

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We can no longer complain that Trade Unionism is not discussed. To-day everybody's doing it. Last week, indeed, saw an orgy of discussion such as has not been witnessed for many a year. From the "Times" to the "Daily Express," from the "New Statesman" to the "Spectator," every journal (with the single exception, we believe, of the "Saturday Review," notorious for its stupidity) contained references of a more or less intelligent kind to the problem we have been considering almost alone in these columns for the last few years. What, we may ask, has been the burden of it all? So far as we are able to summarise a very widespread and pentecostal debate, the conclusions appear to fall into two schools—to give them a dignified name—of thought: into the school that now professes to believe that Trade Unionism is a spent force and a failure; and the school that hopes for a new forward movement among Trade Unionists, but dreads lest it should turn out to be the movement towards National Guilds associated with THE NEW AGE. Of the former we may mark for brief discussion the "Times," the "Spectator," and the "Daily Express,"—all, it will be noted, Unionist in politics—more's the pity! Of the latter, the most noticeable are the "Nation" and the "New Statesman."

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Two or three articles in the "Times" have formed the chief text, as was only to be expected, of the comments in the "Spectator" and the other Unionist journals. Written, we are told, by working men, they state with a good deal of common sense a criticism of modern Trade Unionism which, if it can be believed, might have been and, in fact, has often been written by ourselves. The writers tell us, for instance, that the association of politics with Trade Unionism is distasteful to the majority of members and has proved of more disadvantage to Trade Unionism than of advantage to politics. Well, we agree; and it is no use the "Spectator" or the "Daily Express" now announcing the criticism as a great new discovery, for we were nearly if not quite the first to make it and to preach it several years ago. Again, the "Times" writers make the practical criticism that all the so-called "reforms" which political Trade Unionism imagines it has persuaded Parliament to pass have led in practice to speeding up and other devices which have much more than counterbalanced their doubtful gains. Once more, however, we not only

agree; but once more we say that we were among the first to point this out. Are we grandmothers to be taught by the "Times" and the "Spectator" how to suck economic eggs? Long ago, and while these journals were supporting in their feeble and hesitating fashion both a political Trade Unionism and much of the legislation to which it led, we were examining and announcing the actual and probable effects of both upon the wage-earners themselves. We said and proved that all the ameliorative legislation in the world would not raise wages generally; nor could even raise them in particular cases except at the expense of the favoured men or at the cost of their fellow wage-slaves. This criticism, therefore, like the first, has nothing new for us, and consequently cannot be regarded as damaging to Socialists. A third point made by the protégés of the "Times" is that Trade Unions as at present directed do not give their members value for money. They are costly to run, both in money and in time, and it is doubtful whether either conditions or wages have been at all improved by them. For the third time, however, we must say that we not only agree, but we go further in our agreement than the "Times" or the "Spectator" dare venture. It is not "doubtful" in our judgment whether Trade Unions have paid their members in wages or conditions; it is absolutely certain that they have not. We affirm that if Trade Unions had never existed, the income of the proletariat class of to-day would be much the same as it is; for the simple reason that wages depend, like the price of any other commodity, upon supply and demand, and must find their level in a competitive market in despite of all the sentiment and misdirected energy to prevent the process. Yes, indeed, we agree with the most bitter critics of Trade Unionism that the "Times" or any other reactionary journal can put into the field; and we will undertake to parallel from past issues of THE NEW AGE every criticism they can produce. For it is not as if we have had to wait for their help before examining the weaknesses of the cause we nevertheless defend. We have examined them all; we know them all; we defy anybody to mention one we have overlooked.

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But when all has been said that can be said against Trade Unionism how does the case stand for the school of the "Times," the school of the "Nation" and the "New Statesman" and for ourselves? You would suppose from the fulminations of the "Times" that it would at once begin a campaign against Trade Unionism.

Having no belief in its value for the past and present, and being without the smallest hopeful idea of its future, Trade Unionism should be proceeded against by the "Times" as if it were a danger as well to its deluded victims as to the public. Nothing, indeed, ought to be allowed to stand in the way of the performance of this obvious duty. If Trade Unionism has been an expensive luxury for the working-classes and promises before long to be a ruinous luxury, it is not the proletariat who alone will suffer from the climax of the tragedy when it comes; our national position will be involved in it. Hence it is imperative now at this very moment to set about persuading and, if not persuading, forcing, the working-classes to give up their Trade Unionism; and to give it up at once. . . . But do we find the "Times" and the "Spectator" starting out on this crusade? Do we rats? Not afraid to wound (if they can) they are still afraid to strike; or willing to strike, their arm is too weak; for in the end they subside, like all the rest, into an acquiescence in things as they are, with the Englishman's hope that they will not turn out as badly as expected.

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The attitude of the "Nation's" kindergarten on the subject is, as we have suggested, a little more hopeful if no less blind. In its issue of June 6, the "Nation" complains that "both Trade Unionism and Socialism, as working-class movements, are suffering from bewilderment," the "failure of the Labour Party to formulate an industrial political policy" being "a sufficient commentary on the situation." There is no talk here, it will be observed, of the *radical* failure of Trade Unionism; in this respect alone the "Nation" differs from the "Times"; for in other respects the two agree like brothers. Who, for example, assert that Trade Unionism is bewildered in its outlook? Why, both the "Times" and the "Nation." And who point to the failure of the Labour Party to formulate a distinctive policy? Why, the same! And both long after we have exhausted patience in impressing our readers with the facts! But where may the "Nation's" attitude be expected to lead if not to a search for an idea that will clear up the bewilderment of the Trade Unionists and create a germ round which a new Labour programme may grow? As surely as we are entitled to expect that the "Times" to-morrow will begin Union-smashing, we are entitled to expect that the "Nation" will at once begin the discussion of such new ideas as even promise light on Labour questions. But do we see the "Nation" so engaged? Do we mice?

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The reasons for the inconsequential attitudes of the groups represented by the "Times" and the "Nation" respectively are not, however, very recondite. In the case of the "Times," whatever the opinion of its capitalist supporters may be, its writers as well as readers know very well, first, that Trade Unionism is here to stay; secondly, that the past mistakes of Trade Unionism are none of them fatal; and, thirdly, that the least attempt openly to uproot Trade Unionism would not only shake the earth, but shake down a good deal of unripe Labour fruit in the form of revolutionary ideas. The movement may therefore be criticised and deplored as much as you please; but on no account may it be openly resisted. Entirely contrary, therefore, to the conclusions from its declared opinions, the "Times" will be found, we imagine, taking a positive interest in the future of Labour exactly to the extent that Labour takes an interest in its own future. In short, for the "Times" Trade Unionism will always be wrong, but always interesting; and never more interesting than when it is most wrong and therefore most dangerous. We ourselves, in fact, by no means despair of seeing the "Times" very shortly discussing National Guilds and putting the faded beauties of Collectivism in illuminated contrast with them. This prophecy we have made before; and this prophecy we make again more confidently than ever. In the case of the "Nation," however, and of its satellites like Mr. Chiozza Money and

the "New Statesman," the hope they express of the future of Trade Unionism is much like the Scotsman's challenge to be convinced. They are hopeful, but they would like to see the plan that would justify their hope! Having no plan of their own upon the anvil, every other is Utopian when it is not, as Mr. Money says of National Guilds, simply reactionary. The Trade Unions are here, they are here to stay, they are bewildered about their future, but their future is nevertheless assured. But if we venture to speculate about their future—even, rushing in like fools where those angels fear to tread, to *define* the future of Trade Unionism—then we are certainly wrong and our confidence proves it!

