, after a survey of foreign affairs, that their outlook was much brighter than it was a year ago."—"Cardiff Times."

"Public opinion is at last stirred to disgust; the 'Daily Express' has opened a campaign against stage indecency."—"The Universe."

"Those who are to have the prizes of life are chosen on their merits more than ever before."—LORD HALDANE.

"In awarding this year's Nobel Prize for literature to Mr. Tagore the Nobel committee have established their reputation for catholicity, for this same body but a few years ago awarded the prize to Mr. Kipling."—"News and Leader."

"Alvin Langdon Coburn . . . a photographer who gets at the soul of his subject."—"T. P.'s Weekly."

"The spirit of the Unionist Party . . . which is the predominant spirit of the country as a whole."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Larkinism is an evil thing for the workers."—"Daily Express."

THE LARKIN CASE.

"As if any British Administration would be guilty of the infamy of interfering with the course of justice out of any considerations of party convenience. That is not our way in this country."—"Daily Chronicle."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

ONLY a very dogmatic and self-satisfied person would profess to "know" India. In no country with which I am acquainted is the shortness of life more apparent—there is so much to be seen and learnt that the observer feels that several reincarnations would be necessary for a complete understanding of the country, its innumerable castes, creeds, customs, habits. Look at the literature—the translation of a single epic, the Mahabharata, would occupy a sound scholar for a score of years; and even then he could not profess to give us anything more than the mere letter. Look at the architecture: Agra alone, with the famous Taj Mahal and other splendid buildings, would keep a student busy for a lifetime.

The most painstaking, the most gifted, Civil Servant cannot grasp this land in its entirety. If he remains in one district during his term of service he may come to understand that district and no other. If he is frequently transferred his knowledge tends to become wide rather than deep. I am assuming the best cases, those cases in which the English official is genuinely interested in the country and its people. Nearly all our Civil Servants, fortunately, are sufficiently interested to try to do their work well and honestly. Beyond that it is almost impossible for them to go. Their daily duties and the climate leave little energy or inclination for profound researches; and Sanskrit and Pali must give way to the practical necessities which demand the study of at least one modern language or dialect.

Nevertheless, I do not wish to over-estimate the difficulties. There are some general facts about India which can be learnt without our taking the trouble to go there at all; and a Civil Servant would indeed be stupid if his actual everyday experiences and his reading did not at least enlarge his mind and render it susceptible to Oriental influences. For my part, I make pretensions to no more knowledge than can be acquired by a trip through India, fairly wide reading, and social intercourse with such Indians as may be met in London. Such a knowledge has its advantages and disadvantages, and I think I am aware of them. I mention this in order to make it clear that in the subsequent paragraphs of this article I state only what I have reasonably strong grounds for believing to be accurate.

For many years it has been our policy in India to administer—not exactly to govern—the country by "holding the balance" between the Moslems and the Hindus. I might, perhaps, compare our position there to our position in Europe, where we have also tried to hold the balance of power for centuries. Circumstances, such as the rise of Germany and Italy, having made it difficult for us to continue this policy, we have entered into agreements, more or less defined, with France and Russia. Circumstances have now arisen in India which make it difficult for us to continue our policy of "holding the balance" there.

In one respect this commonly used expression is not quite accurate. We have from the very beginning felt more sympathy with the Moslems in India than with the Hindus. They are, for one thing, more akin to us in character and disposition; they, too, formed the ruling class in India for generations; stubborn fighters themselves, they appreciate the feats of arms by which we established our position in India in the eighteenth century. Tacitly, sometimes almost openly, we have, until very recently, looked to the Moslems for support, and they have given it.

Together with the educational reforms which we introduced in India from time to time, it became part of our policy to fill minor administrative posts with the younger Indians who had taken advantage of the opportunities thus offered. By degrees more important posts were thrown open; and, although few Indians attained, or were allowed to attain, positions of

real administrative power, they could at least become judges, Civil Service officials of some consequence, and wielders of a certain amount of limited and local authority.

It happened that the Hindu castes realised the advantages of the educational reforms and facilities before the Moslems, and were quicker to grasp the opportunities held out to both the great religious communities unreservedly. The extreme Hindus, never having given up their determination either to drive the Moslems out of India altogether, or to make life unbearable for them while they were in India, found that their own powers as minor officials enabled them to exercise a fair amount of petty tyranny over the Moslems; and when the Indian Councils Act was passed in 1909 the Hindus exploited it to much greater effect than the Moslems. When representatives on the Councils were apportioned on the basis of the relative numbers of the two communities in a given district, for example, the Hindus were careful to reckon on their side the "untouchables," thus securing "representatives" for several millions of people who are not strictly counted as being Hindus at all. As the result of weighty Mohammedan protests, the membership was in some degree redressed.

Nor was that all. The Hindus, very much alive to the advantages of education, were equally alive to what might be accomplished by political organisation and propaganda. We could not help this, nor can we altogether blame the Hindus. The first Indian National Congress was held in 1885, and overwhelmingly represented the Hindu community. The corresponding Mohammedan organisation, the All-India Moslem League, came much later. More than this: it has almost always been assumed in England, particularly by the Liberal Press and Liberal politicians, that the Indian National Congress expressed the opinions of an advanced Indian democracy, whereas it expressed merely the views of a few classes of influential Hindus. The newspaper "India," published in London, is, or certainly was for some considerable time, subsidised by this Hindu body. The Liberal Party and Liberal newspapers, it may be added, are chiefly noted among Indian Moslems for their hostility to the Mohammedan religion and to the Ottoman Empire—a legacy bequeathed to the present generation of Liberals by Mr. Gladstone's ill-founded support of the bloodthirsty Bulgarians and the resultant attacks on "Abdul the Damned."

The recent rioting at Cawnpore, when authorisation was sought to pull down part of a mosque to avoid a Hindu temple in the making of a new road, brought to a head the smouldering feeling of disaffection of the Moslems throughout India. Lord Hardinge, by a very wise stroke of statesmanship, pardoned some seventy Moslems whom the police intended to prosecute. So far as it went, this was satisfactory; but the Moslems found it impossible to get their various complaints heeded by the Indian Government. It was thereupon decided that Mr. Wazir Hasan, secretary of the All-India Moslem League at Lucknow, and Mr. Mohamed Ali, editor of the Delhi "Comrade," should come to London and try to explain the grievances of their community to such Englishmen as were willing to listen. They came provided with letters of introduction from some of the highest English and Indian officials in the service of the Indian Government.

I have been at some pains to verify the account I heard of the reception of these two gentlemen in London; and the reception they received certainly does not do credit to our hospitality. Two or three letters sent to Lord Morley brought the intimation at last that he could not see them. Neither, strange to say, could Mr. Montagu, the Under Secretary of State for India. Only in a few cases did the editors of important newspapers see them; and, with the exception of two important Liberal dailies (one in London and one in Manchester) and one important Liberal weekly (sixpenny), no newspaper would offer to publish even a moderately condensed account of their grievances. The "Times," and I think also the "Telegraph," inserted correspondence between the visitors and Mr. Ameer Ali; but in an abridged form.

An ironical feature of the whole thing is this: I have myself, when investigating certain facts put before me, spoken to prominent newspaper editors and even newspaper proprietors. One and all they admit the justice of the Moslem claims; one and all they admit that Mr. Mohamed Ali and Mr. Wazir Hasan have every possible reason for feeling dissatisfied with their treatment at the hands of men like Lord Morley and Mr. Montagu, who should have been among the first to make them welcome. And one and all these prominent newspaper men made use of an almost identical expression when I commented on their curious attitude: "We daren't publish a word about it, my boy. The boss has had the tip from the India Office, and they wouldn't like it."

I gather—from inquiries at the India Office—that the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, where Cawnpore happens to be situated, seems to have made rather a fool of himself. The same remark applies to one of his subordinates. English officials, being human, sometimes do and say foolish things. Unfortunately, an Englishman in India can do no wrong. The theory seems to be that a manly withdrawal, a courteous acknowledgment of error, is something that an official in India cannot permit himself. The consequence is that two influential Moslems, who are sincerely anxious to put the opinions of their co-religionists before the authorities, have been boycotted in London and run the risk of being arrested on trumped-up charges on their return to India some time next month.

Now, during the last three or four generations the acknowledgment of English superiority in India has not been due to our arms any more than to our intellectual vigour. It has been due to our reputation (long and well deserved) for rigid impartiality in the administration of justice. The Indian people are more than willing to make allowance for errors; and until quite recently they were equally willing to admit that the English administrators in the midst of them very seldom made errors and honestly strove to avoid them. It is only of late years that we have tried in India the policy of "take no notice," the policy of silence, concealment, and suppression, which has long been in vogue here in the matter, for example, of labour unrest. Had a Hindu sect a grievance? Had a Moslem sect a grievance? Well, then, let the influential spokesmen of the disaffected people be struck off the Governor's or Lieutenant-Governor's visiting list, let them be boycotted at the Bar, let their papers be seized, if they had any; let them be shut up, in more senses than one; but, whatever happened, for God's sake let them be kept quiet.

Such a policy as this is foolish at all times; it is idiotic when applied to the Moslems of India. Many causes can be mentioned in explanation of the growing irritation with our rule in India. The chief cause, it seems to me, is the well-meaning and painstaking tactlessness of many of our officials. Let there be no mistake about it: such degeneracy as there is in our Indian Civil Service reflects, though feebly, the degeneracy and corruption of our home politics. With all its faults, our aristocracy had one great virtue: it understood men of different nations and races and knew how to handle them. Tact, dignity, discipline, restraint: these were its attributes. But the competitive examination system —framed, naturally, in the interests of the middle and higher-middle classes—gradually resulted in the Indian Civil Service being filled by men of a different type, men who had brains and very little else. It requires an aristocracy to administer India as we must administer India; the English middle classes are not aristocrats; and there's an end on't.

Survey and Strategy.

THE time was ripe for a new survey of the world's labour movement and it has been efficiently done by Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in a book issued last week—"The World of Labour" (London, G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., 5s. net). Mr. Cole describes his book as a discussion of the present and future of trade unionism. By this he means that a survey of the forces and ideas that now move organised labour inevitably calls up the problem of the right strategy necessary to achieve economic liberty. The book is, therefore, both a compendium and a manifesto. There is a foolish impression abroad that a man who can issue a manifesto must be too full-blooded, too enthusiastic, to write an impartial account of existing facts and tendencies. It is assumed that to produce a really reliable compendium the author must be cold-blooded and detached. We know this type only too well. They will put on record the various resolutions passed by the Trade Union Congress and the statistical data of the whole movement but remain for ever blind to the spiritual emanations, the aura of the movement. Mr. Cole feels and sees this aura, rightly regarding it as the most important factor, indicating the passions and the dreams of the human beings who constitute the labour movement. Nor does he hesitate to draw conclusions and to point morals. This contribution is therefore very important and necessary to a right understanding of modern thought and action.

Mr. Cole goes to the heart of the problem in the early part of his book. He tells us that the present unrest has not merely a cause but a justification: "It is the first awakening of a new and positive demand, of a nascent philosophy which needs formulation and interpretation. Behind the new industrialism is the germ of the demand for the real control of industry by the workers, for an 'Industrial Democracy' that shall mean not merely for Trade Union management, but the real superintendence of industrial processes and conditions." He points out that even practical trade unionism now realises that in existing industrial conditions, higher wages are almost impossible and that the demands of labour now centre round questions of discipline and management which were formerly deemed to be outside the competence of the Trade Unions. We should have been better pleased if Mr. Cole had, at this point, tackled the real problem of wagery and had proved, as he might have done, that the very nature of the wage-bond precludes the possibility of higher wages and that the abolition of wagery is a condition precedent to labour control. Later on he endorses THE NEW AGE condemnation of the labour commodity theory, but conveys the impression that wage-abolition is not, as yet, practical politics. His failure at the outset of his argument to pose the true implications of wagery to some extent vitiates it throughout. But we will return to that point. Proceeding with his theme, he perceives that out of the welter of seething discontent there is gradually emerging a new conception of industrial and social life which is now called Syndicalism. As our readers are aware, we have been trying for some months past to get at some definite basis of Syndicalism and have failed to elicit any kind of definition from any of its advocates. The reason is now disclosed. Mr. Cole tells us that its terminology is vague, but that it involves a new idea. "Syndicalism," he writes, "is a word that means something and something important, though what it means is at present ill-understood. Its meaning is, in fact, something the future has to decide by its manner of facing the present crisis in the industrial world."

Although not without a touch of unconscious humour, this definition (that Syndicalism has no definition), may be seriously commended to those Syndicalists who so jealously regard our own National Guild proposals. When they tell us that National Guilds are contrary to Syndicalist theories, without caring one jot whether it be so or not, we can successfully retort that the future has not yet decided what Syndicalism is, and that as National Guilds are at present the only constructive proposal yet evolved, the future (in its wisdom) may decide that Syndicalism is one half of the Guild conception, the other half being a purified State from which economic considerations have been eliminated. It is clear, too, from Mr. Cole's definition that Syndicalism, as yet, has not come down to earth. We turned with amused anticipation to the section devoted to Italy to ascertain if, by chance, Syndicalism had alighted in the vicinity of the Holy Roman Empire. We had heard rather too much about the Syndicalist Bottle-Blowers. In fact, we were rather tired of them. What do we discover? That the bottle-blowing factory turns out to be a co-operative affair and "even its co-operation was not of the purest sort." Some of its workers were shareholders, "but their share depended on their investment, and did not go necessarily along with the work they did." Mr. Cole very cruelly points out that the Syndicalist idea means that the worker ought to be, merely because he worked in the factory, a part-controller of it; but "here the worker, because he had invested money, was a part *proprietor* of the factory." Thus, whilst the worthy Italian workers blew bottles, the British Syndicalists were busy blowing bubbles. But why does not Mr. Cole point out to his Syndicalist friends that had these bottle-blowers declined to sell their labour as a commodity, their fellow-workmen (and the banks and the other capitalists) could not have exploited them?

Whilst it is certain that Syndicalism has now taken on an undefined and rather vague significance, its alleged origin in France will not stand investigation. The most valuable part of this book is its extremely clear presentation of the French industrial position. We know of no other work so instructive and penetrating upon this point. The truth is that France has a multitude of clear thinkers who weave logical theories out of very thin material. The result is that any strike in France is invested with purple meanings, whilst the actualities are decently hidden from view. It is out of these theories and not out of the facts that Syndicalism has grown. It is none the worse on that account. The faculty to theorise is of the first value, but it is important to realise that, when Syndicalism points to France as an exemplar, the facts are brutally inconsistent with the theories. France, more than Great Britain or Germany, is the home of the small industry. There is less organisation both amongst employers and employees than in other industrialised countries. The Confédération Générale du Travail (commonly known as the C.G.T.) has an affiliated membership of about 500,000, compared with Germany's 2,300,000, and Great Britain's 2,500,000. This comparison of numbers, however, does less than justice to the French movement, because the fact that the small employer still rules the roast in France renders national organisation of the workers largely futile, and compels them to concentrate upon local organisation. Thus "syndicat" in France still means a *local* union, and at the present moment there are only four national syndicats. French Trade Union policy, therefore, is necessarily dominated by local considerations, and local autonomy is imperative. Those who desire to get at the true perspective of the French movement must carefully study Mr. Cole's two long chapters. The inter-relation between the work of the C.G.T. and the Bourses du Travail indicates not only French character, but French conditions.

Mr. Cole is not so happy in his account of the American situation. He starts with an error of fact when he states that "nowhere is capital so concentrated, industrial method so advanced, industry itself so trustified." Each of these statements is inaccurate, although we know that they are usually held to be true. Take the last statement. Perhaps in form the American trust is the biggest, but in essence British industry has

reached a much higher form of trust development. The American Steel Trust, stupendous though it is, controls less than sixty per cent. of the American iron and steel industry. We could name a dozen men in England who actually control nearer seventy-five per cent. of the British trade. These men constantly meet and confer. In Germany, too, the cartel system marks a higher form of industrial organisation than anything in America. We do not mention these facts merely to criticise Mr. Cole, but the point is cardinal because it is well that we should know where the highest industrial development has been reached because it is there that mankind will move on to the next era, which can only be begun by the emphatic rejection of the labour commodity theory. Now America is neither socially nor economically homogeneous. New England has reached a certain magnitude in quantitative production, but the Southern States are yet early Victorian, both in theory and practice, whilst the negro factor weighs them down almost beyond hope. The Western States again have quite other problems. Mr. Cole has, however, got at one most important fact not generally realised over here. He shows that native white labour and the immigrant labour approach industry from two fundamentally different points of view. There is much truth in this, but possibly not so much as Mr. Cole thinks. The Lawrence and Paterson strikes proved that the immigrants are wonderfully quick at grasping modern ideas, whilst a number of recent strikes in New York have proved that they can unite upon a central idea and fight for it with skill and tenacity. Mr. Cole, we think, has not grasped the fact that the French, German and Italian immigrants are wonderfully well supplied with literature in their own tongues and are less influenced by the deadening effects of the American Christian churches. At Paterson and Lawrence quite the best speeches were those of the two Italian leaders. But America baffles all its critics and we must leave it at that.

We must not linger, however tempted, over Mr. Cole's analysis of the labour movement in Germany, Italy, and Sweden. Nor need we discuss his chapter on "Trade Union Structure," important though it undoubtedly is. But before we come to his statement of our own proposals, we must comment upon his criticism of the General Strike. Starting from the well-known case of Sweden, he cites Belgium and details the four main purposes for which a General Strike may be called—the political, anti-militarist, the economic and the social. The General Strike failed lamentably in Sweden; it failed three times in Belgium, and it seems destined always to fail. Mr. Cole dismisses it as "a rather barren contribution of the theorists to economic propaganda." We suggest to Mr. Cole that he has not fully explored the possibilities of a General Strike. We have, on more than one occasion, pointed out the futility of any strike, local or general, for any of the usual purposes of Trade Unionism. We agree that it is almost certainly doomed to failure as a protest against militarism, or to achieve any political purpose (to strike for political power is criminally foolish); it is certain to fail also if it be directed towards any wage increase, or as an attempt to overthrow capitalist society. But Mr. Cole has apparently not considered the practical bearings of a demand for wage-abolition. Suppose the overwhelming majority of the workers were to declare that never again would they consent to sell their labour as a commodity. It is obvious that were they to reach that pitch of determination, the movement would suddenly assume grave spiritual as well as economic dimensions. We should find ourselves in an atmosphere not unlike that which prevailed in the Northern States of America just prior to the war of the Union. It is easily demonstrable that wage-abolition marks a new era as certainly as did the abolition of chattel slavery. Suppose, further, that the employers of Great Britain were as effectively organised as were the employers of Sweden in 1902. It is certain that men will not readily die for any mere economic advantage, but it is equally certain they will die willingly if that economic issue is merged into a great spiritual revelation. We should then find ourselves in a situation unparalleled in the history of the human race. We should have the employers greedily holding on to their material rights which ran athwart the spiritual convictions of the mass of the community. Now in these circumstances, a General Strike would not only be inevitable, but it would be inevitably successful. One of two things would ensue: either the wage-system would incontinently go and we should find the employers seeking a common basis of administration with their late employees, or we should see the employers gaining a barren victory and temporarily continuing the old system, but at the loss of rent, interest and profit. For if the workers were strong enough to engineer a general strike, it is certain they would be strong enough to nullify profits, were they compelled to return to work before wagery were actually abolished. We have always resolutely set our faces against sabotage, and the second alternative would undoubtedly imply some subtle form of sabotage. But it would, in this instance, be a temporary phase. It would be a psychological waiting upon time, and probably of short duration. In the struggle for wage abolition, it would mark the period of Gettysburg. We do not, however, believe that the employers would force matters so far. They would compromise much earlier in the struggle.

Mr. Cole must forgive us if we lay so much stress upon wage-abolition in our review of his work. But it is the kernel of the problem and he has, we think, missed its practical importance although he willingly concedes its theoretical value. When, therefore, he comes to discuss the NEW AGE proposals, he goes hopelessly astray because of this serious misunderstanding. We regret, too, that he has also misunderstood the proposed structure of the Guilds. He writes: "The amount and character of their production are to be determined for them by the State, but the methods and processes are to be left entirely in their hands. . . . They are not to trade, but are to receive from the State a lump sum, calculated on the number of persons engaged in the industry, to be divided as they please." We are distressed that we have failed to make ourselves clear to Mr. Cole, particularly as he informs his readers that we have been "perfectly lucid and coherent." As a fact, our theme throughout has been that the State must be absolutely relieved of all economic preoccupations. To that end, we have sketched a guild organisation which, so far from receiving a "lump sum" from the State, would pay a lump sum to the State; and we have been at some pains to prove that the amount so paid to the State would roughly be the equivalent of economic rent. Further, we have explained that this amount would be the price paid to the State for the Guild charter. The amount and character of the Guilds' production would be determined, not by the State, but by the Guild Congress, sitting in permanent session. But throughout our long argument, we have consistently asserted that Guild organisation must follow and not precede wage-abolition. It is logically clear that wage abolition means also the abolition of rent, interest and profits. Mr. Cole apparently has not grasped this fundamental point because he actually fears "Guild profiteering." This is really heart-breaking. We predicate the disappearance of profiteering as the natural result of wage abolition, and Mr. Cole is actually callous enough not only to postulate the continuance of profits but actually applies a word minted by us, to a condition of things which, ex hypothesi, we have abolished. We trust that in the subsequent editions of his book—it deserves many editions—Mr. Cole will rewrite this section, not only stating correctly our proposals but giving due significance to the practical bearings upon the problem of wage-abolition. But this unfortunate misinterpretation of Guild organisation does not blind us to the value of a book which has earned the serious consideration of students.

