

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1132] NEW SERIES. Vol. XV. No. 3. THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1914. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE.**

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We do not expect much immediate result from our assertion of the necessary and inevitable futility of Labour politics; but a few more incidents like those connected with the North-East Derbyshire election will ripen the harvest very quickly. We have almost a perfect symbol of the fate of the Labour Party in the dying messages of the ex-Member for the constituency. Mr. Harvey had been a Trade Union leader, he had become a politician, he had become a Labour politician; but in the end he had reverted to the political party from which he was first drawn. This cycle, we venture to say, is natural and will be often repeated. Men will climb out of the economic movement of their class into the general political movement, in the hope of there being able to continue their class work; and finding that this is impossible they will abandon the attempt to discover a purely Labour politic and will allow themselves in the end to be reabsorbed by one or other of the two national parties. It is useless to raise the cry of traitor against men of the stamp of Mr. Harvey—or, for the matter of that, against the rest of the members of the political Labour Party, all of whom may be expected in due course to follow his example. The treachery, if such there be, lies not in frankly realising and in acting upon the realisation that Labour politics is a contradiction in terms; but in abandoning the economic field, which is Labour's true battlefield, for the political field which is neither Labour nor Capitalist but national.

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So explicit and so unanswerable a challenge to the Labour Party as that issued by Sir Arthur Markham cannot fail to produce a considerable effect either. Having quite correctly, in our opinion, described Mr. MacDonald as a political mountebank, he proceeded to lay £500 to a hayseed that himself alone in the course of his fourteen years in Parliament had been responsible for more social legislation than the whole Miners' Federation and Labour Party put together. We do not doubt the validity of his claim. There is, in fact, no disputing it. Legislation is bought to-day by men of

wealth and bought for money and not for votes. All the votes in the world are powerless against money, since it is money alone that decides *what shall be voted upon*. Sir Arthur Markham, being a wealthy man and a colleague of wealthy men, may very well therefore, if he has a mind for such a pastime, buy legislation as other men buy yachts and pictures. And that he has, his confident challenge to Mr. MacDonald is proof enough. Again, we should like to ask the Labour Party which of all the measures passed during the last fourteen years they claim as due to themselves? Save for the Trades Disputes Act we know of not one that would not still have been passed if no Labour Member whatever had been at Westminster, provided that the Trade Union movement had remained active. It is indeed the latter and not the political movement that has acted as the spur to social legislation. The Syndicalist movement, we affirm, has in its brief course been responsible for more legislation than even Sir Arthur Markham; for it has impelled others as well as himself to devise political defences against it. On the other hand, against a political Labour Party that had no support of an economic character out of doors, no measures of any kind would have been necessary. This may be seen clearly enough in Germany where a political Socialist Party, though numerically strong, is fruitless for lack of any independent economic movement amongst its supporters.

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The purport of Mr. MacDonald's reproaches to the Derbyshire miners must also have induced a reaction against the cant of political Labour. What had this astonishing quack to say to the men who were hesitating whether to waste a Trade Union official upon Parliament or to send a Liberal carpet-bagger? According to the report in the "Morning Post," he addressed to them some such questions as the following: "Are you," he said, "for the Labour Party or for the Liberal Party? Come out and let us be done with it. Do not play with us and the Liberals at the same time. Men who secretly give allegiance to Liberals while professing to be Labour can do no good to either party, and ought to be on the scrap-heap." From Freud we learn that our dreams may betray us. Is it the case that Mr. MacDonald's provincial and electoral utterances betray his smooth Westminster self? For to what man in all the world could his questions be more properly addressed than to the man who raised them? It is precisely the

fact that nobody in the movement knows on which side Mr. MacDonald is that has covered him with suspicion and the movement with confusion. "Come out and let us be done with it" is exactly the invitation that thousands of the rank and file have addressed to Mr. MacDonald during the last eight years. And now he has the effrontery to return the question upon the very people who first and vainly asked it of him! We do not say, of course, for we should be inconsistent if we did, that in hobnobbing with the Liberal Party, breakfasting with Mr. Lloyd George, golfing with Mr. Asquith, shooting in India with other Liberals, and colleaguering with the Liberal whips before and behind the Speaker's chair, Mr. MacDonald has not kept Labour advantage in view or does not, at least, hope by these means to serve his party. On the contrary, we credit him with the vulgar doctrine of doing wrong in the belief that right may come of it. But what his attitude implies is that collusion with Liberals is a necessity of Labour politics; and to the extent to which it is, the denunciation of the Derbyshire miners for playing the same game is a piece of downright hypocrisy. For our part, we maintain that in the present state of Labour thought and in the present vague and chaotic condition of the Labour programme and policy, collusion with the Liberals is not only necessary and inevitable, but it ought to be complete and open. In short, there is no valid reason at present for the existence of a separate Labour Party at all.

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After all, what is it that justifies the creation and maintenance of a political party? It is not, obviously, the common interest of its members in a programme of self-interest; for on the same grounds a political party might be formed of railway directors or lawyers or any other group of business men. Even all the Liberals of the country do not expect to profit personally by Liberalism. Nor is it a difference of opinion from the rest of the community in a matter of abstract economics or Utopianism; for otherwise—as we were told by Ostrogorsky was the case in the first Russian Duma—groups of pedantic communists or anarchists or dukhobors would be claiming the title. It is, on the other hand, a belief held in common by a number of people in the advantage to the nation as a whole of a specific policy of legislation. The characteristic feature, in short, of any political party worth the name is public-minded aim and intention. Now is it the case at present that the Labour group has avowed or manifested any such aim? Doubtless they imagine that if their programme were passed, their own class of constituents would be profited—but that is not enough, even if it were true, to constitute them a political, that is, a national party. They must prove more than that their measures would be to their own advantage; they must prove that they would be to the advantage of the public generally. And this it is obvious they have never even set about beginning to prove. But it surely follows that strictly speaking the Labour group is not a political party, and is consequently not in politics at all. It is, as we have often said, merely a beggar at the gates, and not a bit more respectable, in our opinion, for being a comparatively sturdy beggar. To lift from itself the charge of attempting to use politics for a class interest a very different programme from its present programme would be necessary. We believe that exactly as the Liberal Party rose to power on the doctrine of personal liberty for all, so a Labour Party might conceivably rise to power on the doctrine of economic liberty for all. But this doctrine cannot be grasped as a mere extension of the demands the Labour group now make of more economic liberty for their own class. It must arise from a scientific examination of the economic system now prevailing and from a realisation of the proper national means of transforming it. In brief, the only possible justification for the creation of a national Labour Party would be its acceptance of the doctrine that in the national interests and not merely in the interests of the proletariat the wage-system must be abolished.

It may be asked what immediate policy we would recommend to members of the Labour Party. If, for the present, they are not to trouble to return Labour Members, and Liberal and Tory candidates are rarely worth a walk to the poll, what is left to be done? We do not hesitate to say that under these circumstances the best thing to be done is to abstain from voting altogether. It is certainly not understood yet what a diversion from economic action the political action of the Labour movement has been; nor is it realised what a boon to the other political parties the competition of the Labour Party has brought with it. Fourteen years ago, as we well remember, the political parties were at their wits' end to devise means of whipping up the interest of the working classes in their performances at Westminster. The Trade Union movement in its own proper area was absorbing all the attention, to the neglect of politics and to the danger of capitalism. A foreign war, we are often told, has under these circumstances been resorted to as a sovereign specific for political ennui; but at that moment a foreign war had just been brought to a close. Much to the relief of the party wire-pullers, however, the Labour Party at that moment entered the political field and thus imported a fresh interest. With what results we see to-day. The economic movement, suddenly drained of its economic energy, began to languish, and has only recently begun to revive; while, at the same time, the political mill became busy again, grinding out more wind than had been known for generations. It is this wind-grinding that we would put an end to and by the means already suggested. Let us suppose that as many, even, as thirty or forty per cent. of the electorate refused to vote for any candidate who could not command their enthusiasm—what, is it imagined, would happen? At present we know that the Whips of both parties sleep soundly in the sure and certain hope that, whatever the character of their candidates, a poll of ninety per cent. of any constituency is assured. But would their complacency remain unruffled if, when they put up just any old candidate (one, for preference, who had subscribed to the funds or had promised never to make a nuisance of himself), his poll fell to fifty per cent.? On the contrary, they would be much disturbed; and the upshot of it all would be that on the next occasion better candidates would be forthcoming. To ensure the best candidates the country can provide is simple for any constituency: it has only to decline to vote for the second best. We certainly believe that if every Labour man were to abstain from voting at the forthcoming election, the subsequent election would see candidates produced such as politics has never yet induced to enter its arena. First-rate men are to be found in England to-day as always; but while, by voting for them in such numbers, the public gives the appearance of being satisfied with the tenth-rate, why should the first-rate discover themselves? We boldly commend the electoral policy of the mugwump (the name given by the caucus to independent citizens) as the best political policy for the Labour rank and file for the present. Later on, perhaps, and when the Trade Union movement has made up its leeway, the political experiment may be tried again.

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The Liberal candidate in the Derbyshire division showed by his speeches in what esteem he held his constituents; briefly, his attitude was one of contempt for their intelligence. Amongst his sayings, however, the two following deserve to be noted. Contrasting himself with the Labour candidate, he said that "as a member of the Liberal Party he was better able to represent his constituents' wishes than a man who would be bound hand and foot to the Labour Party." The insinuation here, of course, is that as a member of the Liberal Party he himself is not bound hand and foot! Why, the man would not have been speaking where he was unless he had already given pledges with hostages to the Liberal caucus! Such cant is insufferable. His other remark was no less machine-made, for in words

supplied him by the caucus he professed it to be his one object "to raise the condition of the common people." Why, in the name of truth, should such men be allowed to speak in public at all? We have succeeded at length in driving religious hypocrisy into a place of public contumely; it ought now to be our task to send political hypocrisy thither. Mr. Houfton, we think, might very well be chosen to conduct the party.

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It occurs to us, however, that of such meaningless phrases the Press and platform are more than usually full. One of the most powerful illusions, now fighting on the side of the Women's movement, is embodied in the phrase of "economic independence." In the debate in the Lords a fortnight ago, as well as upon every platform where women speak, we are told that the vote for women is a precedent condition of their economic independence. But what is this economic independence when it is examined? At its minimum we should say that economic independence implies a secure title to a pound a week for life, or the means together with the ability of making such a sum. Can it be pretended that one vote or a thousand votes will guarantee to women individually either the title or the means? After their enfranchisement they would be in precisely the same economic condition in which they now find themselves: that is to say, they would continue to depend either upon private means or employment for an income on which to live. It could not be expected that the State, having given women the vote, would fulfil women's expectation of it by granting them a life-pension; and as for private employment, the average of women's wages to-day is six shillings—not enough to support the economic independence of a Persian cat—and votes do not affect wages! How then is economic independence to follow political enfranchisement? It is, in truth, putting the cart before the horse to profess that it can.

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Apologising for the apparent disingenuousness of his arguments for the Budget, Mr. Lloyd George made a significant comment. "When people," he said, "dare not assign their real reasons for objecting to a course, their avowed reasons are always confused and contradictory." It would have been as well for Parliament if the hint had been taken; but somebody must needs provoke the Celtic mind to an explosion of truth, with the consequence that in a minute or two Mr. Lloyd George was announcing the real motive of the Budget as "an insurance against revolution." We have nothing to say against this as a policy for capitalists, since it is the most obvious thing in the world. But Mr. Lloyd George stands revealed in it as the capitalists' watchdog. We now know that this Welshman is what we have long thought him to be—the self-conscious and deliberate enemy of social transformation. His precious Kingdom of God is no more than the kingdom of the existing capitalist classes; and of them he is the prophet. But now that the motive of the Budget has been provoked out of him, is the Budget, we ask, a measure for the Labour Party to congratulate themselves upon? Openly designed as it is to anticipate and guard against the fulfilment of their professed hopes, it would seem impossible that as mere mortal men they could continue to support Mr. Lloyd George and to assist him in his task of marooning them. Yet we have no doubt that as they have begun so they will continue.

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But will the Budget accomplish its end of staving off revolution? This depends upon whether it has the effect of raising wages or the equivalent of wages. It depends, in short, upon whether the rich can actually be taxed to provide for the poor without making the poor poorer. On this point there has been some controversy during the week which we shall briefly review. Lord Esher it was, we believe, who began it in a letter to the "Times" of last Monday.

Writing on the subject of the incidence of the new taxation he remarked that as a citizen he had no objection to the principle of taxing the rich for the sake of the poor; but that as a rich man himself he thought he could dodge the application by the simple device of dismissing a few superfluous servants. He concluded that in this way his taxes would fall upon the working classes. Professor Pigou (whose name is well and ill-known to our readers) replied in the "Times" of the following day in an argument of more speciousness than truth. The taxes derived from Lord Esher, he said, which now employ his servants, will in future employ Government servants. In other words, employment is not diminished merely because capital is transferred from one individual to the State; and hence the fear that labour will pay is groundless. But the question is by no means settled by these debating points on one side or the other; and Professor Pigou himself must be aware of it. For who was it, if not Professor Pigou, that taught the Government the relative effects of expenditure on the poor and expenditure by the poor? The argument, indeed, that Professor Pigou has invented to confirm the rich in their wealth and the poor in their personal poverty is that the rich *capitalise* their savings whereas the poor would merely spend them. But if now he is prepared to tax the rich (and thereby to weaken their power to save), it is certainly not that the poor may have more to spend, but only that the savings may be more securely capitalised. In what way, we would ask him, will the State expenditure of the surplus wealth of the rich profit the poor more than the same expenditure by the rich themselves? For this is the crux of the matter. The reply, of course, will be that the State will use the fund for improving the health and education of the poor; whereas the rich have neglected these things. Let us admit it. But the question still remains whether, with all their improvement in health and education, the poor will be economically any the better off. Remaining wage-slaves and continuing to sell, not the products of their labour, but their labour itself, at its competitive price in the market, they would undoubtedly become more profitable by reason of their enhanced efficiency, but not to themselves. In short, the sums the Budget will expend upon the poor will leave the poor still poor; but in the end they will make the rich still richer.

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The swashbucklers of the "Daily News" go about bullying for the Liberal Party; but not one of the crew ventures to cross swords with us. In a leading article on Thursday last the "Daily News" set out to reply to Lord Esher with respect to the incidence of the taxation of the rich. Such taxation could, it thought, be real—that is, it could be so administered as to be intransitive to the poor. But even if it could not (and there appeared to be a doubt about it) the alternative was still somehow or other a Liberal and not a Tory doctrine; for if the rich could not be taxed, then the whole economic structure of society must be rotten! Well, so it is; but this conclusion does not depend upon a doubtful proposition in economics. The mere fact that taxation can be passed on to the poor is no greater a condemnation of the economic structure of society than the fact that the Budget has to make the attempt to supplement wages. Indeed, it is but a minor illustration of the permanent character of the wage-system under which we live—the tendency of wages to fall *below* the subsistence level of the wage-earners. But is Lord Esher wrong in pointing this out and Mr. Lloyd George right in giving him occasion for it? The alternative to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, no less than to Lord Esher's proposals, is an economic revolution; for the one no less than the other "passes sentence of death on the existing economic structure of society."

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In the House of Commons last week Sir R. Cooper, the Unionist Member for Walsall, introduced a Minimum Wage Bill of rather peculiar terms. A national

minimum wage was to be defined; and local Registrars of Labour were to be appointed in every town to schedule, in a sort of black-list, every employer who did not pay it. There was to be no compulsion and no penalty; but the moral effect of public opinion combined with the black-list was to be relied upon for its peaceable enforcement. If we were living in the days (either long past or still remotely future) when the doctrine of noblesse oblige was or will be a recognised obligation, there might be something to be said for trying moral suasion upon financiers. But we are living in the age of brass and of economics; and it is mere sentimentality to appeal to scientific employers to spoil their game on account of the damage they do. From the employer's point of view it is an unwarranted interference with his business to attempt to compel him to pay a higher price than he need for the commodity of Labour as distinguished from every other commodity. What would be said if Parliament proposed to fix the minimum price of *all* commodities? The thing could not be done; and even if it were done it would be ill done. But Labour as a commodity differs in no economic respect from any other commodity upon the market. The accident that Labour is extracted from human beings instead of from trees, like rubber, is irrelevant to the science of economics, which is concerned to secure the maximum of production with the minimum of cost. Hence it follows that, without taking Labour out of the category of commodities entirely, and forbidding employers to buy or hire Labour at all; in short, without abolishing the wage-system; it is impossible to fix a minimum price in one area of the Labour-supply without forcing down the price of Labour elsewhere to the same level. We say, in fact, that a universal minimum wage would in a very little while become a universal maximum wage.