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Well, let us take another glance at the progress of our reactionary and Utopian view of the Trade Union prospect and put it in contrast with the absence of views of both the "Times" and the "Nation." As we have seen, the wind is entirely taken out of the sails of the "Times" by our claim to be before it and beyond it in criticisms of Trade Unionism; and no less is it true that the "Nation's" discovery of the bewilderment of the Labour movement has been long ago anticipated. But two facts still remain to distinguish us from our contemporaries, namely, that our criticisms of Trade Unionism are confined wholly to its past mistaken policy, while we maintain that the present "bewilderment" is rapidly passing away. Is it in principles or in practice that the "Nation," for example, desires to see the bewilderment passing away? In both the evidence for our conclusion is unmistakable and is growing. Look, for the principles, to the cautious sayings of the most moderate Trade Union leaders—like Mr. Wardle of the National Union of Railwaymen—or of the most academic of professors of economics—like Professor Muirhead of Birmingham. We take these two as the most recent to come under our notice, but we assure our readers that they could be multiplied indefinitely with more space and time at our command. Mr. Wardle in the "Railway News" has in a series of articles very ably disposed of every principle of Trade Unionism save the principle we have enunciated, of the Guild. Not by means of Social Reform, not by means of Collectivism, not by means of Syndicalism, will Trade Unionism, he says, accomplish its spiritual object of emancipating the wage-labourer or its material object of raising wages or of bettering conditions, but solely by means of—well, what but National Guilds? We defy Mr. Wardle, for all his shying at our manners, to escape from our ideas; for they are not ours but his own. Professor Muirhead, too, is obviously upon the track of the Guilds, though he leaves his discovery in the modest form (so typical of the professor before a new idea) of points of interrogation. "Are we," he asked at the London School of Economics last week, "at the starting point of a new age?" (Era was the word, of course.) Does not happiness require that we should have "some sort of definite control of the work we do?" A few more questions like these, Professor, and over goes the whole damned economics of the academies!

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Of more "practical" illustrations of the revival of Trade Unionism from the "Nation's" bewilderment" and "collapse," the great Triple Alliance, formally cemented last week and thus at last become an item of news, is not more important for its size than others for their similar direction. We have often remarked that men do not, any more than bees, begin to swarm unless about a queen of some kind; and the swarming of workmen into unions, of unions into federations, of federations into alliances, and of alliances, let us hope, into a grand confederacy of Labour, is sufficient to establish for us the fact of some new and powerful idea in Trade Unionism. What is it? It is true that we have advocated blackleg-proof Unions and complete Trade Federations and national Labour councils; but the motive of mere size would appeal to nobody save the megalomaniac secretaries of a Trade Union. More lies behind the formation of the Triple Alliance and the determination of

every Union to become blackleg-proof than either just the whim of it or even the twopenny 'apenny objects the present Labour leaders imagine. The latter, as we know, fell on sleep in about the year 1906 when forty of them went to bed in Parliament, and have not yet awakened to the meaning of the swarming of the movement. They, if you like, are bewildered; they, if you like, are in a state of mental collapse. And in their restless sleep they snatch at the old formulas of advance—higher wages, better conditions, more holidays, more members of Parliament, etc—as if *these* were the demands of the awakened spirit. But it is not for these that the new spirit is abroad; but for a higher aim—the abolition of the wage-system and the employment of Capital by workmen, instead of Labour by Capitalists. For it is now more than the dream of all (as Mr. Geo. W. Russell said at the Co-operative Conference) “to bring about democracy in industry to replace the aristocratic control of the capitalist. It is the determination. (Strangely enough, the “Spectator,” though with a different meaning, has just said: “in the victory of the democratic over the collectivist ideal lies the best hope of the future.” Or is the meaning really different?)

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An instance more within the comprehension of the Press has been supplied by the Building Federation in happy conjunction with the Theosophical Society—and this we may therefore discuss with some hope of public advantage. Let us say, in the first place, that the true cause of the present lock-out is not so much, as has been supposed, the question of Union or non-Union Labour. Even the best-informed journals, we see, have assumed this to be the case and have discussed the whole campaign upon this assumption. But if our readers would get at the heart of the mystery let them examine the remark of the secretary of the Masters' Federation. It is not, he says, the Unions to which they object; nor is it to the policy of lightning strikes or broken agreements as such. The Masters themselves in exercising the right to combine, the right to dismiss men at short notice, and the right to cancel contracts, are practically in the same boat with the Unions in these matters. What, however, has induced the Masters to undertake their present course is the coming into existence of the *Federation*. That, we are certain, is the root of all their trouble. And why? It is plain from the words of Mr. Dupre: it is because the Federation is suspected, and we hope and believe, rightly suspected, of what are called Syndicalist leanings; in short, the Federation, as distinct from its component Unions, is seeking to abolish the wage-system by obtaining a monopoly of the Labour of its trades and thus forming a Trust of Labour as strong as the opposing Trust of Capital. But will it, can it, succeed? Here we are met on the threshold by the instance of the new form of contract entered into by the Federation on the one side and the individual employers of the Theosophical Society on the other. Of what significance is this?

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We are gratified to observe the considerable discussion that has already taken place upon this new departure. Together, in fact, with the news of the Triple Alliance and of the articles in the “Times,” the new form of contract has monopolised attention during the last week. On one hand there has been, we think, a tendency to exaggerate the importance of the incident, as if it were, what it is not, almost the end instead of merely the beginning, of the movement towards a National Guild. But on the other hand, there has been, notably in the “New Statesman,” a deliberate attempt to underrate its significance. Writing on the subject in its current issue the “New Statesman” remarks that “all that the agreement seems to amount to is that the Trade Union is to act as a Labour Exchange.” But that is very far from being the sum of its meaning. For, in the first place, let us note that it is not one Trade Union, as the “New Statesman” implies, that is directly concerned, but the Federation: that is, a nucleus of a

true Guild. And, in the second place, it is not true, as the “New Statesman” says, that the Federation accepts no more responsibility than a State Labour Exchange; it explicitly guarantees to supply not only labour, but efficient labour, and to be responsible for the proper execution of the work. This latter clause of the agreement, indeed, which the “New Statesman” characteristically overlooks, is the most significant feature for the moment of the whole event; for with the guarantee goes the promise of an entirely new attitude of organised Labour towards work in general. For what else but for the efficiency of their labour can Guilds be expected to be responsible? Their labour, in fact, is their only responsibility. The “New Statesman,” in its further remarks, makes it clear that its notion of what ought to be is of the Federation assuming financial responsibilities: that is, we suppose, becoming possessed of property and of capital. But that is the last thing that ought to be desired, for if the Federation were to become a Trust of Capital as well as of Labour, not all the discrimination in the world could distinguish it from a co-operative profiteering institution. We hope, in fact, that the Federation will precisely not accept any financial responsibility while its monopoly still covers only the labour of its members; but confine itself to assuming responsibility and giving guarantees of efficiency for its labour alone.