The Psychological Factor.

To the Editor of The New Age.

Sir,—I think most of your readers must have been impressed by Mr. E. Cowley's two letters on the "psychological factor," and for my part I feel them to be the most convincing analysis of the source of our present troubles I think I have ever read, and, though I have Protestant ancestors and am not a Catholic, I disagree with "Protestant Guildsman" in feeling that his criticism of the Socialist movement is not true. The movement does place too much faith on systems as such, and though The New Age propaganda does not err to the same extent as Collectivists do, and though it recognises the psychological factor, I nevertheless feel that it plays a secondary rather than a primary part in its arguments, and for this reason I feel Mr. Cowley's criticisms are justified.

What, however, I wish to protest against is the excess of Mr. Cowley's zeal for the past, which leads him to cast aspersions on the Jews as a race, which are unwarrantable. Mr. Cowley I feel to be right in his criticism of modernism, with its "fluidity" of mind and its hatred of all that is hard and permanent in the world, and it may be that the Jews have had something to do with the growth of this intellectual tendency. But the blame I do not think finally rests with the Jews, but with the attitude of Catholicism towards them in the Middle Ages.

If I search for a cause of this tendency in the modern world, apart from the decay of dogmas which exalted and maintained standards of right and wrong, I should say that it was due to the occupations which men follow to-day. Machinery, by dividing men from handicraft, has divorced them from the last remaining reality—the reality of work—and has created a vast horde of financiers, middle-men, clerks, etc. These occupations, by destroying that living interest in things which only men engaged in actual work are capable of, incline them to view everything from the standpoint of profit and loss. Such occupations therefore tend to degrade the mind, and it was not without reason that the Greeks always had a prejudice against occupations connected with buying and selling, and considered clerking and secretarial work as essentially menial work, while they honoured the craftsman, ranking him on terms of equality with the philosopher, the dramatist, and the physician.

Looking at the Jews from this point of view, their intellectual fluidity may be said to have developed early among them, not because they are fundamentally different from other people, but because all through the Middle Ages they were debarred from the pursuit of agriculture and the crafts. The Jews were money-lenders because they had no option in the matter, as they were excluded from other occupations. That is what made them nomads in life as in thought. And so, though no one has a higher opinion of the achievements of mediævalism than myself and want to see its institution restored, I do not wish to see Jew-baiting restored with it. I feel this was the black spot in the Middle Ages, and that it was the justice which Roman Catholics denied them which made them a race apart.

Arthur J. Penty.

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Sir,—I must protest against Mr. Cowley's use of the word Catholic. He refers to "my party, the Catholic party," when he means, of course, the Roman Catholic party, an utterly different thing.

The main argument of the writer consists in his statement that "systems have no existence in themselves." They are, he says in effect, the external expressions of the inward spiritual condition of their creators. "As a natural consequence conceiving the mind of man to be the source and origin of all systems and institutions alike, we . . . lay our stress upon the necessity of reforming the desires and beliefs in the mind."

All this would be perfectly logical if it were true that "systems have no existence in themselves," but it just happens that the statement is entirely false, and it is false because the law of inertia pertains not only in the physical world, but also in that of manners and of morals. We are *not* living in a world which is the creation of the men and women of our time. The system was conceived and created more than a generation ago, and once launched upon the world it tends to move on, unless by forces being impressed upon it, it is made to change its state. Moreover, this system (the survival of the fittest, or each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost) is one that by its mere mechanical operation has power to turn our very virtues into vices as, for example, when the good husband and kind father is forced into becoming a sweating manufacturer out of fear of the hideous spectre of starvation that will cross his threshold the moment he allows his humanity to get the better of his humaneness. In order to be an angel to his children he must perforce become a devil to his men.

Mr. Cowley must know that not all the Inquisitors were barbarians and brutes. Why then his statement, "systems have no existence in themselves"?

Mr. Cowley's method, the method of the "Catholic" party of social reform, amounts to this then. The hearts of the men and women who have been bruised and broken by this system devised by our great-grandfathers are to be made free of pride and avarice by the kindly offices of our creed and our philosophy. When that consummation has been brought about these converted men and women will almost automatically set things as they are, to rights, "Give men clean minds and righteous hearts and the rest will follow."

This is a most delightful picture I admit, but the dazzling brightness of it is, I cannot help thinking so, dulled a little when one remembers that the Roman Catholic Church has been at this "converting method" for just over nineteen hundred years and with most disappointing results. For every man whose heart has been "changed" ten thousand have been untouched. Economically considered, Mr. Cowley's method, the method of "my party," is quite negligible. And I may add that the Catholic party as such see no essential immorality in the wage system. I do not wonder, sir, that you, as Mr. Cowley says, "look upon men as hopeless."

It is perfectly clear, I think, that inside the wage system there is no room for reform in either morals or religion. Christianity is in many respects, as Mr. Shaw pointed out in "Major Barbara," rather the ally of our commercial system than its opponent.

No doubt, "in order to make your scheme or reform work, we must at the same time effect a reformation in religion, philosophy and morals," but it seems to me, Sir, that you, and your contributors and disciples, are a most excellent testimony that such a change in religion, philosophy and morals has come about, and that while Mr. Cowley, Peter like, is bidding you to stay on the mountain top of religious ecstasy, and, I may say, laziness, you and your followers are down in the valley, trying to heal the sick and cure the lunatics of which there seem to be at the present time a prodigious number about.

W. H.

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Sir,—The primary factor—the one at the back of everything—is the biological factor, under which we regard man as a being struggling for existence, and claiming the right to exist.

A long row of sociological thinkers have taught us that in human society this right is the common inheritance of all.

The main form and content of equal rights is manifestly determined by economic factors, since our economic status pronounces on the root question as to how we are going to live at all. The economic factor is the expression of the biological factor.

If it is perceived that the particular factor violating human rights is monopoly in the means of production, that monopoly will be attacked, and finally destroyed.

We have in this resistance our psychological factor. This resistance to the economic violation of human rights is the manner in which the psychological factor re-acts on the economic one. We see it to-day in trade unionism.

There is also a subsidiary psychological factor. This, also, is called forth by economic forces, and finds its expression (a) amongst the wage-earners themselves, in the activity of each worker for his fellows as an altruistic plus to his egoistic assertion of his own right to live; (b) amongst those not so directly affected—the social reformers.

The dependence of this subsidiary psychological factor on the economic one was the fact perceived by Marx and Engels when they demonstrated that the ideal forces and aspirations can only be active within the limits of hard, material reality.

The means adopted to maintain human rights are determined by the weapons at hand. In a capitalistic society the chief weapon is naturally association amongst the wage-earners for purposes of defence and counter-attack. Of the policies of attack and defence the former is the more valuable. Let us be thankful that the workers are beginning to see this.

We perceive then that the biological factor, working through the economic factor, determines the psychological factor.

It is therefore wrong to conceive of psychological forces influencing economics primarily.

Nevertheless, the weapon of the proletariat—offensive and defensive association—as soon as it has attained effective force, itself becomes an economic factor. It is this economic phenomenon of proletarian association which, if we read the signs aright, is destined to produce the next fundamental change in the form of human relationships.

All is thus interplay of forces—forces economical and forces psychological. There is no economic factor standing of itself alone. The economic factor—the expression of the biological one—and the psychological factor are as inevitably bound up in one another as the subject and object of philosophy. To conceive of them as independent of one another is to fall into a sociological dualism as serious as the dualism of a certain school of modern philosophers. The fears of "A Rifleman" in "The Gathering Storm"—commented on a few weeks ago by "A. E. R."—have no foundation in reality. His "inexorable" economic laws produce just as inexorably the psychological factor, which is therefore carried far beyond the region of mere hope and prophecy. The economic factor being merely the expression of the root biological factor, under which man is regarded as a being striving to exist, we may be confident that if it is found that private monopoly in the *means* of living is the enemy, it will fall. When Werner Sombart, for instance, says that man has an "Uranlage" to Capitalism, he is giving utterance to nothing more than the plain biological truth that man is pre-disposed to struggle for existence, and in that struggle seizes the means of existence. If, then, it is perceived that the resultant monopoly shuts men out from those very means of existence, that monopoly will have to go. If, further, the soul-deadening effects of capitalistic industry really should finally produce the economic man, the evil works of the latter will inevitably call forth the psychological forces destined to bring about his own destruction.

Summarising our argument, we may say: (a) primarily is the biological factor; (b) the biological factor finds its expression in the economic factor; (c) the economic factor produces the psychological factor of necessity; (d) the psychological factor, at a certain stage of development, may itself become an economic factor.

Hamburg. L. J. BALL.

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Sir,—I beg leave to submit to Mr. Cowley's consideration the Socialist way of expressing the difference between Socialism of any description and the "Distributivism" advocated by himself and Mr. Belloc. Both Socialists and "Distributivists" call for a concentration of efforts on the removal of one particular kind of grievances or hardships, but there is disagreement as to what kind. Socialists have singled out the economic kind of grievances, which may be summed up under three heads, namely: actual destitution for one minority of the population, economic insecurity for the majority and plutocratic power for another minority who are by temperament or by circumstances, or by both, specially unfit to exercise special influence of any kind. As for the particular kind of grievances singled out by Distributivists, it is what may be called the juristic grievance, which is the displeasure caused to spectators by the perpetration of "wickedness" with impunity on the part of agents supposed to be endowed with "free will." For Catholics, who reckon "supernatural" spectators, and especially "God," among the spectators affected by this displeasure, the juristic grievance is of supreme importance. For Socialists, even if they grant the presence of interested invisible spectators, this displeasure is a grievance of insignificantly small dimensions in comparison with the economic grievances. Moreover, Socialists have good reasons to believe that in most cases the juristic grievance is singled out for the purpose of diverting attention from the economic grievances, nay, even for the purpose of justifying and advocating their continuance. Thus, in Mr. Belloc's Distributive state, if it is ever brought into existence, there will be an actually destitute minority and an economically insecure majority, so that the two principal economic grievances will be left in their full strength, and as a matter of necessary consequence keep in being the third grievance, that of plutocratic power exercised by a minority which will not, in the belief of Socialists, become more fit for exercising such power because it will delegate to its clerical section the administration of poor laws, that is to say, the treatment of the destitute minority. O. E. POST.

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Sir,—If "Protestant Guildsman" has been a reader of THE NEW AGE for the past two or three years, as he declares, he might have rested assured that none of the falsehoods, assertions, evasions, tricks, or absurdities of Mr. E. Cowley would be allowed to pass without exposure. To those not in the know, this attempt to queer Mr. Belloc's pitch and to deflect the discussion from the Guilds to psychology may appear a piece of idiocy. But it isn't that. It has a deep and well-considered motive. Let us understand exactly what it is.

Regarding the appearance of Mr. Cowley in THE NEW AGE, a fellow-reader has asked me the following questions:—"What the blazes prompts the fellow to step in, and anticipate Mr. Belloc's conclusions? Can they not trust Mr. Belloc to state the Catholic position?"

"No! They cannot trust him."

"Cannot! In the name of heaven, why? I thought he was their chief exponent of economics!"

Many people are under the same impression as you, but it is not so, and for this reason. Following the lead given by THE NEW AGE, when Mr. Belloc started the "Eye-Witness" he lashed out without fear or mercy at the infamous Insurance Act. But he soon discovered that he was up against the official Catholic position regarding that measure. The Insurance Act, declared Mr. Belloc, was a piece of degrading tyranny. "The Insurance Act is an endowment of the Catholic Church," declared Dr. Colvin, of Glasgow. Dr. Colvin's view is the official Catholic view, and a "Catholic Thrift Society" has been established, under Catholic clerical influence, to exploit this Act and subject Catholics of the "manual class" to what Mr. Belloc rightly called its degrading tyranny.

Mr. Belloc, therefore, is suspect, and not to be trusted to expound the true view of the Holy Roman Catholic Church on a moral question like National Guilds.

P. F.

* * *

Sir,—Mr. E. Cowley, coming to Mr. Belloc's support, says that Guild Socialism, considered as a machine, lacks motive power. The analogy, like other analogies, is no more than an analogy; and the use of it, I think, weakens his criticism. His main opinion does not clearly emerge. I venture to suggest three possible views, and to ask Mr. Cowley to say, for the general good, to which of these three views, or to what view distinct from these three, he adheres.

(1) That the difference between one system and another is negligible.

(2) That it is important which system we choose. THE NEW AGE system is the wrong system.

(3) That it is important which system we choose. THE NEW AGE system is the right system, but the motive power is lacking.

The third of these is the view implied by Mr. Cowley's criticism of THE NEW AGE writers for having their attention "entirely concentrated upon the wheels, cranks, pistons," and neglecting the motive power. He would not blame the absence of motive power if he thought that the machine, with motive power, would be useless or pernicious.

If Mr. Cowley holds the first view, he does not seem to agree with Mr. Belloc, who is entirely occupied with the difference between system and system. If he holds the second, his criticism should properly be directed upon the structure of THE NEW AGE "machine." If he holds the third, it remains for him to introduce the "machine," when perfected, but as yet motionless, to the Church which holds the motive power. A. E. W.

[The writers of the Guild articles will reply on the whole controversy next week.]

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XI.

Political Gossip.

THE second armistice had been proclaimed and everyone believed the war was over. Officers on two or three days' furlough from Chatalja called on us, and Misket Hanum was surprised to find that her vituperation of the Bulgars was neither echoed nor applauded by these actual fighters. Their attitude towards the enemy was one of pure compassion. The Bulgars had, they told us, fought magnificently; their losses had been terrible, so great that they could hardly now be said to have an army. The capture of Adrianople had been their last great effort, which they never could have made successfully without the Serbs and Russian volunteers. A general told me that the Bulgars had petitioned for the armistice, and as soon as it was granted came in hundreds to the Turkish lines to beg for food. He said it made him downright sick to see the way the starving soldiers fell upon the food when it was given to them. The Bulgars had behaved like savages in Thrace and Macedonia; but that was the doing, he considered, chiefly of irregulars, whom it was always dangerous to use in Eastern warfare. That the massacres had been a definite part of the plan of campaign he verily believed, judging from the field left free to these irregulars, and from the fact that none of them, so far as he could learn, had yet been hanged, which would have been their fate in any civilised army. Of the regulars he spoke as he had found them—brave, fine troops, but utterly exhausted, in spite of all their claim to victory. They had beaten out their life on the Chatalja forts. Being thus weak, they would be pounced on by their own allies, as wolves devour the wounded leader of the pack. The Turks had now a well-appointed army in the field, compared with which the remnant of the Bulgar host, which at the outset of the war had been a splendid fighting force, was pitiful. As a soldier who had seen their army in its prime and much admired it, he could not but feel sorry for its utter ruin. This was the view of every Turkish soldier that one met. In our village, on the Asiatic shore of Marmora, life speedily resumed its normal flow. There had been no festivities, public or private, among Muslims since October; but now one heard the gossip of a hundred weddings; and pleasure-trips and parties were once more allowed. Amid the social bustle which ensued I made a lot of new acquaintances, and heard some compliments upon my Turkish, which was getting fluent. Besides the khoja who came daily to instruct me and the talk of Misket Hanum and the servants, I had another most efficient teacher in the person of a neighbour's little boy, one Mehmed, who led me forth each morning to inspect the world. He would chatter away gaily, taking my intelligence for granted, then suddenly pull up before some object and demand: "What is it! Name its colour! Is it hard or soft? Animal, vegetable or mineral?" and so on. This duty towards me he performed with most impressive gravity, taking great pains with my pronunciation, which he said was grossly Arab. Sometimes an older boy, his cousin, sometimes a whole group of children bore us company when conversation soon became a general romp, which passers-by observed with sympathetic grins. It was curious to hear these Turkish children, though quite intimate, address each other formally as "Bey Effendi!" "Hanum Effendi!" just like grown-up persons. This was the invariable custom formerly, but now the proper name is gaining ground; and a shout of "Mehmed!" "Safet!" or "Halil!" from one child to another is no longer thought ill-mannered.

Through little Mehmed I acquired a deal of nursery lore, of which my hostess was, I found, a great repository. She knew the language of the frogs, of many birds, and even plants, for we have seen her charm a little seed-pod of the crane's-bill with the words: "Dun, dun, babajik! Dunmasan kefani kesarim kanli kuyuya atarim!" (Turn, turn, little father! If you don't I'll break your head and throw you in the bloody well!) The seed-pod turned in evident alarm, to the admiration of myself and Mehmed, the more so that we tried and failed to work the marvel. Mehmed had a tenderness for all that lives. He had been known to weep most bitterly for fowls of his acquaintance when these appeared before him in the form of food. Walking with me in the garden, he would shriek suddenly and dance with anguish, tugging at my arm. "You're treading on them!" he would cry. "The living ants!" He was not a strong child and from this and other indications I judged him something of a milksop. I was much mistaken. While I was learning Turkish from him, he on his side was employed demurely on a comprehensive study of my abnormalities. A born mimic, he soon acquired a perfect imitation of my strut, my frown, my grin, my tricks of gesture; these he adopted in his admiration for me, which, however, I discovered was by no means blind.

One day, when running, he fell down on a sharp stone and cut his knee, which bled profusely. I took him to my room and washed the cut, and generally made more fuss about the matter than I should have done had he impressed me as less frail. He looked surprised at first, which I set down to shock, and never cried at all; but, seeing my concern, screwed up his face to an expression of great agony, looked up at me with huge, pathetic eyes and moaned "Neh kadar âjiyor!" (How much it hurts!) at intervals. When we went out again he limped alarmingly, requiring my support at every step. This lasted till his mother came in search of him. She asked what was the matter. The boy was speechless owing, as it seemed, to pain. An accident? Yes, he had fallen down and cut his knee. The lady slipped aside the bandage I had made, glanced at the place and forthwith slapped it hard. She said he was a very naughty boy. To my surprise he did not thereupon dissolve in tears, but gave a skip, and, grinning in my face, exclaimed, "Neh kadar âjiyor!" in open mockery. It seemed he had been merely playing up to me in pursuance of his course of study of my character. I ought to have remembered that no Turk, whether man, woman, or child, has ever known that nervous shudder which most English people feel at the sight of blood. No matter whether it be their own or another's, no matter what the quantity, blood flowing is for the Turk a mere natural phenomenon, interesting only in so far as it can be prevented. This peculiarity has gained for them a name for callous cruelty, unjustly, for they are as kind as we are. The trait is one of fatalism, not of inhumanity. An important personage once condescended to describe to me the old-fashioned Turkish view of massacres, for instance. He said:—

"Here am I sitting in my room. They come and tell me there is killing going on outside. I tell them: Stop it instantly! They go, then come again, and say they cannot stop it. I then go out myself and view the matter and estimate the force at my disposal to put down the killing. If I find it insufficient or see clearly that my forces will betray me and go over to the crowd, thus ending my authority, I send for reinforcements. Suppose they do not come. I let the crimes go on, while taking careful note of the chief criminals, who have refused to hear me, reserving my authority for the punishment of the offenders afterwards, which punishment, I promise you, shall be exemplary." This method, though opposed to our ideas, possesses merits. But I have wandered far away from my friend Mehmed. The said Mehmed's parents, approving strongly of the friendship, made me free of their kiosk and their society. His mother was a very energetic, charming lady who sallied forth each day as a black shrouded phantom—unrecognisable until she spoke—on errands

hardly consonant with the accepted English view of Turkish women. She had organised collections for the wounded, expeditions of food and tobacco to the front, had stood for hours with her adherents at the railway station in the bitter days of winter, amid sleet and snow, throwing gifts by handfuls into each compartment of the trains which passed in quick succession bringing soldiers up from Konia and Angora. At present she was organising a still greater work—a league of Turkish ladies for the patronage of Turkish industries. Her husband, a permanent official of high standing, was one of the most subtle thinkers it has ever been my luck to meet. His views of European politics, which he had studied more minutely than those of his own country—a failing of the modern Turk, as I have hinted—were singularly shrewd and, being quite impartial, fresh to me; and that his opinion upon Turkish matters was worth more than most men's I gathered from the fact that, though an ardent Liberal, he sometimes had a good word for the Unionists. The other Liberals of our acquaintance were such bitter partisans that they had lost the will and the capacity to sit in judgment. "We are finished," they would mutter, "thanks to Europe, but chiefly thanks to those atrocious Unionists. Our shame is great. What must the French and English think of us, seeing us submit to the dominion of such men. If the earth would only open and engulf us!"