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Though discredited beyond rehabilitation, the National Committee for the Prevention of Destitution, founded by Mr. and Mrs. Webb to popularise their Minority Report, continues to gasp upon the sands waiting for the return of the tide that we pray may never come. So far as we can diagnose its case, women chiefly have now got hold of it, with the intention of using its remains of prestige for the purpose of procuring the endowment of the maternity of the poor. At a conference held last week and reported at length in a supplement to the current "New Statesman," half a dozen ladies (including Dr. Saleeby), with not a mother among them, solemnly discussed this subject in as many of its phases, and concluded with the very practical suggestion that poor mothers should be bribed by the present of £5 apiece to submit themselves during pregnancy and afterwards, and their children altogether, to the administration of female eugenic experts paid by the State. It is to be noted of this hag-like offer that it is specifically made to the non-income-tax-paying classes alone; in other words, it is only upon the poor that the burden of the science and the salaries of the eugenicists will fall. And it is again to be observed that no mention is made in the offer of the account that poor mothers will run up on the other side. For is it likely that for the mere pleasure of acting as nurse-bountiful the female State will present working mothers with five pounds on each confinement? Not very likely! For five pieces of gold, working women must expect to pay in several items of their birthright: the choice of a husband, unless guaranteed eugenic; all modesty and privacy during pregnancy (and probably before!); the pleasures of nursing; any control over the bringing-up of her children—these certainly, and how many more! And all for whose sake and for what reason? For the sake of childless women with minds itching for vicarious bossing; and for the reason that, instead of attempting to put an end to poverty by abolishing the wage-system, the Fabian Committee prefers to tinker with the effects of destitution and to bolster the wage-system up.

## Current Cant.

"Politics and Poetry."—"News and Leader."

"Taxes have fallen, thanks to the Chancellor."—"The Star."

"Double your income by writing books."—"New Weekly" (Advert.).

"Gambling and betting and Socialism are all on the increase."—REV. T. S. HUTCHINSON.

"This is the time for dreams. You see them in everybody's eyes as you go about."—"Modern Life."

"These English are a most self-respecting and beautifully behaved people."—YONE NOGUCHI.

"Give the King his head."—"London Mail."

"Democracy is rapidly finding its feet."—LORD HALDANE.

"Mr. H. M. Hyndman, the most revolutionary of Socialists."—"Daily Sketch."

"At a provincial cinema, which was once a place of worship, there are tombstones forming the floor."—"The Picture-Goer."

"A vote for the Radical means a widow in Ulster."—Tory Poster.

"The Liberal batsmen 'play the game,' and play it well."—"Liberal Monthly."

"The disappearance of the upper classes in this country would be a tremendous misfortune."—DEAN INGE.

"The Soul of Golf."—P. A. VAILE, in the "Century Magazine."

"The whole tendency of modern speculation is towards a harmonious universe."—"Daily Express."

"We are all beginning to realise that nothing but more science can save us."—"New Weekly."

"The moving stairway is the most exhilarating product of all mechanical science."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"English Church History is the history of the religious life of the people of England."—CANON MASTERMAN.

"She continued her brutal dance with Salvador, but suddenly sank, faint and exhausted and dying, in a chair, and that was the end of the Tango of Death, for Bianca was dead indeed. The ruined Baron became insane, and before his eyes for ever whirled the horrible Tango of Death."—A.C.A.D. Film. Eclair Co.

"The nation is nothing but a herd of cattle, and the advertisement men are the animal trainers."—MR. HERBERT CASSON.

"The hard case of those immediately affected by dismissal, of course, remains; but Lord Esher may find some comfort in the thought that, of all wage-earners, domestic servants are the least likely to have difficulty in finding fresh employment."—"New Statesman."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Two Colonial results are not yet to hand, but six hundred out of the six hundred and two members of the new French Chamber have been finally returned. There are one hundred and two so-called "Unified" Socialists; one hundred and eighty Unified Radicals and their allies, the Independent Socialists; one hundred and seventy-seven Moderate Republicans; sixty-eight Progressists, and seventy-three Catholics, Royalists, and Bonapartists. I do not wish to go into the numerous subdivisions which have been made. It is enough for us to know that the Unified Radicals include the supporters of the ex-Premier and Finance Minister, M. Caillaux, and that the Moderate Republicans include the followers of M. Briand and the Radicals who have refused to follow M. Caillaux. The Progressists are really Conservatives who may be relied upon to vote, on a whole, with the Moderate Republicans, and the Extreme Right will, as always, be Opportunists.

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The main distinction between the Chamber just elected and the Chamber elected four years ago is that the Unified Socialists have increased their numbers from seventy-five to one hundred and two, that the Moderate Republicans have secured a few of the Royalists and the Roman Catholic Party, and that the Radicals, taking them generally, have suffered rather severely. It is not easy to go over the list of returns in order to show that the elections can be said to have any specific "meaning" which is likely to affect European politics. It is noteworthy that all the Radical and Moderate Republican candidates who opposed the return to the three years' system of military service were defeated at the polls. On the other hand, it is admitted by the Unified Socialists themselves that from fifteen to twenty of their seats in the south and south-west are held by Catholic and Royalist votes; for the "reactionary" elector always prefers a Socialist to a Radical. In much the same way, of course, it is estimated here, I understand, that a dozen or so seats at present held by the Labour Party are really controlled by the Liberal vote. Naturally the Conservative papers on this side of the Channel have not concealed these facts, but even if we deduct twenty seats, which I think is the maximum number of Socialist Deputies dependent on Royalist votes, it will still have to be admitted that the Unified Socialist Party has added greatly to its strength. Let me emphasise the fact that in the centre and in the south Socialist candidates, almost without exception, refrained from emphasising their international programme and propaganda, and were returned from these constituencies in much the same proportion as they were four years ago. The real strength of the Socialists, and their real gains, whether tested by candidates returned or votes obtained, will be found to lie in the north and north-east.

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This is, to my mind, the one salient feature of the elections; for in so far as France is industrial at all her industries are to be found chiefly in the north and north-east; and it is among the industrial population that Socialism has made its greatest progress and that the Radicals have suffered most. It will not be forgotten by readers of this journal that the Radical Administrations which have held power in France since 1910 have made two or three attempts to provide for the wants of workmen in a way that the workmen concerned do not appreciate too highly. The outburst of anger which led two or three years ago to the burning of compulsory insurance cards in several French towns and villages has already been referred to in these columns. It is the tendency for the manufacturer, whether we take him in England, in the United States, Germany,

France, Italy, or Spain, to interfere sooner or later in the private life of his workpeople; and it is obvious that in all the countries mentioned the manufacturers have allied themselves with the political party which is called, or which we at any rate should call, Radical. I do not think, therefore, it is a mere coincidence that, in the industrial centres of France, the majority of the inhabitants prefer M. Jaurès to either M. Caillaux or M. Briand.

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Perhaps some people who are interested in sociology in this country may see another parallel in the return of seventy-three Catholics and Royalists, apart from the Catholics, Royalists, and Bonapartists who prefer to be allied with the so-called Progressists. In most cases these candidates have been returned by districts where the old families of France have for generations maintained themselves on good terms with their neighbours and dependants. Wherever the old aristocracy has acted up to the traditions which we have a right to expect from an aristocracy it is held in respect, no matter how poor it may become. Only a small proportion of the old French families are wealthy. It is a really remarkable fact that in a country which, in modern times, has always led the way in revolutions and the overthrowing of monarchies, there should still, after nearly half a century of Republican administration, be returned seventy-three members definitely opposed to the present regime and pledged to support either the monarchical claims of the Duc d'Orléans or the Imperial claims of Prince Victor Napoleon.

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Remarkably little opposition has been shown in either Austria or Hungary to the unusually large demands put forward on behalf of the Treasury of the Dual Monarchy for the Army and Navy. It is impossible for me to give the complete naval programme here, but it will be convenient to summarise it. A naval programme has been outlined up to and including the year 1919. Provision is made for four extra Dreadnoughts, which will cost £14,000,000, three cruisers costing about £2,000,000, and six torpedo boats, costing nearly £1,000,000. In addition to this, extra small vessels are to be provided for use on the Danube; and various further sums are allocated to the purchase of wireless telegraphic apparatus, airships, aeroplanes, dockyards, and the like. In addition to these naval demands, we have the ordinary army budget for the current financial year of rather more than £20,000,000. Next year an additional £2,000,000 will be required for the ordinary army expenditure, and there is, besides this, to be an "extraordinary" grant of about £4,000,000 for increasing the artillery corps and adding to the strength of the various fortifications. These sums are undoubtedly large; but as the War Minister said when making his statement to the Delegates, they are small in proportion to the amounts which many other nations have to find for war purposes. The extra grants, it may be added, are likely to become larger year by year—and the only comment from Austria's northern ally is that the sums apportioned to defence are not yet large enough! It is essential to Germany's plans that Austria should be the supreme power in the Mediterranean; and now that we have all but left the Mediterranean there may be the possibility of this plan being eventually realised.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Something's rotten in the soul  
Of every man; and oft-times he  
Who has done much for his countrée,  
Makes food for bookworms. 'Tis no curse.  
Since worms in kingly oak make holes,  
Those victims are no whit the worse,  
If *oaken* be their souls.

E. H. VISIAK.

## Towards National Guilds.

A CORRESPONDENT writes as follows:—

I am ready to admit that once we get our blackleg-proof unions the rest of your proposals are simple; but there are two difficulties in the way. First, how are you to obtain blackleg-proof unions? The scab or blackleg (the lowest thing created) is so averse from any sacrifice that he cannot be induced to join a union except by force; and in many industries where labour is weakly organised, force is a weapon that cannot be used. Secondly, how is it possible to depend on the loyalty of the members even when they are perfectly organised?

In reply to the first question we can only ask our correspondent to look around. After all, a good deal has been done even within the last year or two to create blackleg-proof unions. The Railwaymen, for instance, have doubled their membership in less than three years; they are now complete almost to the last button. What has been done by the Railwaymen, who only a few years ago were the despair of Trade Union organisers, can and will be done by the remainder of the Unions. We must keep pegging away! Regarding the second question, it is a matter of intelligence mainly. Our view is certainly that if the object of trade unions be higher wages and nothing more, disloyalty is sure to occur; for how can every single member be expected to forgo the chance of a personal advantage when he is aware that the rest of his fellows are in pursuit of the same selfish object. On the other hand, if, as we suggest, the object a blackleg-proof Union sets before itself is the conquest of a higher *status* for their class, the *idea* of the campaign becomes almost religious. The chances of treachery or disloyalty under these circumstances decline to a Judas in twelve; and we could manage that.

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A member of the National Union of Teachers writes:

Believing that the Civil Guild of Education will arise from the N.U.T. (and not, as you suggest, from the Teachers' Register) I wish to raise the question of the policy the Union should adopt to gain complete control of its profession, particularly in regard to the uncertificated and unqualified under-cutters of to-day. The N.U.T. has in the past considered this class of practising teachers as undesirable, and as antagonistic to the interests of the Union. But now that it is the profession as a whole, and not any section of it, that is to be considered, would it not be wise for the N.U.T. to open its doors to all classes? Then it might with truth call itself a National Union.

Our correspondent cannot have thought deeply before writing his letter or he would not have so lightly assumed the competence of the N.U.T. to control the whole of National Education. The Teachers' Register is, in effect, a means of amalgamating the four chief divisions of the organised educational staff of the nation; and since the N.U.T. is fairly represented upon it, a due proportion, and not the whole, of the control, properly belongs to the elementary section. As regards the question of the exclusion from membership of the N.U.T. of unqualified teachers, two considerations are to be taken into account. At present the N.U.T. is economically a fighting organisation without any other responsibility; and its object is to secure and to maintain a Union rate of salary *against* the efforts of education authorities to depress it by the introduction of cheap labour. From this point of view the N.U.T. is plainly right to limit its membership to such as can command, by certificate or other qualification, the standard rate of pay; and also to agitate for the exclusion from the profession of teaching of all the unqualified men. But our correspondent goes on to assume that the N.U.T. is placed in control of elementary education and asks whether the same policy of exclusion would properly be adopted then? On that assumption, we reply, the N.U.T. would be not less but even more disposed, we imagine, to exclude from its ranks the unqualified teacher. For it is to be presumed (if qualification means anything at all) that the unqualified teacher is the inefficient teacher; and a Union that has assumed the national

responsibility of education cannot be too severe in its requirements of its members. We hold out no hope, in short, that work can be scamped under the National Guild System. If a man is not skilled in one trade he must find the trade for which his talents fit him.

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Mr. Greenyer (Brighton) and several others write to suggest that local groups be formed to study and propagate the ideas of the National Guilds. They ask our permission and advice. Our permission, of course, can be taken for granted, since we have not the power, even if we had the wish, to withhold it. Our advice, however, is contrary for the present to any attempt to force such groups into existence or to assemble them in any official or formal way. It would be far better, in our opinion, for each student to associate himself with a friend or two, to begin with; and to enlarge his circle slowly by this means. Moreover, if we could dictate (which we cannot) the personnel of these groups, every member should be sworn on solemn oath to one or all of the following pledges: that he would understand the meaning of the wage-system before mentioning the word Guild in public; that he would refuse every offer to lecture on the subject until he was a master of it; and that, under no circumstances, would he commit himself to a position that he is not prepared to maintain. Under these pledges we should be glad enough to see a thousand groups formed.

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Economics is claimed as a science, but, as we have often shown, even its chief terms are still obscure. The worst errors, however, arise from the classification as equals of the discrete elements of Land, Capital, and Labour. There is no labour, we say, in the same sense that there is land or capital; for the two latter are separable from their owners, but labour is not. Consequently, the terms of the group should be Land, Capital, and *Labourers*. But what difference, it may be asked, would this make? Why, we should see then clearly enough that, in subjecting Labour as an abstraction to the same process of valuation to which the abstractions of Land and Capital are properly subjected, we are really subjecting not an inanimate thing like these two, but men! In other words, we should see that our wage-system is nothing but the buying and selling of men at their market value as one of the implements of production. That this identity of the labourer with his labour is not realised we have plenty of evidence; for it is certain that many capitalists would not talk of and act towards labour as they do if they realised that they were talking of and acting upon human labourers. Further, they could not fall into their present common inconsistency of attempting every day to cheapen labour and hoping every day to see the labourer better off!

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The distinction between pay and wages may easily be brought home to trade unionists, for they already use the two words accurately. Wages is the price they receive from their employers for their labour. Pay is the money they receive from their union when on strike or other union service. If strike-pay why not work-pay? If the Union can employ and pay them to be idle, why not to produce? The same system of payment would serve both.

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It seems almost incredible that an age that prides itself upon its spirit of inquiry should not have speculated more freely on the future of Trade Unions. With the exception of a pamphlet by the Hon. Charles Booth, absolutely nothing to our knowledge has been written upon the subject outside of the group including Mr. G. D. H. Cole and the present writers. Yet the data are unquestionable and, as far as can be seen, permanent. The Trade Unions are here to stay; and they will become more nearly blackleg-proof as time goes on. Surely these facts deserve to be taken into account and their potentialities speculated upon.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

## The Age of Consent.

By Duxmía.

BLACKMAILERS from all quarters of the United Kingdom were present on Friday night at the Frivolity Restaurant on the occasion of a presentation to the Bishop of London for his services to the Confraternity of Blackmailers. Mr. Louis Chantage (Associated Society of Ponces) was in the chair. Amongst those also present were Thomas Schnorrer, Esq. (late of Hambury), Sir Philip Souteneur, Moses Pimp, Esq., of Whitechapel, the Grand Imperial Swamy and his sixteen wives, Mr. Clayton (of the anti-White Slave Traffic agitation), Bembo Velaswamy Poon (Madras), and several Police Inspectors.

On rising to open the meeting the chairman, Mr. Louis Chantage, remarked that seldom in the recorded annals of blackmailing had there been found a gathering more representative, or charged with a more grateful and important task, than the present one. (Hear! hear!) They were assembled to do honour to one who, although, strictly speaking, not one of themselves (No! no!), had performed far weightier services to the cause of blackmailing than anybody else in the kingdom. He need scarcely say that he alluded to the part which Dr. Ingram had taken in raising the age of consent (applause).

They were all, of course, aware that the continuance and prosperity of the profession of blackmailing in England depended upon the maintenance of two beliefs: the belief that the police were impeccable, and the belief that if a man and a girl got mixed up together, the man was invariably to blame. He could not say how these beliefs arose—fact had certainly nothing to do with either of them—but there they were, and they were worth a livelihood to the vast majority of those present.

He thought, however, that they would agree with him when he said that as they were obliged to rely solely upon the second of these sentiments for the extortion of money from their victims—so long, that is, as they had no better weapon in their armoury than the threat "We'll show you up!"—so long there had been a certain element of danger and uncertainty in their trade. There did exist a class of man who when threatened with exposure was apt to say, "Expose away, and be damned to you!" and refuse to shell out a penny. They were all acquainted with that difficult and unprincipled person, and they all knew how perilous it had been to deal with him to effect until, by the Bishop's efforts, they had been able to add another and a more effective weapon to their armoury—the threat of imprisonment.

Sir PHILIP SOUTENEUR agreed with every word that the preceding speaker had said. It was very easy for a man to tell when a girl was under sixteen, but to tell when she was under eighteen was a different matter. Many girls between sixteen and eighteen looked like grown-up women and it was hard, almost impossible, to distinguish them. The operation of catching men had therefore become much easier, and in fact they had, thanks to the Bishop, succeeded in nailing quite a number of wary old birds who had hitherto eluded the net of the fowler. (Laughter.) For his part he said, "God bless the Bishop! May he live to raise the age of consent to twenty and more!" (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. THOMAS SCHNORRER said that some short-sighted persons objected to parsons and the Sunday-school element in general, because they shut themselves out of the world and then tried to manage it. He himself was of a contrary opinion. He was convinced by long observation that it was to the legislative activity of persons of this kind that blackmailers owed their livelihood. "No bishops, no blackmailers!" was what he always said. Look at America! Where was there an-

other country with more repressive legislation—or more blackmail? As for him, he said, "Health to the Bishop—bless his innocent little heart!"