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But if the incident has been underrated, it has also been exaggerated. The “Daily Herald,” for example, with all the enthusiasm of a hen laying its first egg, writes of it as likely to revolutionise Labour conditions almost immediately, we gather! Certainly the event is of tremendous importance; and naturally THE NEW AGE has no object in denying it. But careful reflection should precede any announcement that it means more than it does mean. What we are prepared to accept as its significance are the following conclusions: it proves our contention that the control of its labour is the inevitable object of Trade Unionism, and an object of which a Trade Union becomes consciously aware in exact proportion to its approach towards a monopoly. Secondly, it proves our contention that the working-classes are by nature more honest and more public-spirited than the capitalist oligarchy, since they no sooner begin to control their own labour than they at once accept responsibility both for its efficiency and for the execution of the work done. What employers, with their eyes glued upon profits, have hitherto undertaken any such public guarantees? We know, in fact, that there have been few. But Labour, on the other hand, enters life, as it were, with a claim to be responsible; and thereby surely entitles itself to the respect of every real social reformer. Thirdly, the event proves our contention that if only a Union can hold out for honourable conditions, honourable conditions will be offered to it. After all, labour even in these days is still a necessity; and a necessity that does not diminish with the increased skill of its owners or with their increased demands. Had the builders gone back to work on the first or even upon the second ballot, as they were instructed by their leaders, would the Theosophical Society, we ask, have made their present advance? Still less would it have been the case, *as it is now*, that scores of architects and employers would be clamouring round the doors of the Federation with offers of contractual partnership? The lock-out, we know very well, has meant much suffering to the men involved. Their resistance has been heroic. But to have forced the new agreement into existence and to have opened the road to emancipation from the wage-system will prove, we are sure, to have been worth and worthy of it all.

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On the other hand, there are several cautions to be made against putting too much strain upon a single incident in the campaign for economic freedom. To begin with, the Building Federation, while, for all practical

purposes, a monopoly of one form of building Labour, is not yet a monopoly of all the Labour indispensable to a complete Building Guild. The architects themselves, for example, are still outside; so too are the surveyors, the quantity men and at least half a dozen other skilled departments of the building industry. It is essential before counting the industry a true Guild that these should be included in the Federation, if not integrally then by a close and sympathetic association. Again, it is far enough as yet from being the case, as Guild principles would demand, that the men engaged through the Federation should also be paid by the Federation. The Theosophical Society, we understand, undertake to pay the men selected by the Federation the Trade Union rate of wages and to refer all disputes to the Federation for settlement. But in this respect the Federation is, indeed, little more than a Labour Exchange, only differing from the Government article in the important matter of accepting responsibility. Yet what responsibility can the Federation as a Federation actually assume when, in fact, as a Federation it has neither power nor privilege? To approximate to, let alone to become, a Guild, the Federation would need to act as not merely the supplier of the labour of its members, but as the corporate owner of it. Not only would it contract with employers to supply Labour, but it would contract with its members to pay them out of the proceeds accruing to the Federation itself. A third caveat must be entered against expecting too much from the Federation and the present experiment. As Mr. Shaw has pointed out long after it had been pointed out to him, the officials of the Federation have been selected, not for their ability to organise industry, but for their ability to disorganise industry. In other words they have been selected for Trade Union purposes and not for the purposes of a Guild. It is pleasing, therefore, to find them even so willing as they are, to revolutionise their functions and, in the midst of holding up industry, to turn aside and to begin to build it up anew; but too much, it is obvious, may easily be expected of them. Mr. Stennett, we see, has been censured by the "Daily Herald" for preferring to go slowly when the "Daily Herald" in its ignorance would plunge like a buffalo. But Mr. Stennett is not, in all probability, a genius in guild organisation; nor has he, we imagine, much talent in this direction to count upon in his committee. Time will be required, in short, to shuffle the cards and to bring to the top of the Federation the men who are best able to continue the work where the old type of Trade Unionist feels he must leave off.

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Finally, we are concerned that not all our eggs should be supposed to be contained in the Builders' basket. The new movement is important and deserves all the attention that has been given to it. It is, as the "Times" admits, a "striking new development." As the "Spectator" says: "the new move is clearly a step towards the realisation of the Syndicalist [Guild-Socialist, rather] aim of eliminating the capitalist and instituting direct relations between Labour and the public." As the "Manchester Guardian" remarks: "the principle of organised Labour entering industry as *organised Labour* is here admitted." Yes, it is all these, and of immense importance they are as an answer to the charge that Trade Unionism is moribund and has no conception of its future. To this charge, in fact, the action of the Builders is a complete and triumphant reply. But we are still very deep in the wood of the wage-system; and not one failure, if by evil chance the present experiment should prove a failure, nor a hundred possible failures, must be allowed to count as a final defeat. We, at any rate, shall prepare ourselves for the worst as well as for the best that may result from the Builders' action. To safeguard it properly, it needs that every other Federation should simultaneously adopt the same principle and each carry it out as well as it can. One or other of them would be sure then to find the right road out of the wage-system.

## Current Cant.

"Labour and discipline."—The "Star."

"The great family of Guinness."—T. P. O'CONNOR.

"The right place to cut prices is in the factory."—HERBERT N. CASSON.

"Our policy is forward all along the line."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"As a finished product, the gentleman seems to do everything very easily."—The "Times."

"In the old days before the slime of Socialism had been left upon Fleet Street. . . ."—The "Referee."

"People the people love . . . Sir George Alexander."—"Mackirdy's Weekly."

"The weakest point in the trade union policy is that it pays no attention to merit."—JUSTICE LAWRENCE.

"It takes a very good novelist to write a decent cheque."—"St. James's Gazette."

"The 'Star,' a newspaper which is invariably friendly to all advanced movements."—"Literary Guide."

"We, on our part, offer the Labour Party our chief thanks for whatever check has been placed on the attempt to intimidate Parliament by plots of mutiny and rebellion hatched in Berkeley Square. . . ."—The "Socialist Review."

"One may call the cinema the penny civiliser, or the 'tanner' university, but its influence is real, far-reaching, and positive, nevertheless. It is better and easier to learn from life than from books."—CARL HOLLIDAY, in the "World's Work."

"Englishmen have reason to be grateful to General Botha."—"Morning Post."

"We are all proud of the Empire."—"F. C. M.," in the "Academy."

"The cinemas, fortunately, are open."—"New Weekly."

"The middle classes stand for stability and convictions; the other classes for moods and fancies."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"The capacity to beat records may, indeed, be taken as a test whereby to judge artists as well as aviators."—FRANCIS GRIBBLE, in "Everyman."

"As a whole, the Ipswich voting shows no repudiation of the policy of the Government."—"News and Leader."

"See what the 'News and Leader' says about it. Founded by Charles Dickens."—The "Star."

"Force always invites force, by the inevitable law of action and reaction."—The "New Weekly."

"'Punch' is a national institution. . . . Send to the Secretary, 'Punch' Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. You will be well rewarded."—The "New Witness."

"In spite of police raids and the prosecution of Mr. Drew, the printer of the 'Suffragette,' the W.S.P.U. appears more lively than ever."—"Daily Herald."

"There is enough 'advanced thought' in 'Pygmalion,' by the way, to terrify the gentle Labour Party out of its wits."—G. R. S. TAYLOR, in the "Daily Herald."

"£2 to £10 weekly for one hour of your time daily. With an idea and £2 to start, I made £5,000 in two years."—Advt. in the "Daily Citizen."

### CURRENT SARCASM.

"This eminently refined act of modern warfare will probably inspire the pious President of the United States with hope for the future government of Mexico under the tender care of his dear friend."—G. R. S. TAYLOR, in the "Daily Herald."