I have heard these friends of mine accuse the Unionists of every crime from petty theft to murder and incendiarism, and should probably have given credence to the charges had they been made general and not specifically aimed at persons whom I knew and liked. In order to explain the ground of this extremely bitter party feeling, I here give an outline of the history of the present Turkish parties.

At the Revolution everyone became a Unionist either by conviction or from policy. There was in appearance no reactionary spirit; yet nine months later there broke out a counter-revolution in the form of a mutiny of the garrison of Constantinople. This mutiny has been ascribed to the personal intrigues of Abdul Hamid II, but seems rather to have been the work, without his knowledge, of those who owed to him a rank and fortune which they feared to lose under the new regime. It was quickly suppressed; the Young Turk army under Mahmud Shevket Pasha marched from Salonika and re-took the capital, which it entered amid scenes of wild enthusiasm; and once more everyone became a Unionist in outward seeming, though secret discontent prevailed among the upper classes. If there were men of sense and genuine patriotism on the Committee, there were also firebrands, whose arrogance offended the old notables. The various attacks upon the Empire more or less concerted by the Powers of Europe, which followed close upon the Revolution, were attributed by many to the new regime. The Hamidian statesmen and officials, whose policy had been all outward deference towards the Powers, were horrified at the crude methods of the Young Turk Government, its callow trust in diplomatic protestations, its neglect of backstairs opportunities, espionage and little subsidies, of which the tyrant had availed himself with such success. The kinglets of the Balkans found their incomes much reduced, so did the Albanian chiefs, so also, I have heard, did other personages belonging to a world reputed much more civilised. In Abdul Hamid's time a man could be a general in the army at twenty-one by influence. There were many youths thus foisted into high appointments. The reformers had them all examined and degraded to the rank for which they seemed designed by nature. Ministers who had preyed upon the country and grown rich, were made to yield a portion of their spoils. The disarming of the Albanian mountaineers appeared untimely and was said to be performed in much too harsh a manner. But it was an attempt to centralise the Empire on a German plan, forcing the Turkish language upon all its races, even the proud Arabs, which gave the Opposition heart and popularity; though its leaders also made political capital out of the succession of disasters, culminating in the war with Italy, which had befallen the country under Unionist rule. The Liberals came into power in the summer of 1912 and formed what looked like a strong Ministry. They blame the Unionists for the disaster of the first part of the war, accusing them of having demoralised the army by sacrificing discipline to their political propaganda. The Unionists, on the other hand, contend that they had as much improved the army in the article of efficiency as in those of food and clothing, and ascribe the whole fiasco to the change made in its arrangements by the Liberals from party spite, and particularly to the madness of the Government in disbanding the army of Macedonia, at the instance of the Powers, when war was actually in sight. On this last point the Liberals reply that they received a definite assurance from the Powers that no attack on Turkey by the Balkan States would be permitted. On that assurance they disbanded the said army, confiding in the honour of the Powers. "Why," the Unionists exclaim, "confide in something which they knew full well did not exist?" The Liberals admit that they would not have trusted Russia, but they trusted England. However that may be, the disbanding of a disciplined and well-tried army of 120,000 men just then was fatal in its consequences to the Turks. The men had just had time to scatter to their homes in distant provinces when war broke out; and to replace them irregulars and raw recruits were driven in. Some of these knew so little of a soldier's business that on the word of command: "At!" they all threw down their rifles, the same word meaning "Fire!" and also "Throw!" I have the story from an officer who had to do with them. Whether competent or no, the Liberal regime was a complete fiasco. Popular sentiment soon turned against a party whose accession to power had seemed the signal for calamity, and the community at large was not indignant when it fell in the little revolution of January, 1913, on which occasion Nâzim Pasha lost his life. Here again the party versions are irreconcilable. The Liberals declare that Nâzim's murder was premeditated. The Unionists protest that it was nothing of the kind, but rather pardonable homicide, committed in hot blood, and on the strongest provocation. I incline to take the latter view, and for this reason, that I never heard of any Turk who killed a man, as he imagined, for his country's good, who did not glory in the deed. That the Unionists express regret for Nâzim's death seems to me proof positive that it was not included in their forecast of the January revolution.

In either case, it was a most unfortunate event, since it made the Liberals regard the Shevket Pasha Government with actual hatred. My Liberal friends assured me, now the war was ended, it would not be long before they overthrew those criminals and hanged them all. Allowing something for the Oriental vigour of imagination, I had heard such talk at home from eager partisans, so did not attach importance to it. I was wrong in this, as will appear hereafter.

The White Dancer.

By Lionel de Fonseka.

MISS MAUD ALLAN, it appears, has decided to carry out the programme for her tour in India as originally arranged, out of regard for her reputation and self-respect. Neither the fact nor Miss Allan's motives are of the slightest importance to anybody, except possibly to Miss Maud Allan, but the recent outcry on the subject in the English Press was a revelation of the state of public opinion in England. The gist of the agitation appeared to be this: that Indians would fail to make any distinction between Indian dancers and Miss Maud Allan, and that British prestige in India would suffer thereby. The proposition sounds sufficiently absurd, as

thus stated, but apparently it has been one of sufficient gravity to disturb the equanimity of the British public for a fortnight; perhaps, after all, there may be something in it.

The public, of course, has a right to choose its own worries; conceding the right, we must take its worries seriously. We are in the position of a physician. A patient complains of certain pains and alarming symptoms; the physician tells him, "If you have these pains and betray these symptoms, you have appendicitis. Perhaps you have, perhaps you haven't—in any case let me examine you."

When Miss Maud Allan some weeks ago announced her intention of going to India, the public proclaimed itself to be not at ease. We shall endeavour, as sympathetically as possible, to diagnose this dis-ease of the public.

And first as to the alleged cause of the malady—a dancer's tour abroad—a trivial matter, in all conscience, but not, therefore, to be lightly dismissed. Our patient's health must be already enfeebled if it may be so easily affected; so let us make a preliminary note—"general debility."

Next we shall examine the pain, which is due to the fear that Indians will fail to make any distinction between Miss Maud Allan and Indian dancers. The pain, we fear, is not an imaginary one; the irritant is undoubtedly there. Indians will certainly refuse to make the distinction. This is a normal or natural circumstance which would cause no pain to a person in normal good health. That it should pain the English public is prima facie ground for believing the English people to be unsound at heart. Let us consider the facts. If an Indian audience, after seeing her performance, critically compared the dancing of Miss Maud Allan with that of a trained nautch-girl, it would undoubtedly consider the nautch-girl's to be the more finished exposition of the dancer's art. The dancer's art has been practised and brought to perfection in India in the course of centuries; in England it is a recent fad. It has been urged that Miss Allan's dancing would not be "understood" in India. Where it is unintelligible it would certainly not be understood, but then where, as dancing, it is unintelligible, it is not dancing. Indians are trained critics of dancing, they have been taught during many generations to appreciate the beautiful in postures and motions. An Indian audience would certainly seize any lurking elements of beauty in Miss Allan's postures and motions: the rest it probably would not grasp.

We note by the way that Miss Allan has decided to omit "Salome" from her Indian programme—and wisely. There is not much that is intrinsically good, as dancing, in the "Salome" turn. On the other hand, the character of Salome is extremely liable to be misunderstood. An Indian audience might quite possibly have fallen into the lamentable error of the little girl who understood Salome to be "the woman who put on a lot of beads and danced in front of Harrod's"!

From the point of view of artistic merit, then, an Indian audience would make a positive distinction between Miss Maud Allan and Indian dancers, in favour of the latter. In the eyes of the British public, however, this would not be an invidious distinction—the British public is rarely vexed by a distinction based on artistic merit. But it is seriously vexed because Indians would refuse to make an invidious distinction between Miss Allan and Indian dancers, in favour of the former, on the ground of general moral excellence.

Indians hold the profession of acting, including dancing—in fact any profession which involves making an exhibition of oneself—to be a dishonourable one; an actor is a low-caste person. English people consider acting an honourable profession, and they unreasonably expect Indians to alter their views on the subject so far as regards Miss Allan. But why should Indians be expected to violate a racial, and what is more, a rational principle, so as to humour an alien idiosyncrasy? It is obvious that in holding the stage to be an honourable profession English people are guilty of a lapse of taste. The Greeks and the Romans alike held the actor in contempt. In Greece actors were generally slaves; at Rome enactments were at various times passed forbidding senators to enter the houses of pantomime players, and forbidding knights from publicly associating with actors. "No spiritual aristocrat will prostitute his expressions to the emotions of another." The profession of acting consists in perpetual self-abandonment; in this sense every actor is an abandoned character. In despising the profession of acting Indians prove that they retain what the English people have lost—a sense of genuine aristocracy. It says much for the moral strength of India and the instinctive good taste of the Indian people that they persist in contemning the actor, though the British Government reserves an equal honour, that of knighthood, for the Indian maharajah and the English mime. The judgment of an Indian audience on Miss Allan or any dancer would be exactly that of the barbarian king, who after witnessing an exhibition of dancing by his son, applauded his performance and thanked him for the entertainment, but added, "You should be ashamed of dancing so well." An actor's shame is the greater in proportion as he is a better actor, for this implies the greater self-abandonment. Restraint, repression, self-control—these are the virtues of the aristocrat, and Indians rightly hold that any calling which implies the negation of these qualities is an ignoble calling.

In going to India, Miss Allan submits herself to the judgment of a people who hold primitively sane and well-defined views on many subjects, and therefore believe in certain fundamental social distinctions. All men are not equal; to them an actor is an actor. English people have lost this sane clarity of judgment. They are blinded by the passion of avarice, and have lost all sense of values, except a sense of the value of money. The stage is an honourable profession simply because it has been proved that there is money in it. To quote a recent writer in THE NEW AGE, there has been in England "a deliquescence (to use Mr. Belloc's word)—a melting and confounding of the outlines of beliefs and desires; a going to slush of values; a thawing and liquefaction of all that was hard and permanent in the world, . . . an obliviousness to the permanent variety and difference in things. The whole of modernism is an attempt to obliterate distinctions." Caste-distinctions are still sufficiently crystallised in India for the Indians to assign a definite place in the social order to the profession of acting, judged on its merits as an activity apart from its emoluments.

It is quite possible that Miss Allan's visit to India will seriously disturb her peace of mind. That the English public should be affected, as it has been affected, by the possibility of a sane judgment on Miss Allan by a people who retain a natural sense of "the permanent variety and difference in things" argues some radical unsoundness in the English people. It appears that a perfectly natural and normal circumstance produces in them the most grotesque contortions of pain.

To turn to the question of British prestige. It has been urged, in quarters apparently responsible, that Miss Allan's visit would result in a loss of British prestige in India. How precarious that prestige which a dancer may dance away! Or has the British public after all a superstitious fear of dancers, mindful of Salome, who danced away the august head of the Baptist? Not less awful is the augustness of British prestige, but would that avail against a dancer's charms? No—the English public has done well to forewarn the Indian police of Miss Allan's coming.

But entre nous and for our satisfaction, let us examine this question of prestige. Prestige is pre-eminence based on recognised excellence. By claiming prestige the English people claims excellence and the recognition of excellence. A loss of prestige then amounts to a denial of excellence. It is said that Miss Allan's Indian tour would result in a loss of British prestige, and this, as we have seen, merely because the Indian people would

pass a sane judgment on Miss Allan, and would further be led to question English standards of taste. By fearing a loss of prestige the British public admits that it fears criticism, and this because it doubts its own excellence. In short, it fears exposure. But what shall we say of a prestige that has no basis in excellence? Shall we whisper it? It is not prestige, but mere pretension.

The Little Tin Gods.

SOMEHOW a few years ago I was projected amongst what that fool Goss persists in calling "stannous deities." It was a strange whirligig that cast me into the seclusion of their holy land; ever since I took my bearings I have been tinkering with the little tin gods. At first they stared at me, and knew my physical being only. Years of hard training in various branches of athletics had left me with a quickness of movement that amazed the rural community. It was as easy to run as to walk; and the exhilaration was worth the notoriety gained for me by my mode of travelling. A semblance of extreme youth gave chatter a subject; and from most external points of view I was tolerably well known. Beyond that I was a stranger. For, said one to whom I was of slight service, it takes the people here two years to get to know anyone. Conventionally, I murmured thanks for the useful information, while resolving secretly to shorten the time taken to get to know the people. By the people, my informant meant the tin gods! And to be known by them is to be invited to tea. I confess the ideas were new to me, being only a youthful student, careless of the social tyranny of boredom. While to the people I was "the young ——," an athletic figure and an unobtrusive presence, something to be wondered at, perhaps—"a mystery how he got his position"—I was busy with my analysis of the mental content of the little tin gods.

One day I was in the reading-room, where "Everyman" is now the most intellectual paper allowed. Each quarter a selection of novels arrives—the Garvice type for the greater part, filled out with a Benson or Bennett annual. No works of literary interest are admitted; and works of fact never appear. Two or three young men were reading fiction magazines and skimming over the illustrated weeklies when a stout, pompous figure arrived, stamped in, rustled the papers, and coughed. The little tin god had arrived. Almost immediately the young men put down their papers and slunk out, and the stout figure picked up his mental food and prepared to regale himself. After fortifying himself with the leading article he was prepared to meet any man. Until then he had not been sure of his arguments. Thus inflated, he was sure to speak. I had experienced his bombastic interruptions before.

"That the 'Daily News' you are reading?" he asked, not trusting his own eyes.

"Yes," I answered meekly enough, with malice aforethought.

"Horrible paper . . . no backbone . . . atrocious liar . . . biased views . . . Sir George told me . . . when last I spoke to Sir Henry . . . . . . Free Trade! . . . the Under Secretary . . . 'Daily News.' . . ."

"I read the 'Daily Mail' too," I interpolated; and he rose to the bait. His face relaxed, he jumped up from his chair, moved to the fireplace, bent at the knees and jerked himself up. Oleaginous eulogies slithered about the room. I understood we had reached perfection in news and views.

"Splendid paper . . . smashes Free Trade . . . Tariff Reform . . . the Duke . . . Sir Robert . . . powerful views . . . marvellous insight . . . Home Rule . . . splendid writers . . . in touch with the people . . . the managing director told me . . . splendid fellow . . . Sir Timothy . . ."

I came up out of the frothy stream and gasped out, "But aren't the 'News' and 'Mail' only the two sides of the same coin?"

"Which coin?" he blustered.

"The capitalist coin," I murmured.

"Sir, you're a damned Socialist," he shrieked, and left me. So always did I strive to hide my purpose while the plan of campaign was maturing. I determined to hunt these little tin gods ruthlessly so far as my power lay. The aim was to break their spell and to diminish their prestige.

Each god and demigod sported in his own appointed place. Between most of them there was a physical similarity. Fatty degeneration, slowness of movement, shortness of breath, and smug countenance were the chief characteristics. Naturally, their mental processes were similar; inertia was the distinguishing feature of them all. One I watched at public meetings, heard his fatuous bleatings, and shuddered at his unctuous platitudes. He was "the confidant of the people," in whose tender care the skeletons of the village reposed. People of no will flocked to him for advice; and because he was the rural charnel-house he imagined he was Omnipotent. To the front of the meeting he waddled, and in due course proposed a vote of thanks. As his fellow-god had found perfection in newspapers, so had this chief god found perfection wherever he had to praise. Sentimentality and saccharinity were his coverings to hide the skeletons he eternally had with him. He was feared, this mighty speaker and appraiser of all men: he was a god of gods.

There were demigods, too, men of lesser mould who had not yet acquired sufficient fatty hindrances. They were growing. One was a novelist, and by a carefully-wrought scheme he had encircled himself with the vapours of mystery. I heard of great wealth, beautifully written articles, and clever books. Right gloriously did the halo begin to form around him. Only I happened to know that the beautifully written articles related to the caligraphy, and the only thing he had so far got into print was a letter in "T.P.'s Weekly." Prestige was his if he did nothing but grow old and fat. Unfortunately, he, with the financial assistance of some of the gods and their servile subjects, issued what was described as a guide. A quarter-column review in a local paper by a NEW AGE reader settled for all time his literary prestige. The demigod was ignorant of the elements of English! There was anger in Asgard as much against the demigod as against the critic. The former they chided for not concealing his ignorance better, the latter for showing the numerous errors. "For," said they, "no one would have noticed these things but for you. *We* had not seen the mistakes you pointed out. Certainly if we failed to discover them, then the people of our village would be unable to see them." So do the gods look down upon the people.

The weak point of the gods lay in the debating society. This gathering rejoiced in the name of the Mutual Improvement Society, and at its meetings congregated the chief worshippers. Papers were read, not more than one in ten being able to deliver a speech. I was amused at the regular order of things, encyclopædia extracts, harmless compilations detailing the percentage composition of "Money," "lives" of the poets without a single quotation, and the usual discourses on "Is war justifiable?" "Do we devote too much time to sport?" Of the touting lecturers I take no stock, the Esperantists, Suffragists, and the clerical agent for the Colonies ("will young men please stay behind" type); I was concerned only with the gods. The meeting is now open for discussion, announced the president. Silence ensued, for the gods were communing. Up would get the chiefest deity and belaud the paper, praising the careful thought, the hard work, the mental capacity and the brilliant condescension of the reader. "This society feels honoured." Others followed and

besmeared the unfortunate "lecturer" with slimy nonsense: for in the whole evening never a critical voice was raised. The gods forbade originality, and as they were mentally incapable of decent criticism, it was not for their subjects to criticise. So snored the society, and rumbled in its senility. For two years I was silent, waiting my time. Think of it, you orators! "A powerful speaker, with calm and clear accents" (vide Press) sitting listening for two sessions to the most inane twaddle, and adding not his to the general haziness!

The secret was well kept. Even when an Oxford tutor gave one of the finest lectures it has been my lot to hear, and asked that one point of which he was not certain might be adequately discussed by the audience, some of whom were better placed than he to acquire information, I covered my spoor. It was my first speech to the society; and a story covered all. Being humorous, it tickled the gods and blinded them in their own laughter; and being allegorical, it satisfied the lecturer. My own lecture was next. Who would imagine that behind the gorgeous title, "Dreamers of Science," there lay the simple story of the atomic theory? Treated à la Saleeby, with roseate visions of the power in store for mankind—"when the atom is smashed"—it caused a sensation. The names of Dalton, Mendeléef, and Thomson were unknown; the elemental facts of simple science were new. There was no discussion, the gods contenting themselves with a guarded vote of thanks. Even the reporter was startled. "He spoke for almost an hour on an abstruse subject without any notes," ran the Press notice. Abstruse, ye gods! How many times had I been able to pour the same stuff on to examination papers in my early adolescence! The calm and clear accents chilled the smugness of the gods: for they knew they had lost prestige immediately. I followed this up later with another lecture, maliciously working in Shaw, Ibsen, and Davidson, with copious extracts from "Man and Superman," "Ghosts," and "The Testament of a Prime Minister." More sensation! It were well to remember that this is a Mutual Improvement Society: for all the discussion amounted to a statement that these things were not in the Book. The little tin gods were crinkling, and the paint was falling. They knew, too, that they had lost much of their "stannous lustre."

At last I drew them into a discussion. Science and literature were outside of their mental capacity. Ideas and half-ideas could not involve them in a debate. Caring nought for their brains now, I went straight for their feelings. My next lecture was on "National Guilds"! From Socialism and Syndicalism I passed to the stirring theme of the Guilds. There was no satiric dallying with an idea-less crowd. Many of the little tin gods were fund-hunters; and the subject, voiced with much intensity, forced their attention through their feelings. They sensed the power of the Guilds, and they were moved in their organic processes. More sensation! After a pause, up rose the chief god and thanked me for showing the other side of the picture! "Young friend . . . too fast . . . Socialism . . . Utopia . . . democracy . . . Socialism . . . human nature . . . people cannot change . . . Socialism . . . come to grief . . . stay as we are . . . Socialism . . ." Every single phrase had been foreseen, and my replies were ready. It was almost another lecture. "Rubbish," said a maiden lady in the front seat. My aim was achieved: the gods and their disciples were moved. The discussion spread to the local papers, and I got several columns of matter into these powerful influences—for love only. National Guild ideas were spread broadcast, and the gods displayed their ignorance in trying to combat them. "Let the older men of the village warn the young men against Socialism," wailed one. Their attempt only strengthened the case for the Guilds. The tin gods lost prestige; yet they still linger on to direct the educational affairs of the district. Much work remains to be done ere their power be finally checked. But, thank heaven, the tin deities are almost into the melting-pot!

C. H. COOKE.

Utopia in a Side-track.