Mrs. PANKHURST said that, although herself not a blackmailer (No! No!), she trusted that she might be allowed to make a few remarks upon the public usefulness of the gentleman whom they were assembled to honour. During the last few years' agitation on behalf of women's rights she and her associates had acquired if not any very material advantages, at any rate a vast deal of experience which should be of the very greatest value in promoting future efforts. Above all, they had discovered whom they could rely on, and whom not. Now it would interest the meeting to hear that foremost among those upon whom they could count for the swallowing of any rubbish they liked to advance were Bishops of the Established Church (cheers), and foremost among those bishops was the Bishop of London. (Loud cheers.) There was little or nothing which they could not ram down his throat. Such men were essential to feminism. Without them it would be impossible to flog and torture males on the accusation of a jealous prostitute, or to effect other necessary and long-called-for reforms.

Mr. CLAYTON—

At this point a gentleman rose and called out loudly that he objected to all mention of Mr. Clayton's name.

The CHAIRMAN: Mr. Clayton is a gentleman who has received the Gold Medal of the Confraternity for distinguished services to the cause of blackmailing.

The interrupter, who spoke rapidly and unclearly, was here understood to say that all Mr. Clayton's so-called "services" had consisted in diminishing the share of the ponces to the benefit of the police. He thought that the police were now getting far more than their share. They used to take a half, but that had now been increased to three quarters, and there was a rumour that it was soon to be seven-eighths, and all as the result of Mr. Clayton. A ponce had a very hard life. He had to be up at all hours to chastise the "bilkers"—who might put up a nasty fight—and to run the risk of imprisonment for criminal assault. Before Mr. Clayton came on the scene he had been able to get a decent living for his trouble, but now with the risk of flogging over his head he had to surrender everything to the "coppers." Their wages were rapidly being forced down to the subsistence level. For his part, he said, "D—n Mr. Clayton —" (Cries of "Order!" and uproar.)

The CHAIRMAN: After all, we are not here to discuss the question of police versus ponces. We are here to do honour to our reverend friend, who will be scandalised by such dissensions. (Hear! Hear!)

The Chairman then proceeded to present the Bishop with the Gold Medal of the Confraternity. *Obverse*, a flapper, coiffed and skirted proper, l'œil gay regardant, en passant, a "nut." *Reverse*, a blackmailer scooping in the shekels. *Motto*, "The man pays."

The BISHOP OF LONDON, in returning thanks, said that when, as a result of an evening's walk in Piccadilly, he made proposals in Parliament for the Raising of the Age of Consent, he little thought that he would be the instrument, not only of promoting the virtue of maidens, but of raising the incomes and the standard of comfort of a large and, to him, hitherto unknown portion of the community. It reminded him of the Kingdom of God, which started like a grain of mustard seed, and ended by the fowls of the air making their nests in the branches thereof. If he might say so, the XXth century, to which he was happy to belong, had seen the rise of a New Holiness—that Holiness which made its temporal pleasure and spiritual profit from the minute regulation of other people's lives. The beneficent fruits of this holiness were before them to-night, and he for one was ready to say with the Canticlest, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word. For mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." (Reverent applause.)

## Chiozza's Little Bogey.

It is already evident that the sceptre will not pass from the State Socialist to the National Guildsman without a struggle. For ourselves we welcome such a struggle. We know that it will be a constant source of questions that must be answered and suggestions that must be accepted or rejected. But Heaven save us from controversialists, who, behind an affectation of special knowledge, confuse the issues with high-sounding phrases that literally mean nothing. We return to the recent article in the "New Statesman" by Mr. Chiozza Money, grandiloquently intitulated "Delimitation and Transmutation of Industries." It is a charlatan's title. We have heard the market-place resound with words like these from the throats of quacks. A student would have chosen a simpler title. Nor is Mr. Chiozza Money warranted by his qualifications or training to attempt a subject so portentous. He graduated from technical and commercial journalism through the Free Trade controversy into Parliament—a highly creditable career. As a controversialist, he has acquired the knack of stating statistical facts concisely and graphically. We have more than once been amused by watching a man with a better case subside before the Chiozzian cascade of irrelevant statistics and half-truths. But the coming discussion between State-Socialists and National Guildsmen hardly lends itself to statistics, and so Mr. Money means to go gunning with long words. "Delimitation and Transmutation of Industries"! God save us all.

Not permitting Mr. Money to impose upon us, let us put his argument into simple words. Every industry is now liable to far-reaching change because the scientist and the inventor are increasingly busy. This involves a constant shifting of the industrial population and the end to be secured is for the State to "delimit industries and make such working arrangements as would prevent the wasteful inflow of new units of labour into any particular industry when invention had so improved its product as to make it economically desirable that the industry should absorb proportionately less of the working population." The new word is therefore "delimitation." It was formerly "efficiency"; then the mot d'ordre was "insurance"; Heaven and Mr. Money alone know what it will be to-morrow. Very good—delimitation. Having got so far, let us see what Mr. Money is driving at. His eagle eye is on the Guilds, and they don't respond to his clarion call for delimitation. It is safer to quote:—"A State consisting of a number of large and small delimited groups or guilds of labour, each concerned with a separate department of work, and each of the groups or guilds trading with each other, does not seem to offer any readily practical solution of how the varying and advancing needs of civilisation are to be met. If we imagine the trades of the country, as they exist at this moment, to be thus grouped, we see that we should give definiteness to a most uneconomic grouping of employments." Recovering our breath with difficulty, we plough through two more paragraphs and finally hit this snag: "If we erect and exaggerate and magnify a Trade Union into a definite branch of nationhood, what is to become of the Trade Union when Science sweeps away the very foundations of its works?" What, indeed! And what would happen after an earthquake or any other act of God? Again we recover our balance and mildly inquire what would Mr. Money do in these desperate circumstances. He is certain that existing society won't do: "it is so badly organised that Science cannot do its work, and at every point there is frustration of wealth production." There is a "monstrous disproportion of distributors, traffickers and hangers-on of various kinds, whose work is of little or no economic value, and who serve to attenuate the thin stream of commodities—many of them consisting of rubbish, deliberately and knowingly produced as rubbish—which flows from the places where the real work of the nation is done"—a fact we have repeatedly emphasised in these

columns. It is certain that existing society won't do. And Mr. Money has now condemned the Guilds. So they won't do. What is Mr. Money's solution? That is just where Mr. Money fails. He thinks "we are getting a little too fearful of State control. . . . I am utterly at a loss to know why a man should be more happy or less servile when working for a Guild or Trade Union than for working for what we now call a Government Department." Finally we reach the sententious conclusion: "The State organised for work must above all be organised in such fashion as to hold its labour power sufficiently mobile to avail itself of every new means of increasing productivity."

Mr. Money is vague when it comes to "any readily practical solution of how the varying and advancing needs of civilisation are to be met." He does not get further than an amorphous State Socialism in which presumably the officials will be more amenable to the dictates of science than the Guild officials could possibly be. Why? Because "the various groups or Guilds would inevitably consider themselves possessed of monopoly privileges." This monition does not apply to State officials who apparently would be quite as "mobile" as the labour they seek to direct. Somehow, we seem to remember that Government officials have been many times charged with the exercise of monopoly privileges and with a conservatism of outlook and method that has become the despair of practical men. Does a little thing like that trouble the soul of Mr. Money? Not in the least. These highly cultured heads of Government Departments must in the nature of things be far superior men to the directing minds of the Guilds. The two types would spring from the same schools, precisely the same scientific training would be open to both sets of men; but the moment John Smith joins a Government Department there is a sudden "delimitation and transmutation" of his soul which renders him in every way the superior of Henry Robinson, who merely becomes accomplished in the business of wealth production. Mr. Money has yet to learn that there is no abracadabra that confers special grace upon a Government servant.

The truth is that Mr. Money's scribbling itch has moved him to criticise the Guilds before he knows what they are. Take, for example, his phrase about erecting and exaggerating and magnifying a Trade Union into a definite branch of nationhood. Who has done anything so foolish? Nobody, so far as we know. Then again he writes: "The greatest danger that besets the politician is that he is prone to forget that the production of wealth is governed not only by the nature of organisation for work, but by the value and character of the processes of work." The politician very probably does forget this simple fact, but no National Guildsman would. On the contrary, he would emphasise it and press it home upon the politicians. If Mr. Money will read our chapter upon the "Inventor and the Guild" he will find that the advocates of National Guilds went out of their way to emphasise the vital connection between labour and science. And what is more: we there proved that it is only in a Guild, from which wavery and therefore profits had been eliminated, that an unprejudiced acceptance of Science and invention was possible. Now a Guild is not, by hypothesis, a Trade Union. A Guild is a combination of the trade union with the administrative, scientific and technical elements of the industry. For a Guild to perpetuate an obsolete method of wealth production would be, from its own selfish standpoint, an act of folly. Its main purpose is to conserve and not to waste its labour. Fancy a million men working a thousand million hours a year more than science proved to be necessary! It is only an unimaginative State Socialist who would make such a suggestion. But science is not the monopoly of the producers. Let us for a moment grant that a producing Guild might push its "monopoly privileges" to the utmost limits. The consuming Guilds also have access to science and invention. The basis of the producing Guild is obviously effective demand. If, however, the

consuming Guilds decline to accept obsolete productions what will the producing Guilds do then? They must make what the consumer demands or get out of the way.

We can best measure Mr. Money's imperfect appreciation of the Guild idea by the fact that he ascribes the same motive to the Guilds that he does to the existing system, which permits the deliberate manufacture of rubbish. Why do men make rubbish to-day? Because the Capitalist System gives them a profit. How do they make that profit? By purchasing labour as a commodity. In short, by wavery. But the essence of the Guild idea is that labour shall no longer be sold as a commodity and, in consequence, wealth can no longer be sold at a profit. It is curious and interesting to observe that, under the wage system, rubbish that sells profitably is accounted wealth, and so figures in those statistical tables so punctually produced by Mr. Money. But if men need not sell their labour at a commodity price, we may be certain that their self-respect, coupled with their natural desire for leisure, will prevent them wasting their time on rubbish. And they will certainly have a finer understanding of what constitutes real wealth or rubbish than Mr. Money's acolytes in Government Departments or those grim scientists, who, by a turn of the hand, will "sweep away the very foundations" of a trade union's work. It is in fact evident that Mr. Money does not understand the meaning and implications of wavery. Nor does he grasp the elementary truth that, whereas the existing order depends upon wavery, the Guilds can only become accomplished facts when they have abolished wavery by the practical expedient of monopolising labour. With their organisation blackleg-proof, and guided by a policy of frank interchange of products with all the other Guilds, without profits of any kind, Mr. Money will discover that they can have no possible object in seeking "to perpetuate their functions, whether they were useful or not." But another and less forgivable misconception dogs the course of Mr. Money. He is convinced that an artisan seeks only to perpetuate work. What does Mr. Money know about it? Great Britain is yet, thank God, the home of the craftsman and artisan, such as they are after two centuries of capitalist exploitation. An artisan or craftsman enmeshed in wavery is not a free man, and what he does in servitude is no criterion of what he will do in freedom. Even as he is to-day, however, we tell Mr. Money, there is no man who more thoroughly hates wasted labour than the artisan, who, according to Mr. Money, would "seek to perpetuate his functions whether they were useful or not." Do Mr. Money's pet scientists cry aloud to the heavens and demand a drastic reorganisation of industry? They may do so, but we have not heard them. We have associated with them at least as much as has Mr. Money and we have uniformly heard these alleged scientists when they wanted to market an invention consider labour only as a means to their own aggrandisement. As for labour sharing, good Lord! what a fanciful notion! Their patent may displace ten thousand men, who may rot and starve for all these scientists care. If by chance these artisans declare that whilst the invention "saves" labour it starves them, then Mr. Money retorts upon them that they are wickedly flying in the face of Science (capital S); that they "seek to perpetuate their functions whether they are useful or not"; that what they want is castor oil and more "mobility." Mr. Money's case is ultimately based on the assumption of the selfishness and stupidity of the artisan class—a class that tolerantly feeds, clothes and houses him, whilst he maligns them in a journal avowedly devoted to the bureaucracy.

We may dismiss as untrue, irrelevant (and incidentally as ungenerous) the argument that there is any latent antagonism between an emancipated "group or Guild" of artisans and the scientific production of wealth. But even if it were true, emancipation from wavery is ten thousand times more important, more vital to the national health, than any claims now advanced by science for priority over labour.

## Women Still At It! God Bless Them!

[Report by Charles Brookfarmer of a meeting of the Women Writers' Suffrage League, Thursday, April 30, 3.30 p.m. Tea 6d.]

Place: A small Lecture-hall on the second floor of 16, John Street, Adelphi.

(Student ascends and enters lecture-room. It is full of women. Two Japanese men, evidently trying to learn the language, and a seedy middle-class man in morning dress are the only males present. Student modestly joins them at the back. Lady Muir Mackenzie appears to be in the chair; she is speaking.)

CHAIR: . . . so sorry to tell you that Miss Grace Ellison will not be able to address us this afternoon. She has been so long in Turkey and has made the subject of Turkish women so much her own. But only yesterday the "Daily Telegraph" gave her twenty-four hours' notice to proceed to Persia at once to report on matters there. It's very nice, I'm sure, that women writers should be honoured in this way, and so she will not be able to tell us about the Turkish women. And so I call upon Mrs. Jopling Rowe to speak now. She knows so much about India, and she will tell us all about it from the Anglo-Indian point of view. Really, we shall be having quite an Indian afternoon. (Rapture.)

MRS. JOPLING ROWE: I must really apologise that I was only asked to speak three days ago! But, talking of India and—er—Turkey, I must tell you that I am like Cæsar.

Great Cæsar—er—Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to—er—clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the air—er—wind away.

In fact, I am a stopgap. (Laughter.) Now, When I was in India. . . . I used to meet them quite a lot. And such nice women they were; and they were so amused at my attempts at speaking Hindustani. Now you know we women are supposed to have no humour at all. (Laughter.) Well, I have a little tale to tell you. I once went to a theatre with a—ahem—male companion—(laughter)—to see "Our Flat," by Mrs. Musgrave, and he thought it very funny and he laughed a great deal. And in the middle he turned round to me and said: "Isn't it curious that no woman has ever written a farce?" I looked at him, and I said to him: "Look at your programme, please." And he looked, and I am glad to say he looked very foolish indeed. (Tremendous applause.) But that is the character we have. . . . But, of course, nowadays it is different; education is so much more—er—prevalent. Now, I knew a friend of mine who was a *muv-ver*! I also had the pleasure of painting her portrait, and we had some delightful moments together, and she took me to her house and showed me all over it and showed me all her treasures. and when we had seen everything, she said to me—(giggles)—it may sound rather conceited—she said: "Oh, Mrs. Jopling Rowe, you are charming." (Loud applause and "Oh, the sweet!" etc.) . . . And *we* who have proved ourselves capable of ruling are unable to have a vote! There are still men who oppose our just aims, and—to their shame be it spoken—there are such women also! But the day, etc. I have been in many harems! . . . And I asked her which costume she preferred to wear, ours or that of her own country. I was hoping to say she would ours! (This lucid remark is greeted with Bravo! Hear, hear! and laughter.) But she said that, on the whole, she preferred her own. When I was in India . . . (ad nauseam). I don't know if I've taken up too much of your time. (Chorus of "Ooh, noo.") Now, would anyone like to ask questions—er—from my point of view—the—er—Anglo-Indian point of view?

CHAIR: If anyone *would* ask a question? (There being nothing to discuss in Mrs. R.'s speech, no questions are put. The Chairman now lets herself off the leash.) Really, I think we shall be having quite an Indian afternoon . . . from her point of view, from the Anglo-Indian point of view. And our hostess is quite an authority on life out there. I'm sure the books of Sara Jeanette Duncan are recognised as authorities all over the world. For instance, "Burnt Offering"; I can recommend it to anyone who wants to know more about the life out there. (STUDENT smiles, recollecting an illustration from one of S. J. Duncan's books, representing a Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal out riding in Calcutta—riding in morning-dress and in a top hat!) You know there are no women's colleges in India [!!!], and the girls have to join in their brothers' classes, when they are allowed to do so. And I remember the men professors used to tell me, When I was in India, "It makes us feel quite shy." And even in England, you know, we got such a little way down the road with co-education. And, When I was in India, I used to meet so many Indian women, and they are so beautiful. But Mrs. Sairojini Naidu will be able to tell us all about her sisters, and I'm sure she knows more about them than almost anybody. And Indian ladies all love her so much. I saw that When I was in India, for I gave a purdah-party in my bungalow, and no men were allowed to show their faces there on that day. (Applause, loud and long.) And all these Indian ladies sat in my wide verandahs and they all threw back their veils and they looked so lovely, and Mrs. Naidu recited her own poems to them, and they did so appreciate them, all these poor women who have never had the chance to address a public meeting or to express themselves in any way at all! If India is to come—er—into line with progress and to enter the ranks of great nations, she must learn to bring her women with her. (Sits down, amid great applause.)