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It is rather surprising that nothing more than a bare reference has been made in the London Press to the important negotiations concerning naval strategy which have been proceeding for some time between this country and Russia. As is well known—the fact, I believe, was first stated in these columns—almost complete arrangements have been entered into whereby, in the event of a war between England and Germany, the defence of the Mediterranean is, for the time being, at any rate, to be entrusted to the French fleet. Our own naval strength in the Mediterranean at the present moment is hardly worth counting, while, as I mentioned a week or two ago, rapid progress is being made with the additions to the Austrian navy; and the Italian fleet is being kept at what was practically its Tripoli war strength.

It is more than two years since I had to refer to German naval preparations in the Baltic; and at that time the prospect for Russia was not nearly so hopeful as it is now. There was a great deal of excitement in St. Petersburg over the suspected German designs on the coast of Finland; and it was fully believed that German emissaries were responsible for the unrest in the Duchy which was causing so much annoyance. This annoyance, as I also stated when the matter was being discussed, was intensified by the efforts of some misguided "friends of Finland" on this side of the North Sea to secure what they deemed to be "fairer treatment" for their protégés. Unfortunately, the strategic necessity of Finland to Russia was not taken into account by these people, who appeared to imagine that it would not matter in the least if Finland became independent (in accordance with the alleged promise of some Tsar, made more than a century ago), and even secured from the parent country sufficient power to make her own arrangements, diplomatic and otherwise, with foreign nations.

The Balkan war, from the Russian point of view, changed the whole situation for the better. Germany was deprived of the immediate assistance of her chief ally; Italy was busy on the shores of Northern Africa; and the Servians, the particular friends of the Tsar in that part of Europe, alone appeared to have derived a genuine advantage from the war. Disputes with Austria led to the strengthening of the Russian army; favourable negotiations between St. Petersburg and Paris resulted in what was, in effect, a new Russian loan. Further negotiations with this country relating to Persia enabled us to make certain terms, which have not yet been published, with regard to the use of the Russian navy in time of war. Only within the last eighteen months or so, it may have been remarked, has the real reconstruction of the Russian fleet been proceeded with; and it is being carried out to a great extent under the eyes of British experts.

As the negotiations have not yet come to a conclusion, I am not in a position to state what their tenor is likely to be; but it will be sufficient, in the meantime, to say that, when they are at length ended, we shall have an arrangement in the North Sea with Russia similar to that which we have entered into with France in connection with the defence of our interests in the Mediterranean. In other words, if a German naval attack on us were contemplated, the attacking vessels would have to reckon with the Russian Baltic fleet, which, by the time the English experts have finished with it, will be a very powerful squadron indeed. If a German attack were actually made—the warships leaving their ports in secret before the Russian Fleet could approach—the result would be as good for us and as bad for the enemy. The Russian ships would simply ravage the German coast and cover the landing of Russian forces at chosen points.

It was Bismarck's maxim that "We must never quarrel with Russia." The maxim has not been forgotten; but modern German statesmen, unfortunately for themselves, have not been able to carry out Bismarck's corollary, and that was that Russia and Russian interests should be deflected as far as possible to the Orient; preferably the farther Orient. The set-back in Manchuria nine or ten years ago turned Russia's attention to the Near East and to Europe; and there was not sufficient material in Persia to keep the Tsar's advisers occupied all the time. The Turkish revolution in 1908, followed by the counter-revolution in 1909, obviously re-opened the whole Balkan question; and the Tripoli war of 1911 and the Balkan war of 1912-13 definitely fixed Russia's thoughts on Europe and withdrew them, for the time being, from Asia. The Russian designs on Mongolia have not been given up, and her encroachments on Chinese territory continue with remarkable steadiness and regularity; but the great game for the next generation or so will be played in Europe and in the Near East.

The "Berliner Tageblatt" has referred to the naval negotiations I have mentioned, suggesting that they are not likely to improve Anglo-German relations. This, I fear, is evident enough; but, then, they are not meant to. Their object is to lay down a new naval policy of co-operation; and, however much the "Berliner Tageblatt" (reflecting for once the views of the German Government) may be annoyed, this object has already been very nearly achieved. It is significant enough, in spite of the official disclaimers, that a knowledge of this fact has brought about an arrangement by which the German Minister of Marine, Admiral von Tirpitz, is to travel with the Kaiser to visit the heir to the Austrian throne, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, at the latter's Bohemian seat of Konopischt, a few days after the publication of this number of THE NEW AGE. There is no doubt that a very important conference will be held at this meeting, and that this conference will relate almost exclusively to the latest move of the Triple Entente and the best measures which can be adopted to counteract it. The Archduke, as his friends and enemies know very well, prides himself upon being an authority on naval matters.

It has been said by some papers abroad that when King George was in Paris a few weeks ago he discussed with the French Admiralty authorities certain naval plans relating both to the Baltic and to the Mediterranean, and that the visit of the Kaiser and Admiral von Tirpitz to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand is due to these conversations in Paris. This is hardly correct. For one thing, the political powers of King George are very much more limited than those of the Kaiser or the Archduke; and, for another, King George has never professed to be deeply acquainted with the mysteries of international strategy. His Majesty is, I understand, an excellent navigator; a man who can handle a ship well, whether she is a gunboat or a Dreadnought. That is a very different thing from saying that he is capable of deciding upon technical questions of foreign policy, or even that he can make sound suggestions upon such questions when they are being discussed. I should not, to be quite frank, care to entrust the management of my foreign affairs to King George; and, if the task could possibly be offered to him, the King would decline it with equal frankness. Any questions in the consideration of which the King takes part have been discussed and rediscussed long previously by the Foreign Ministers or permanent secretaries concerned—by Sir Arthur Nicolson, for example, or Sir Edward Grey, or M. Margerie. M. Margerie, I hasten to add, is permanent secretary of the French Foreign Office; and it is he, and not the bewildering array of transient Foreign Ministers that France has had to tolerate in the last few years, who is responsible for the foreign policy of the country.

## Towards National Guilds.

ACCORDING to the "Times," in its review of "National Guilds": "the postulates upon which the Guild Socialist rests his reasoning—and, we may add, the language in which they are expressed—are borrowed from the French Syndicalists." But this is only our national English modesty, which never permits us to claim as English and original anything that can by any stretch be supposed to have been imported from abroad. It is the fact, however, that not one of the writers of the book had ever read a single work by a French Syndicalist. It is also a fact—for we have now examined their literature—that not one of the French Syndicalists makes the wage-system the basis of existing industry or its abolition the foundation of the new. Finally, it is a fact that the whole conception of National Guilds is home-grown English, and developed, as we have many times explained, from the meeting of Syndicalism and Collectivism in the actual social movement of this country and of this country alone.

The "Times" further contends that "the book seems to lose illumination" when it deals with the "two most crucial points" of the abolition of the wage-system and the control of the Guild by the State. But on these two points we explicitly guarded ourselves against the charge that would certainly have been brought against us, of Utopian pedantry, had we attempted a Wellsian anticipation of what, in the nature of things, is a practical question. Given that a Trade Union has become blackleg-proof and demands partnership with either the State or the federated Employers, not only is the abolition of the wage-system implied in the new status that would arise, but the terms of the contract had better be left to the discretion of both parties. We certainly hope to be alive and at hand to examine critically the first charter empowering a Guild to carry on a national industry; but as certainly it is not possible to draft its details at this moment. Principles we have, we hope, clearly defined; the precise methods are for the State and the Guild respectively to determine.