EVERYTHING had gone wrong. I had counted on the full-moon, because the lanes, even on the map, which does not show the little twists, were abnormally curly and confusing; and since dusk there had been no sign of moon or stars. The rain which had started in the form of a steady, misty drizzle was growing with an aggressively regular increase of force into a penetrating downpour, and threatened to continue so all night. Little streams from my hair were creeping under my collar, and my stout-soled shoes, which I had prudently greased, were filling from the crevices at the top. My mackintosh—it would be unjust to call it a waterproof—at each step hit a knee, flap-flap, numbing my muscles and chilling all energy of thought as well as movement. Because it would have meant a distinct effort to stop, I shuffled forward—aimlessly and feeling that I might be drifting so eternally.

Then a square, squabby shadow grew out of the darkness. It was a public-house—I love an "inn," and even a "tavern," too well to describe it so. Even in the gloom it struck me as cruelly new and bitingly rectangular, a melancholy contrast with the thatched cottage where I had spent a sunny half-hour over my last meal—bread and cheese for two pence and a handful of apples for love.

In the passage, here, there was blended with the characteristic smells of stale beer and tobacco an aggressively modern odour which gradually I identified as belonging to acetylene gas. From the back came periodical yelps of a dog mingling, from time to time, with a shrill laugh and dull thuds on floor or wall.

Opening the first door I found a hard, cold, yellow-tinted room, dimly lighted by candles. It was decorated conspicuously by an almanac and a mirror with signs of gilt on its frame and a surface which relieved the general flatness of the room.

I caught the eyes of a man with a neutral face—a face which, though not severe, looked incapable of smiling. Just to break the weary sound of rain, I said, "This, surely, cannot be the best road to Ipswich?"

"Have you got to get to Ipswich to-night?" was the retort in a tone which almost seemed part of the monotonous rustle outside.

"Oh, there is no moral obligation for me to get anywhere—I am walking for pleasure."

While he took a hand in separating me from my mackintosh, trying to localise the water which drained off it, he asked:—

"And when you get to Ipswich?"

"Well, oh, I shall, I suppose, go on somewhere else."

As I stopped to pull my feet out of the basins of greasy water my shoes had become, my fountain pen rattled to the floor.

"And do you carry all those pencils and things for pleasure?"

"It's more habit than anything," I mumbled as I tugged a shoe-heel, "writing is my work."

"Work! When I write, it is for pleasure—of a kind. At school," he continued dreamily, "that was what they taught us—to write: and to play football. Now, instead of kicking a ball and that sort of thing, I use my pen to dissipate bad humours. In a way it

is pleasure—just as ratting is. That noise at the back is being made by the landlord's dog and daughter. They say it is hard work getting rid of the rat families: but they enjoy doing it—that's a fact. And the landlord: he is just underneath here, testing an acetylene plant which he has invented. It may be useful work, but I could be quite as happy with a lamp or even these candles. You writers: you are the same."

I did not press for a clearer rendering of the last sentence. I asked, "So you are an experienced writer?"

"Ye-es," came the hesitating reply. "Perhaps I could write quite an original Utopia, if I had time."

"A Utopia!" He did not seem an idealist.

"Yes, a foretelling of the social future; but of a new kind. Your Utopia inventors pretend that in a thousand years to come people will be (from the writers' points of view) better, or, at any rate, that human beings will keep on developing in the direction they are now moving. Most prophets take both these general lines of future events for granted. No one seems to allow for something happening which would make the human race take a wrong turning altogether. Oh, I could write quite an original Utopia, if I had time.

"Do it now," I said, and put notebook, pen and candle in front of him before I went to give the landlord my order.

And this is what he wrote:—

The 27oth, 2913.

Big Beano at Boston; Boys' Bodies Burnt; Pupils Take Involuntary Radium Bath.

Bully Battles Booming:—Anarcho-Socialists of Sydenham Slice Up Syndico-Anarchists. Neo-Industrialists Tunnel Towards Industrial-Socialists; Glorious Bustup Creeping On. Neo-Syndico-Anarchists of North-East Palmers Green Congeal the North-East Palmers Green Neo-Syndico-Anarchists; Galantines Cheap To-morrow. Sindicalists Asphyxiate Syndicalists; Slump in Canned Syndicalist Results.

Sickly Sentimentalists Suggest Stopping Child Hunts; Posers For Aforesaid Atavistic Freaks:—Did Nature Err In Giving Us a Taste for Blood (We Do *Not* Cogitate!)? How Keep Down The Population (Bury It Alive Perhaps!)? Does It Damage A Dead Child To Cook It? And Our Food Supply—Can We Live On Fish And Thistles? Let The Pre-Revolutionary Sentimentalists Go Back To Mouldy Land Culture; We Won't.

Bingles Boosts British Boilers—Big Bungle.

When the writing stopped I took the notebook.

"Newspaper headlines?" I asked.

"Headlines! That's a newspaper."

"But, here you have it a thousand years to come, and nothing about aeroplanes—at the end of the summer season too!"

"Because I know nothing about flying. In my Utopia they all do their fighting underground. Survival of the fittest—to survive—you know."

"You mean, I suppose, that all the airmen had been killed?"

"Yes, that for one thing: one of the incidents of the Great Revolution in my Utopia would be that all the airmen would kill one another."

"I see; but this is confusing about the syndicalists asphyxiating one another."

"It's plain enough: one army spells its name with a 'Y' and the other with an 'I.'"

"Well, this about British Boilers is quite incomprehensible."

"Oh, that's just to give it an artistic finish," he said with a blush. . "But, I say, about the food? You do not mean, surely, to insinuate . . . ?"

Further criticism was distracted by the landlord bringing a tray of toast and coffee—real coffee. As he lit the gas he said: "I was experimenting with the light when you came in, but it's all right now."

He put a match to the modern, floor-level grate, and the resined wood was soon in a crackling blaze, at which I warmed my toes.

I saw no more of my companion of the neutral face.

LEONARD J. SIMONS.

Readers and Writers.

IN these brebine days to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away. The latest news of Mr. Tagore is that he is to receive the Nobel prize for 1913. It is perhaps as well that the Committee that administers the funds of the deceased manufacturer should continue to make itself ridiculous, but why it should invariably do so passes my mathematics. Does it act under the advice of the British Academy? That would explain everything; for, as we know, the British Academy has a perfectly comprehensible spite against any living English. The stanzas quoted by the Press—independently, of course, of each other—to justify Mr. Tagore's selection are these:—

We do not stray out of all words into the ever silent; we do not raise our hands to the void for things beyond hope.
It is enough that we give and we get.
We have not crushed the joy to the utmost to wring from it the wine of pain.
This love between you and me is simple as a song.

As Johnson said of Ossian, any one of us could write such stuff ad libitum; but nobody should be deceived into thinking it good English, good poetry, good sense, or good ethics. As a matter of fact the third clause of the stanza gives the lie to the fourth. A lover capable of making such a protest is obviously too sophisticated to be capable of a simple love. Mr. Tagore is no baa-lamb.

* * *

There are survivals of Mr. Jackson's beloved Eighteen-Nineties among us and it will require all the criticism of this decade to eradicate their poison. Its chief effect is to produce in literary style and contrast a pose, observable sometimes in a phrase, sometimes in an attitude. Mr. Oliver Madox Hueffer, for example, displays a poisonous attitude in his letter to the "Times" last week welcoming the "renascence of the black arts." The poor fellow is of course not aware of what he is talking about, but his object, like that of the Wilde school, is to give sensible people the feeling of nausea which his school regarded as a salutary intellectual shock. He believes, it appears, that "a revived belief in witchcraft and black magic would add colour to the drab realities of everyday life." For whom, we should ask? I personally do not find the drab realities of to-day more unendurable for the absence of the loathsome horrors of bloody superstitions; and Mr. Hueffer, I suspect, eats his dinner with astonishing comfort. He professes to pine for the excitement of witch-finding and even, I gather, for witch-burning and devil-worship. Suggestions of these he can find at Kieff, and I wish him no joy of the pleasure he can derive from them. The strange thing is that Mr. G. K. Chesterton appears to support him in these ogrish demands. Does Mr. Chesterton also want black blood? Of decadent phrases the most recent I can call to mind is Professor Kettle's in the "Irish Review" for November. Writing of the Dublin tragedy and presumably with some sense of its reality, he calls it 'a fine study in Post Realism." Now I put it to anybody whether such a phrase is compatible with sincerity of feeling. Imagine describing the starvation of some thousands of your fellow citizens as a "fine study"—only some amateur Nero, on or off the stage, could possibly do it. Professor Kettle is plainly not moved genuinely in the matter; he is no more than a newspaper dramatic critic.

* * *

My readers will be glad to know that the articles on the National Guilds that have been running in these columns during the last two years will shortly appear in book-form. The publishers will be Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

At a recent "Times" Book Club meeting Mr. Temple Thurston, the novelist, made a commendable excursion into philosophy. He began by some silly verbal paradoxes (another deposit of the Eighteen-Nineties) concerning the identity of realism and sentiment, but clarified himself as he proceeded and finally arrived at something like sense. There must be, he affirmed, some ultimate intention in the conduct of the world and hence some good reason for our being here. Reality consists in the appreciation of this purpose, and art in its illumination. Mr. Thurston may, of course, be challenged for the proofs of his faith; but, if he is wise, he will offer none at present. In fact, intellectually, as I have observed before, we are honourably bound to agnosticism. But this does not make impossible certain hopeful guesses or imaginative hypotheses, one of which is this: that in time we shall find a reason for everything. I believe that we are not so far off the discovery of a few more "reasons," as materialists imagine. Not to be too modest, I think I have discovered a few myself.

* * *

On the supposition—purely supposition, note—that there is an "intention" in the conduct of the world, an "intention," discoverable by and, in the long run, agreeable to, human reason—of which "intention," moreover, we and our reason are part—a modified doctrine of the absolute in matters of ethics would certainly be necessary. And without such a doctrine anarchism, it appears to me, is inevitable. At one time in his inconsistent career Mr. Shaw turned philosopher and predicated as the "intention" of the world the creation of brains. "The universe," he said, "is aiming at its darling object, brains." This hypothesis of an end, as was pointed out, required of Mr. Shaw that he should classify all acts accordingly. Those that led to the development of brains were good, those that militated against brains were bad. But in his recent article on the Bishop of Kensington Mr. Shaw seems to have relapsed into anarchism; for he therein professed to believe that the moral and the immoral are merely matters of personal opinion. If the good, the right, the moral and their opposites are merely matters of opinion it follows that there is no known criterion in the form of a universal "intention" by which to classify them. But once upon a time Mr. Shaw said there was! To which Mr. Shaw shall we appeal? My own view is that in predicating "brains" as the "intention" of the universe Mr. Shaw was too impatient of the travail of soul necessary to win the right to predicate any particular end at all. It is not everybody whose faith has any value; much faith evaporates even in the process of gaining disciples. How many saviours have died disillusioned! Mr. Shaw has apparently lived to be disillusioned. I am not defending, however, the Bishop of Kensington, with whom I once discussed the subject. He is with the ninety and nine sheep of the Church who have never gone astray—and consequently may at any time! I would not trust him out of God's sight.

* * *

I have not yet read Mr. James Stephens' "Here are Ladies" (Macmillan. 6s.), but I see that it contains among its short stories and sketches the otiose study I examined when it appeared in the "Nation." None of the reviews has mentioned the workmanship of this sketch, and by this omission their calibre may be judged. If Mr. Stephens were not being run for a lion of English literature I would have nothing to say against him—I do not make war on accepted rabbits—but the higher the claims for him the more severely ought they to be put forward—or, in the alternative, examined. Mr. William Maas, however, throws discretion to the winds in the fancied security of the support of numbers. Mr. James Stephens is this, Mr. James Stephens is that, and Mr. James Stephens is I don't know what. Among other attributes of the new Fleet Street deity is, of course, philosophy. Mr. James Stephens has a philosophy. And what do you think it is? Let Mr. Stephens reply: "This is what I think that a man should obey the law with his body and always disobey it with his mind." Concerning this I might say a great deal and nothing complimentary. I will content myself with Nietzsche's observation that it is an admirable doctrine for a hopeless slave.

* * *

It is good news to know that the Oxford Press will shortly publish the complete poetical works of Blake in one volume and at a convenient price. Hitherto it has been practically impossible to obtain the prophetic books in their entirety save in the edition of Ellis and Yeats; and it is the prophetic books that will always distinguish Blake above every other European poet. Blake's mythopœic genius was unique in Europe during some two thousand years. Heraclitus or the still earlier so-called Pythagorean Golden Verses were the only parallels to be found in all the West. What exactly Blake meant by his myths I do not care rationally in the very least. Messrs. Ellis and Yeats' elaborate interpretation is to my mind none the less absurd for having Blake's own warrant.

* * *

Such of our literati as look to Paris to say their prayers for England should note that Anatole France has just been compelled to leave that city on account of its noise. The problem of noise is really becoming the most important from the standpoint of culture, for culture and noise are everlastingly incompatible. Paris, I happen to know from terrible experience, is worse than London; hence, I should say, its breed of ricketty-racketty minor poets; but London is bad, and most of our provincial cities, and even villages, are no better. The official rhinoceri, calling themselves the governing classes of this country and actually alone responsible for its public conduct, have naturally nothing but sneers to supply in response to the complaints of thinkers and writers that the noise they permit makes thought impossible; and, unfortunately, to a sneer the only proper reply is a blow—and we cannot deliver it. I prophesy, however, that neither in England nor in France nor in America will more than a rare work of perfect art appear until the torturing noises of motors, bells, dogs, cats, shouting, etc., etc., have been allayed. To every attempt to protest in the Press against the Kaffir-kraal conditions of modern cities correspondents are officially inspired to reply in what they fancy is the old bull-dog English fashion: Let the people of weak nerves clear out if they do not like our company. But it is not *our* nerves that are weak merely because they are sensitive; it is the nerves of les autres. I imagine, quite seriously, that evolution has ceased to be physical and is now taking place in the nervous system mainly. From this point of view, noise is the enemy of real progress.

* * *

The effect of noise on current art may be to induce a psychological strike, but it cannot be claimed to account for the sabotage or ca' canny indicated by Mr. F. E. Green. His citation of Mr. Arnold Bennett proves what we all very well knew before that a popular writer may be carelessly dangerous unless well-guarded by criticism. Among the many silly and untrue things said by Mr. Bennett was one to the effect that he measured the quality of his "output" by the price he was to receive for it. I say this is untrue because, if anything, Mr. Bennett has always done the very opposite. His best work, in fact, has been done for love or nothing. And it is silly because to anybody with any capacity for quality the measurement of it to order is

impossible. Mr. F. E. Green nevertheless uses this ill-considered mal mot of Mr. Bennett's to point a moral in regard to the sympathy between quantitative labour and payment: a foolish parallel in any event.

* * *

A copy of the November "English Review" has duly reached THE NEW AGE office and it may now be assumed that the relations between these two so widely different journals are, in diplomatic phraseology, friendly. Further than that I cannot go, for the manners and style of the "English Review" are now fallen to a level below that of the "Winning Post" or "Ally Sloper." That this is not rhetoric or journalism but simple fact will be obvious to anyone who reads the article by Mr. Austin Harrison under the title of "Editorial Amenities." Matthew Arnold, I think, used to regard Mr. Frederic Harrison as the "enemy of culture"; but what would he say of Mr. Frederic Harrison's son? I gather from his current article that he is in the habit of conducting his editorial office as if it were the stage for a kind of knockabout farce with the usual love-episodes thrown in. The "pleasant fellow" he imagines an editor to be *he* tries apparently to be with consequences only to be imagined and not described. The least offensive, perhaps, of his "amenities" is to kiss his lady contributors when they get him into difficulties and confess their sins, and to assure us that this is the habitual procedure of editors. "You do, really," he says, "in such emergencies. Straight!" *Strite*, I suppose, is the proper pronunciation here, but the printers have probably concealed it. What on earth are Sir Alfred Mond and Lady Mond doing with a magazine edited in this clownish fashion? It is not an English Review, but an Empire Revue.

* * *

In France the "Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres" has just been administering a rebuke to a Hungarian professor who acclaimed Edmond Rostand as the "French national poet." "If this kind of judgment gets abroad, says the writer, there is no wonder that we are regarded as the fantasts of rhetoric and classified with the apes in the jungle of Kipling." Before discovering a foreign genius it would always be safe to find out whether he has not already been discovered at home.

* * *

It is some weeks since I reported on the progress of the reviews and sales of Mr. Rosciszewski's book of "Caricatures." The interval has not been full of events, but it has convinced me of one thing: that the Press is monogamous, monotheist and monotonous. Mr. Max Beerbohm is happily still alive, still in the business of Caricature, still running and consequently has a vested interest in the exclusive rights of public approval. The "Spectator," indeed, almost says as much: "If Mr. Max Beerbohm had never existed these caricatures would have been considered very clever. But this kind of thing is only amusing when it is done at first hand." This kind of thing, mind! Which assumes that the styles of Mr. Beerbohm and Mr. Rosciszewski are related as model to copy. Such "criticism" is childish, and reminds me of the petulant reply made by a curate to my question whether he had read the Gnostic gospels. Oh, Gnostic and Agnostic books, he said, there are so many of them! It took some trouble on somebody's part to bring the "Spectator" to its faith in Mr. Beerbohm; being there, every fresh candidate for its exiguous appreciation is an intruding heretic. The "Sunday Times" and the "Glasgow Herald" have what I should call competent notices. The former remarks that Mr. Rosciszewski has no one style, but adapts himself to his personalities. That is true, I think. Note, for example, the difference in line in the drawings of Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson respectively. Mr. Beerbohm uses one line for everybody—a pen-line, as Mr. Rosciszewski has himself observed. I mention the "Glasgow Herald" for its remark that the volume reveals a "new force in caricature," and for its selection of the drawing of Mr. Garvin as showing "real perspicuity." The sales, by the way, of the edition of 250 have now reached the colossal figure of sixty copies. The run has *not* been marvellous and we are *not* contemplating a further edition to meet urgent demands of ten thousand!

* * *

My readers would doubtless like to know whether THE NEW AGE at its new price of sixpence will be able to reduce its loss substantially. I should like to know, too. But until a month has gone by nobody can know for anything like certain. The omens, I am happy to say, are favourable, however; and our honourable selves have been much gratified by the innumerable letters of praise, friendly admonition and entreaty received at the office during the past few weeks. A matter which my readers shall know before anybody else is of a less pleasant character. For reasons that are hid for the present, Mr. Thomas, the Assistant Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, has entered a claim for damages against THE NEW AGE on account of references to himself in the editorial "Open Letter to Railwaymen" (Oct. 30). Damages, I think I may safely say, Mr. Thomas cannot obtain from a journal already very heavily in debt; explanations, or even apologies, for unintentional aspersions on him (if such there be) he could have for the asking. After all, the jury, whose judgment matters most to us—next to that of our own conscience—is the jury of our readers. If Mr. Thomas were to lay his case against us in these columns and were to prove us malevolent or private-minded in our references to his official position, the judgment would deservedly go against us, and we should deservedly be punished by a loss of reputation in consequence. We shall only risk money we do not possess in a law-court!

* * *

Without prejudice to the case referred to, I question very much the justice of anybody going to law at all on questions of honour, character and reputation. Only a technical and seldom even a monetary compensation can be obtained, and the impression usually left is that both parties were to blame. This holds good in business; but how much better it holds in political and literary polemics. Yet THE NEW AGE has three or four times been proceeded against at great expense to itself on matters of purely political and literary importance; and in each instance the matter could have been righted by a brief discussion in these columns. Usually—let me say invariably—they have been matters of the smallest intrinsic value. The statements complained of embodied no principle for which I personally would spend twopence. Equally invariably—including the latest—it so happens that the Editor of THE NEW AGE has never written a word of the alleged offending passages himself! As was remarked in the "Notes of the Week" a few issues ago, no complaint is made of this, except that the rule that applies to editors does not apply to Railway Directors! Again, THE NEW AGE is professedly an independent public polemical organ. It is our business to debate; it is, indeed, our religious service to our day and generation; nothing can prevent us, while we are in existence, discussing every plan and planmaker of social reform as if our salvation depended upon it, as, we believe, the salvation of society does also. But are we to remain unanswered and ignored for years on matters of vital public concern and only noticed when we slip into personal irrelevancies. I am afraid there are many great champions of free democracy and public discussion waiting to catch THE NEW AGE out in a moment of illegal carelessness. Their public doctrines, their public conduct, are matters beneath their dignity to defend; but oh, the sanctity of their conventicle private lives—about which, in truth, we care nothing whatever. R. H. C.

Tesserae.

WHY does one who is by nature a social challenger, who has practised personal freedom, doing and never troubling to ask first, whose impatience with persons that are beforehand to open news of Dublin is a scandal to the household—why does such an one shudder with premonitory horror at the sight of women abroad among the men?