MRS. NAIDU (rises; she is dressed in her native garb, not very beautifully—as befits her? She has clearly learned her speech by heart in huge chunks of cliché. Her English is perfect—journalese, and as she speaks in a high-pitched, false-accenting, "oodle-oodle-eee" voice, her speech sounds even worse than it reads): Eet ees a great compleement to mee to bee called upon to address you to-day. Crowds and crowds and crowds are doing hom-age to thee tal-ents of your admir-able preseedent, but shee ees too mod-est to acknowledge eet. Shee ees one of those deelightful leenks bee-tween thee East and thee West, enshrined in thee breast of everee woman. (Great applause. "Isn't she sweet?" "The dear!") Eet ees to mee a veree great honour to address you here thees after-noon . . . the cause you all have at heart. (Applause.) I yam to speak to you thees after-noon on—(pauses in confusion; picks up a pamphlet from table and reads)—ah, yase—thee wo-men of India ees the tit-le chosen for mee . . . all thee changees of time and tide . . . reallee, of yester-day, of manee yester-days, fabul-ous to those who meas-ure time by ordinaree standards. . . . Wo-men breeng with them such radi-ant cour-age combined with forteetude, such talents combined with fidelitee; they have faced death and con-querred, they have fought een battles, and een eentelektual com-bats they have fought with men een everee town and have won. (Tremendous applause and cries of "Hear, hear!") Een thee old days of India thee life of thee people was entirelee composed of thee equal co-opera-shon of wo-men and men. There could bee no social func-tion without wo-men. . . . There could bee no sacreefice to thee high gods weethout them. (Applause. Student coughs.) And shee was there always readee to rule—(applause)—with her beauteeful traditions of eendomitabile vir-tue. (No

applause.) . . . Een philosophee Madriya stands as high as Areestotle, and een modern times Chand Bibi ees as great as Napoleon. (Loud applause.) . . . Thee books of Meesees Steel, your preseedent, possess thee raceeness and charm and viveedness of expression of annee of thee French memoir-writers of thee seventeenth centuree. (Student nearly collapses.) . . . Curious paradox of historee . . . thee further ends of their ideal . . . . that equalitee with men of weech thee vote is to-day thee symbol—(loud applause) . . . birth-right inviolable of soul. Eet ees not that our men would ever oppose our progress if wee wish to progress, but the trouble is that wee do not attempt to progress. (Absolutely no applause.) Wee must awaken thee sleepers . . . thee Mohamedan woman breengs a certain fanateec zeeaal, thee Hindu woman a certain tenderness combined weeth strength, a certain sweetness combined weeth austeritee, and thee Parsee women breengs thee geeft that has made her race so successful in commercial circumstanees, and together wee shall achieve that effect, so great, so vital, and so far-reaching. . . . Standeeng before you in my own humble way (Student coughs in pain) . . . As Ma-tthew Arnold said:—

Thee east bow'd low beefore thee blast  
In patient deep disdain."

And—er—then I forgot a line,

And—er—went to sleep again [!!!].

STUDENT: Evidently women writers aren't women readers. (Mrs. Naidu sits down. Enormous applause.)

CHAIR: Mrs. Naidu's most eloquent words to which we have just listened. . . . We can go to the House of Commons, we can sign petitions, we can do all sorts of things—(loud applause)—but there in India, etc. . . . She will be a factor—(loud applause). . . . Now, a certain Mr. Mitra was writing in one of our big English reviews a month or two ago and he said that the Englishwoman's gifts of sympathy in India have done so very much to uphold our Empire there; in fact, had it not been for Englishwomen, we should have been swept out of India long ago. Now, I was very glad to see those words. Women do play a very beautiful part there. Especially the wives of district officers; when they come to a village, all the people come out to them, and they are quite like fathers to them—I mean, mothers to them. Now, would anybody like to ask Mrs. Naidu any questions? (A question is asked about marriage in India.)

MRS. NAIDU: I am sure that thee women of my countree would bee veree horrified to think that they had to choose their own hus-bands, and et ees a great falleeng-off from presteege to reemain unmarried.

STUD. (sotto voce): Aha! In furore veritas! (However, the audience applauds.)

CHAIR: There is tea upstairs for those that want it, but first of all Miss Zangwill will make an appeal towards our funds. (Miss Z. appeals to audience to take this golden opportunity, or, at least, silver—(loud laughter)—to contribute; she appeals to non-militants to subscribe as this is a non-militant society; to militants, because militancy is a cheap way—(Oh! oh!)—cheap, that is, as far as expenses go, whereas this constitutional method is so much more costly. She also appeals to anti—(loud laughter)—because, "We women do not wish to interfere in public life. We know it is not our place. We wish to get back to our proper province—the home. And as soon as we get the vote, we will go back there." (Applause, of course.) Audience disperses to tea, Student slowly staggers out. Seedy Middle-class Man approaches him; Student rushes out.)

## Modern French Classics.

WHEN Monticelli was asked what, besides painting, he did with his time, he was wont to reply, "Je suis amoureux de l'Impératrice. Et cela me prend tout mon temps." It is difficult for a critic who has just seen the Queen of Denmark drive by, like a Bersagliere by Botticelli, in her hat of white feathers, to come down to business.

The exhibition of French classics in the ground floor room of the Goupil Gallery offers precious opportunities to the student to confirm some judgments pretty well accepted by now. The critic must never forget that, every decade, a new generation of students comes up, who not only know not Joseph, but who have probably never even heard of him. It is for these that I conceive myself to be keeping my phonograph going. I am addressing, let us say, the generation who say "Sorry!" instead of "I beg your pardon," the generation which wears, in the morning, a double soft collar held in place by a gold safety pin, as, indeed, why should it not?

Through the history of graphic art two compensating principles may be found in perpetual oscillation. On one side will be found drawings and paintings which may be described as direct, and on the other those that may conveniently be called academic, using the word in its true and nobler sense. The life of art is only complete by the perpetual see-saw that takes place from one of these principles to the other. Attempts to classify vital and necessary principles in a sort of order of merit are probably fruitless, and, I imagine, unphilosophical. This much only we can be sure of. The academic artist is bound to contain in himself the direct artist, whereas the direct artist has sometimes no academic achievement to his credit.

Instances are perhaps the most rapid and concentrated form of instruction. So let us take, in the exhibition at the Goupil Gallery, Monet as the type of the direct, and Diaz as the type of the academic painter. Between these poles lie countless examples of composite painters who have practised both the academic and the direct. There are cases in which the direct portion of an artist's life-work survives, and in which the academic portion is inferior. Prout and Callow, as I hinted last week, were in this category, and among the classic Frenchmen Corot is a conspicuous example. Let me say here, by way of parenthesis, that academic works are not necessarily large, though direct works tend to be limited in area. The canvas by Corot called "Le Marais" (10) is a fair instance of his academic production. And Corot's academic production, while miraculous in its virtuosity, is not what he will live by. When a French connoisseur speaks of Corot he means the direct portion of his life-work, like the admirable "Ruines à Rome" (23), or a canvas I saw some weeks ago at Christie's of a *terrain vague* that was a miracle.

There is in this gallery as fine a Monet as it is possible to see, called "Les Berges de la Seine à Lavacourt" (27), and, in the same category of direct painting, a Sisley called "Le canal Saint Martin" (31). Here we have two flawless blooms on the vigorous tree of modern painting. Something is here done, *the like of which has never happened in the world till the decade 1870 to 1880*, which "doesn't seem so very long ago." There is in these works, to begin with, an absolute genius for draughtsmanship, stronger even with Monet than with Sisley. The essence of their art is that they give the idea of a scene which inspired them, wholly and entirely by the colour relations of touches of opaque paint. This paint being a substance of about the consistency of butter, they do not attempt to do it violence by attempting definition of detailed form beyond a certain point. You may say, if you like, that they paint as if they had been given the following problem for practical solution. To construct the suggestion of a scene by mosaics, infinite in range of colour, and having a definite minimum limit in area. An old Dutch painter

was able to push the statement of detail further than do either Monet or Sisley. But he was able to do so by using paint in an extremely dilute form, so dilute that he could paint with sable brushes. And paint so dilute becomes semi-transparent and has no longer the reflecting power, the resonance and sonority of a thicker impasto. So that while their work was fuller of detail, it was less true in the essential relations.

Now both Monet and Sisley came after Courbet. We need never inquire too curiously into the personal histories of pupillage or studentships among painters to discover the proper affiliations. The investigation is a simpler matter than that. In art we may more truly be said to be the children of all our predecessors. Courbet's contribution to the art of painting was this. His work is a great object-lesson on the fact that thick paint carries its colour more purely and forcibly to the eye than does paint that is dilute. Apart from that, he was a stupid man and a *braille*. His instinct carried him to the point of an intense appreciation of the beauty of thick paint. His want of education, and his stupidity, allowed him to go a step further, and to paint with the palette-knife. There he overleapt himself and fell on the other side, and for two reasons. The knife puts an end to fine drawing. Witness the awful form of some of his nudes. And further, the smooth surface left by the steel blade on the paint deprives the paint of the minute tooth that a brush leaves. This tooth is necessary if subsequent touches are to cling. All passages in palette-knife painting must therefore be done *primâ*. This was explained to me by Monsieur Degas some years ago. And to be forbidden revision is to be condemned to superficiality and poverty. Again we can see that grandchildren can at least profit intellectually from the sins of their fathers. Mr. Gilman's painting of a piece of water in Norway with rocks and bathing figures, that was on exhibition recently upstairs, has, in a Courbet subject, the brilliancy of the Courbet impasto, plus the cumulative drawing and the tender variety of touch that the brush alone, the painter's true instrument, can give. The whole of Gore's life-work is an illustration of the same principle—impasto in the hands of a delicate and searching draughtsman. The whole *œuvre* of Lucien Pissarro is a variation on this theme.

We live in a day of brilliant achievement in painting. Great pictures are produced in England every year. Mr. Lambert's "Persons of Importance" at the International is the work of a great and complete painter. In young Kennington we hail with pleasure the rise of a star of the first magnitude. Men who paint like that cannot have their heads turned. They are too George-Bernard-Shaw well screwed on. Ihlee's bootshop comes in honourable sequence to the work of Degas. In the Royal Academy Lionel Smythe's "Fruit d'Amour" is an exquisite academic work, the worthy fruit of a great talent, persistently and reverently developed fruit d'amour indeed. Anning Bell's "Marriage at Cana in Galilee" marks a distinct step forward on an arduous and, in these days, rather lonely road. The secret of quality seems suddenly to have been revealed to Mr. Sims. Both his pictures in the Academy show a growing consciousness of the academic qualities we loved in Ingres and in Leighton, and still love in Poynter. Orpen's portrait of Sir Edgar Speyer is an admirable piece of work. Sargent's "San Geremia" is a fascinating bit of direct sketching, Mr. Eve's portrait of John Gow has character, Miss Laura Knight's "March many weathers" is an astonishing achievement of the direct kind.

Let us return to the Goupil Gallery and look at the profoundly tender head of a woman by Ricard. Here are the good traditions around us everywhere for those who have eyes to see. Mr. Randall Davis, I forget in what paper, puts forward the following quaint plea. Since he dislikes many of the pictures among some two thousand in the Royal Academy he seems to suggest that the young men can only become *rien-du-toutistes*. "Je n'en vois par la nécessité."

WALTER SICKERT.

## Unedited Opinions.

### The Recrudescence of Roman Catholicism.

Are there not many signs that Roman Catholicism is reviving?

I have not observed them; for I cannot accept the passing accidents of the day as significant. Mr. Belloc, for example, happens to be both a genius and a Catholic—but the combination is fortuitous; it means no more than the combination in Bishop Berkeley of idealism and tar-water. Besides, I should need a great amount of evidence to overcome my general judgment on the matter.

What is that?

Why, that a sacred institution that has once fallen is never restored. History, I believe, offers no example to the contrary. Not all the king's horses and all the king's men can set up again a sacred Humpty-Dumpty that has once had a great fall.

All the same, the revival is much talked of; and is not that the preliminary to the actual fact?

It all depends upon the motive-power behind it and upon the prevailing circumstances. My opinion is that neither of these is favourable to the proposal. The motive, for example, I believe, is despair and fatigue—both temporary conditions; and the circumstances are certainly not favourable, either negatively or positively.

Despair with what? Fatigue in consequence of what exertions?

The despair, I am convinced, is with the failure of Science and Free-thought to make good as soon as was expected. In this respect, Science is much in the situation in which early Christianity found itself when it was realised that the Kingdom of Heaven was, after all, not at hand. You know that many people then attempted to return to paganism. Similarly to-day many of those who hoped for immediate results from Science are attempting to return to Catholicism. As for the fatigue, it is undeniable that scepticism is most exhausting. One needs an occasional rest in faith in order to recuperate after a prolonged inquiry.

And what are the circumstances that are not favourable?

Quite a number. Negatively, the greatest appears to me to be our general attitude towards Christianity. And, positively, the greatest, I think, is the appearance of a new faith.

A new faith? I shall be interested in hearing of that. But, first, what do you conceive is our general attitude towards Christianity?

It can best be described, I think, in terms of our general attitude towards the personality of its Founder; and that is one undoubtedly of admiration, but not of exclusive or even of paramount admiration.

You mean that while in general we all continue to admire Christ we no longer worship Him as unique and above all others?

Precisely. Carlyle, in a way, put his finger on the limitation of Christ as a universal idea when he objected that there was no Falstaff in Him. Since then we have dared to confess that other admirable qualities were either missing or not reported in Him. In short, Christ is now no longer the perfect hero and model for everybody. And, what is more, nobody nowadays is shocked if you say this, or of necessity concludes that you must be without an ideal or model altogether. That is a great handicap to the revival of Roman Catholicism, is it not? For the Church, after all, is founded on the perfection of Christ as an ideal for every man.

I agree. But now what about the new faith?

Well, I called it new, and so it is in its implications when they are made explicit. At the same time, in its nature it is the same faith that has kept men going throughout all time. Unless, in fact, we could oppose a new form of sanctity to the old sanctity of the Catholic faith, I should welcome the revival of the latter; for man without sanctity of any kind is a mere beast.

What is the new form of sanctity you are thinking of?

The sanctity of free inquiry, experience and experiment.

But these appear to be the very contrary of the sanctities of the Catholic Church.

So they are in form; but the spirit behind them is identical. I mean that exactly as men lived and died for the Catholic faith, men are prepared to live and die for Free-thought and the rights I have just defined. And what men will live and die for is sacred.

Then actually you are making a religion of Free-thought?

No, not a religion, for all religions are formulations of conclusions. I am saying that the attitude towards Free-thought may be a religious attitude; and, in fact, must be if it is to prevail over the Catholic Church.

In short, it is faith against faith?

Yes.

It is, of course, usually represented very differently.

I know. It is usually represented as unfaith against faith, irreligion against religion, atheism against Christianity, and man against God. But an "unfaith" that results in a degree of devotion and self-sacrifice equal to that of "faith" surely deserves to be called faith. These names, after all, are only partisan labels.

By their works ye shall know them! But have the works of the new faith equalled those of the old?

Well, I for one am satisfied that already they have. Don't forget that in the comparison we are apt to fall into errors unfavourable to the new faith. We compare, for example, the real present with the idealised past. Secondly, we fail to realise even all the present. Thirdly, we have no scales to weigh our advantage in the matter of hope.

What do you mean by that?

I mean that black as our situation may often appear in comparison with the situation of our Christian forefathers, in respect of manly hope we have a secret consolation that they never experienced. At the best they had the hope that they would be lifted out of their Slough of Despond or rewarded for enduring it. But we can cherish the pride with the hope of one day doing these things for ourselves. If it is not absurd, I should like to say that Free-thought is a species of universal Syndicalism—it is the demand of Man to manage his own affairs as against the claims of the governing classes of the universe.

But you believe not in Syndicalism, but in National Guilds.

I do in national politics and I do in universal politics also. For the Free-thought movement, while Syndicalist in its phase of mere revolt against constituted authority, must inevitably, in my opinion, become Guild when it becomes constructive.

It is an interesting parallel; but what is God in this instance?

You no doubt are reflecting that as the State and the Guild have each their own visible organ, the parallel demands that over against the institutions of Free-thought there should be an institution for God—namely, the Church. But I dispute that on several grounds not relevant for the moment. Our main concern is to recognise the inevitability of taking God into account in our thinking.

The powers of the State, however, are clear enough, and there can be no dispute about them when it comes to practice—what are the powers of God that our Syndicalist Free-thinkers will have to take into account?

In sum, they are the fixed truths of the universe. Being unalterable, right thinking, however free, however revolutionary, however daring, must accept them and co-operate with them.

But what are they as regards Man?

I define them roughly as these: individual immortality; individual responsibility within a world of fixed relations; and universal justice. Accepting these I claim thereafter the sacred right of doing what I please.

## Readers and Writers.

I PLEAD guilty to advertising a book in these columns deliberately and shamelessly. The book is the "National Guilds"; the publishers are Messrs. Bell; the price is five shillings; and the work is now on sale. For the sake of the deaf, I will repeat in large type that the book is NOW ON SALE.