In the same review, the natures of pay and wages are once more confused, as they will be many times again! The evil, says the "Times," of the wage-system "is not going to be remedied by merely calling what the worker obtains for his labour 'pay' instead of 'wage.'" But this is to assume, first, that the psychological difference between working for pay and working for wages is nothing; and, secondly, that pay under the Guilds may be no more in amount than wages under the wage-system. With both assumptions we have dealt as fully as we could in our space. The psychological difference, we contend, of working in a Guild for pay and for an employer at a market-wage is as great as the difference between working for wages and working as a chattel; and the difference in amount would surely follow as a consequence of the inclusion in "pay" of the sums now extracted from "wages," in the form of Rent, Interest and Profit. The "Times" would not maintain that the share of the workers would be reduced by the addition of Rent, Interest and Profit to their existing wages?

Then we are told that in all probability the strong Guilds would dominate the weak Guilds, exploit, underpay and sweat them. But, ex hypothesi, a Guild is a monopoly of necessary Labour; and of two or more necessities one cannot be a greater necessary than another. It follows, we submit, that each monopoly is equal in strength to all the others, and no question of exploitation can arise. For a confirmation of this, our readers may be advised to examine the history of representation at Trade Union Conference Executive meetings. In the early days, the Trade Unions with the largest membership were allowed to dominate the smaller Unions by means of representation in proportion

to their numbers. But it was soon discovered that, as a consequence, the smaller Unions were preparing to leave the Congress; and since their co-operation was no less necessary than that of the larger Unions, in a very little while the present rule of equal voting power in vital matters for every complete and affiliated Union was established. Being a monopoly, and being therefore a national necessity, even the smallest Guild could "hold up" industry if justice were not done to it.

The next criticism we meet is that "the strong Guild would, owing to there being no real control over it by the State or anyone else, immediately develop all the worst evils of the capitalist trust." But what are the conditions that permit a trust to blossom in evil, but, first, the absence of any explicit State right to interfere with it; and, secondly, the powerlessness of the rest of the community? Both conditions would cease to exist under the Guild system; for not only would the State be empowered and have the right to control a rebel Guild; but, by virtue of their powers of monopoly, the rest of the industries, unless they all went rebel together, would combine to put it in its place. And neither of these must be imagined as likely to be ineffective. On the contrary, so far as the State is concerned, it is probable, in the early stages of the Guilds at any rate, that the State may have too much and not too little control, as a consequence of the prestige with which it starts and of the natural tendency of citizens to entrust it with power.

It is next alleged that in our "passionate desire to elevate the producer" we forget the consumer. This is a criticism that we ourselves have often made of the Syndicalists, who, as everybody knows now, propose to dispense with the State and to establish a system of Laissez faire with Syndicalists instead of individuals as competitors. But the criticism cannot in justice be directed against a system which deliberately conjoins the State representing all consumers with the Guilds which themselves consist also of consumers as well as of producers. The distinction, besides, between consumers and producers is largely an effect of the existing wage-system with its division of the population into a wealthy leisured class consuming profits and a poor working class producing them. It would tend to disappear when everybody was engaged, on one plane or another, in production as well as in consumption.

Lastly (in the review under notice) we are met by the following objection: "it is difficult to see why a monopoly controlled by a section of Labour should be less dangerous and more democratic than a monopoly controlled by a section of Capital." But again we may inquire what it is that allows a monopoly controlled by a section of Capital to-day to be dangerous and undemocratic; and again we shall discover that the reasons lie in the absence of the right of State control and in the absence of any counterbalancing Labour monopoly. If the State were disposed, or the existing Trade Unions were strong enough in their monopoly of Labour, to interfere with any section of Capital that threatened to become and to exercise the powers of an uncontrolled monopoly, there is not the least doubt that either of them could control a Trust even to-day if only by forcing a joint partnership upon it. Under the National Guilds both these circumstances, as we have already pointed out, are assumed to exist: the State on behalf of the nation at large and as the trustee of the whole of the Guild-administered capital, explicitly reserves the right and possesses the power to revoke a charter. And to ensure the "democracy" of each Guild, all the rest are empowered to contribute to its control in the permanent Guild Congress or industrial parliament. We doubt whether under these penalties any Guild, not composed entirely of madmen, could be dangerous or undemocratic for a single day.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

## Hamilton's Economic Coup.

### I.

A NEW literature is now happily accumulating which discloses the plain fact, always insisted upon in THE NEW AGE, that for a real interpretation of history we must look to economic conditions and impulses. In England we have Thorold Rogers and Maitland, who in his "Constitutional History of England" states explicitly that property is the key to the interpretation of law and constitution: "If we are to learn anything about the constitution, it is necessary first and foremost that we should learn a great deal about the land law. We can make no progress whatever in the history of Parliament without speaking of tenure; indeed, our whole constitutional law seems at times to be an appendix to the law of real property." Next comes Professor Seligman with a classic, "The Economic Interpretation of History." Those who still pin their faith to the belief that the political conquest must precede the economic may digest this: "The existence of man depends upon his ability to sustain himself; the economic life is therefore the fundamental condition of all life. Since human life, however, is the life of man in society, individual existence moves within the framework of the social structure and is modified by it. What the conditions of maintenance are to the individual, the similar relations of production and consumption are to the community. To economic causes, therefore, must be traced in the last instance those transformations in the structure of society which themselves condition the relations of social classes and the various manifestations of social life." THE NEW AGE creed that economic power precedes and dominates political power is not, therefore, lacking in authority.

Nevertheless, so it is asserted, great movements may arise in which men are dominated by profound patriotic motives and uninfluenced by the mundane problems of bread and butter. These sentiments are usually ascribed to the founders of the American Constitution. Their epitaph has been a century of bouquets; their names are revered; criticism is silenced in this pantheon of the mighty dead. To hint even at peccadilloes is regarded as sacrilegious. Suddenly, out of this reverential silence, booms the voice of Professor Beard, Associate Professor of Politics in Columbia University, whose recent book, "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States," has deeply injured the tender feelings of a devout people who have worshipped at the shrine of Washington, Madison, and Hamilton. Professor Beard's final sentence in this remarkable book reads thus: "The constitution was not created by 'the whole people' as the jurists have said; neither was it created by 'the States' as Southern nullifiers long contended; but it was the work of a consolidated group whose interests knew no State boundaries and were truly national in their scope." Having thus "blown the gaff" upon the fathers of his country, it is difficult to see how Professor Beard can escape with his life. Professor Taft, formerly President of the United States and notoriously a pliant instrument of private capitalism, has already opened fire upon the irreverent iconoclast: "We have been in the habit of regarding the United States as fortunate in its birth. We have supposed that there was no other Government in the world that had such a galaxy of patriotic statesmen to preside over its birth as this American Republic of ours. But it was reserved for what John Muir calls 'these God-forgetting progressive days' to prompt in an Associate Professor of Columbia University a muck-raking investigation into the motives of those whom we have been wont to revere as the founders of this Government, and to demonstrate that the Constitutional Convention, whose work was said by Gladstone, and by others, indeed, whose judgment is even more favourable than his, in that it is more judicial and calmer and more based on a knowledge of history, to be the greatest governmental instrument ever struck from the

brain of man. But we are advised by this sapient investigator, who evidently began with the conviction and the desire to establish the sinister reactionary nature of the Constitution, that the members of the Convention were owners of Government bonds, and possibly of the financial obligations of some of the Colonies, and owned real estates and farms, and even were wicked enough to hold farm mortgages; and the quod erat demonstrandum is that the Constitution is a one-sided and unjust instrument, because the bankrupts and the debtors, and by natural inference, the ignorant and the unsuccessful, did not have representatives in the Convention, and that thus the whole plan organised by these plotters against society and social justice was based on the wicked principle that governments and men should be made to pay their debts."