* * *

I once stopped a fight on a Cardiff bridge. It was Victoria Cross heroism, and I ask no medal for it. I have no courage for walking alone deep in the country, or for crossing wild traffic—this seems to me fair courage. I saw two men tearing and biting each other. The under one, a white bleeding creature, got up and took refuge behind me. I caught the other one by the lapels of his coat. We were about the same height. He threw up a hand at my face, but as I spoke to him, he suddenly lost force and stood still, dazed. People came round, but I was afraid to let him go, and I told them to get the other man away. Then a tiny female figure, in black, burst through the crowd, yelling dancing, and swearing at the beaten man for a coward. I saw a veritable hag of hell, the female of bloody riots. I shall never forget how she laughed and swore and danced while I was speaking and while light was coming back into the eyes of the man I held. He said to me: "You've got the wrong man, missis!" I had no doubt of it, and I let him go.

* * *

"If this is to be war," writes Mrs. Mary Leigh in the "Daily Herald," "let it be *real* war." What does she mean—the war the men are making with the weapon of witholden labour or the war of frenzied attack and bloodshed? The women who are abroad to-day in the industrial movement will push men further than they mean to go—they may push men so that they will miss their goal. These women wearing red caps and emphasising with cheers every casual word of violence, fill me with aversion in the very womb for them. They will understand what I am saying—that what they do is a fundamental act of enmity to common womanhood.

* * *

The women in the Balkans who have seen their children massacred or starved to death—these are the ones to ask now about "real" war. Such an expression makes a woman's mouth most filthy! The industrialists are making a fair war, and they are winning. Is the miracle of reason and justice not enough for Mrs. Mary Leigh, suffragette? What does she want to see? Perhaps, she only wants to see men giving the vote to women, blackleg industrialists. This is what she asks for. And I conclude that she would willingly look on at real war for this end—though the combatants should be industrialists themselves! These red-capped women will be still crying for war when industrial peace is settled; for they have so thrust themselves upon the labour movement that they begin to believe this concerns them and their desires. It does not. But they will blame the men for their own fancies and try to enrage them and set them fighting one another.

* * *

Wherever women are ordinarily among men, the attraction of sex is playing. Wherever women are among fighting men the antagonism of sex is aroused and attraction becomes lust, probably on both sides. Lust is a most revengeful form of hatred. Women seized by lustful soldiers are often killed by them. Lust and wrath and bloodshed are commonly named together. Now that is an aspect of "*real*" war. Do we want it? Home with the red-capped women!

Truly we want no Madame Defarge in England, with her red cap nodding as men's lives run out. They are childish, these women, cruel children—but nothing teaches them! Herein, they are not as children, but as idiots. While men are exhibiting the triumph of civilisation in organised labour combating greed and tyranny—passions these—with obstruction which is a mystical neutralising weapon, the red-capped women laugh and chatter and deck themselves in the regalia of the knitting-women who fought for places below the guillotine! It is a symbol, a horrible one!

* * *

Through such women, thousands and thousands of home-keeping women with their children may come to misery. It is no play-business that is going on in Britain to-day. It is a business by which men hope to achieve what Mr. Russell calls the orderly evolution. They hope to avoid a revolution. They expect to avoid a revolution. But for orderly evolution, order is first essential. The red-capped women will make for disorder! It is all very well while things are going well to laugh and cheer in a blood-coloured cap. But that laugh may become a yell that will turn the heads of rabble that has little to do with Labour, and whose excesses will be easier begun than stopped. The rabble may be capitalist rabble. But if those red caps are not taken off, many men and women may pay for the obscene spectacle.

BEATRICE HASTINGS.

SONNET.

(TO E. COWLEY.)

YOU wrote of us: "Repulsive race of Jews."—
  God damn your wretched body into Hell,
  And Purgatory take your soul as well
To sauce your cursèd Devil's dirty stews.
Worms eat into your filthy mind, and use
  Your codfish brains for incubating cell.
  Your every fibre rot, and when you yell
And shriek for Heaven's mercy, God refuse.

We do not know the permanent in life?
  The permanent in life, you fool, are we,
Who have outlived your thumbscrew, rack and knife;
  We bear your persecution easily.
One thought sustains us ever in the strife:
  God's chosen people live eternally.

E. WASSERMAN.

THE TEMPLE.

"... Io Bacche! ...
... chordis quattuor ima."—Hor. Sat., I, 3.

I have thrown back the veil of the temple of ultimate madness,
I have thrust down to the deeps of decaying dead,
I have grown grey in the morning and given God's gladness
For the ultimate harlot of Hell in her hindermost bed.

I tore the silk swathings that hid the fine columns. The whiteness,
The veinings of purple led on to red darkness profound
Where the smoke of the Devil's sweet incense, of honey and poppies
—God's burning bush—vertigo-swayed, brought my head to the ground.

So I pressed to the marbles, the blood of my kiss on their veinings
Sharp steel in my mouth, in my brain leaping lust of desire.
Broken teeth and torn lips most verily least of my painings,
Now how may God's Love grant me less than the whole of Hell-fire?

CALEB PORTER.

Views and Reviews.*

I HAVE often thought that as crimes are manufactured by legislators so diseases are manufactured by doctors; and I am glad to find some support for this idea in Dr. Saleeby's book. Dr. Saleeby, like many more of us, is apt to be enthusiastic about certain things; and, when he is enthusiastic, he is inclined to scoff at his own authorities. For example, the results obtained by the new school of dietetics, and particularly the Fletcherite, have much impressed Dr. Saleeby, as they ought to do; and although he thinks, as I do, that the mastication prescribed by Fletcher is excessive and unnatural, yet he is compelled to admit that the best method of avoiding auto-intoxication is to eat only assimilable food in the manner best calculated to ensure its assimilation. But on this matter of intoxication, "the greatest living authority is undoubtedly Professor Metchnikoff," says Dr. Saleeby; and Metchnikoff having a fad of his own concerning auto-intoxication, has promptly discovered "a disease due to eating too slowly." He calls it "bradyfagy." This is too much even for Dr. Saleeby, and he replies: "It is in any case the last disease that most of us need fear, and the invention of words is at least as easy as the discovery of truths. Anyone who remembers his Greek can discover fifty new diseases in an afternoon." I must apologise to the doctors for the remark with which I began this article, for I believe that Metchnikoff is no more a doctor than Pasteur was: and Virchow, who invented the Cellular Pathology that has sent orthodox medicine astray, also was not a doctor. Dr. Saleeby is a doctor, but he is not in practice; and is almost as destitute of clinical experience as his authorities are.

This fact is important, as it provides a basis for criticism. We can hardly expect a practitioner to formulate the principles of his art; he has as much as he can do to get a living by dosing symptoms. But the man out of the hurly-burly ought to set his mind in order. He, at least, has the leisure to formulate principles, to simplify matters for his colleagues, and thus to help health to prevail. There are, as Dr. Saleeby says somewhere in this book, really few diseases and few effective methods of cure; and the least we can expect from a doctor not in practice is to state clearly what those diseases are, what are their causes, and their remedies. Or, if that be too much to expect, we have the right to insist that he shall state the conditions of health, formulate them as principles, relate them to symptomatology, and thus simplify the process of diagnosis. For example, Dr. McIlwaine, in his interesting little book "The Medical Revolution," argued that the Cellular Pathology, which forms the basis of orthodox medical science, was practically useless to the practitioner, and was productive only of what he called "spurious diseases" and the abominations of modern specialism. The principle of that pathology is, as everyone knows, that "every chronic disease is rooted in an organ." Logically, when a doctor has related a symptom-group to a morbid change in an organ, he has completed a diagnosis; for example, when Bright related cirrhosis of the kidneys to a certain group of symptoms, Virchow declared that he had demonstrated the "cause" of what is now known as Bright's disease. What is the cause of cirrhosis of the kidneys, few doctors think to inquire; but it occurs with lead-poisoning, scarlatina, influenza, alcoholic poisoning, and gout, to mention no others. But to know what is the cause of cirrhosis of the kidneys would make the treatment of Bright's disease much more hopeful; there is at least a possibility that it is due to auto-intoxication, and is therefore amenable to dietetic treatment.

Dr. Saleeby has very little to say about the cause or cure of disease, but when he does say anything, he talks rank superstition. Just as he throws over Metchnikoff when it suits him to do so, so he throws over the principles of health when he is under the spell of what he calls "science." For, if hygiene says anything at all clearly, it is that poisons must be got out and kept out of the body. But "science" is very subtle; "a young parasitologist, Schaudinn, now unhappily dead, discovered the minute, almost transparent, corkscrew-like parasite which is the cause of syphilis." Wonderful! There is always a parasite, sometimes more than one, at the bottom of our troubles; but do we ask what is the cause of the parasite, or the condition of its residence in our bodies? That would not be subtle enough, not "scientific" enough; *spirochæte pallida* is the cause of syphilis (did not Schaudinn prove it?), and what we have to do is to kill *spirochæte pallida*. "Professor Ehrlich, long a student of the chemical reactions of living cells, first found what kinds of dye or stain were best fixed by the *spirochæte*. To the fixing part of one such dye he attached a second chemical molecule, in accordance with his famous 'side-chain' theory, and to that a third—a molecule containing arsenic in its most deadly form. The new compound thus constructed is therefore a triple instrument, of which the parts are compared, by its constructor, to the point, the shaft and the poison of a poisoned arrow. It is a specific agent which kills the parasite of syphilis, and by means of which we can now cure, and therefore prevent, the disease as never before in all its ghastly history. The whole problem is now revolutionised. Thanks to '606,' or salvarsan, doctors can now cure syphilis almost invariably; they can cure it quickly; the period of danger to others can be reduced from years or months to weeks or days." It is to be understood, I suppose, that the arsenic would never, never think of poisoning the patient as well as the parasite; such a result would be contrary to "science," although to be expected from a consideration of the principles of hygiene.

The fact is that we have no reason to expect better results from the use of this preparation than have been obtained by the use of tuberculin injections and from serum-therapy generally. Dr. Snow, writing in THE NEW AGE of August 28, 1913, said: "We hear much of Salvarsan, the arsenical preparation invented by the professor; which, although it has caused some sudden deaths, and has often involved consequences hardly less disastrous, is still extravagantly puffed by the manufacturers." That, of course, is only a repetition of clinical evidence, which cannot be allowed to weigh against "science." These theories are true in the laboratory, and if they are not true in the human body, then, damn it, the human body has no survival value, and is properly squeezed out of the stream of evolution as being "unfit." So Dr. Saleeby ought to argue, although he does not; but he may be challenged to reconcile his hygienic with his therapeutic teaching. That, I suppose, is the last thing that Dr. Saleeby will do. His recklessness of assertion makes me, a mere layman, shudder. He speaks of homeopathy, for example, as an absurdity; although he betrays no more knowledge of homeopathy than is comprised in the fact that homeopaths use the infinitesimal dose. I know little of homeopathy beyond the fact that it cured me of consumption of the lungs; but I do know that the infinitesimal dose is not essential to homeopathy. Dr. Wheeler says, in his "Knaves or Fools?": "At present, to advocate a small dose is not thereby to be stamped as a lunatic. But to make the step from small to infinitesimal is more of an undertaking. Many convinced believers in Hahnemann's law have never taken it, holding that material (if small) doses, serve their turn sufficiently well. . . . Hardly any man begins by using infinitesimals. The desire for the concrete is strong in us all, and it is hard to renounce the feeling

* "Health, Strength, and Happiness." By C. W. Saleeby, M.D. (Grant Richards. 2s. net.)

that nature must respect our powers of measurement and refuse to respond to agents we cannot define. But, after all, the men who hold by the infinitesimal doses on occasion are the men who have tried them, and only prolonged experience can decide how much truth or error is in their belief. No man, however, need refuse to investigate Homeopathy, because some homeopathists use infinitesimals." That is practically a conclusive answer to Dr. Saleeby's main assertion concerning homeopathy; and his revival of Dr. Keith's teaching is much more destructive of his own arguments for serum-therapy than of homeopathy. Dr. Keith's dictum was: "Better no medicine than a doubtful one"; and the extraordinary thing about homeopathy is the precision of its prescriptions, in the hands of a competent man. Homeopathy, at least, is not burdened with the germ theory, or serum-therapy, or the cellular pathology. It treats the patient, not the disease; and, precisely because it has linked symptomatology with the effects of drug action, in accordance with a definite principle, its medicines are seldom doubtful. What we need, now more than ever, is some formulation of the principles of the physician's art. Pathology is all very well in its way, but it only shows us what has happened, it does not show us why it has happened. Therapy, except in the case of homeopathy, is still empirical, because it is based on no definite principles; and no principles can be formulated until the meanings of "causation" and "disease" are defined. If we sub-divide diseases into those due to intrinsic and those due to extrinsic causes, as Dr. McIlwaine did, we have begun to be intelligent in our treatment of the subject. If we further sub-divide diseases due to intrinsic causes under the headings of incomplete development, constitutional defects, overwork, deficient work, wear and tear; and those due to extrinsic causes under the headings of parasitism, poisoning, traumatism, we have at least provided a basis of classification. That is as far as Dr. McIlwaine went; but it is obvious that, as one began to think about the classified diseases in the attempt to discover a common cause of those under one heading, that it might easily happen that some of the headings would disappear. A little more knowledge of auto-intoxication, and parasitism as a cause of disease may easily be completely discredited, as it is now partly discredited; parasitism is as possibly a consequence as a cause of disease. So with the diseases due to wear and tear, and deficient work (overwork seems to me a duplication of wear and tear). From what we are beginning to know about the metabolism of the body, it is possible that we may be able eventually to trace all disease to some breach of the laws of hygiene, which includes cleanliness of the inside with cleanliness of the outside. Forbes Ross, for example, established, in connection with cancer, a principle that harmonises, at least, with those of the hygienists and the dieteticians: the principle of the alkaline balance. He traced cancer to a disturbance of that balance caused by a persistent deprivation of one of the most important alkalies, potassium; he showed how that deprivation occurred, and what happened when it was stopped. But this laboratory rubbish about germs and "side-chains" leads us nowhere but to black magic; instead of simplifying, it only complicates the question of the causation of disease, for there are probably as many symptoms as there are germs, and it is not beyond probability that a still more subtle study of germs will prove that each symptom has its own specific cause in a germ. It is true that, without the germ theory, one finds it difficult to explain the process of infection; but it is not inconceivable that diseases are not really infectious, but occur practically simultaneously among a group of persons as a consequence of the same causes, to be found in their habits of life, coupled with suggestion. However this may be, Dr. Saleeby is interesting and intelligible when he talks about hygiene; but as fanatical and misguided as any layman might be when he deals with the subject of "scientific" therapeutics.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Tide Marks. By Margaret Westrupp. (Methuen. 6s.)

Given a Gipsy mother and an ascetic poet as parents, to which temperament will the child incline? Miss Westrupp "fiddles harmonics on the strings of sensuality," pretending that Phillipa takes after papa. Needless to say, Phillipa doesn't. The spacing of this novel is tiresomely like that of the famous "Deadwood Dick" masterpieces: four words of dialogue take a whole line:—

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going back."

"Why?"

"I've some things to do." There are whole pages of this stuff.

The Two Kisses. By Oliver Onions. (Methuen. 6s.)

Girl furtively kisses a Greek statue and is later kissed by an impertinent young man. Terrific sensations! How dare he, she, they? The lady goes in for art, finds subjects, one, "a ripper," as she calls it, in Covent Garden. Finally becomes Mrs. Pratt. She might have written the book herself, heaps like her do write novels and make pots of money.

God's Englishman. By W. Scott King. (Kelly. 6s.)

Here's another girl sobbing passionately in front of a statue. Is this the new decadence? No, fair reader, this time it is her slain hero's statue. If Mr. King had not written "red red roses" seventeen times, we might have been led away into a fit of fictional melancholy. But the colour of the thing was too emphatic. She was certain to cheer up and marry sometime or other. It is perhaps too pale a joke when the dead man turns up alive and the statue is given the lie in its stone face. She at last becomes Mrs. Forrister, "God's true Englishwoman," whose husband (a prig of immeasurable dimensions) had long since warned her that we need great mothers and that he would "lend a hand to rearing in this mercenary age of ours a nobler type of countrymen."

The Governor of England. By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen. 6s.)

It was, doubtless, "a tremendous moment of his life" when Cromwell decided to support Hampden to the utmost end; but we doubt whether he staggered about and wept for joy at that moment. Miss Bowen has too, too literally put herself in her hero's position; he is overlaid. Miss Bowen's style becomes ever more bombastic and trifling.

"'Sir,' said the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who had been called hotly from that country to counsel the imperative needs of the King . . .'

Hell! said the Countess, as she cast the treacherous note on the burning flames and spat in the Baron's eye!

The author achieves clichés, as she would probably say, as to the manner born. The psychology of all the great men of the age, including, of course, Milton, does not daunt—we are sure this is the right expression—Miss Marjorie Bowen. It seems as though nothing on earth might daunt a lady novelist.

Once of the Angels. By Evelyn Beacon. (Methuen. 6s.)

A "passionate, sincere lover of all that is best" writes a novel to implore for our daughters that "fuller instruction" which shall safeguard them, etc., etc. It is quaint how these pure modern souls all want the same thing. And, Lord! the sex-talk that they make! How long, how long? Beds of roses and bad old females call for explanation—otherwise, our young daughters, the naturally innocent ones anyway, might go to their graves unenlightened. How lucky that "a Power far greater than myself forces me to write what I have written. . . . Shall Lilian and Rose cry to us in vain?"

Not if the Power can help it—it is a Power of Hell, but it has been pretty successful these last few years. But shall we cry in vain against these particularly damned writers, with their filthy, handsome brothels and other paraphernalia of the abyss? Lilian and Rose can have little bad knowledge left to cry for!

The Milky Way. By B. F. Tennyson Jesse. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"Dearest," who is a Miss Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, is given all the credit there may be in "this too light and slight a book." If people make love in public they must expect to be laughed at. The light, slight affair is written in the first person, and no doubt "Dearest" had listened to it all many a time meekly as Desdemona. It is slight enough, at any rate, not to exhaust the feminine patience; but—" 'Well, of all the damned cheek!' remarked Chas, 'coolly eloping like that, and planting her offspring on you' "—surely "Dearest" might have warned her so humble servant that such language is pas comme il faut! Where is the sense of publicly giving up one's credit to a woman if she is not going to guide one properly?

The House of Whispers. By W. Le Queux. (Methuen's Sevenpenny Novels.)

A Son of the State. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen's Sevenpenny Novels.)

By Stroke of Sword. By Andrew Balfour. (Methuen's Sevenpenny Novels.)

The Red House. By E. Nesbit. (Methuen's Sevenpenny Novels.)

Profit and Loss. By John Oxenham. (Methuen's Sevenpenny Novels.)

Diana and Two Symphonies. By Francis Toye. (Heinemann. 6s.)

"To Nina" this time! The first chapter is awful common stuff about a man looking for a house, and Chelsea being built on gravel and just as healthy as Hampstead, and what exorbitant rents nowadays and brewery shares so low as they are, too. However, Diana was only too glad to settle down anywhere, her mother having had a weak chest, which had taken them abroad a great deal until she died suddenly on a visit to Sicily. Mr Toye psychologises Diana most intimately. Arnold Bennett could scarcely be more relentless in dogging a young girl's every look and movement. There is a terrible deal of musical "shop" talked, but as Mr. Toye expressly says the characters are only his own puppets, we do not risk libel by declaring that we should run like the dickens from all of them, themselves being hermaphroditic whatever they may fancy. Geoffry goes for philosophic truth to Diana, she not at all shy of taking intellectual command.

A Guide-book to Hygienic Diet. By S. H. Beard. (Golden Age. 2s.)

A comprehensive volume of hints and recipes, with a long, instructive preface to this, the seventh, edition.

The Child and How to Train It. By Annie J. Oppenheim. (Ballin. 2s. 6d.)

The poor child is so much at everybody's mercy that one system more or less for its "training" cannot matter very much. Miss Oppenheim's photograph as a phrenologist, in a mortar-board and fondling a human skull, makes a horrid impression, but her system seems useful enough. The book is really as much of a training for adults as for children. Just imagine how pleasant it would be for children if adults suddenly decided to read only wholesome books, to refrain from foolish or vicious conversation, to consider each other's weaknesses, to spend within their income, and to be particular in matters of honour! They would be so busy in self-regeneration that the children would once more have leisure to play as they like without some interfering wretch telling them how to.

Pastiche.

KILL THAT TRUTH!