It is a pity the ravenous magazine reader could not have been compelled to attend a recent conference of American magazine editors. He would have heard something to his disadvantage. Among all the editors present—most of them of flourishing magazines—not one appeared to have a good word for his public. "A lunch-counter generation" was the phrase one editor used of his circulation. Another complained that the cost of producing a respectable taste in his readers was frightful. A third diagnosed the general complaint as neurasthenia. A fourth quoted President Wilson's remark about Carlyle that all life seemed to them running to a fire. But if these be the editorial opinions of readers, they are, however justified by facts, nevertheless hopeless from two points of view. For since the editors do not resign in spite of their complaints they are guilty of prostitution; and if they think so ill of their readers how can they ever write above them? To think well of your public is the first condition of writing well; and if you cannot do that you had better not write at all. We write by admiration, hope and love.

More frankness from behind the scenes is quoted by Mr. William Maxwell in an article in the current "Nineteenth Century." Writing on the Press of today he informs us that Mr. Kennedy Jones, one of the founders of the "Daily Mail," once said to Lord Morley: "You, Lord Morley, left journalism a profession. We have made it a branch of commerce." That is pretty clear, is it not? A literary agent defined the needs of a successful novelist as "extraordinary fluency, absolute sincerity and a vulgar mind." Again a fairly clear summary, n'est-ce pas? Finally, we have the honest judgment of the great newspaper proprietor. "Anyone can write, but business requires brains." What on earth are we to do with a generation in whose hearing these things can be confessed without arousing resentment? Behind all our popular magazines and journals are men who shrewdly estimate at their right value the vulgarity and stupidity of the general public and deliberately exploit them. More even, they announce the fact—and yet remain objects of admiration. Astonishing! Let us turn to something more pleasing.

The series of studies in Stendhal now appearing in "La Revue de Paris" have reached the critical moment of philosophy. What, in fact, was "Beyleisme"? I have already suggested that "Beyleisme" was both an anticipation of Nietzsche in some respects and hence of the recently popularised doctrine of energetics. But a respected colleague warns me that I must be either more explicit or less critical, since energetics has its good as well as its bad side, and both need to be distinguished. I would distinguish them by saying that the good in energetics needs no new name nor any cult to produce it: and that the bad is made no better by baptism into a fresh vocabulary. The good in energetics is what is strictly called passion; and the bad is merely the simulation of it. Stendhal, it appears to me, made this distinction clearly for himself, but often confounded the two for his readers. For instance, he speaks of the happiness of passion as being "beyond pleasure." Happiness, he says, is not pleasure, nor is it even enjoyment: it arises from the pursuit of something which engages the profoundest energies of the soul. . . . it implies an élan, a risk, a task in which the whole personality is called into play. Above all, it is not the satisfaction of desire. And his typical instance

is the love affair of Héloïse and Abelard. Now I can see something grand in this, although I should prefer a variety of examples rather than the example of love alone. But the question should be asked whether a doctrine can be made of it. A doctrine is a dogma of conduct—but ought people to whom passion does not befall, to put themselves in the way of it? And again, can they, even if they try? In my experience, the attempt is usually made by the apes of the great figures of story and legend, and ends in pitiable affectation. And this is what I mean by bad energetics.

To return to Signor Marinetti, I hear that he perspires a good deal during his lectures, and runs about quite a lot to infect his audience with his own energy. But this proves only his sincerity (of which, by the way, I am convinced). Sincerity, however, is not everything, even when it rises into frenzy. Otherwise the false prophets of Baal would have called down fire from heaven upon their bleak and chilly altars. Along with personal sincerity must go a perception of truth if the inner and the outer are to march together. But has Mr. Marinetti any truth to declare—something that would remain true whether he believed it or not? Except as an iconoclast of clichés, I confess I cannot yet see anything noteworthy in his character as propagandist. He is all the time, in Wilson's phrase, running to a fire. It is very exciting, of course, to be awakened from sleep by the sound of the fire engines; and in the bustle that follows one feels very much alive. But once a month would be enough of it; one cannot live on it, I think.

The forerunner of Mr. Marinetti as a propagandist of energy at high pressure was undoubtedly the revivalist preacher of the Nonconformist sects. A genius of this order is preaching now in America with literally staggering effect. The Rev. William Ashley Sunday, D.D., popularly known as Billy Sunday, the Baseball Evangelist, is described as "compelling in his physical vitality." He preaches "religion with a punch." These are some of the descriptions given of his lecturing by Dr. Brown in his study of Billy's character. Note how they would appear to apply to Mr. Marinetti:—

"There is something about him that makes you feel that he will soon be hurling thunderbolts. . . . Soon he quickens his pace. You can see the perspiration streaming down his face, and his collar begins to look as if it had seen better days. Soon he is raining great sledge-hammer blows upon the unoffending pulpit-desk and people near you start as if they had been shot at. . . . At one moment he is at one end of his long platform, and before you become used to seeing him there he is at the other, and then quicker than thought he bounds back to the centre, giving the desk a blow that would knock out a giant. Ever and anon he makes long rapid strides to give it more whacks, until at last a big piece splits off, at which every small boy in the front row jumps and says: 'Gee.'"

Well, I feel disposed to say Gee to Mr. Marinetti; and for wringing so much admiration out of me he deserves it. But, after all, we have a long way to go, and shall need all the energy we can accumulate to carry us to the end of our journey. Where has Mr. Marinetti ever explained how energy can be acquired and preserved?

One thing is much like another; and with the grievances of the ex-champion boxer whose article appears in this issue, we can all (being few) sympathise since we share them each in his own way. From all the arts the old-time patron for love has disappeared to give place to the patron for profit and a public incapable of more than a few discriminations. Of football, I understand, the vast crowds that assemble at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere have a critical appreciation. They know, that is, good play from bad, and miss nothing in the game. Of cricket this used to be the case; but the standard, I am told, is not so high to-day as ten years ago. But in boxing, it appears, the popular appreciation of science and art is declining

to zero. What is the reason? Mr. Black, formerly middle-weight champion of South Africa, attributes it to the introduction into England of American methods via France. France has borrowed from America the vocabulary of the prize-ring, but has fitted it to the special characteristics of the Latin race. These, in respect of boxing, according to Mr. Black, include the "almost cruel implacability" as well as stupidity of the audiences; and they are most developed where women are among the spectators. In England it is not the fashion yet for women to attend prize fights; but the audiences of men, Paris-fed, assimilate their tastes; with the result that the art is going while only the fight remains. To revive boxing our contributor suggests that everybody more or less must practise the art, if only enough to understand an exhibition of it. Well, the same rule would revive all the arts.

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In the "Times" Literary Supplement of May 14, Mrs. Wharton continues the discussion opened recently by Mr. Henry James on the subject of the criticism of fiction. Mr. James, it may be recalled, said bluntly what I have often said obliquely, namely, that in England there is no longer any such thing as literary criticism. Mrs. Wharton regrets the fact and proceeds to give first aid to critics—particularly critics of novels. They should, she says, ask three questions concerning a work of art: what has the author tried to represent; has he succeeded; and was the subject worth representing? But the value of these three is, to my mind, conditioned by the answer to a fourth question: what is the purpose of representation at all? Plainly representation in itself is not sufficient to create a work of art, since, *ex hypothesi*, some things are and some things are not "worth representing." What are the things worth representing and why are they worth it? This reduces itself to a question of values; and this, again, to a philosophy of life. Hence it follows that no novelist who is without a philosophy of life is or can be an artist. But equally with the artist the critic needs his table of values by means of which to estimate the works of representation; in other words, he, too, needs a philosophy. And this is just where both classes at present are at a loss; for we may say that there *is* no philosophy to-day. Thus it comes about that few novels are worth reading and still fewer are worth reviewing. Our critics, I may say, have long given it up as a waste of time.

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Another remark of Mrs. Wharton's raises a question of interest to me personally. She complains that criticism of literature never deals with its subject in this country "with anything like the average consecutiveness" of the criticism of history, etc. That is quite true; and I often envy my colleague, the writer of the Notes of the Week, the continuity of his dramatic and critical weekly commentary. Mine, in comparison, is a thing of shreds and patches with no particular relevance to any movement in the literary world. I have come to think, however, that the reason is not my fault, but the fault of the age. In the political and economic worlds there are, after all, definite schools of thought and definite currents of endeavour and tendency. It is comparatively easy (if I may say so) to dramatise these and to visualise them all as working out some vast plot. But what is there to correspond in the literary world? In the first place, there are practically no schools, but only cliques of writers personally but not spiritually related; secondly, no common problem is posed for practical solution; thirdly, there are no currents in literary opinion. Large criticism in such a world cannot possibly be consecutive, since there is no bond of unity among the various sets of writers. To-day somebody publishes a realistic novel; to-morrow somebody else publishes a romantic or an historical or a genre or a fantastic novel. How can they be related? I confess I cannot do it. R. H. C.

## The White Hope.

By an Ex-Champion Boxer.

I HAVE been going round watching and sympathising with the present-day boxers, when they bud out, and before they learn the science of the art and blossom into bloom. They are enticed by a few pounds above the ordinary wages they earn, by cheap labour promoters of boxing shows, and are killed in their infancy, stifled in the bud, get broken noses, thick ears, fat eyes, and lose their spirit. The working public who now patronise the low class boxing shows love to see the British bull-dog pluck and sometimes see it, but very little of the science of the game. That cheap show public are not yet educated to appreciate the science of the noble art. What they see they applaud, cheer, and shout, and before the boxer is qualified and has had a chance to learn the game, if he can draw the public he is put up before the best of his class and all the boxing he has learned is knocked out of him, his ambition is killed before he has become master of the art—thus to fill the pockets of cheap boxing promoters and please an uneducated British public.

In 1888, and before, there were not many places, boxing managers and promoters, but there was such a man then alive as Jem Mace, who laid the foundation stone of the science of boxing all over the world. He had studied the science of the game, travelled around, and exhibited in every city. A real old gentleman at the finish, generous, kind and loving. In his day the champion of the world taught them the science in America, Australia, and every other place he went, for it was always with him, even when he was an old man. The sport was then only patronised by gentlemen of intelligence and education, and money was always behind you if you were a good boxer. There were only such clubs then as the Pelican and National, and they only selected the best coming men who had gradually learned in such schools as Bill Richardson's, who catered for boxers rising and fancying the game. And there was the boxing booth which travelled round the fairs and show grounds.

The booth professor had no use for you except you studied the science, could keep your opponent away from you with a good left-hand and foot work, and then finish him, bringing him out and asleep, before you had finished boxing three rounds. If you could not do that, and if you had not a man in the booth who could take on all comers, and put them out when required, you had to pull down, leave the town and get built some other place; or the country yokels or miners would pull your show down for you, if they thought they were as good as you. They had no mercy on you, and would mob you. But once you proved yourself, you were all their governors, they took you and paid like a patient taking medicine.

These were the schools the men were picked from to supply boxers for the Pelican and National Clubs. Nowadays the people who are game and have no occupation take on boxing. The promoters accept them: they are cheap, will take a good hiding rather than go hungry and bedless. Others leave their legitimate business enticed on by the announced big sums of money champions win. They never think of the years of hardship, climbing, rebuffs, hard knocks, perseverance, and pluck that have kept and fortified a champion, and when he has got to the height of his ambition it is only then he procures the big money. There are many triers, but only one champion. Though there be two or three have first-class chances, the public will not flock to see every one of them. The first-class public will pay the money to see the best of them. Some after defeat go down and out, some never take defeat but keep going on trying other countries. If there is another champion and you are defeated, the country you are in is not big enough for the two of you; if the winner don't go to find fresh rivals the defeated man goes.

In those days of the past our backers were gentle-

men, loved the game for the love of the sport, would give us what we won and the stake also. The backers who backed and won outside would be ashamed to go away without giving us a present. I have been offered £5 for the scarf which was round my waist which was not sold but went in a present to my head backer.

We shan't get those exact days back again; but we shan't get a White Hope until the public understands more about boxing than just seeing the youngsters battered to bits.

## The Day's Work in Albania.

By Anthony Bradford.

### VI.

A WAR draws men to it of every shape and kind, and in the Balkans life at any time is very near to a tragic sort of comic opera. An entertaining fellow was an Italian count who was allowed a fair run for his money by the authorities because of some idea that he was a relative of the King of Italy. In his spare time, with plenty of enthusiasm, but no special knowledge, he had formed a brigade of ambulance boys, and had clothed them in a uniform crowned with the inevitable Italian plumed hat. His own attire was tremendous—a general's at least—and he sported the finest feathered hat and the largest cavalry sabre I have ever seen. Antivari, by now well hardened to all kinds of Red Cross endeavour, got quite excited on his arrival, and we came across him enjoying the use of a lot of furniture and things which we had collected for ourselves, and stored in an old house belonging to the Crown Prince. Happily the Government soon moved him and his brood away to a place at which they could do no harm, and where they spent their time shooting each other and marching about all day with a large Red Cross banner at their head in case a wandering hostile Albanian should meet them. Little good the banner would have been to them in that case. Eventually, after a lot of the boys had been sent home, the Count turned up at St. Giovanni di Medua, and installed himself in the Post Office, which we were turning into a hospital, and refused to budge. The only way to shift him without bloodshed was to get an order from the General, and with the matron (an expert in the French tongue, which the General understood) we waded in the pelting rain through the muddiest camp that ever existed, and at last found Martinovitch in a hovel which in Turkish times had been the inn. The room was full of soldiers drinking wine, and we were ceremoniously introduced to all present. An aged officer made the usual polite speech about the mighty nation we belonged to, and what a splendid man Gladstone was (have I mentioned before that Gladstone is a Montenegrin saint of the first water?). We then introduced our subject very carefully, and the General gave us our order and seemed to share his people's dislike of the Italians. The next morning the Count was induced to leave, and never before had I heard such a torrent of words. He naturally damned us and the English generally, and then he damned the Red Cross, and, finally, after we thought he had gone, he returned up the stairs and shouted, "Damn London!" Our last meeting was outside his new quarters, where he was attending a soldier whom his boys had captured. In dressing the man's shoulder the plume of the Count's hat tickled the patient's face and made him restive, and the management of the large cavalry sabre also made things difficult. When we suggested that he would probably be more successful if he took his hat and sword off he screamed at us and we left.

The matron's services as interpreter had been very useful all over the country, as many of the officers, especially among the Servians, had been in France, and where she was deficient her companion in adventure, the Volunteer, supported her. Many were the excitements they went through—from the episode of the elderly Italian captain, who conceived a tender passion for

both of them and presented them daily with bottles of wine and fervent messages; the passing of them overboard into a surf-boat off Dulcigno full of Albanian cut-throats, who had to seize their legs to steady them; and to the various episodes of war round Zogaj, to which place they had come when there had been some idea of forming a base hospital on the shores of Lake Scutari. The Volunteer, who had heaps of cash and spent it like a man, brought cases of supplies from Vir Bazar. These went the way of all food, and when nothing remained but the wretched mutton stew, with an appalling smell, she held her breath, swallowed it quickly with the best of us, and said it was splendid! They did their best to improve the cooking, but our chef was a retired sergeant-major of the British Army who stood no nonsense, and so no advice could make any impression on him. Consequently, fried bread was prepared privately. The frying of the bread of the country in some lard took some of the sourness out of it and made it a palatable dish. With them went enthusiasm from Zogaj—the stewed mutton seemed worse than ever, and the sick more sick and the dirt more dirty.

Montenegro was full of Red Cross missions—Russian, Bohemian, French, Hungarian, Italian and British—and yet was very badly served because there was no attempt at co-ordination. The Government was certainly the most primitive in Europe and the local Montenegrin Red Cross was in the hands of the Church, and any other officials who might care to muddle it. There was practically no Army Medical Corps, and so there was nothing in the country to act as a directing element. The officials seemed to think they were doing the right thing by sending every fresh mission into the pestilent little town of Podgoritza, which soon became full of them, all equipped to act as aids to the local endeavour, which of course was non-existent. A few empty buildings with no conveniences whatever were handed over to be made into base hospitals, and missions equipped as field parties were expected to furnish them. Nothing could be got in the country. Such buildings as were at all suitable were soon filled with wounded, and when the inevitable enteric cases arrived there were no beds to put them in, and they were bundled into dirty Albanian houses to lie on the floor a dozen or so in a room.

There was the same reluctance to allowing the military attachés to go to the front. They got no farther than Rjeka, where Nikolas generally stayed, and their time there seemed to be mostly taken up by the game of poker, at which their Royal host was an adept. So much was this the case that one by one they returned to Cetinje somewhat hard up, and cured of their inclination to go to the front in such august company. The second prince, too, was a friendly fellow open to play a good game of cards. He often came to Antivari with his full suite and stayed at the one decent hotel in Montenegro, somewhat to the annoyance of the Swiss proprietor, who liked to see the colour of money occasionally.

We were constantly being impressed by the extraordinary regard the people—both Montenegrin and Albanian—had for England, especially amongst the elder men. Certainly we were the most popular of nations, and our popularity extended to all our possessions. It was astonishing to see the attention paid to such things as our knives—the fact that they were English made them the very best—evidence that quality is our greatest asset in such markets. Even the Russians, who had spoon-fed the country for years, came second in regard. Old Commandant Nikolas at Katarakol always insisted on giving us what amounted to a banquet when we turned up on our journeys to and fro. We all sat cross-legged on the floor round the low Albanian table and picked things out of the central dish, and the Albanian owner of the house waited in the back-ground only too pleased that his house was sheltering such important people and hence was safe from destruction.

## Ruins of Syria and Asia Minor.

By Richard Curle.