Professor Taft's anger renders him a little inarticulate; but it seems clear that Professor Beard had better speedily find refuge in the effete old monarchy of Great Britain.

Our author certainly exposes the economic interests that dictated the framing of the American Constitution. Let us see how the proceedings of this "galaxy of patriotic statesmen" impressed one of themselves. James Madison was, even more than Hamilton, the greatest intellectual force in framing the Constitution. But he held no bonds of any kind and his hands were clean. Writing to Jefferson in July, 1791, he said: "It pretty clearly appears, also, in what proportions the public debt lies in the country, what sort of hands hold it, and by whom the people of the United States are to be governed. Of all the shameful circumstances of this business, it is among the greatest to see the members of the legislature who were most active in pushing this job openly grasping its emoluments. . . . Nothing new is talked of here. In fact, stock-jobbing drowns every other subject. The Coffee-House is in eternal buzz with the gamblers." The evidence of Madison seems more conclusive than the splutterings of Taft.

### II.

It is a legal maxim that they who enter the courts should come with clean hands. Equally, it is a fundamental assumption of the political idealists that they who enter Parliament should be disinterested. Did the Convention that framed the Constitution—the Parliament of a great epoch—stand the test? Professor Beard proves beyond cavil that the members of that Convention were personally and financially interested in bringing the Constitution to birth. But he is not a moralist; he states the facts—the economic facts mainly—with complete moral detachment. Probably no moral issue was involved. Realty had been the prevailing form of property in the early days of the colony; but, latterly, personalty had developed into an important factor in the economic structure of the community. Mercantile and shipping interests had grown with the growth of a seaboard population. Bonds of every kind had become almost universal and naturally constituted a form of property, drawing its support in large degree from the savings of the great landed proprietors. A written bond, therefore, whether guaranteed by the State or backed by a private person, being the basis of personalty—as distinct from realty—must not only be legally recognised, but legally enforceable. This is to-day a commercial commonplace; but at the time of the Convention it was by no means so obvious. In 1787 there was a loose Confederation of thirteen sovereign States, each extremely jealous of its sovereign rights—a sentiment that persists to this day. The national government consisted of a legislature of one House in which the States had an equal voting power. There was no national executive and no supreme judiciary. The legal system was clearly unfavourable to property rights, and more particularly to personalty. Professor Beard finds that there were four powerful groups (doubtless closely inter-related) who were hampered, harassed or threatened by the existing political and legal system. The actual owners of land can

generally carry on under almost any legislative system. He who owns land is more secure than he who owns paper. But the man whose operations are directed from a counting-house rather than from horseback is apt to be more energetic and resourceful. He lives in towns and can, therefore, more quickly mobilise his forces. Further, then as now, the small landed proprietor—half employer, half peasant—found little community of interest with the large landed magnates, whose surplus often went into speculations, arranged and engineered by the personalty interests. There had, in fact, grown up a confederation of capitalists, whose operations exceeded the boundaries of the States and whose interests were not adequately protected by the political confederation. The personal property groups are divided by Professor Beard into (1) Personalty in money; (2) Personalty in public securities; (3) Personalty in manufacturing and shipping; and (4) Capital speculatively invested in Western lands. We can now understand what Professor Beard means when he writes: "If we may judge from the politics of the Congress under the Articles of Confederation, two related groups were most active: those working for the establishment of a revenue sufficient to discharge the interest and principal of the public debt, and those working for commercial regulations advantageous to personalty operations in shipping and manufacturing and in Western land speculations."

This was the period in which began the integration of capitalist America—land speculations, commercial speculations, bond and share speculations. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, unless the American State Socialists rid themselves of the political illusion and grasp the fundamental fact that, just as those early speculations were founded on slavery, so are modern speculations founded upon wavery. Professor Beard himself seems unconscious of this extraordinarily simple fact.

But it may be asked what moral delinquency is involved in building up the public credit and generally encouraging the production of wealth. Absolutely none, of course. We have already remarked that no moral issue was involved. The puzzled student next asks: Why, then, was there opposition to the Constitution and what is all the pother about? Thereby hangs a tale.

During the Revolution, the provisional Government had financed itself by issuing State bonds and by paying the soldiers partly in land warrants and partly in depreciated paper. In 1787 these bonds and land warrants were largely scattered throughout the American Continent. It is estimated that sixty million dollars' worth of potential paper was held, mostly by the groups already referred to. Before the framing of the Constitution, this paper sold at about twenty cents a dollar. The formation of a Federal Government was calculated to send up the value to one hundred cents per dollar, and, in fact, did so. The holders of these securities stood to make forty million dollars clear profit—an economic motive that shocks the sensitive soul of Professor Taft. Professor Beard drily remarks that this leaves out of account the large fortunes won by manipulation of stocks after the Government was established, and particularly after the founding of the New York Stock Exchange in 1792. The "galaxy of patriotic statesmen" evidently knew a thing or two.

Nor must we forget the Society of the Cincinnati. This body, whose proceedings were carried out with Masonic secrecy, was composed of officers of the Revolutionary Army and organised into local branches in the several States. Unlike the privates, who had been compelled to part with their land warrants and State bonds for mere songs, the Society of the Cincinnati had held on, and consequently stood to make enormous profits. They acquired immense political influence (possessing the necessary economic power), and naturally they threw that influence on the side of the Federalists. Professor Beard's summary is too significant not to be quoted: "Almost uniformly, they

were in favour of a reconstruction of the national Government on a stronger basis. They were bitter in their denunciation of the popular movements in the States, particularly Shay's revolt in Massachusetts. War had given them a taste for strong measures, and the wretched provisions which had been made for their military services gave them an economic interest in the movement to secure a government with an adequate taxing power. Moreover, they were consolidated by the popular hostility to them on account of their secret and aristocratic character."

Except on the platform and in published pronouncements, the equality of man and the pursuit of happiness cut no ice (the Americanism cannot be resisted) in the problem. Men were concerned with concrete material affairs, and upon certain pivotal decisions of Convention hung the issues of great wealth, not to the country at large (at least, that would be incidental), but to "the galaxy of patriotic statesmen" who were forcing the Constitution upon a reluctant or bitterly antagonistic populace. The Constitution was ratified by a vote of probably not more than one-sixth of the adult males. Nor was 'cute electioneering unknown to this enterprising "galaxy." If they did not stuff ballot-boxes, there were other means available. It is uncertain whether, in fact, a majority of the voters participating in the State Conventions in New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Virginia, and South Carolina actually endorsed ratification. It is certain that, had the farming folk had more time to marshal their forces ratification would have been defeated. Professor Beard sums up the situation: "In the ratification, it became manifest that the line of cleavage for and against the Constitution was between substantial personalty interests on the one hand and the small farming and debtor interests on the other." The better organised group, alert with a definite purpose, beat their more lethargic opponents.