By Duxmia.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Carmelite Hall on Tuesday last under the auspices of the "Kill that Truth!" committee with the view of ascertaining the feeling of the general public upon this important question. Pontius Pilate was in the chair. Among those present, besides the speakers were: Mr. Godfrey Isaacs, a contingent of readers of the "Daily Mail," "Spectator," the "New Statesman," and other papers in favour of the movement, numerous editors and journalists, the ten most prominent members of the Grand Orient Lodge of Paris (disguised), Mr. Clement Shorter, Lord Murray, Ananias, Sapphira, and Mr. Lloyd George. Telegrams regretting inability to attend and expressing sympathy were read from the President of the Portuguese Republic and Mr. Philip Snowden. The debate (which was free to all present) was preceded by a short address from the Chairman outlining the history and objects of the "Kill that Truth!" agitation. A resolution was then placed before the meeting (proposed by Professor Haeckel, of Jena University, and seconded by Mr. St. Loe Strachey, Editor of the "Spectator"), "That the Truth is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The Chairman then called upon Professor Haeckel to open the debate.

Professor Haeckel, who upon rising was greeted with loud applause, stated that the question before them that evening was one of the utmost importance, and that upon their answer to it depended the future of Science on the European Continent. Speaking as a scientist, and, therefore, as one qualified to discuss not only matters pertaining to Natural Philosophy, but all other matters also, he could say with assurance that there existed no greater obstacle to the further progress of the species than the anomalous and inexplicable survival of Truth. Upon advancing theories whose adoption could not but be for the benefit of the race and the furtherance of scientific ideals, they were constantly being met with the objection "This or that is not True." Such a state of affairs could not be suffered to continue. If Science was to accomplish those great works which she had promised them, these obstacles must be removed from her path. He would ask them to remember that every great victory hitherto won by the forces of enlightenment had been gained at the expense of the quibbling logician and the metaphysical truth-seeker. They had progressed much of recent years. Already the great principle was established—thanks in some degree, he was proud to say, to his own efforts—that a scientist in want of evidence to support a theory might be allowed to invent it, a principle without which they would have waited in vain for the majority of the great achievements of the last half century. If he might be allowed to refer once more to his own achievements, he would say that as a veteran, who had won several victories over verity in the past, he looked to them for support to enable him and his brother scientists to continue upon their beneficent course.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey asked leave to endorse Professor Haeckel's remarks. He was able to lend them support from another standpoint. In the fields of politics and belles-lettres, in both of which he flattered himself that the journal of which he was an unworthy editor—(No! No!)—possessed some little influence, nothing was more apparent than the recent baleful attempt at reviving Truth. Up to a few years ago, as they were well aware, the Truth was seldom found at all in England, a fact to which he attributed the undisputed predominance of our race over the flightier peoples of the Continent, and its possession of the "Spectator." But recently, he regretted to inform them, he had noticed a slight reaction. Unchristian and ungentlemanly persons, writing for the most part in violent and obscure prints (which, he was thankful to know, would never pay), had started publishing *facts* about public men, and the consequences were deplorable. There was positive danger in this to the foundations of the British Constitution, nay, of British social life. If once the Truth began to get about, no institution would be safe, however sacred—perhaps not even the "Spectator." In the interests of culture he did not hesitate to demand that the Truth cease to exist, or, at any rate, be interned in some cool sequestered spot—say, the frosty Caucasus—where the common people were never likely to get at it owing to the dearness of the railway fare.

Lord Northcliffe assured the meeting that, whoever's property the iniquitous rags referred to by Mr. St. Loe Strachey might be, they were under no control of his.

He was ready to swear upon oath that the Truth had not made its appearance in any of his publications for over fifteen years, except upon one occasion in his experimental stages when an editor was drunk and let it in by accident. A salutary example was made, and the audience would be pleased to hear that his young men could now all lie as well drunk as sober. He agreed with all that the two preceding speakers had said upon the extreme undesirability, he might almost say danger, of the Truth ever getting out. For this reason he was of opinion that Mr. St. Loe Strachey's idea of interning it in some cool sequestered spot, whilst doing credit to his humanity, was not a really safe one. Far better kill it altogether. The dead told no tales. Besides, one could not say that any spot was really safe with all these aeroplanes flying about.

Sir RUFUS ISAACS admitted that personally he had not found himself to any degree hampered by the Truth, but he could quite easily understand the trouble that its survival might cause in professions other than the legal and political, where its eradication was not yet quite complete. But when all was said and done it depended upon themselves to what extent they allowed themselves to be inconvenienced by such considerations. He might be frightened of blows, but he was prepared to assure them that Truth had never really frightened him for an instant, although he was prepared to admit that in the hands of unchristian persons it might occasionally prove a formidable weapon.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY spoke of the "regrettable necessity" of much that he had heard advocated that evening. They might—such of them as had received a University education—experience a sentimental attraction to the Truth, but Progress must not be hindered, and if Truth got in the way of Progress, they must sacrifice their feelings, and make an end of Truth. Asked to define Progress, his Lordship said that it was the continuous expression in material terms of the doctrine that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, for since only the fittest survived, nothing survived but the fittest, and, therefore, it was all the same whatever happened, and so forth and so forth. At this point, his Lordship complained of a slight headache occasioned by thinking out an answer to the last very inconsiderate question. He was not accustomed to such exertion, and it was not expected of a man in his position, and he resented it very much. He wound up by remarking that they must welcome the abolition of Truth as likely to hasten the coming of Our Blessed Lord, who was due to make His second advent "when he should not find Truth upon the earth."

ONE OF H.M. JUDGES assured the meeting that whatever obstacles a revival of Truth might overcome, it would be brought up short by the Law Courts. He was proud to say that the English Law of Libel was powerful enough to crush any Truth in existence, and, in any case, there was the English Law of Evidence to back it up. If any of them felt any lack of confidence upon that point, they could reassure themselves by studying the Libel cases heard within the last ten years, and they would see that so long as the English law remained what it was, there was precious little danger of any Truth getting about. He regretted that he was unable to speak any longer, as he was due at the Law Courts to deal with the contempt of a well-known publicist who had called him a "canting old cockatoo," a term which had caused him the greater annoyance owing to the suspicion that there was a certain amount of Truth in it.

Further support was rendered to the resolution by Mr. CLAYTON, Lady BUNTING and Professor KARL PEARSON, the first of whom testified to the absolute impossibility of keeping up the White Slave agitation if the Truth were to be given a chance in this country. Professor Pearson referred to the necessity which the Eugenists were under of inventing facts in support of their propaganda, and of the great assistance in which both suppressio veri and suggestio falsi were to scientists in general.

At this point a pleasant surprise awaited the meeting in the shape of the report of the Special Committee detailed to ascertain the condition of the Truth in this country. The Committee stated that no Truth was to be found. The Truth, they would be gratified to hear, had left England altogether, and taken refuge in the middle of the Sahara Desert, a region at present rather outside the area of their influence. However, an expedition was being fitted out under Lieut. Hermann Wagner himself (specially lent for the purpose by the Austrian Government), whose name alone was sufficient guarantee that whatever survived of it would be speedily extirpated.

The resolution having been carried unanimously, a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Committee followed. Illuminated addresses are being sent to the proprietors of Reuter's News Agency, the Congo Reform Association, the Anti-Socialist League, and others, whose efforts in "Killing the Truth" have deserved the thanks of all interested in the furtherance of this great and beneficent movement.

THE EVERLASTING NAUSEA; OR THE SHINDY IN THE BYE STREET.

Down Holborn as I sauntered, deep in thought
Upon some wonted trifle ("Ah," you say,
"That's cribbed from Horace, Satire ix, Book 1,"
—You know your Bohn, I see, but wait a bit).
Well, as I strolled, some bulky loiterer
Whose name I scarcely know, some fribbling scribe,
Inkslinging toady, sniggering scatterbrain,
Foul with the reeking stub of a cigar,
Accosted me with fulsome greeting, clapped
His hand upon my back. "How do, old boy?"
"A plague upon this jackanapes," thought I,
And with some show of testiness returned
His salutation. "Top hole!" quoth the sot,
Glib in the newest jargon. I was all
For shogging Chancery Lane-wards, bent upon
A joust with A. E. R. Though I demurred
With mop and mow, this limpet unabashed
Still clung to me. "Let's go and talk awhile
Of poetry and things in general,
Of Blidger's book, of Aristophanes,
Of Virgil, Victor Hugo and yourself."
Thus spake my bugbear, hauling me along
To a Bodega, where his beverage
Made him expansive, as he ranged the gamut
Of perky small-talk, till with bland aplomb
He cooed, "That latest thing of yours, you know,
Is real hot stuff!" "But which?" (I scrawl so much).
"About the usher. Do some more like that.
That bit about the skirt, that ought to fetch 'em."
He winked and prodded me between the ribs
With cunning lear. "You've knocked about a bit,
You must have seen a thing or two, eh, what?
You take my meaning?" "Out upon the fool"
I mused, but answered naught. "Why don't you write
A tasty trifle in that line? A sort
Of Swinburne-Strindberg-Whitman tack!" He reeled
It off with gloating unction. This affront
Loosened my speech a trifle and I said:—
"Good sir, I think (forgive the blatant phrase)
That you are at the wrong emporium."
He gasped. "I do not write to tickle bawds,
To pipe a tune for lechers." Bridling up,
He would have spoken. Suavely I went on
(Occupo, Horace puts it neatly) ere
He found his cue. "I doubt not (pray correct
Me if I err—I take it not amiss)
That, hankering for stunts, you are agog
To docket spicy scraps—To fill a page
Of 'Things We Want to Know' or 'Round the Town,'
—Crisp pars for knowing eyes. And, in its way,
Your aim is laudable. But these affairs
Concern me not. And all there is of me
Worthy the knowing—haply even more,
I have embodied in those bagatelles
You deign to fancy. But the rest is mine,
And will remain my own concern, engrossed
Upon the daybook of my memory,
—Not for the eyes of every Peeping Tom,
For every scribbling bagman and his gang
Of motley henchmen. Now, my gratitude
For this glad meeting, that has furnished me
With matter for a few odd verses. If
Your patience serves awhile, you will rejoice
To see this wordy tussle featly framed
Within a batch of pert iambics." Thus
I left my catechiser goggle-eyed
Before a half-quaffed flattening draught of Bass.

P. SELVER.

A PROPOS OF THE SUGGESTED ROYAL COMMISSION ON VENEREAL DISEASES.

Our fathers feared the beast apocalyptic
Whose tally, says St. John, is 6 6 6:
Let workmen now beware the number cryptic
Beloved by army doctors: 6 0 6.

BILMEM KIM.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

What have we gained, then, by our unbelief
But a life of doubt diversified by faith,
For one of faith diversified by doubt?
We called the chess-board white—we call it black.
—Bishop Blougram's Apology.

I REALLY do not see why I should talk about "A Message from Mars." There was magic in that play (arranged, I may add, by Mr. Maskelyne), and it was of the same type as that manifested in Mr. G. K. Chesterton's play, "Magic." The furniture moved, and the feeble protest of Horace Parker that the phenomenon was easily explicable by the laws of dynamics was overborne by apparent miracle after miracle until the nature of his own soul was revealed to him, mainly by showing him what his friends really thought of him. But that play was designed to show that a modern man could only become altruistic in consequence of a miracle. The conversion occurred; and Horace Parker, the selfish man, became an altruist, and, of course, uttered the mystic words: "With this ring I thee wed": as the curtain descended. All that happened a long time ago, and still we do not believe in magic, if Mr. Chesterton's assumption is to be accepted. Not even the Anglican clergy believe in magic, if we may accept one of the characters in Mr. Chesterton's play as being typical; and, if one may accept yet another of Mr. Chesterton's assumptions, they, at least, should believe in magic, and so should we all. Indeed, we can easily summarise Mr. Chesterton's creed, and say that people ought to believe in magic and in fairy tales, and ought not to believe in journalism, vegetarianism, medicine, the laws of science, the members of the peerage, or the essential righteousness of the modern business man.

But we come to a Chestertonian paradox. Disbelief in magic is, apparently, the most heinous sin, and its consequences are of the most terrible kind. Morris Carleon is raving in delirium because he cannot find a natural explanation of the conjurer's last trick; and talking to the doctor about the case, the parson says: "Here is a family over which you tell me a mental calamity hovers. Here is the boy who questions everything and the girl who can believe anything. Upon which has the curse fallen?" The girl, although she is the niece of a duke, and does see (or pretend to see) fairies, and does become engaged to a conjurer who is in league with devils, is, of course, sane. But does Mr. Chesterton utilise magic to make the boy as sane as the girl? Not at all! The cause of his delirium is the disbelief in magic, and his delirium is cured by confirming his disbelief in magic. The conjurer finds a natural explanation of the trick!

Something must have gone wrong with the propaganda. Does the girl, who is supposed to be sane, believe in magic? Mr. Chesterton leaves it to be inferred that she does; but, in spite of all the mystery-mongering about fairies and magicians, she says quite simply, when the conjurer proposes to her: "I never believed that you were a magician. . . . . I always knew that you were a man." The inference is that sanity is not dependent on the power of seeing fairies, or of believing in magic; the girl saw no fairies, did not believe in devils, she simply fell in love with a man. Well, what has the inspiration of the Book of Job to do with that? We may admit, indeed everyone knows, that the only reality in woman is sexual, and that her æsthetic and intellectual interests are only masks to her main purpose. But what has this to do with belief in magic? If we accept this assumption, the proper cure for Morris Carleon was to find a girl for him to fall in love with, not to fob him off with a lie to preserve him in his insanity of disbelief.

It may be thought that I am treating "a fantastic comedy" too seriously, but no one who sees the play can doubt the serious intention of it. "It made me laugh, I know," as Bishop Blougram would say; but, all the same, G. K. C. declared, in his "Orthodoxy," that "mere light sophistry is the thing that I happen to despise most of all things, and it is perhaps a wholesome fact that this is the thing of which I am generally accused," and we are justified in taking even his apparent jests seriously. He has said: "There are two things, and two things only, for the human mind—a dogma and a prejudice"; and, obviously, we cannot rest satisfied with the explanation that his intellectual somersaults are only his jokes. He is really as much a propagandist as George Bernard Shaw; but he is incapable of being serious about serious things, and the consequence is that he does not trouble to formulate clearly the ideas that he wishes to convey, and the further consequence is that he fails to convey his ideas.

It is precisely this incapability of formulation that is responsible for the lack of characterisation throughout the play. In the second act, we have the clergyman arguing that sham magic implies that real magic is possible, and later, in the same act, we have him vigorously debating the comparative advantages of faith and doubt, with an emphasis on the mental advantages of faith. But in the third act, we have the conjurer reproaching him more passionately for his disbelief than he had reproached the doctor. The doctor, who argues in the first act that seeing fairies is practically an indication of incipient insanity, in the second act is certain that the girl who sees them is perfectly sane. The girl who sees them, and, at the end of the first act, reproaches the conjurer for having robbed her of her "child's toy," a fairy tale, in the third act admits that she was never deceived, had never mistaken the conjurer for a wizard, and so on. The conversation simply wanders; the characters say not what is proper to them, but what Mr. Chesterton wants said at that particular moment. Mr. Chesterton, as we know, has a number of subjects on which to jest or to insist; and by hook or by crook, they have to be brought into the play. The English habit of compromise is personified in the duke, who gives fifty pounds to the clergyman towards erecting a model public-house, and fifty pounds to the doctor to support the league for opposing the erection of the same public-house. In the second act, he gives three shillings to the Militant Vegetarians because he gave three shillings to the Anti-Vegetarians; and so on. He is not a character, but a mechanism whereby some of G. K. C.'s old jokes are set in motion. Mr. Chesterton's contempt for newspapers is the subject of a conversation between the conjurer and the duke, and its only effect is that it delays the action of the second act. Indeed, about half of the second act is wasted before it really begins, because Mr. Chesterton wants to work off some of his old jests, and to acquaint the audience with some of his old enthusiasms. The conversation with Patricia in the act is nothing but padding, introduced because Mr. Chesterton wanted to say once more that "fairy tales are the only democratic institutions." The usual type of conversation is question and answer, which is obviously not a dramatic form; and the artistic defects are only the corollary of the mental confusion of Mr. Chesterton. For what, after all, is Mr. Chesterton's main contention? It is that men will mystify themselves with explanations of facts more than they will with simple acceptance of the facts. Morris Carleon gets his natural explanation of the miracle, and that explanation is a lie; and the lie restores his sanity. The girl's belief in fairies was also a lie, and she remained sane; therefore, belief in lies is necessary to the maintenance of sanity. "Why can't you leave the universe alone and let it mean what it likes?" thunders the parson at the doctor. "Why shouldn't the thunder be Jupiter? More men have made themselves silly by wondering what the devil it was if it wasn't Jupiter." Simple acceptance of the facts of life (the fancies also being facts to be accepted at their proper value), without bothering about their explanation, that seems to be Mr. Chesterton's main

contention. Believe anything, believe everything, but don't believe in natural explanations; in other words, don't believe in science, or, in still other words, don't believe that science is really more capable of being understood than magic is. For, after all, magic is a natural explanation of certain facts; it is capable of being translated into mechanical and physical terms, and if the laws of science are not ultimate realities, neither are the devils by whose means the magic is effected. Mr. Chesterton's apparent obscurantism is only apparent; the mere fact of belief in miracles is no reason for refusing to discover how they are performed, or for refusing to believe that they are capable of natural explanations. Believe whatever you like, is the effect of Mr. Chesterton's teaching; and, as people have been doing that for some time now, the advice, although belated, is not inacceptable.

Art.

William Blake at the Tate Gallery.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

WHEN I went to the Tate Gallery to see the Blake Exhibition, I had scarcely more than two distinct ideas about Blake in my mind. I had learnt to admire him as a vigorous and resourceful illustrator of the Book of Job, and I was aware of his having entertained a life-long hatred of reason and of empirical science. His performance in regard to the Book of Job made me extremely hopeful; because the qualities of these illustrations, which I hope to discuss another time, are in many ways quite classical. But I admit I was doubtful about his hostility to Locke, Bacon and Newton. So many people dislike Locke, Bacon and Newton, who have no business to dislike them, because they are not up to them. After all, one can object to modern science, empirical science, from above or from below. One can be a Bergson and a romanticist, and object to it owing to an innate inability to face reality bravely; or one can object to it like a Nietzsche, because empirical science will give itself airs, and not content with recording the fact honestly and slavishly, will pretend to play the part of the poet, and attempt to create world-values and world-interpretations—a task its devotees are utterly unsuited to perform.

I therefore felt that I must exercise the greatest caution. So often is the romantic coward taken for the man above science—especially in England and Germany, where romanticism is the sick bed or the watering place of those nauseated by empiricism—that caution here is not only necessary, it is imperative. And I felt it all the more incumbent upon me to exercise it, as I had read that Blake tended rather to the anarchical standpoint of the ultra-individualist. He had an awkward way of assuming that he, as an individual, had the right to judge of all things, and to be their ultimate arbiter, for himself—an absolutely erroneous view which has led to that absurdest of all English anarchical dogmas: "Everybody has a right to his own opinion." I say, "an absolutely erroneous view," but let me be more explicit. Individualism, too, is possible from below or from above. There is the individualist, who, like the modern London cockney, wants individual freedom to no purpose, save perhaps that of unknowingly and unwillingly wrecking society and its wisest conventions by the use of it; and there is the individualist who wants freedom because he has something of worth to add to society, to consolidate, increase its beauty, and render it more permanent.

Can you picture now the tip-toe trepidation with which I entered Gallery V at the Tate Gallery?

But wait! I had yet other reasons for being anxious. Blake was a mystic and a visionary. Do you know what a "mystic" means to the modern world? It means a person like that frightfully over-rated Fleming, Maeterlinck, who possesses the most marvellous gift for muddling clear issues and palpable truths for neurotic women to ponder over, that any man has ever possessed on earth before. It means being able to cast a veil of fictitious and foggy mystery over any blessed thing you can lay your hands on! I startled the venerable Ishmaelite Debating Society and the Sesame Club a year ago by trying to point out to them that Maeterlinck was only a *mistic* in this sense, and by a large number I was not thanked for my pains. I tried to show that my conception, at least, of a mystic, was that he is a person who unveils mysteries, not one who stirs shallow pools into mysterious obscurity. Thus another question that began to take shape in my mind as I approached Gallery V was whether Blake was a mystic or a mistic. All these things are terribly important; but from the faces of the plutocrats whose motors were standing outside (it was a sixpenny day, and I will say this for the Tate Gallery, they did pass me in for nothing, though they made me buy a catalogue), one would have gathered that they were not more important than any other matter that whiles away the time of the modern man and his womenfolk.

Now, I had not been long in the Gallery before I came to the conclusion that Blake was anything but an obscurantist à la Maeterlinck. Behind all these wonderful pictures—for there are marvels of beauty there—I saw not only a noble, honest effort to be clear and precise concerning deep things, I noticed a stupendous struggle on the part of a great mind to surpass even ordinary clarity and ordinary precision, and to be meticulous almost to a fault, in order not to allow of misconceptions or vague emotions. I immediately became deeply interested. There I saw all the legitimate weapons of the graphic arts, sharpened and tempered to the highest possible degree of excellence. No blue vapour ("blauer Dunst") à la "Blue Bird," no diaphanous idiocy à la "Serres Chaudes"! On the contrary, where there was a thought it was expressed beyond the possibility of a doubt; where there was a story it was told in a masterly, simple manner, without voices in the wings, or murmurs in the clouds, or anything that makes discontented females imagine that they have great souls.