WITHIN a few miles of Rayak, in the valley of the Anti-Lebanon, where the Aleppo railway, running through a long and arid plain, joins the line from Beyrout to Damascus, you will find all that remains of Ba'albek, the Syrian Heliopolis. At the foot of these gigantic ruins a small town of 5,000 people straggles alongside a grove of orchards, which form a teeming oasis in the flat and treeless plateau east of the Lebanon hills. These ruins of the Acropolis of Ba'albek have suffered sadly from the fury of religion and the flight of years. The vile neglect of ages has shattered their vastness and their delicacy, and the gloom of superstition has wrecked their most beautiful memorials. As long ago as the seventh century John Malala of Antioch wrote of them as amongst the wonders of the world. And so they are still, though a mere fragment of their splendour survives.

The Acropolis is now a mass of grand decay, its huge courts filled with fragments of columns and masonry, and much of its scroll work obliterated by the hand of time or the outrages of vandalism. What is left is doubly impressive. In the great Temple of the Sun, where so much has been devastated, six columns out of fifty-four are upright still, and in their exalted position and with their height of seventy-five feet make a striking landmark on the plain. And throughout the whole extent of the Acropolis there are occasional secluded corners where the columns, the carved designs, the friezes, are in an unusual state of preservation. Perhaps actually the choicest relic of all is the Temple of Bacchus, with nineteen of its forty-six columns (sixty-five feet in height) still upright, and the Portal of the Temple, the cella of which is ornamented with profuse and sumptuous liberality. But where so much has crumbled that which remains seems almost lost.

You walk through the ruins as through a wilderness of stone, raised tier upon tier, and expanding in colossal and perfect proportions even in their fallen grandeur. The Great Court is no less than 150 yards long by 125 yards wide. And the material of which this Acropolis is built is, itself, prodigious. In one place there are three stones raised twenty feet above the ground in the masonry of the outer wall, each of which is no less than thirteen feet high, ten feet thick, sixty feet long, and probably 1,200 tons in weight. They represent a problem of leverage not, indeed, insoluble, but extraordinarily advanced. This stone was quarried locally but here, too, you will see marble pillars from the interior of Egypt. Their transit alone must have been a matter of years. But figures can help little towards a picture of Ba'albek. There, by its orchards and running water, facing the range of the Lebanon across the plain, it stands, silent now and deserted, a haunt for innumerable lizards and for stray, feeding animals. It is as the very shadow of an incomprehensible and sombre past.

I visited Ba'albek on a day in late March. The sun shone warmly on the stone, and through the niches of the wall I could see a row of poplars just bursting into green, and behind them, again, the snowy peaks of Lebanon. No afternoon could have been more perfect. The shy lizards were basking in the empty courts and I could hear a wedding party dancing and singing in the street below. How easy to fancy at such a time that you can build up history from the havoc at your feet! The Imagination and the Past! O pathetic fallacy! For it is, indeed, but too impossible. Who can fathom the minds of these Idolators, these Christians, these Mohammedans who, in turn, possessed and vitalised this Acropolis? The recreating of vanished eras is but the vaguest of conjectures. The dead stones do not yield up their secrets.

In the short twilight I walked, solitary, amidst the darkening groves. The ruins faded out of sight and only the white blossoms of the apricot trees glimmered above me. The little irrigation canals were flowing

along their earth-channels without a sound. But late at night, just as the moon was beginning to rise, I went out upon the balcony to gaze once more upon the Acropolis of Ba'albek and upon the ghostly, illumined, and far-flung range of the Lebanon. In austerity of classical perfection I have seen no sight of more thrilling beauty or further removed from the friendly intimacy of most country scenes.

From Ba'albek I returned next day to Beyrout to await a steamer to carry me to Smyrna. I passed some pleasant enough days there. I liked, especially, the evening drive along the shore, where the hired beauties of Beyrout sunned themselves ostentatiously and strong men exercised the lust of sport. These latter were slightly ridiculous. I remember that the first time I noticed several armed men lurking with an air of secrecy and purpose in an upland field I thought they must be desperadoes of a hideous type. But it turned out to be nothing so exciting—they were merely on the watch for very small birds. They take this matter seriously around Beyrout. I saw two of these men quite prostrated by the escape of a pipit.

A couple of days' steaming, by Cyprus and Rhodes, takes you from Beyrout to Smyrna. It lies deep within the shelter of a bay and yields a beautiful picture to the incoming voyager. Its white houses, with their red roofs and clean appearance, stretch along a wide sea-front and, spreading backwards over the flat area of the city, wander around the bay and up the slopes of the nearer hills. The harbour is full of loading and discharging steamers—Smyrna is the centre of an active trade. And it is a de-Orientalised city. The hat is more common than the fez and a veiled woman is a rarish sight. Greeks abound everywhere. You might almost fancy this was a Greek town in which the Turks had got a solid footing rather than the reverse. Especially is this true at night when its theatres are ablaze with light and crowds of Christians lol in its European cafés. Only its old horse-tramway, its stone-paved streets, its lack of electricity and telephones suggest a city behind the times. But, on the whole, its atmosphere is certainly European. The distinctive quality of Smyrna is a brisk cosmopolitanism. Here one feels, is not any more the slow bargaining of the Arab, but the swift and small profits of a newer race.

In the desperate search for an hotel I made acquaintance with an American whose chief claim to distinction rests in the fact that he had a friend who had written a book on "the influence of psychology on the Sunday school movement." There is a richness about the idea which appeals to me and almost makes me think it is too good to be true. With this excellent fellow and an Austrian guide who had been forty years in Smyrna and whose English (theoretically) was everything one could desire, I went to Ephesus on the next morning. The forty-five miles through the tilled valleys and fair plains of Anatolia is a three hours' journey by train. When we arrived there we took a carriage and drove to the heap of fallen stones that mark the site of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. They lie in a depression of the ground and not one stone remains upon another. In their glistening and fragmentary whiteness they represent the utmost degradation of a ruin. About a mile farther on across the plain are the vast and unbarred remnants of the circus, the stadium, the libraries, the courts, the gymnasium, of Ephesus. Here, too, are the signs of complete decay. Sacked over and over again these buildings were at last left to the corroding desolation of the wilderness. Thence, once more, came man to wrest a victory from the earth.

There is something fascinating about Ephesus. The broken colonnades, the paved walks, the huge inscribed stones, the carvings, the steps and arches, lying there all solitary in the secluded plain impress the imagination. Again, as at Ba'albek, one could imagine that the venerable past had taken a step nearer. Yes, but a silent step. For where are all the voices which "for about the space of two hours cried out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians'?"

## St. Agatha's.

CONCERNING the origin of St. Agatha's there is no need to speak. Is it not written in the Prospectus (apply to the Rev. Dr. Snagg, St. Agatha's, Greendale)? If you refer to this document, you will find a novel account of the whole Institution, from its founding in the 16th century (many schools seek to justify their existence by an alleged foundation in the 16th century) down to the present day.

Not quite to the present day, though. But I can continue the history till then, with less unction perhaps than the Prospectus, but with more strict attention to historical perspective. At this latest epoch in the history of St. Agatha's, the motley company of gentlemen, humorously referred to as the staff, are partaking of breakfast. These gentlemen comprise (see Prospectus):

Mr. J. Micklewit Orpington, B.A. (Oxon),  
Mr. J. L. E. Rees (Durham University),  
Mr. G. Chamberman (London University),  
Mr. J. Woodford,  
Mr. R. Spalding (Inter. Sci.),  
Mr. F. Stanley Case, F.R.C.O.,  
Mr. Thomas D. Marriot, A.C.P.

It deserves more than casual notice that Mr. J. Woodford, who is unadorned by any alphabetical tinkets, must be acknowledged as the most considerable of these pundits. For he weighs close on fifteen stone, eats four steady and earnest meals a day (in addition to odd and unofficial nibblings in the sanctity of his bed-room) dozes on and off between meals, with brief intervals to send small boys on sundry errands, to dismiss his class or to become abnormally active when the Rev. Dr. Snagg is in the offing. This rare event he seems to divine by some occult sense, which is about the only sense he has. What is a paltry degree, a framed diploma to such elusive and modest prowess as this? And Mr. J. Woodford has been pursuing (if indeed, so violent a word can be applied to so unobtrusive a process) this programme of unremitting effort for over thirty years.

Mr. Orpington, the Second Master (4th class divinity), a peevish-looking failure with a trigonometrical nose, is dissecting a kipper at the head of the table. He is performing this experiment with an expression of intense annoyance, which may be due to the laborious and unprofitable nature of his occupation; but the frequent and mysterious chuckles which Spalding and Marriot exchange have perhaps some bearing on the matter. It is obvious that Mr. Orpington is vainly attempting to fathom the cause of these chuckles, and vainly attempting not to appear to attempt to fathom them.

The rest of the little band of brothers must have been infected by the glumness of Mr. Orpington: they champ away at their kippers with the air of men who have a solemn and difficult task to perform—as indeed they have. But in addition they have a burden which they bear in common, each of them has some special and particular trial of his own, which enables him to add his mite to the general fund of gloom. Mr. Rees, for instance (concerning Mr. Rees much might be told that would not be suitable for these pages), is depressed chiefly because of certain horses whose swiftness has woefully failed to achieve the rate which his Celtic visionings had surmised. Mr. Chamberman, to whose career we are coming presently, is depressed because Mr. Rees is reading the "Daily Sketch," a print on which he has set his heart, or whatever equivalent he happens to contain. Mr. Case—an arch-looking young man with pince-nez and a bluish chin—is depressed partly because he is not reading the "Daily Sketch" and partly because the morning post has brought him nothing—an event for which he seems to consider that mankind at large in general, and the master on duty in particular, are to blame. Mr. Woodford is depressed because (1) No extra kipper is left over for him as he had hoped, (2) He shares the depression of Mr.

Rees, (3) He has fathomed the mirth of Spalding and Marriot.

It may be asked: Why plain Spalding and Marriot, while everybody is mistered? The reason is, that they are vulgar fellows who are at loggerheads with the powers that be, and are sadly lacking in that Christian meekness which, as is well known, should be affected by all who undertake to instruct the young. Moreover, they are not fond of the fare provided for them by the Governors, the Matron and Dr. Snagg, and they lose few opportunities of saying so with emphasis and precision. These little sallies assume various forms—elegiac, epic, satiric (this is more especially the style Spalding adopts) and the burlesque (which is the strong point of Marriot). On this particular occasion, for instance, he observes with exaggerated blatancy:—

"Bit 'igh, these 'ere birds, ole man."

This is, of course, said in character and is not Marriot's normal utterance. "Ole man" refers to Spalding in the first place, but afterwards to anybody who considers the observation worthy of attention. Marriot knows that it will be sure to interest Mr. Orpington.

That worthy, his delicately-strung nerves ajar with the cacophony of Marriot's enunciation, looks up from his kipper in mute and scowling inquiry. And simultaneously he discovers that a partially dismembered kipper is dangling from the chandelier on a dainty piece of pink ribbon. He decides that it is time to speak; and he proceeds to do so with a Birmingham accent.

The end of the matter is, that he finds himself involved in a tedious and unsavoury argument with Marriot on the subject of kippers and their use as pendants. Spalding occasionally chimes in suavely with the object of enlarging on some aspect of the question that appears to have been treated too superficially. At last, these silky and innocent comments bring Mr. Chamberman to his feet. He decides to round the matter off in the severe style, to match the aloof and pained demeanour of Mr. Orpington.

Mr. Chamberman, accordingly, in his heaviest manner, in his hundred-lines-at-once-and-if-it-occurs-again-you'll-be-sent-to-Dr.-Snagg-tone, enters the lists. Spalding assumes an expression of meekness and anxiety for moral instruction, but Marriot, between whom and Mr. Chamberman little love is lost (nobody is exactly prodigal of love at St. Agatha's, except Mr. Rees, and he does not lavish it on his colleagues), is less subtle:—"Oh, damn it all, Georgie, do dry up. What the devil has it got to do with you?"

Mr. Chamberman winces at the affront, at the violation of his Christian name, and still more at the laceration of his Christian delicacy. He is a member of the Battersea Brotherhood, and a devoted reader of a curious publication entitled "Flames of Fire." For the moment he becomes a flame of fire in his own person. His scrubby little face assumes a faded pinkish tint and his puny and warped carcass is all a-quiver. He splutters out a diatribe in which the words lewd, filthy, indecent, occur frequently and incoherently. Marriot is about to supply samples of these linguistic terms when a bell begins to summon the inmates of St. Agatha's to their morning devotions.

Mr. Rees remarks heavily and a shade reproachfully (for, as he will assure everyone, he is a man of peace):

"The boys will be going into chapel."

This, you will say, is farcical invention. Mere foolery, poor enough at that. Would to goodness it were. But St. Agatha's still exists, and all that in it is.

Of late, there has been much ado about pensions for secondary teachers. There has been some agitation about a better recognition of the teaching profession, and its incorporation into the Civil Service. This is an excellent and desirable scheme. But before it can be carried out with profit they, the St. Agathas of England, will have to go. The Mr. Chambermans and the Mr. Woodfords will have to go. And when they do, they will not have to complain of a solitary journey.

P. SELVER.

## Views and Reviews.\*

### Bombardier H. G. Wells v. The World.

I SUPPOSE that so long as Mr. Wells publishes books I shall read them and review them, even if he writes one a month. He is an ass, but he is so egregiously an ass that one nearly forgets his asinity in wonder at his egregiousness. What other man, having set the world free by blowing up with atomic bombs most of the capital cities of the world, would introduce his fad of proportional representation into the Utopia that he imagines would follow the catastrophe? It hardly seems worth while to discover how to utilise the intra-atomic energy if we are only going to turn the world into one constituency, and elect the members of the World's Council by the use of the single transferable vote. This preserved predilection for a particular method of electing members of a governing body is fatal to Mr. Wells' Utopian schemes; for if he can carry into a new state one of his old foolishnesses, why should not all those people who have a "desire for little successes amidst conditions securely fixed" carry most of their fads into the new World State? If they do so, the Utopia will not be realised; for the provision of a new supply of energy does not necessarily alter the nature of people. Electricity, for example, is used to destroy the whiskers of women; and, so far, the only effect of the atomic bombs on Mr. Wells has been the disruption of his style into atomic bombast.

For not merely do his dots abound in this book (they are symbols, I suppose, of free electrons), but the structure of the book is shattered to atoms. The book is a continuing explosion—that begins at Hampstead and ends on the Himalayas, aptly enough, with a surgical operation that kills a prophet of further progress. If only the atomic bombs had bounced about the surface of the earth, I could have imagined that Mr. Wells had constructed his narrative to reproduce the idea. They are more steadfast than he is. Although they burrow deep in the earth, the range of their activities is circumscribed; but Mr. Wells jumps from Fiesole to Edinburgh, from Hampstead to the Law Courts, from a transformed Leicester Square to Paris, Berlin, and Holland (where he arranges a most dramatic inundation with plenty of corpses), up to Brissago, down to the Balkans, with a last high flight to Paran, in the Himalayas. If he is not, as Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus was, "three gentlemen at once," he is everybody by turns and nobody long.

The reason is that Mr. Wells has become incapable of writing a book; he can only do sketches, vignettes; he is what Nietzsche called a "miniaturist." In yet one other respect does he resemble Nietzsche's Wagner; he instinctively avoids psychological motivation. It is never from persons that he derives his events; he takes much unnecessary trouble to convince us that Leblanc, who arranges the Peace Conference which becomes the World Council, is an ingenuous man, "just a simple soul," and King Egbert of England, who is the first to renounce his kingship and thus make possible the creation of the World State, is made to say of himself and the assembly of potentates that "I doubt if we should average out as anything abler than any other casually selected body of ninety-odd men." The power that effects the changes is not resident in persons; it is simply energy disimprisoned from the atom. It is some impersonal "science" that is "the new king of the world."

But what science is it that will countenance Mr. Wells' catastrophic introduction of the millennium? None of which I have knowledge. Either the effect of the atomic bombs will strike fear into the heart of man, or it will not. If it does, then the well-known paralysing effect of fear will prevent the exercise of the creative

\*"The World Set Free." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)

faculties of man; if it does not, why should anything under the sun except the local configuration of the earth be altered as a consequence of the explosion of these bombs? Mr. Wells is playing with the old fallacy of the Terrorists; he is supposing that it is possible to shock people into Utopia. But Stepniak begins one of his essays with a story that discountenances this ingenuous theory. "Shortly after the Winter Palace explosion," he says, "I remember having seen in an English satirical paper the following caricature: Two Nihilists are meeting amidst heaps of ruins. 'Is all blown up already?' asks one of them. 'No,' answers the other. 'The globe remains firm still.' 'Well, let us blow up the globe, then!' exclaims the first." The very hypothesis which Mr. Wells makes, that the first and most perfect use of the new source of energy will be devoted to purposes of destruction, precludes the conclusion that he draws from it. Is it to be supposed that, because the ability to destroy a whole town with two or three bombs has been obtained, that there will be no one who will want to destroy a whole town? And are we to suppose that an autocracy, like that of Russia, which has not yielded to gunpowder, dynamite, or nitroglycerine, will yield to "Carolinum"? It is impossible to terrify people who have "supped full of horrors."