It is futile to speculate how many of the original holders of Government stock and land warrants were holders when ratification was finally registered. Certainly the army rank and file had almost entirely sold their paper at cut-throat prices. When the Federal Government was finally established, not only did they lose eighty or ninety per cent. of what the Government owed them for services faithfully rendered, but the Government, controlled by the personalty interests, turned round upon the rank and file, the workers in town and country, and compelled them to earn dividends upon their own alienated stock, not ten per cent. of which they had received. They were, even then, and concurrently with slavery, the victims of wavery. It was they who carried the burden; yet throughout the discussion their voice was not heard, or at best noisily inarticulate—Shay's revolt, for instance. Madison foresaw the economic conflict of the future. He told the Convention that, "in future times, a great majority of the people will not only be without landed but any other sort of property. These will either combine under the influence of their common situation, in which case the rights of property and the public liberty will not be secure in their hands, or, which is more probable, they will become the tools of opulence and ambition, in which case there will be equal danger on another side."

S. G. H.

#### THE LONDON GROUP.

When Wyndham Lewis with his mien Balzacian,  
Shows duchesses the latest variation,  
And hot his super-cubist mission plies  
Midst hairy verdures and wigged azure skies,  
And Wadsworth turns my lady's transformation  
Into a kind of hirsute "Radiation,"  
One thought horrific makes the spirits droop  
Of the ringleaders of the London group—  
That the wild Suffragette was so irrational  
As to rampage amid the passé National,  
And proved so lacking in æsthetic scruple,  
As not to give the honour to the Goupil.

HORACE B. SAMUEL.



## Catch That Joke!

Or, *Facilis Descensus Shaverni.*

By Charles Brookfarmer.

Scene: His Majesty's Theatre, May 29. Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion" to be played; enter STUDENT. The curtain rises. (Laughter is shown in the following flattering report by the Shavian symbol, £.)

Act I.

Under the Arches, Covent Garden. It rains excellently. Enter LADY and her daughter, CLARA. A NAVVY is also there. LADY is inaudible, but would seem to have sent her son for a taxi.

NAVY: 'E won't git no keb.

LADY: But we must have a cab.

NAVY: Well, it ain't my fault. (£.) (SON enters with real wet umbrella, and explains that he cannot find a cab. He quarrels with his sister.)

LADY: Now go and get a cab and don't come back till you get one. (£. As SON departs he encounters LIZA, the flower-girl.)

LIZA: Ow, look w'ere yer goin', Billy dear. (£. LADY converses with her.) . . . a poor gal's flaaars. (LADY gives her sixpence.)

CLARA: Make her give you the change. (£. Enter Colonel PICKERING.)

NAVY (suddenly to Liza): You be careful; ther's a bloke be'ind'ere tykin' darn every word yer s'yin'. (Chorus of onlookers say indignantly, "Er-yah-garn," etc., to allow Mr. Tree as HENRY HIGGINS to take the front of the stage. LIZA complains, then,)—'E's a gen'leman, look at 'is boo-oots. She thought you was a copper's snark, guvnor. (£.)

HIGGINS: Vat's a copperthnark?

NAVY: W'y a copper's snark's a copper's snark. (£. £. £.)

LIZA (continuously): Hi never meant no 'arm.

NAVY: 'E's a bloomin' bishop, 'e is; look at 'is boo-oots. (£. £. £.) (HIGGINS asks him how his people are in Chelsea, to NAVY's surprise; does similarly with whole crowd, including PICK, who is "Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge and India," and LADY, who is "Epsom, unmistakable Epsom.")

STREET ARAB (in the cast wittily called "The Sarcastic One"): Hi cin tell w'ere you come from—you come from 'Anwell. (£. £. £.)

HIG.: The rain stopped ten minutes ago. . . .

LADY: It's quite cleared up. Now, Clara, we can walk to the motor-'bus. (Loud £. Exeunt LADY and CLARA. HIG. tells COL. he can tell whence a Londoner comes by his accent, "sometimes within two streets.")

LIZA: Ort ter be ashimed o' 'imself. (£. £. £.)

HIG.: Yours, woman, is the language of Shakespeare, Milton, and the Bible.

LIZA: Yaaaaaah! (£. £. £.)

HIG.: . . . pass her off in six months as a duchess at an ambassador's garden party—I could even get her a situation as a lady's maid or a shop assistant, which requires much better English. (£.)

LIZA (at last): Buy a flaar, Sir. Hi'm short fer me lodgin'!

HIG.: Liar! (He gives her a five-pound note. Enter real taxi—a real taxi!)

LIZA: Hi'm goin' 'ome in that taxi—itepence ain't no object to me. (Curtain. £. £. £.)

Act II.

(HIG's study, with gramophone. HIG. and PICK.)

HOUSEKEEPER (entering, Tree having spoken): This is the young woman, Sir. (LIZA demands lessons in English phonetics at a shilling an hour, and a witty conversation follows, as this shows.)

HIG.: Now then, you be off.

LIZA: "'Ere, don't you be so sarcy. (£.) Ain't my money good enough?

HIG.: Good enough for vat?

LIZA: Good enough fer yew—nar yer know! (£.)

PICK.: What is it you want, girl?

LIZA: Hi want to be a lydy. (£.)

HIG.: How much vill you give?

LIZA: Naah yer torkin'! (£.) . . . 'Ere, don't yer be so silly. Tike it hor leave it—(scratches her leg—£.) . . . .

HIG.: By George, it 'th enormouth. . . (He pulls her by the hat.)

LIZA: Aaaaah! (£.) . . . .

HIG.: That's a handkerchief and that's a shawl, and don't you mistake the one for the other. (£.) . . . . She 'th tho deliciously low, tho horribly wonderfully dirty! . . . .

HOUSEKEEPER: Don't be foolish, Mr. Henry.

HIG.: Vat is life but a series of inspired follies? (£.)

. . . Take her, scrub her, monkey-brand her. (£. £. £.) . . . You've got to learn to behave like a duchess, to be a shop-girl!! (£. £.) By George, Elitha. . . .

HOUSEKEEPER: She may be married.

LIZA: Yah! (£.) . . .

PICK.: Does it ever occur to you, Higgins, that the girl has feelings?

HIG.: No, I don't think it ever does. (£.) . . .

LIZA: Hi don't wanter tork grammer, Hi wanter talk like a lidy. (She and HIG. share a chocolate.) I'd never 'ave eated of it, but I'm too lidylike ter tike it art of me marth. (£.) . . .

HIG.: Time enough for a woman to think of the future, when she's no future left to think of—(£.)— . . . Do any of us understand vat we're doing—(£.)— and, if we did, should we do it? (£. £. £.)

PICK.: Very clever, Higgins, but not sound sense.

STUD.: Very sounding, Shaw, but not clever. (HIG. talks to LIZA as to a baby of Buckingham Palace, etc.)

LIZA: Hi won't go near the King—that I won't! (Exit LIZA.)

PICK.: Higgins, are you a man of good character where women are concerned?

HIG.: Have you ever known a man of good character where women are concerned? (£. £. £. PICK. suggests that he may touch LIZA.) Vat! dat t'ing! Thacred, I assure you. . . . I taught scores of American millionairesses to speak English. (£. He now puts on LIZA's feathery hat. Loud £. He takes it off quickly, fearing fleas. £. £. £. The HOUSEKEEPER asks him not to swear before LIZA.) Swear! Swear! I swear! I never swear, it's a most detestable habit. What the devil— (£. £. £.) . . . .

HOUSEKEEPER: You applied the expression this morning to the boots, the butler, and the brown bread. (£. £.) . . . Nearly choked yourself with a fishbone in the jam—(£.)— . . .