Very well, then, what business had W. M. Rossetti to call Blake an "utter nonconformist"? If a man be merely an utter nonconformist, this unfortunate affliction will be found in the growth of his toe nail just as evidently as in his wildest dream. He cannot paint as one who conforms to the classical idea of the human mind, and be a nonconformist in his food or in his writings. Samuel Butler was a nonconformist par excellence; but Samuel Butler was muddled. He was never very clear about anything. Blake is perfectly clear, absolutely so! What could be more clear than that wonderful conception "The Blasphemer"? Has anybody ever approached such a vividly stirring or more affecting picture of a stoning than is presented in this water-colour (No. 8)? Look, also, upon the wonderful tempera design of "Satan Smiting Job with Sore Boils"—not only the actual occurrence is plainly pictured here, but in a space of 12¾ by 16¾ inches, all Job's feelings are accurately recorded as well. Look at the sea!—black! Look at the sun!—it is going out. Look at the clouds!—they roll diabolically in thundery billows of purple, deep blue and black. But is not this precisely how nature appears to the man overwhelmed by an appalling disaster? Job lies stiffly, his head is thrown back almost as in death, while Satan dances a war dance on his abdomen. For a plain, unmistakable picture of human agony, this is terrific. It is actually what happens—that is to say, what takes place in every man's mind under the influence of a terrible calamity. It is decidedly an event. One is convinced from this picture that it was an epoch-making event to Job.

Now look at "Pity!" (No. 48). One knows perfectly well that to a fond mother the picture of the loss of a child is not a white bed, a little corpse, a hearse and a grave. It is something fiercer in its imaginative appeal,

something qui enlève le morceau. Very well then. What could be finer than this prostrate woman lying beneath a black sky, while the galloping white steeds of the wind halt an instant to allow a wild woman to bow down from her seat upon them and to draw up the little child into the sky for ever? There is something so frantically tragic about this picture, that as one leaves the gallery one feels almost as if one had performed the painful duty of calling upon this bereaved mother to console her—obviously a futile task!

I wish I could lead you all round. But look at "Nebuchadnezzar" (No. 17). Understand that a theme of this nature lends itself to absolutely repulsive treatment. What is the tasteful artist's problem, therefore? He has to convey the horror of Nebuchadnezzar's situation, without rendering his work quite fruitless, by forcing you to turn away from it at the first glance. Imagine a modern artist faced with this problem! Think of the laisser aller invited and eagerly indulged in! Now look at Blake! Here is indeed horror, but it is treated with such perfect restraint, such sublime and unmistakable taste, that one is almost hypnotised by the dramatic beauty and grandeur of its sadness. Nebuchadnezzar on all fours is not evenly relatively remote from the ridiculous. The ridiculous is out of sight altogether.

There is a richness of beauty at this show which literally scorns a two-column article. Let me call attention quickly to the wonderful "Adam Naming the Beasts" (No. 2), to "Joseph's Brethren Bowing before Him" (No. 6), to "Elijah About to Ascend in the Chariot of Fire" (No. 14), to "Our Lady with the Infant Jesus on a Lamb, and St. John" (No. 23), to "The Ten Virgins" (No. 25), to "The Soldiers Casting Lots for Christ's Garment" (No. 26)—what could be more perfect here, as an invention, than the Cross turning its back to the spectator?—to "The Creation of Eve" (No. 51), to "Newton" (No. 63), and to the magnificent "Hecate" (No. 67).

I have not had such a treat for many years. It is obvious to the reader that I have much more to say. I should like to show him the extent to which Blake, as Swinburne points out, was consistent, profound and prophetic in his revaluation of life, the extent to which he resembled Nietzsche, particularly in that marvellous conviction which comes of the penetrating vision of the seer, and which made him loathe doubt more than anything:—

> If the sun and moon should doubt
> They'd immediately go out.

But I hope to return to Blake another time. Meanwhile, to those who are interested in studying an eighteenth-century English precursor of Friedrich Nietzsche let me recommend "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," and to those who wish to feast their eyes on some rare beauty, let me recommend this wonderful show at the Tate Gallery.

Sugar at Penny the Pound.

Or, the Democratic Sixpence.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—Some six years ago, in Nithsdale Road, Glasgow, my eye was caught by a placard outside a newsagent's shop:—

THE NEW AGE.
A QUESTION
FOR
SOCIALISTS.
H. Belloc.

I entered the shop and bought my first copy of THE NEW AGE. Every week since then I have paid my penny, then my threepence, and now I will pay my sixpence for each issue. Why this detail? "There are books," says Emerson, "which take rank in our life with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so medicinal, so stringent, so authoritative." For me, THE NEW AGE has been such a book. Lest I appear to stoop to flattery, let me say that I am no "humble reader of your excellent journal," no purblind "constant reader." If the waste-paper basket of THE NEW AGE could but speak, my integrity would be fully proved. From the Editor downwards, I have at some time or other disapproved of every regular contributor. Nine times out of ten, as I now admit, I was in the wrong; and not more than once in ten were my letters published. One time the Editor, irritated by my numerous epistles, had the audacity to write and tell me that, as a non-contributing reader, I had no claim to have my letters published. I administered due epistolary correction. I still write objurgatory letters to him—and he still publishes them as seldom as of yore. If I am mad, as some uncharitable reader may by this time think, I am but mad in Fleet Street. I can tell a NEW AGE from a "Sunday Chronicle." Which brings me to the sugar.

If the price of margarine be 4½d. the lb., and the price of sugar be 2d. the lb., how can sugar be sold at 1d. the lb.? That, I believe, is how the problem might be stated in a "Modern Business Encyclopædia" (or some such work of the devil). Here is the solution. Sell the margarine as "overweight" (i.e., 2 lbs. for the price of 1 lb.) at 11d. the lb., and throw in a pound of sugar at 1d. to those customers who buy "overweight" margarine. Next, sandwichmen must be hired to parade the street with advertisement boards announcing that sugar is 1d. the lb. Then you challenge the yahoos to a yacht race; you are made a baronet, and finally rise to circles where the price of sugar per pound is unknown. Through time, leader-writers like "Dux," of the "Sunday Chronicle," will write of the "man who reduced sugar to the democratic price of a 1d. the lb." At length I have reached my mutton, or, rather, my game. In this week's (2/11/13) "Sunday Chronicle" "Dux" quacketh ironically: "THE NEW AGE, which is henceforth published at the democratic price of sixpence . . . . it caters mainly for the working man who reads Greek, French, and Latin. . . ." The implied charges against THE NEW AGE are (1) that, in raising its price to sixpence, it is anti-democratic, (2) that no working man can read it with intelligence. I will deal with the second charge first. Let me tell "Dux" that there is only one writer ("Hubert") on the "Sunday Chronicle" who writes as simply as the Editor of THE NEW AGE. To hint that readers of THE NEW AGE must be proficient linguists is less true than to state that evidently the readers of the "Sunday Chronicle" are mostly persons suffering from venereal disease. (See "Medical Answers to Correspondents.")

"The democratic price of sixpence." You spoke the truth; go up, "Dux." As a Scotchman, I permit myself to digress on the coin with which we are commonly accused of paying the piper. "Bang goes a sixpence" is our certificate of being a democratic people. Demos always does things with a bang. Of course, to the south of the Tweed, the phrase is interpreted in a manner which suggests niggardliness as a national characteristic. For myself, this interpretation was illuminated by the fact that, on my first visit to England, I had not been an hour across the Border before I was robbed of sixpence. Did history repeat itself? did I but growl, "Bang goes a sixpence," as the first primeval Scot who crossed the border growled? We Scotchmen always bang our money—as gentlemen should. Would you have us fondle it like an usurer? The "Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" is enough to clear us as a nation of the charge of ignoble greed.

"Dux" would have us believe that, whereas sixpence charged for THE NEW AGE is anti-democratic, the penny charged for the "Sunday Chronicle" is democratic. Sugar at 1d. the lb. to-day! The "Sunday Chronicle" consists of sixteen pages. Of these, five and a half are filled with advertisements, mostly of quack medicines. I do not know what is the actual cost of producing a single copy of the "Sunday Chronicle," but it must be more than sixpence. How, then, is the paper sold for the democratic penny? Enter Mother Siegel as fairy godmother, attended by "all her quality"—Professor Doan, Dr. Williams, Monsieur Zambuk, the eminent literary nerve specialists, Dr. Phosferine and Dr. Sanatogen, are all there. Between the two last-mentioned there is some slight disagreement. Dr. Phosferine is heard to say, "But I tell you that A-n-ld Be-n-t calculates that his literary output is entirely due to regular doses." "Bah!" replies Dr. S., "what is *his* circulation to that of H-ll Ca-n-'s? It's circulation that tells. I guarantee to increase a literary artist's circulation by . . . ." Mother Siegel addresses the proprietor of the "Sunday Chronicle": "We good fairies have heard of your difficulties—how you are unable to give us full

descriptions of rapes and murders as you would like; how you are beset by enemies of the people you are trying to uplift. We bring you fairy gold to strengthen your hands in the good fight." Stage thunder, and by the time the noise has ceased all the fairies have vanished and a shower of cheques is falling.

Gentlemen contributors to the "Sunday Chronicle," let me point out "the line and the predicament wherein you range under this subtle king," Quackery. You are mere scribblers on the margarine paper. You are paid for your services because, after all, 2 lbs. of margarine at 4½d. the lb., plus 1 lb. of sugar at 2d., comes to 11d. You are given the penny for being good boys. Enough of metaphor. The articles in the "Sunday Chronicle" should be headed something like this: "By the kindness of Mother Siegel, Mr. Hubert Bland will deliver an independent article not on 'Women and Patent Medicines.' Through the courtesy of Monsieur Zambuk, Hon. Judge Parry will contribute a series of articles not on "How the Poor Are Swindled by Quacks.' Under the endowment scheme of Dr. Williams, 'Dux' will write a leader on 'Democracy and Prices.'"

THE NEW AGE at sixpence will, I hope, pay its way—*that* is democratic, isn't it? I cheerfully bang my democratic sixpence. HAMISH HENDERSON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. J. M. KENNEDY ON THE NATIONAL GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—The "Writers of the Articles on National Guilds" question my opinion that National Guilds will confer political power on the workmen. Their own view, if I have understood it correctly, is that the new form of social organisation they recommend will enable the functions of economics and politics to be kept entirely distinct.

My reason for doubting this is simply the evidence of history. Your contributors aim at a monopoly of labour; but monopolies of any kind have never been tolerated in England. I need hardly quote instances. Elizabeth, to mention only the most notorious case, granted patents so freely as almost to bring about a rising; and the enthusiasm of the crowds over the anti-monopoly legislation of her reign is a commonplace of the history-books. Experience has everywhere shown that monopolies are bad; and your contributors have given us no reason to suppose that the organisation of Labour in guilds will change the national character of our working classes, turning the workman into an altruistic being anxious to benefit the community.

The old prejudice against monopolies was quite a healthy one; for the history of "misteries," "fraternities," and "companies," both in England and abroad, indicates clearly enough that, in course of time, such organisations invariably sought to exercise political power. In some cases, when they were strong enough (as in the northern German States and the Netherlands about the fourteenth century) they managed to exercise political power for a relatively long time; in other cases (as in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries) the guilds were always firmly controlled by the municipality. I refer particularly to the craft guilds, which resembled a modern trade union to a much greater extent than the guilds-merchant. But the final outcome was always the same; the guilds had to be crushed by the State for the benefit of the community. There is nothing to warrant the assumption that National Guilds would fail to arouse the latent greed of the average man, or fail to intensify his desire to exercise power over his fellows.

Why a monopoly should seek to interest itself in politics (even a Labour monopoly) will be found clearly pointed out in your own columns. Almost every issue of THE NEW AGE published during the last two years has contained the phrase "Economic power precedes political power." By conferring economic power on Labour to the extent of turning each branch of labour into a monopoly, you naturally confer on Labour—your own arguments tell us so—the ability to employ political power. The envies, the hatreds, the ambitions of the human race, which are not less strong when organised in National Guilds or any other kinds of guilds, will see to it that that political power is employed.

No doubt the changing conditions of industry will shortly call for a thorough consideration of the functions of trade unions. The possibility of their co-partnership with large employers, or of their nationalisation by the State, are two points of view, not necessarily final, from which the unions might conceivably be examined—the continuance of rent, interest, and profits being, of course, taken for granted. But the "most forcible feeble" recommendations of your contributors can hardly be considered seriously at all, in view of what we know of the modern English workman. The thought of twelve million stamp-lickers developing the amount of character necessary for the re-introduction of the guild system is sadly diverting. The writers of the articles on National Guilds promise so many benefits and fantastic upliftings of status that only Celia's ejaculation, can do justice to them: "O wonderful, wonderful and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!"

J. M. KENNEDY.

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"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

Sir,—In your issue of October 30, "Press-cutter" honours me by a reference to a modest contribution of mine to our local paper. He refers, in favourable terms, to the educative value of discussions in provincial journals, and suggests the adoption of this method of propaganda to students of the National Guilds.

May I say that I am a consistent supporter of this policy, it having been borne upon me on many occasions that work of this kind produces admirable results. There are many thousands of the proletariat—I might say millions—who still regard the local paper as their one medium for *views* as distinct from *news*, and I venture to say that the proportion of readers of the correspondence columns of the local, provincial journals, is a considerable quantity.

This privilege, afforded by tolerant editors of these journals, judiciously exercised by isolated Guildsmen like your humble scribe, offers a tremendous scope for the propagation of the Guild Socialist principles, and ought to be seized upon by a larger proportion of your readers than the existing evidences would prove to be the case. H. WILLIAMS.

* * *

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

Sir,—The writer of the letter in your last week's issue has produced a factor in existing conditions concerning clerks and their position in relation to the producing section of the community that is very important. There are many who have faced the same difficulty as the writer of "The First Step," and perhaps stood on the threshold hesitating before joining the Clerks' Trade Union because of doubting the possibility of ever making headway under present conditions to weld the many different grades of this section of labour into a solid union. His suggestion that the management join the union is an admirable one, but the cunning capitalist has forestalled him. His experience has been a particularly happy one in that the heads of the departments recognise that they have common interests with the employees against the capitalist, their common enemy. The enemy, ever on the alert to guard his position, has introduced the brilliant idea of making the chiefs of departments directors, and so part proprietors in the wage-earners, whom he now directs in two capacities—that of part proprietor and foreman. Nevertheless, the idea of opening the unions to the clerks engaged in the distributing part of the business in which the various unions are engaged should obtain wide attention, for it would be a godsend to such an one as myself. Another difficulty is the innate snobbery of the average commercially ground clerk, which for some time will prevent him from joining the union with mere workmen. Let us hope the Insurance Act will teach him the truth in this direction. A. E. B.

* * *

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

Sir,—I yield to no man in my sympathy with the railway workers and all other workers, but I am simply disgusted with the rubbishy gush which has been poured out in the newspapers in the case of Caudle, the unfortunate driver in the Aisgill disaster.

It was only to be expected that Socialist and Trade Union organs would do their best to shield Caudle—they hold a brief for all workers against all employers; but it is amusing to see papers of all shades of politics and religion vieing with each other in carrying bucketsful of whitewash to cover poor Caudle. It used to be said

that the King could do no wrong—now it appears to be the workman who can do no wrong.

Nobody knows better than Caudle himself that he was entirely to blame for the accident, and that the coal and the lubricating of his engine had nothing to do with it. I suppose if the coal and oiling incidents had not been available to excuse Caudle's negligence his supporters would have manufactured another. It would have sufficed to say he was blowing his nose when he passed the Mallerstang signals and the handkerchief obscured his view.

Though I deeply sympathise with railway workers, I do not think they are incapable of doing wrong, and I think nothing but evil can come of trying to throw the responsibility of their blunders upon others.

AN OLD RAILWAYMAN.

* * *

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

Sir,—A study of "Protestant Guildsman's" short, but very typical, letter has shown me the need of restating my position in a more definite manner. It would have been unprofitable as well as laborious to have done so before perceiving the lines upon which your attack was likely to be developed. One does not deploy except in answer to some definite move of the enemy's. I hope, however, that by elaborating my thesis in those directions in which your criticism seems likely to fall I shall do something to clear up the "fog of war" between us, so that even if we cannot agree, we shall have had the satisfaction of a square fight.

I knew before starting that I should have trouble in proving my contention that you neglect the spiritual motive power of your economic machinery. Such a charge can only be supported by a personal estimate of the psychological factors at the back of your contributors' heads. To prove it by your words will be difficult: to prove it by your deeds, impossible, because deeds, which always reveal the tacit assumption, are in your case absent. (Of course, through no fault of your own.) The matter is complicated by the fact that intellectually you do occasionally realise its importance. Not being fools, you could scarcely do anything else. It is, however, my contention that though you may *recognise*, you do not *realise* it. It enters into your calculations as an admission. Having admitted, you are apt to forget it.

The proof of this lies in the fact that you do not *rely* upon spiritual motives to produce the desired results. All through your articles there runs the tacit assumption that the minds and motives of men will always remain the same as they are at present. Abnormal avarice and abnormal "fluidity" are accepted by you as the normal and permanent conditions of our mental world. That granted, you provide with great (though, as I think, ineffectual) skill and foresight for their neutralisation. Indeed, the whole of your ingenious machinery is designed expressly to that end. My complaint is based upon the fact that you stop at employing or neutralising such spiritual motives as you find already existing in the narrow and ephemeral society in which you move. Our solution, on the contrary, seems never to have occurred to you. It is, not to take those motives as they stand and to juggle with them until you arrive at a modus vivendi, but frankly to realise that they are incompatible with the existence of a decent civilisation, and to alter them at the start. We assert that the mind of society can be influenced in one direction or another by religion and philosophy, and has been so influenced in the past. And that the simplest way of reforming present conditions is so to reform the mental state which caused them.

There are, of course, only two ways of meeting this. You can deny the modifying power of religious and philosophic motives. You can assert that man is, always has been, and always will be, determined by economic influences—which, in so far as they do not mean pure desire for a decent existence, are coterminous with avarice and greed—and such are, indeed, the arguments which have, consciously or subconsciously, ruled our private and public life for over a hundred years. There is only one cure for this—to open your eyes, either by the study of history or by foreign travel—and to see that it is not so. Or you can reply—as you do seem to reply—that I have misrepresented you. That you recognise the predominance of the spiritual as much as myself. To this I can only reply that you have vouchsafed precious few signs of it.

Where, in all that mass of careful writing upon the National Guilds, have you once suggested such a way of setting to work? Why, if you advocate such a method—if you realise that the passions of pride and avarice can be weakened and that to weaken them is the proper remedy—do you take such elaborate precautions against their economic results? If you are going to draw their sting, why all these troublesome and harassing precautions against more stinging? Why abolish "wagery" if the abuse of wages can be prevented? Why abolish commercial enterprise if the abuse of enterprise is all that is wrong? Of course, so simple a cure never once suggested itself to your machinery-ridden heads. You have justice when you protest that you have not entirely disregarded spiritual factors. No one but an idiot could. But you *have* disregarded the predominance of spiritual factors. And that is all that I am pleading for.

Now set to work and reply. And for God's sake put somebody capable on the job. Don't afflict me with "Protestant Guildsman," who at one moment protests that he recognises the all-importance of the spiritual factor as much as any Papist, and the next goes on to say, "I hate the introduction of theology into such discussions as this upon the Guilds." If that is not a repudiation of the spiritual factor, I should like to know what is. How naïve a revelation of the innate Protestant conviction that religion is a matter only of pleasant Sunday afternoons! Do not afflict me with people who deny that free will is the corner stone of the Catholic faith, or assure me that a religion expressly designed to throw the maximum of sustainable responsibility upon the individual is a machine "to make men go right in spite of themselves." The Americans who assured the immortal Chuzzlewit that the residence of the Queen of England was in the Tower of London, were not more hopelessly ridiculous. The Catholic faith is an ancient institution. It still rules half of Europe: it formed the childhood of this nation and has only been absent from us for some three hundred and seventy years. There is, therefore, no excuse for talking about it with such grotesque inaccuracy. You need not like it, but the perusal of a few of the penny pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society should enable you at least to attack it with intelligence.

"Protestant Guildsman" makes one sensible objection when he points to the, at any rate, partial failure of the Catholic remedy in preventing sweating and extortion in Ireland, Austria, Spain, etc. I can only reply that in the modern Latin countries the faith is only nominally predominant. Its influence among the educated is purely subconscious. In most cases it has been replaced by modern profiteering doctrines which are working the evils in question. In many cases, as in Dublin and Barcelona, the profiteers are often actual aliens—Jews or Quakers. Weakened by the corrosive influence of modernist doctrines, the Catholic religion survives among the educated classes rather as a restraining than as an actuating principle. That it has potency even so is shown by the comparatively small progress of the industrial chancre in the countries mentioned. A juster comparison would be of modern industrial society with the whole-heartedly Catholic society of the thirteenth century. If you doubt which has been the happier, compare the literature and art of the periods.