What, after all, is this Utopia that Mr. Wells is expecting? The only distinctive features of it are the World Council at Brissago, and the hospital for surgery on the Himalayas. For the rest "Science" provides for every want; and the people of the earth turn to gardening and love-making for recreation. Up on the Himalayas, and elsewhere throughout the world, "Science" is at work; for Research is no longer penalised. And "Science" reaches out arms to the sun; at the beginning of the book, a great gowk of a Scotch laddie says: "Ye auld red thing. . . We'll have ye yet." At the end of the book Karenin tells the sun to "beware" of him. "I gather my billion thoughts into science and my million wills into a common purpose. Well may you slink down behind the mountains from me, well may you cower." Now that the sun is duly notified of the fact that Mr. H. G. Wells is after it, the sun will, of course, wink its eye and disappear from the heavens.

But the human nature that Mr. Wells ignores will not be denied; I find myself interested not so much in what he says as in the reasons for his saying it. I remember that it was when Lear had lost all control of his daughters that he exclaimed: "I will do such things—what they are, yet I know not; but they shall be the terror of the earth." When Mr. Wells comes trying to make our flesh creep with his stories of atomic bombs, first blowing us up and then saying: "Now will you be good?" I cannot help wondering whether anybody has been doing anything to him. Certainly, he no longer prescribes "love and fine thinking," as he did in "The New Machiavelli"; indeed, he contemplates the abolition of women as women in this vision of the future. But one of Chesterton's casual unpleasantries was to the effect that all weak souls live naturally in the future, because it is featureless; and Mr. Wells' conquest of the world by "Science" during the course of this century seems to place him definitely in this category. Napoleon, we know, had dreams of universal dominion, and he did conquer half Europe; but Mr. Wells ———.

A. E. R.

#### EPIGRAM.

WHEN man stood up with his dog by his side,  
The dog was a woman with two legs to hide,  
Who thought for herself a frock to put on  
As man for convenience his breeches did don.

To see him in pants she jealous became,  
And put off her frock to go like the same;  
Now rigged up in trousers which show off her legs,  
Again like a dog she stands up and begs.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

## REVIEWS.

**Russia: The Country of Extremes.** By N. Jarintzoff. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 16s. net.)

Madame Jarintzoff has not done her country the best service by publishing this collection of unrelated articles. The idea of Russia as the "country of extremes" is so childish that no good work could be built upon it; besides, the idea would apply to any other society of human beings. The simple fact that society does not develop homogeneously, because it includes people of every age and of many degrees of development, explains the anomalies that are to be discovered wherever society has crystallised into institutions. It would be easy to prove that England is the country of extremes by contrasting the survivals with the developments; and in the case of Ireland, the task would be so easy that no one but a literary man in need of a passage of anti-thesis would perform it. But if the conception is childish, the book does not embody even that conception. Apart from the fact that four of the chapters appeared as separate articles, Madame Jarintzoff has taken no trouble to weld them into the book; the chapters are unrelated even by contrast. The reason is obvious. Madame Jarintzoff has taken Mr. Rothay Reynolds' "My Russian Year" as her model, and Mr. Maurice Baring's works as those most in need of correction; with the consequence that those parts of her book that are not unnecessary have only the merit of descriptive journalism. The unnecessary parts of the book are the historical chapters. The chapter on "The Past of the Cossacks," for example, has no relation of contrast or sequence to the rest of this book. In spite of the list of authorities quoted in a footnote, it lacks merit even as an historical study; Madame Jarintzoff has only adopted the journalistic trick of *précis* writing, and has not attempted to demonstrate anything by her rehash of the history of the Cossacks. "The Legend of Alexander I" is another example. Historical mysteries there are which will ever have interest for students; but students bring to the consideration of them not only as complete a knowledge of the evidence as is possible, but a forensic skill in dealing with the evidence. They do demonstrate, to their own satisfaction, at least, the real truth of the mysteries; they are not content to prove, as Madame Jarintzoff is content to prove, that there is a mystery or a legend. She wastes another chapter to tell the story of "The Assassination of Alexander II"; and incidentally to reveal her lack of historical skill and knowledge. For she quotes the memoirs of a pseudonymous courtier, "Count Paul Vassili," to prove that Alexander II was about to grant a constitution, had, indeed, signed the proclamation, when he was assassinated. Her reasons for relying on this work are as follows; she calls the statement "a most interesting statement—a statement which we have no grounds for discrediting; the author of the book obviously belonged to the inner Court circle, and was, therefore, likely to know what took place within that sphere, to say nothing of his obvious spirit of honesty." This is strange language for one who pretends to know all about "underground Russia"; but let that pass. In Stepniak's "King Log and King Stork," published in London in 1896, we are told that it was Princess Dolgoruki, themorganatic wife of Alexander II, who first published this story, as her revenge on the Nihilists for having deprived her of her husband and her position at Court. She wrote under the pseudonym of "Laferte." The dramatic legend revived by Madame Jarintzoff was exploded by Stepniak, who had access to some of the private papers of Count Boris Melikov, and confirmed the information given therein by reference to the posthumous memoirs of Koshelev. Stepniak was thereby enabled to say emphatically that Alexander II had never contemplated granting a constitution. Melikov proposed a convocation of notables from the Zemstvos, whom the Government might consult upon matters chosen by the Government. This was not a constitution, nor did Alexander II sign an announcement of his decision to

convoke the notables. He merely ordered the project to be brought before the Council of his ministers at the next sitting. Nor, by the way, is there any better foundation for the story of the courageous courtier who destroyed the manifesto of the dead Tsar, for Alexander III first ordered Melikov's proposal to be made public, then withdrew the order a few hours later, but confirmed Melikov in his office; and finally had the proposal brought before the Council of Ministers on March 21, only four days after the date fixed by Alexander II. The Council divided on the project, seven in favour, five against; but in spite of this decision Pobedonoszev prevailed against it. We may refer Madame Jarintzoff to Stepniak as the model for her next book; certainly, while the works of Stepniak and Kropotkin are accessible, she has little to tell us—and she is labouring under a delusion when she supposes that "a few of my pages which deal with the Russian clergy, with the monastic prisons, with the students' propaganda, and with home life, may also come as something of a shock." Far from being shocked, we are curious to know from whence Madame Jarintzoff obtained some of her information concerning "agents provocateurs"; her acquaintance with the inner workings both of the Okhrana and of the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary Party would be uncanny if it were not largely imaginary. Anyhow, the chapter is quite good journalism, and should make the book acceptable to all lovers of melodrama.

**Democracy in New Zealand.** André Siegfried. Trans. from French, E. V. Burns. (Bell and Sons.)

Without any doubt an excellent book, this admirable translation of which we welcome as better late than never.

Only a Frenchman, and a very able one, could have written of us with such detachment and with so much insight into the real meaning of facts.

I use the word "us," for New Zealanders are almost purely Anglo-Saxon and behave always much as ordinary middle-class English, given the same conditions and taking into account the loss of merely local prejudices in the general mixing and attrition of their transplantation.

To one who lived long in the Colony, the information acquired by M. Siegfried appears remarkable both in quality and quantity, and his use of it a model of good sense.

He himself deals little in theory, but as a short statement of the actual facts his book should form a good basis of theorising in others.

In criticising our politics he is not inclined to appraise above its immediate value our practical but utterly illogical common sense, or our unimaginative opportunism. Of Seddon's "Socialistic" legislation he treats at some length—"Le Socialisme sans Doctrines" as it has been called by another Frenchman: Blind Pseudo-Socialism as we ourselves see it with its Old Age Pensions, Minimum Wages, Arbitration Boards and other truly laid paving stones of the Servile Way.

There are other chapters full of truth and "sweet reasonableness" on many other subjects, among which may be mentioned the Feminist Movement (with the non-arrival of the millennium), Militant Teetotalism, the causes of super-insularity of thought and of an almost jingo Imperialism—the cry of New Zealand for the New Zealander—the Chinese blackleg, the general snobbishness of the well-to-do, and the breaking up of the big estates; and it is all well worth reading.

It must be said, however, that an edition revised up to date is badly wanted, as in the last ten years much has been happening.

For instance, the alliance between the town worker and the small landholder having come to an end, land and capital have entered once again into full partnership. As a result the wage-slave has been promptly Both'd back into his place without ceremony or scruple. Mr. Belloc's small freeholders have an ardent belief in the Servile State—at any rate for dockers.

## Pastiche.

### IMPRESSIONS DE PARIS.

When the train had fairly moved, I regretted not to have kissed the dear in spite of the world, which was a fat man, a thin woman, and a middling-sized one. "Don't forget to send us your impressions!" he sang out, and I waved. There was a lovely valley in Kent where I thought I would return for life until I reflected that my train was thundering past the foot of it. They wanted a franc for an apple at Calais! Next time I shall bring a bottle of milk or a thermos of tea, which would be even more serviceable, and some cakes and some apples at a penny each, instead a penny a bite. I would have given away the last two bites to have got out of my Dames Seules compartment, of which the door stuck fast, wide open, and the fenêtre would *not* shut, but the other carriages were full while I freezed in solitude.

Amiens is where the soldiers come from. I must send him that petit billet to say that my aunt forbade me to take tea with le militaire! Nobody else could have got that window shut! But, my word, all that is quite true about these impressionable French. It is the more amazing that their chairs should be designed for Calvinists. Shall I ever need to despair, since a sleepless night, twelve hours' travelling, and assaults and robberies all along the line leave me the most ravishing person ever seen, seductrice in fifteen minutes of the very tulip of his regiment, *état* twenty-three, and false by everything but the teeniest blink to the mistress I implored him to remember? I shall send all my children to the Lycée, where they will learn to be so agreeable and to know all about whatever one happens to be reading and about the new movements in art and music. They will understand about customs and baggage, and how to emerge speckless from a combat with a dirty window. They shall go to France, every man Jack of them, and then, when it is forbidden to talk about anything but the landscape, they will invent a historiette of the passing château and fall into a reverie in the middle of it. My horrid aunt will frizzle in blazes hereafter for her prudish existence.

The Paris cocher beats his horse. I should have remembered this; yet the gods do not punish the wicked, for he got away with fifty centimes too much. Jacob's wife had given me the wrong address of the English-woman in Paris, so I dined alone at the Duc, which was packed with English, and I talked to a woman who had been to school with my pet aversion and asked me about many bores. I fear that I must have been a bore in one of my past lives, I am so often bothered by bores. An awful French one pinched me at déjeuner. But first—that garçon who heard me murmuring English damns over the *ménu*, and, taking the situation, intelligently suggested Roast Beef at ten o'clock of the morning! "It is not a bad country," the Bore was saying for the tenth time. "These are not bad people altogether, Messieurs les Anglais—but they are detractors of all the earth. *Moi*, I have made only a little proposition of an excursion to a lady not young, not beautiful, not rich—and there followed a great scandal." "Ah, monsieur," I said, "we run our Empire on just this tongue-waggery. We rule the earth, we govern our masses by permitting them to say what they please. Our nobles are not such fools as to snip off the tongues of the *canaille*. We oblige ourselves to suffer this that not in the least incommodes us and makes resigned the others. I, for instance, recently left London a grand example. Last week, I was drunk only three times. On but one occasion did any slight violence occur. A knife and a broken glass found their billets, but, I assure you on my salvation, only skin-deep! Believe me, monsieur, the world made this four times drunk, and the total loss of an ear! I am *not* a violent woman, monsieur! I could not have done it even in my cups! I will never believe that the G. B. S. ear was more than pierced!" I sank into a glowering reverie over my wrongs. At least, I reflected, while he paid his bill—whatever my dear friends in London may be saying about me, they will scarcely beat this—which that bore will publish all over the Mont.

You can buy thin envelopes in Mont Parnasse, but not thin notepaper. It has never been dreamed of. It costs too much. The *papetière* told me so.

You might as well live in a grand hotel in Paris as in a mouse-hole. The two are about the same price, all considered.

Something is always happening in Paris. I have found out that the street I used to take two trams to get

to is round the corner. It was yesterday when I wanted to go to Cook's, and I was being tossed from side to side of the Boulevard by excited persons all directing me wrongly—at least, some of them must have been wrong—when a giant Anglaise rushed up and commanded me in a fashion to make me weep for our high schools: "There—over there—where that lady in blue is—light blue—it's no use waiting here—they'll only stop at the proper places." She was all wrong, this figure of a grenadier, and so presently I wandered back to the thing in the middle of the road. Looking miserably at all the names to be seen, I spotted my round-about *cul-de-sac* right close by. I was so pleased that I found the right 'bus a minute after!

I wonder if one has a different accent for policemen and other polite persons from what one uses to savages. I scored, though, over the clerk at the bureau. "Iss betterr you spik Ingleesh?" he suggested. I wasn't going to stand this! "Look here," I said, in unmistakable Saxon, "I prefer the scrunch of my French to the squeak of your English. *J'ai l'honneur de vous dire que si vous ne pouvez pas me trouver une chambre plus tranquille je . . . !*" However, tit for tat—he always pretends now that he can't understand me over the telephone, and sends up the waiter every blessed time to ask what I want! I suppose it's because I wear sandals. I'll try him with heels and hobble skirt.

I suppose the Tuileries and things are still in Paris; Madame Sarah Bernhardt certainly is. I suppose one ought to see as much as one can, but what if you don't want to? I have seen the French children. They are adorable! A little duck passed me by the Madeleine and held up one finger. I laughed and winked, and when we both looked back she came running to ask me to go to the dancing! The governess told me she was five, but she looked too enchanted, I think, ever to have been ordinarily born. And they're all gay and graceful, even the gamins.

Inadvertently I became possessed of "Le Journal" instead of the "Les Débats." "Good God," I groaned, "so this has gone the way of all Press—advertisements sneaking in as literary matter!" Then I saw, and rushed back for the right paper. Ah, what a wit of a journal! I even found its anti-Socialism seductive so long as I read. I just caught sight of myself in the glass with that face of a malicious, delicious cut which La Simone is making popular. How horrid!

Alice Morning.

### THE SECOND COMING.

God looking down on earth  
Saw man in wickedness,  
And virtue in a dearth  
Him greatly did distress.

He cried to all His host  
His pity for mankind,  
And then the Holy Ghost  
Emergèd from His mind.

"Let Christ be born again,"  
Was God Almighty's word,  
Which split the heart in twain  
Of Satan as he heard.

In London's darkest street  
There dwelt in poverty  
A woman good and meet,  
And blessed in virginity.

God saw her in her stall  
In low and humble state,  
Whose choice on her did fall  
To bear The Advocate.

The Devil howled with rage,  
And round her drew the night;  
Him Michael did engage,  
And filled her house with light.

A messenger God sent  
To tide the Holy Dove,  
Who swept the firmament  
Like lightning from above.

And touching on the ground,  
He doffed his raiment bright,  
A beggar's garment found  
To clothe him in man's sight.

To find the holy maid  
He crawled through the night,  
For hands were on him laid,  
Which from him tore his sight.

The woman took his hand,  
Him to her hovel led;  
He told her God's command,  
And heavenwards from her fled.

The Holy Ghost descended;  
The Devil went stone-blind.  
The Holy Ghost ascended;  
He went out of his mind.

Revengeful Satan now,  
Resenting God's good end,  
Bending his gloomy brow,  
Did earth deep darkness send.

And in a bitter strife,  
By slavery depraved,  
Men fought for bread of life;  
Not anyone was saved.

The time of birth approached;  
The fiends of Satan danced,  
On Paradise encroached,  
For evil earth bechanced.

Then Time stopped in its glass;  
The heavens did cover in dread;  
And when that hour did pass,  
The Christ was brought forth dead.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

#### A FANTASIA.

##### IMAGINATION.

I wandered far, knee-deep in Fancy's flowers,  
Where cowslip bells chime out the fairy hours,  
And there I heard the piping strains of Pan  
Blowing sweet tunes to charm the soul of man;  
And from a festooned dell of cool, green shade,  
Dancing with joy, appeared a fairy maid;  
And she, a happy train of fairies led  
Who make their homes in acorns, so 'tis said.

##### REALITY.

Where mammon lurks, and ugly buildings sprawl,  
And Rent and Profits show their fangs o'er all,  
Where grey fogs cling, where sewers smell quite strong,  
An organ played the latest ragtime song;  
In filthy rags the children danced with glee,  
They clapped their hands, they laughed at misery.  
And I looked on, and Hatred like a flame  
Burned fierce within me at this sorry game.

##### DIVINE LOVE.

If I were trusted with the moon,  
Or if the sun I had to steer,  
Heaven grant me this last little boon,  
The first would not avail, I fear.  
I'd guide it here and set the world on fire,  
And fan with winds the red flames mounting higher,  
Until no shred of this mean puppet show  
Was left to smoulder or to glow.

WILLIAM REPTON.

#### DAY AND NIGHT.

O! my laughter night did rend,  
Light flashed out from end to end,  
And my heart with all my veins  
Was a horse and they its reins,  
With which I the sky about  
Galloped and drove darkness out!

Ah! red Satan looming up,  
Overset my happy cup,  
Turned it down on me instead,  
Buried me with all the dead,  
Shut me in with darkness tight,  
Underneath the cap of night.

CHARLES CUNNINGHAM.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### MR. VERDAD AND THE "NEW WITNESS."

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a letter in your columns by Mr. S. Verdad, containing copious references to myself and my supposed opinions. I shall not attempt to deal with it at length, but there is one point concerning which I should be grateful for the small space that may be necessary to make my position clear.

Mr. Verdad revives against me the accusation of what he calls "Jew-baiting." Now, when this charge is made in the organs of Cadbury and Mond, I pass it by; from such sources one does not expect either sincerity or intelligence. With THE NEW AGE the case is different. It is essentially an organ of honest inquiry devoted to the propagation of ideas; and one knows that those who write for it as well as those who read it are capable of following an intelligible line of thought, even if they cannot give it their assent.

It is absolutely untrue that I am "a Jew-baiter" or "an Anti-Semite," if these vague phrases be taken to mean a person who dislikes Jews as such or a person who desires to inflict some injury upon them. I do not dislike Jews, and I do not wish to see them in any way injured or oppressed. What I have said about the Jews has always been quite simple and consistent, whether it be right or wrong. I stated it most fully, I think, in an article I wrote about a year ago in the "British Review," called "Israel a Nation," and all that I have written in the "New Witness" has been on the same line.

What I say is that there is a Jewish problem, just as there is an Irish problem. I say that those two problems, different in so many ways, are the same in this that they are created by the apparently permanent existence of an unabsorbed nationality within the British State. I say that in the Jewish case the evil is complicated by certain special circumstances; by the distribution of the Jews throughout Europe, everywhere influential, yet everywhere unabsorbed, and by the great wealth of some of them which makes them so formidable an international power. I consider that the influence of such men on the Governments of the various European States is a menace both to nationality and to European tradition. I have further pointed out that an unpleasant by-product of the anomaly is this, that, while the best kind of Jew usually holds himself more or less aloof from our affairs, the worst kind of Jew, inevitably destitute of public spirit, and regarding the nation on which he lives, as an English opium trader would regard China, simply as a prey, acquires under a plutocracy like ours an enormous and most mischievous influence.

I have also said, though more tentatively, that I do not believe a solution to be possible along the lines of absorption, still less along those of persecution—which, in any case, I should regard as criminal—but that I think that we shall ultimately, though not without difficulty, find the solution along the lines of a recognition of Jewish nationality, accompanied by certain privileges and certain consequent restrictions—in point of fact, along the line of what you might call "Home Rule."

That is my position on the Jewish problem, and I do not think that I have ever written a sentence that is either inconsistent with it or goes much beyond it. Mr. Verdad can call it "Anti-Semitism" if he likes. It would seem more reasonable to call it "Semitism."

In regard to what Mr. Verdad has to say about the Marconi question, I think, with the utmost respect to him, that readers of THE NEW AGE will prefer to believe the sworn testimony of its Editor. I subjoin a quotation from Mr. Orage's evidence before the Marconi Committee:

8067. How came you to be interested in the subject of the Marconi agreement?—From the paragraphs and the articles that appeared in the "Eye-Witness" in the first case.

8068. You had some articles, I think, in THE NEW AGE on the subject?—The first article appeared on September 26.

8069. What was the purport of that article?—The purport of that article was rather to make fun of Mr. Belloc and of those who were canvassing the inquiry—the Marconi affair—and to say that for ourselves we had no basis, no evidence whatever, but that after the Insurance Act of Mr. Lloyd George we could practically believe anything of him.

8070. Did you have another article?—We had a later article the week following the debate in Parliament—on October 17.

8071. Did you keep to the same line? We drew the same conclusion from the debate as from the articles that appeared. We said that with the circumstantial evidence available to us we would not hang a dog on it.

It would therefore appear that, whatever Mr. Verdaz may have written, his writing produced but a faint impression on the mind of his chief.

CECIL CHESTERTON,  
Editor, "The New Witness."

\* \* \*

#### STATE OR NATION?

Sir,—In the Guild Catechism given in THE NEW AGE, April 2 last, we are told:—

"A National Guild is such a Guild chartered by the State to carry on an industry nationally."

"Economic power," as you are aware, "precedes political power." The power of a State may be less than the power of a nation. The power of an empire also may be less than the power of a nation. I suppose the "Writers of the Guild" articles will agree that both a State and a nation are rather a combination of people than merely the government of a people? I am simply asking for information in the cause of precision. May I, therefore, beg someone to answer through your columns the following inquiry—What, in the above definition, is actually meant by the terms "national" and "State"—what are they, what do each comprise?

My meaning will be plain if you will allow me to quote a description of the empire which occurs in an article sent elsewhere by me. It reads:—

"THE EMPIRE."

- (1) **PARAMOUNT**:—The Sovereign National State of 60,000,000 white citizens and Britons; in five countries comprising a kingdom of 8,000,000 square miles.
- (2) **SECONDARY**:—Its mainly tropical empire of 360,000,000 brown, black, and yellow unorganised subjects of various races; governed by the first; in countries comprising about one-third of all British territory, on 4,000,000 square miles.

I might also point out that the soil—the "country"—the "kingdom"—is an economic national "resource"; ninety-nine per cent. of economists ignore this. Furthermore, it is useful to remember, in this connection that the four Dominion Citizen States include 9,000,000 citizens (not "subjects") of United Kingdom origin; 1,000,000 are of United Kingdom birth. In Canada, 4,000,000 are of U.K. origin; another 2,000,000, Anglo-Normans, are of six generations of British descent; 800,000 are of U.K. birth; while 88 per cent. of Canadians are British-born. Are these foreigners or British nationals?

A. G. CRAFTER.

P.S.—Demonstrably the Dominion States are not "nations." Demonstrably "the empire" is not a State or a Power. Again, an organic community or State of Britons cannot be subject to a British community.

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#### THE DUALITY OF REFORM.

Sir,—Mr. Bertram Pope draws attention to what he considers to be an inconsistency between my articles which have appeared in THE NEW AGE and the "Daily Herald," viz., that in THE NEW AGE I said that reform was to come from above, and in the "Daily Herald" it was to come from below.

Now, this difference is to be understood only by reference to the subjects discussed. My position is that there are certain things which the people can be trusted to do, and certain things which they may not. In our society there are two types of problems; there are some which depend upon a sense of justice and humanity, and we are justified in saying that the solution of such problems as depend upon these must come from the people; for the people are strong in precisely these things. But with the problem of the arts it is different. The solution of the problems which they present depend upon fine æsthetic perceptions which are unfortunately only possessed by the few. They require very delicate handling, and it is idle to expect the people to solve them. In speaking to the democracy about such problems, the best advice is to tell them not to meddle—to be willing to be guided, but in questions of justice and humanity they should be advised to assert themselves. As duality appears to enter into everything, why should we not recognise it in the sphere of social reform?

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

#### MR. PENTY AND ART.

Sir,—Mr. Penty's brickwork illustration does not at all convince me of the wealthy client's necessity to good work, for the standards by which a confessed mediævalist should judge work are surely based on the expression of the actual workman in his work—not on the actual result of conditions forced upon him from above. Like Ruskin, the mediævalist must condemn or praise more on ethical than æsthetic principles—else, why mediævalist instead of Greek?

The failure of the Gothic revival of mid-Victorian times surely demonstrates this. A failure by no means due in many cases to a lack of skill or æsthetic knowledge on the part of the architects, but to the conditions necessary to wage slavery obtaining amongst the labour employed.

In "Modern Painters" we find Ruskin telling us that in his "works on Architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another, is founded on a comparison of their influences on the life of the workman"—and in the chapter on the nature of Gothic so highly—and, I think, rightly—praised by Mr. Penty, is the following:—

"But in the mediæval, or especially Christian, system of ornament, this slavery is done away with altogether; Christianity having recognised, in small things as well as great, the individual value of every soul. . . . And it is, perhaps, the principal admirableness of the Gothic schools of architecture, that they thus receive the results of the labour of inferior minds; and out of fragments full of imperfection, and betraying that imperfection in every touch, indulgently raise up a stately and unaccusable whole."

The imposed culture and æsthetics of the Renaissance having long broken up—we are passing in matters of art through a barbaric period, and, I believe—my sympathies being ethic, and, therefore, mediævalist—that the art of the future, if we are to have any, must rise, like Gothic, on a frank recognition of the inferiorities and limitations of average labour freed from servile wage conditions—not from any imposed culture. I speak, of course, of Art organic with society—exceptional artists will produce Art in any society. We have some even now!

HAYDN R. MACKAY.

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#### ON ADVERTISING.

Sir,—Advertising power precedes economic, political, and many other kinds of power. I would like to bring "the lesson" home to THE NEW AGE. THE NEW AGE is notoriously a paper of no importance; in fact, so great an authority on the Press as Mr. R. A. Scott-James does not know of its existence. Even papers that quote from it do not know of it. The Editor is to blame. He has hidden his light under a bushel; in short, he has not advertised. With the sincere desire to help THE NEW AGE, I offer my services as advertising consultant. What is required is something dignified yet blatant, artistic yet commercial: something that announces to all the world that your work is more arduous than that of anyone else, and that you are able to overtake it—thanks to a 2s. 9d. bottle of —. I suggest a Sanatogen puff would suit your case.

"During my arduous labours of the last seven years, I have been enabled to work at high intellectual pressure by taking regular doses of Sanatogen. I do not think it is too much to say: No Sanatogen, no Guilds."

(Signed) EDITOR: NEW AGE.

(Never squirm and blush, Sir, you are in good company. Why, Arnold Bennett, who, you know, believes in the immortality of the soul and knows his Marcus Aurelius, says: "The tonic effect of Sanatogen on me is simply wonderful.") Write such an advertisement of yourself for somebody else, and in a month not a single Labour member but will have heard of the National Guilds.

As I have mentioned these literary and artistic tonics, perhaps it would not be impertinent to ask Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Edwin Pugh how they came to take their respective tonics. Did not Mr. Pugh boast himself a swordsman, and bid all who tackled him look to their weapons? Well, Edwin, draw your—tongue from your cheek, and parry these thrusts: How came you to take Phospherine? Did you write for a free sample? Was your testimonial unsolicited? And now, Mr. Arnold Bennett (take a spoonful of Sanatogen and repeat a text from Marcus Aurelius), answer: Did you ever receive a free supply of Sanatogen?

One of the most efficiently advertised business concerns

in the British Emporium is the I.C.S.—the International Correspondence Schools. At one time this organisation was pleased to be assisted by Labour M.P.'s; but now nothing less than baronets suffice. Under the auspices of the I.C.S. there was lately delivered in Glasgow a lecture on "Advertising and Selling as a Career," by Mr. Thomas Russell, president of the Incorporated Society of Advertisement Consultants. The lecturer said "that advertising was the most economical method which had ever been discovered of selling a meritorious product. Who paid for advertising? The only conclusion was that the person who paid for it was the man who did not advertise. Some people thought newspapers carried too many advertisements, but he would remind his hearers that but for advertisements Glasgow could not produce the good newspapers it did." Sir John Ure Primrose, who presided over the meeting, said "he firmly believed advertisement in its higher form was only at the dawn of its existence." At the close of the meeting it was announced that Sir John was willing to offer a loving cup to Scottish students for the best essay on "Salesmanship" by an I.C.S. pupil. It seems that Sir John is not the only baronet to offer a prize for an essay on "Salesmanship" by an I.C.S. student. For I read in the "Daily News and Leader" a report of a meeting held in Kingsway Hall: "Mr. Robert Donald presented Mr. Harry Daintith with a silver rose-bowl presented by Sir John Barker as prize for the best essay on 'Salesmanship.' Mr. Donald announced that similarly Sir John Ure Primrose was giving a silver rose-bowl for competition in Scotland." Probably the rose-bowl was substituted for the loving-cup not to offend the weak intellect of Mr. H. E. Morgan, author of "The Dignity of Business," who, in the course of his remarks at this meeting, said: "The business man of the future will avoid stimulants." But to return to our baronets. Sir John Ure Primrose and Sir John Barker, will ye swear on your honour as true knights that ye did truly buy the silver rose-bowls? The "Daily News and Leader" supports this campaign. Mr. Thomas Russell's speeches are reported as regularly as those of a Cabinet Minister. Here is a quotation from his latest speech: "Newspaper advertising was unquestionably the mainstay of the publicity business, and it was going to increase. Candour and honesty were absolutely essential in successful advertising, for, if the public once caught you in an untruth, your trade was damaged."

Mr. Dyson, who makes the mistake of drawing fat men instead of drawing for them, once drew a picture of a benevolent Fat man looking with sorrow upon a child who was playing on the seashore. Fat man soliloquises thus: "What a waste of time! Playing there when he might be doing something useful." I am surprised that Mr. Dyson was not told by "The Limit" directorate that he was offensive thus to suggest that even a Fat man would take advantage of a child if he could. The truth is, Mr. Dyson was late in the field, or rather on the seashore. The Fat man had already visited the seashore and employed the children usefully. True, he did not carry them off to the factory; but he gave them flags to play with—and to advertise his paper. I think it was one of yours, Lord Northcliffe!

The child is one of the advertising assets of the future. Before me, as I write, lies a little book of the story of Cinderella. On the inside title page are these words: "Presented to their Little Friends with all good wishes, by the proprietors of Hudson's Soap." Just think of the kindly spirit that prompted Messrs. R. S. Hudson to this act, to lead children to "faery lands forlorn" where the princess doubtless uses Hudson's soap.

It is hard to keep pace with "advertisement in its higher form." When I started this letter I had intended to finish with a satiric suggestion that the churches should begin to advertise. Alas, my pen is so slow that any such suggestion is too late. Although the Compiler of Current Cant has already given the readers of this journal one or two specimens of religious advertisements, I do not think he has given anything to beat this: "Getting back to God is getting back to the sources of supply. . . . As a practical man, I advise every business man in Baltimore to go to church to-morrow."

From church advertisement it is but one step to celestial advertisement, and that I am almost sure is now accomplished. I am quite sure that none of the late Mr. Barrett's friends who have been writing "publicity" notices of his death in the "Daily News and Leader" will think me offensive to the memory of their friend if I suggest that his first inquiry when he reached heaven was: Have you used Pears' Soap?

JAMES H. BENZIES.

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

Sir,—Much of my occupation has been taken away from me, but I can still run between the drops and pick up a few crumbs. Which other of your contributors, for example, has discovered in the "Raid Daily Mail" a letter signed "W. P. N.," and hailing from Pondoland? Not one, I'll be bound. But "W. P. N." writes of THE NEW AGE as "the most fearless and thoughtful paper published in England to-day." The "Worker," the official organ of the South African Labour party, also mentions THE NEW AGE, and quotes largely from your notes on the recent strike. In the "Daily Herald" of Friday last Mr. Robert Williams employs, with a bow to THE NEW AGE, your excellent word, "blacklegproof." I think this may now be added to "profiteering" and "wagery" as contributions of THE NEW AGE to the Socialist and general vocabulary. Have you any more? For words are very powerful. O, and yes—Mr. Massingham, in the "Daily News" recently, had an article on pamphleteering; and he actually said that "THE NEW AGE writers were by no means bad hands at the game." Fancy that! But I imagine that it is no game to your writers; and I hope it may be the death of your victims. At the Sheffield Y.M.C.A. during the present summer, Mr. F. J. Adkins, M.A., is delivering a series of fourteen lectures on "Guilds: Mediæval and Modern." No mention of THE NEW AGE is made in the Syllabus that I have seen; but the concluding lectures obviously refer to National Guilds. By the way, I am pleased to see that the book is out at last. Surely, it is a fortunate coincidence that at the darkest hour of THE NEW AGE the sun of your book should begin to rise! It is your readers' turn now to spread the ideas. I expect you have noted the indications elsewhere of the adoption of the National Guilds programme. The Brewery Workers of Spitalfields, for instance, propose "that the workers in this industry shall be organised economically not only to fight for a fairer share of what we produce, but to assist in retiring the capitalist class from business." I drink to them! The Liverpool Postmen have a similar resolution down for discussion at their next Conference. And the Church Socialist League—have you seen the resolution proposed by the Hastings and St. Leonards Branch? Feast your eyes upon it: "That this Conference, recognising that no scheme of social reconstruction can emancipate the workers which does not provide them with a substantial share in the control of industry, affirms its belief in partnership between the State and associations of workers in National Guilds as the only just and stable basis for a re-building of society." As a National Guild itself, the Church is wise and generous in promoting National Guilds in other areas. May the resolution be carried.

PRESS-CUTTER.

\* \* \*

#### THANKSGIVING.

Sir,—The service of solemn thanksgiving for the blessing of sight" held on Sunday last, in St. Paul's Cathedral, seems to pave the way for a whole series of solemn thanksgivings.

If we are mindful of *all* our blessings, surely we must next hold a "National Service in the Great National Church"\* to give thanks to God that we are not all deaf. It is, doubtless, a source of self-congratulation that we have eyes to read the "Times," that we have ears to hear the wisdom of the Bishop of London, and voices to raise in thanksgiving that we are not as other men, blind, deaf, or dumb; that we can enjoy the sweet incense of spring, and are not all of us paralytic.

But the pity of it that our spiritual leaders should not rather lift up their voices in fierce and fearless denunciation of the hidden vice that is responsible for the blindness of so many innocent babes; of the employers' greed of gain that forces our weary brothers and sisters to wear out their eyesight, day and night, in sweated labour.

If the tremendous spiritual force, believed to be set free by those "40,000 services in churches of all creeds" became the inspiration of a great crusade against those horrors of our civilisation, it would lead to far other results than the mere rousing of the emotion of a moment expended in thanksgiving to God that He in His infinite mercy and royal bounty has graciously made *us*, at any rate, normal human beings!

S. M. W.

\*"Times," May 7.

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