E. COWLEY.

* * *

SYNDICALISM.

Sir,—Inasmuch as "Remus" and "N. T." have so well answered the points made on the alleged incongruity of Sabotage and Syndicalism I will not go into the matter further than to say that Sabotage is admittedly merely a weapon in the class war for use during strikes, and, as the best soldier cannot handle his sword as well when he has his spade in hand as when unencumbered, so the worker cannot turn out the best work when he is fighting as well as working. But this admission does not carry with it the admission that when the fight is not on that production by Syndicalist workers may not be very much enhanced over that of other workers owing to the better development of their professional consciousness. With the elimination of the Capitalist there can be no question but that the control of an industry by the workers will tend to stimulate the workers to more intensive production, for their heart will be in their work.

Now as to my being too generous with the Syndicalist umbrella in taking up the Guildsmen, I again assert that in my opinion if a man declares that economic action is the supreme weapon of the workers, he is a good enough

Syndicalist. The mere matter of his thinking that the State will delegate power to the Unions (Guilds) while Syndicalists say that the Unions will delegate the power to the Community is comparatively unimportant, inasmuch as his present day activities are bound to co-ordinate with the Syndicalists. To the Syndicalists it seems absurd to envisage power as originating anywhere except with the Unions, for the Unions are at the source and in the control of their respective industries. The railwaymen's Union must control the railways, therefore they must have power to the extent of that control; therefore, it is the Union that delegates the power. This is the logical sequence. The State or Community, or whatever we may decide to call the future Social Organisation, can have no power except what the parts delegate to it. However, if the Guildsmen insist that the reverse is true (while it seems to me the extreme of absurdity), yet, after all, I regard it as more or less academic, and not worth fighting about.

However, if such a view leads the Guildsmen into detaching themselves from the parliamentarians who vainly look to using the State in expropriating the Capitalists, then I can see that it will be most important to separate the sheep from the goats. So far, however, I have not been able to observe that this difference of belief in the point as to where power will reside, has had any practical effect in differentiating the activities of Syndicalists and Guildsmen. The future may be different however. We must wait and see.

I quite agree with "Remus" that under Syndicalism there will be no State as we understand State to-day. But I say that the method of getting rid of it is not by a frontal attack, but that the State will naturally disappear with the growth of power of the Revolutionary Unions.

If to-day a powerful, conscious minority of the workers of this country should unite in a General Strike, and swear and stick by their oath that they will not do a stroke of work until Larkin is released, there can be no question that the prison gates of Mountjoy would open. The opening of those gates by such a pressure would better mark the death of the Capitalist State of England than did the Fall of the Bastille mark the end of Feudalism in France. GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

* * *

THE PRESS.

Sir,—Preaching this morning on the purity question, the vicar of this parish, the Rev. C. Bostock, said:—"The Bishop of Kensington sent his secretary to the editor of a leading London paper asking that a speech of his might be reported in full, and that the answer was our price would be £2,000." H. A. COLVILE.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—The following passage appears in the "Spectator" (November 15) in the course of a review of Mr. Charles Booth's pamphlet:—"Incidentally Mr. Booth discusses the new creed of Guild Socialism, of which a good deal has been heard lately. To speak frankly, it is not easy to understand exactly what Guild Socialism means, and still less easy to sympathise with the ideals which apparently lie at the base of this doctrine. The advocates of Guild Socialism start with the assumption that the wage system must be abolished, yet, except for the limited success of co-operative organisations working on a small scale, nobody has yet been able to give effect to any scheme which dispenses with the wage system. The Guild Socialists further condemn their own theories by putting forward the obviously untrue proposition that wages are determined by subsistence. This, of course, is the old fallacy borrowed from Karl Marx, which has now for more than half a century perverted the economic ideals of the Socialist Party." The three relevant criticisms contained in this are (a) that the abolition of the wage system is not desirable even as an ideal; (b) that the wage system cannot be abolished because it never has been; and (c) that wages are not fixed by the cost of subsistence. I will leave to somebody else to reply to these objections, having tired my throat for the present. The "Sunderland Daily Echo," in a leader of October 31, discussing National Guilds, has the bright intelligence to ask: What about the men who provide the initial capital, and what about pay during times of depression? These questions likewise I must leave until after the collection. The "Clarion"—I will try to be calm—the "Clarion," I say, announces a symposium on the subject of National Guilds, and invites THE NEW AGE to contribute a synopsis! A new one, I mean, specially written for the "Clarion." Ah, but you should see the "Maoriland Worker"! "As the Government took over an industry, they could make the Industrial Union (the Guild) the responsible administrative body." Exactly. Was it not written: When you are ready to collectivise we shall be ready to guildise?

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

MALTHUSIANISM.

Sir,—In the review you publish of Dr. Drysdale's book your reviewer, "A. E. R.," represents the Malthusian formula as teaching that population increases faster than food. As anyone acquainted with the argument knows this is an absurd misrepresentation of the Malthusian position. Since human beings cannot live without food, it is obvious they cannot continue to increase faster than the means of living—except for the short time required to kill them by starvation.

"Malthus' law of population," says your reviewer, "was simply this, that population increases in a geometrical ratio, and the supply of food only in arithmetrical ratio, with the consequence that there was no room for newcomers at the feast of nature." Here the Malthusian law is represented as a statement of fact, instead of being, like scientific laws in general, an abstract and generalised statement of a tendency not realised in actual experience.

The physicist frames his first law of motion by abstracting the forces which deflect or counteract movement, and in this way reaches the conception of moving bodies as tending to move for ever at a uniform rate in a straight line. The law of population is established in a similar fashion by abstracting the effects of modifying causes and showing what would occur if all checks to its action were removed. In the next place it falls to be noted that it is not necessary for the acceptance of what is relevant in Malthus' law that his ratios be implicitly accepted.

It is amply sufficient to show that the *tendency* of population is to outstrip the means of subsistence. This, the essence of the law, was accepted by Darwin, and was shown by him to apply to the whole of organic existence upon this planet.

Once the law of Malthus is apprehended and its comprehensive nature realised, the criticisms of Krapotkine, "Rifleman," and the rest become grotesque to absurdity.

To show, as Krapotkine does, quite satisfactorily, that a greater population could be supported if a better food supply were secured by the application to the soil of better agricultural and horticultural methods, is to confirm, not confute, the Malthusian. Malthus' contention was, and that of his modern followers is, that no matter what improvements in these respects be effected, the growth of population will, if unchecked neutralise every advantage thus gained.

"Rifleman's" assertion that food has increased faster than population over a given period, if true, proves only that checks, voluntary and involuntary, have been in operation, stemming the tide of population and widening the margin between population and subsistence.

For at this time of day there can be no question as to the facts upon which the Malthusian law is based. We need only think of the extraordinary fecundity of the lower forms of life and the constant excess of the powers of reproduction compared with the possibilities of survival in the individuals produced, to find abundant evidence of the existence of forces controlling the net survivals in any species. Among the higher animals and man the same holds good; and even if Spencer's qualification that the more highly evolved the animal the lower the rate of reproduction he held as demonstrated, this in no wise shows the falsity of the Malthusian law, for the slowest breeding animal would quickly overrun the planet if unchecked.

The simple fact observable throughout nature is that given opportunity life will reproduce itself up to the limit of the food supply and constantly press upon that limit: and as no animal reproduces to anything like its potential capacity there must be checks imposed upon multiplication by the destructive forces of nature.

Since checks to population there must be in the nature of things, man is the only creature who has the option of choosing between the death-producing and the birth-restricting modes of controlling population. The neo-Malthusian unhesitatingly advocates the latter. He thinks it is better to restrain procreation than have children killed off like flies in the darkness of the slums.

To the imaginative and sympathetic the records of child destruction in our towns and cities form one of the

most appalling features of our typical social system. The medical statements upon which your reviewer lays some stress as showing that the methods of prevention advocated by neo-Malthusians are physiologically hurtful, little need be said. Medical testimony equally valuable —or valueless—might be quoted both for and against these practices.

The tendency of the medical profession at present is to adopt the rôle of the discredited theologian, and to dictate modes of conduct for the mass which are the outcome of professional tradition or of theories based upon a modicum of ascertained fact.

Even if it could be shown that preventive checks were hurtful in some cases this would not prove anything of importance, for maternity itself is nearly always a peril, often permanently injurious and frequently fatal. The practical question is can men and women live healthy lives while using prevential means. The answer is that experience shows they can. To the Malthusian the practice of limiting population is a necessity, however much the framework of society is improved.

Even the advent of State-Socialism, or better still, Guild-Socialism, bringing peace to a weary world would still render imperative the limitation of population if a high standard of comfort is to be maintained.

The recognition of the Malthusian law is thus a primary condition of all social betterment present and future.

MALTHUSIAN.

* * *

CURRENT FEMINISM.

Sir,—Mrs. Fawcett is reported in the papers of November 8 as saying:

"Our objection to the policy of coercion . . . is identical with our objection to militancy. It is an attempt . . . to overcome evil by evil, and is therefore bound to be . . . signally unsuccessful."

At the enthusiastic meeting in favour of flogging, at the London Opera House, just a year ago, Mrs. Fawcett sat on the platform acquiescent.

A problem that I find fascinating is to determine from these data what must be the same lady's attitude to the following:

"The two convicts who attacked warders at Peterhead Prison . . . are each to receive 36 strokes of the cat and three months' solitary confinement, followed by three months in irons" ("Star," November 7).

SON OF BELIAL.

* * *

"THE AWAKENING OF WOMEN."

Sir,—Behold how Mr. Hood delivers himself into the hand of the enemy! He chooses for comparison with man and woman the horse and the cow. Excellent. Two different species to represent two different sexes. It is almost impossible to think of a better example of the artificial differences produced by deliberate sex selection. We have developed for centuries the sex characteristics and birth of the cow for our own ends. Should we then jeer because she cannot run fast? To borrow a metaphor from Shaw, "We laugh at the haughty American nation because it makes the negro clean its boots and then proves the moral and physical inferiority of the negro by the fact that he is a shoeblack." But, in a more natural condition of the human species, a comparison with the two sexes of the horse would be nearer the truth. A comparison in which sex characteristics occupy their normal place, and in which secondary sex distinctions are practically absent. Until we approach some such condition it is useless to expect women to compete with men in "art, music . . .," etc.

Mr. Hood, therefore, quite rightly, points to the comparative poverty of women in these respects. He does not, however, realise that sex selection, with its consequent subordination of other interests, precludes any real development of genius. To quote Shaw again, "Hence it is that the world's books get written, its pictures painted, its statues modelled, is symphonies composed, by people who are free from the otherwise universal domination of the tyranny of sex." Take, for instance, Mr. Hood's example of music, which, he says, "has at all times and in all places been considered within women's province." But has it ever, till lately, been considered within women's province to do more than study the subject sufficiently to enhance her attractive qualities? How, then, can you expect a woman to be a musical genius? In this connection, Dr. Smyth argues, with some justice, that women have been excluded from professional orchestras, and have not had the opportunities of the great composers who have almost always begun in an orchestra. With regard to mechanics, girls are taught to play with dolls, not engines.

Nursing on the battlefield had, up to the time of Florence Nightingale, been considered as "outside woman's sphere," and the torrents of abuse and suggestion that assailed Miss Nightingale are sufficient proof of the barriers that had to be broken down.

By the way, neither Mr. Hood nor Mrs. Hastings appears to have noticed that men are also subject, in a less degree, to the "variations" "in normal powers" which they notice in women.

When women have organised something like a natural position (and the Guilds will probably help much in this direction), they will no doubt be prepared to face the terrors enumerated by Mr. Hood in the last paragraph of his letter.

I cannot finish without noticing Mr. Hood's delightful little scriptural reference. He will, perhaps, have remembered since that, perversely enough, Isaac could not distinguish between the savoury meat hastily prepared by Rebekah from a kid and the venison carefully prepared by Esau. Not such bad cooking that, after all!

J. A. FROME WILKINSON.

* * *

ENTER MR. JAMES STEPHENS.

Sir,—As one who (but for his fear of cliché) might have signed himself "Constant Reader," I feel obliged to protest against the inclusion of Mrs. Beatrice Hastings' verses in THE NEW AGE. I have to ask you if the verses entitled "Arjuna-Kartavirya," and which purport to be a rendering from the Mahàbhàrata, printed in your last issue, are not the worst verses which have ever appeared in any journal. THE NEW AGE has frequently published good verse—I will assert that against any man—and the fact that the good verse was invariably printed within quotation marks does not matter in the least, but no reputation for badness quite justifies this amazing debility. As one who has some small practice in the art of poetry, and who has been enthusiastically praised by THE NEW AGE (Please do not put a footnote to this), I would point out that long poems should never appear in four-line stanzas—this form makes them appear even skimpier than they really are; length without breadth is a crime against harmony. Philosophical poems should never appear in this form. (Please do not quote me the exceptions to this rule. I know them.)

In vindication of my plea that this is the worst poem ever written, I implore you to insert the following verses taken from it. Let nobody say I made them up myself, they are the truly original inspiration of Mrs. Hastings:

> Give me in war a thousand arms,
> Among my troops high deeds to do.

I almost wrote, high doods to dee, I am sure it ought to be that way—

> But when I rest 'mid homely charms,
> Grant me, O sage, my usual two.

Here is another verse which I wish someone would set to music—

> Here me, O invisible seer,
> Counter thy thesis of some old Purana!
> Thou sayest—the Brahman rules the Kshatriya:
> I say—the Kshatriya rules the Bràhmana.

The following is a highly superior verse truly—

> What kind of earthly thing is a Bràhmana—
> This highly superior ornament?
> Doth he resemble the wind-god, Pavana?
> Or is he like Water, Sun, Fire, or the Firmament?

It would be a pity to let these verses go without giving your readers an opportunity of reading them a second time. (Did I say that the word "cliché" is not appearing as frequently in THE NEW AGE as heretofore—I meant to.) It might be interesting if Mrs. Hastings' poem were criticised by printing it side by side with examples from the poetry of Shakespeare and Mrs. Hemans. You have precedent for this course. (I notice, with regret, that the words "split-infinitive" have not appeared in THE NEW AGE for some weeks past. I put it to you, as an editor, that serial matter should not be discontinued without warning to your readers.) I do not say that all Mrs. Hastings' work is equally bad. The high level of the ridiculous to which she has attained in this poem could not be sustained by any but a comic genius, and I will admit that many of her poems have been quite chic. By

the way, in "Military Notes" of the same issue, "Romney" begins with this line—"The British Army is officered by the British upper classes." The dear man is encyclopedic: information such as this should be watered a little before being tapped. Mr. Belloc opens his sixth article thus—"So far as I have explored (at great tedium to the reader and not a little to myself)." Surely he went down the Well and found Truth there. Do ask him not to write anything more about guilds. Why fatigue himself and us at the one moment? The opening lines of "R. H. C.'s" "Readers and Writers" are surely models of ineptitude.

"Mr. Holbrook Jackson is right to resent the description of his book." Loud cheers from Mr. Holbrook Jackson.

"Melancholy in Mr. Kennedy's opinion."

"Having been myself a student of Pater." Hush!

"The little dispute between Reuter's and the Press." Mamma's boy will be dood.

"On the subject of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore." This is known as the ex-cathedra turn—it is so impressive.

"Apropos of my recent note on Shakespeare's 'Othello,' I learn via a German magazine." What! what! what! as my old friend Whistler used to say.

"Such a deal of 'brilliance' is common in these days." I call that envy, and envy is a sin.

"A new volume in the World's Classics."

"Was it right, I have been asked."

"Another objection has been raised to these Notes!" Blasphemy.

"I will add to this the remark made of Stendhal." Without money and without price.

"A story of Wagner has just appeared in the 'Journal de Bruxelles.'"

But this man is a very hot-bed of culture: you could grow mushrooms on him. I suggest you could fill your "Current Cant" page with greater ease from "R. H. C.'s" opening paragraphs than by the extended and troublesome method you now use.

I hold strongly that the person who bowdlerises a Sacred Book should be strangled and stuffed and stuck in a wax-works.

I had intended to say something about "A. E. R." It was very unpleasant, but I have forgotten it.

JAMES STEPHENS.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: Mr. Stephens was clearly born to be ridiculous. Another man, to whom buffoonery was not native, might have been shocked into respectable self-criticism after such a public guy as was made of Mr. Stephens when "Rhythm" strung all the names of the major poets to make a garland for his feet. But here he comes as skittishly as ever! I think that a great many readers of THE NEW AGE may agree that neither I nor any other contributor need discuss poetry with the author of "The Hill of Vision." For this bowdlerisation of a Sacred Book, Mr. Stephens was long since strangled, stuffed, and stuck in THE NEW AGE waxworks.

On the question of my "purported" rendering of the Mahàbhàrata, I accept Mr. Stephens' challenge. I will not waste any words, but merely tell him that (except a few pages of prose) the whole of the Mahàbhàrata (the longest poem in the world) is written in stanzas of two lines of sixteen syllables or four of eight. Further, my rendering is from the prose version by K. M. Ganguli, published by P. Chundra Ray. This version was accepted as literal by so many scholars that a column of THE NEW AGE would barely contain their names. In proof of my fidelity, I quote the prose from which I made the verses quoted by Mr. Stephens.

"Let me become endued with a thousand arms when I am in the midst of my troops. While, however, I remain at home, let me have, as usual, only two arms."

"The Bràhmana is certainly not above me. The first proposition here is that the Bràhmana is superior to the Kshatriya. The counter-proposition is that the Kshatriya is superior."

"Oh, I see that thou hast to-day shown thy devotion and attachment to the Bràhmanas! Tell me now, what kind of earthly creature is the Bràhmana! Tell me, does a superior Bràhmana resemble the wind-god in any respect? Or is he like Water, or Fire, or the Sun, or the Firmament?"

It is, plainly, doing me too much honour to call these verses "the truly original inspiration of Mrs. Hastings."

I am often tempted, indeed, to convey more of the esoteric meaning than would be justified by the text. To get this meaning, or even the tithe of it that I have, one must read every word of the epic. Just as was said of the Iliad, apparently dull passages hide gems. When, however, I do go past the text, I try to warn the intelligent reader that I am interpolating. In any case, I do not insert what is not somewhere to be found in the single-spirited Mahàbhàrata. My rendering might be criticised comparatively with other renderings, but not with the original poetry of Shakespeare or Mrs. Hemans to quote the æsthetically disreputable Mr. Stephens. Perhaps I have conveyed too realistically the blustering of Arjuna; but bluster was the fault for which he fell from heaven. Throughout the epic he frequently typifies the high-souled man led away by his tongue.]

* * *

PSYCHOLOGY OF HUMAN NATURE.

Sir,—As Mr. Harold Lister has addressed himself to such a big subject as the above with so much assurance, if not flippancy, perhaps he will reply to the following questions, for evidently he possesses the answers:—

(1) What is "the condition governing the origin and growth of the cancer cell"?

(2) What has the mushroom got to do with it, or heredity and environment with either?

(3) What is an "agriculturalist" and an "agriculturalist proper"?

(4) If an agricultural people "relying wholly upon the land" "scorn mere money-getting," whence comes the sordid avarice of the French peasantry?

(6) Which Greece is it that England might have become—ancient or modern?

(7) What does he mean by "tradition"?

FRED WHELDALE.

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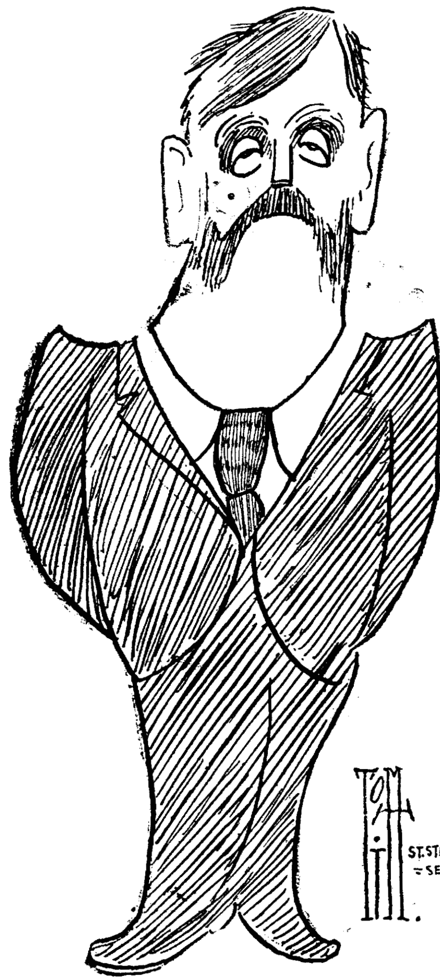

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