HIG.: I notice my dressing-gown smells damnably— (£. £.) . . . .

HOUSEKEEPER (announces Alfred Doolittle): He says you have his daughter here, Sir. (£.)

PICK.: Phew! (Enter comic DUSTMAN.)

DUST: . . . The girl belongs ter me—yew've gotter—we're do I come in?—(£.)— . . . I'm willin' ter tell yer, I'm wantin' ter tell yer, I'm waitin' ter tell yer.

HIG.: Mental and mendacious rhetoric—that's the Welsh strain in him. (£—and applause. HIG., to show his famed untidiness, throws a heap of papers on to the floor and lies down on the table. £.)

DUST.: She said she didn't want no clothes—wot was I ter think from that. (£.) . . . You've burned 'er clothes, thet's right. I can't tike the girl through the streets like a bloomin' monkey. (£. HIG. sits on the keyboard of the piano. £.) . . .

COL.: Haven't you any morals?

DUST.: Morals! No, can't afford 'em, guvner . . . . I'm one of the undeservin' poor—that means I'm

up against middle-claws meralitee all the time. . .  
undeservin' poor . . . . Undeservin' poor . . . .  
Wot is middle-claws meralitee; hit's an excuse. . .  
I'm undeservin' an' I mean ter go on bein' unde-  
servin'. . . .

HIG. : In six months he might choose between a seat  
in the Cabinet and a popular pulpit in Wales.  
(£.) . . .

DUST. : Soshul reform an' all the other amusements. . .  
Undeservin' poverty's my line. . . No, not ten  
parnd, gunner—gimme five parnds, neither more  
nor less. (Enter LIZA in a kimono. She puts on  
her feathery hat. £.) Well, Hi never thought  
she'd clean up as good as thet. . . .

LIZA (discussing the bathroom) : I didn' know which  
way ter look, but I 'ung a towel hover it.

HIG. : Over what?

HOUSEKEEPER : Over the looking-glass, Sir. (£. A  
minute later, HIG. pulls DUST. by the hat. Exit  
DUST.) . . .

LIZA : But it sarnds so genteel. . . . Somefing to wear  
at night differen' from wot I wears in the daytime.  
(£.) It do seem — (Same joke. £.) Hi never  
— (Same joke. £.)

HIG. : We've taken on a stiff job!

PICK. (shouts) : Higgins! (Curtain.)

### Act III. (HOW SMOLL-ETT SEEMS IN SHAW.)

Scene : At HIG'S MOTHER'S HOUSE.

HIG. : I can't be bothered with young women. . . She  
talks English very much as you talk French. . . .

MAID : Mrs. and Miss Eynsford Hill. (CLARA sits on  
HIG.'s hat. Loud £. Enter PICK.)

PICK. : Has Henry told you why we've come.

HIG. : Yes, you've interrupted, damn it!

MOTHER : Oh Henry. (£. HIG. sits awkwardly on a  
couch and tries to cross his legs several times.  
Much £.) Now, vat on earth are we going to  
talk about?

CLARA : If only people were really frank and said what  
they really think.

HIG. : God forbid. (£.) What they think they ought  
to think would be bad enough, but if they came out  
with what they really think, it would break up the  
whole damned — ("Oh, Henry." £.) . . .  
What do they know of literature, art, or any damn  
thing? ("Oh, Henry." £.)

MAID : Miss Doolittle. (Enter LIZA. She speaks very  
slowly and carefully.)

LIZA : How do you do? Mr. Higgins told me I might  
come.—Colonel Pickering, is it not? . . .

HIG. : Well, of all the damned—(Knocks envelopes off  
writing table and then falls over fire-irons. Much  
£.)

LIZA : The western depressions in these islands are  
likely to mingle—(etc.). My aunt died of influen-  
zah. So they said. But it is my belief they done  
the old woman in. Yes, Lord love you. She come  
through it before. It come to her so suddin, it  
did. What call had she to die of influen-zah. . . .  
Somebody pinched it. (£. £. £.) What I says  
is them as pinched it done her in.

LADY : What does doing her in mean?

HIG. : Doing her in means—er—killing her. . . .

LIZA : Gin was mother's milk to her. Drink? drink?  
my word, something chr-r-ronic. (Mr. Tree, as  
HIG., waves his handkerchief all the time, to keep  
attention upon himself.)

LIZA (to Youth) : What are you sniggering—at! (She  
rises to leave.) . . . Good-bye, all.

YOUTH : Are you walking across the park, Miss Doo-  
little?

LIZA : Walk? Not bloody likely (£. £. £., etc.)

LADY : Oh, Clara, I dare say I am very old-fashioned,  
but I do hope you won't use that expression. . . .

PICK. : Manners have changed so much; sometimes I  
hardly know whether it's a smart dinner-party I'm  
at or a ship's foc'sle. . . .

HIG. : Damned nonsense. ("Oh Henry." Constant  
references to—That word—(£.)—that word—(£.)  
—that word—(£.)

PICK. : The sanguinary element in her conversation.  
(£.)

HIG. : She finds all my things and remembers all my  
appointments . . . (again) She finds all my things  
and remembers all my appointments. . . .

COL. : Let's take her to the Zoo.

HIG. : A wonderful idea. (Exeunt.)

MOTHER (alone) : O m-hen, m-hen, m-hen! (Curtain.)  
Act IV.

Three months later. HIGGINS' rooms—moonlit. Won-  
derful spectacular effect as the electric light is switched  
on. Enter LIZA, HIG. and PICK. in evening dress. HIG.  
takes off overcoat and coat and drops them on the floor.  
HIG. : Chuck 'em over the bannisters, there's a good  
fellow. . . . Mrs. Pierce will only think we're a  
drunk.

PICK. : Well, we are slightly. (£.)

HIG. : Where the devil are my slippers? (LIZA fetches  
them and drops them before him on the hearthrug.)

PICK. : Well, Eliza did the trick and something to  
spare. You've won your bet.

HIG. : Thank God it's over. . . . Yase, no more artifi-  
cial duchesses for me.

PICK. : I began to be nervous that Eliza was doing it  
so well. You see, the real people don't — (Etc.  
£.)

HIG. (as they go out) : I shan't want coffee in the morn-  
ing. (LIZA weeps and falls flat on the hearthrug.  
Re-enter HIG.)

HIG. : What the devil! (£.)

LIZA : There's your slippers. (Throws them at him.  
£.) . . . Them slippers!

HIG. : These slippers! (£.) . . .

LIZA : I've won your bet for you.

HIG. : You won my bet! Presumptuous insect! (£.)  
. . . . Be good! . . . You're looking as ugly  
as the very devil. (£.) . . .

LIZA : Do my clothes belong to me or Colonel Pick-  
ing?

HIG. : What the devil use would they be to Colonel  
Pickering? (£. LIZA hands back her hired jewels,  
and takes a ring off her finger.)

LIZA : It's the one you bought me at Brighton!

HIG. (throwing ring into grate) : . . . You've wounded  
me to the heart. (£.) You've made me lose my  
temper, a thing I don't remember doing before. . .  
Damn Mrs. Pierce and the coffee and you, and  
damn my cursed folly for having wasted my time  
on a heartless guttersnipe. (Exit. LIZA searches  
in the grate for the ring. Curtain.)

### Act V.

HIG'S MOTHER'S house. Enter HIG.

HIG. : Eliza's run away. . . . Who vill find all my  
things and remember all my appointments? (Enter  
PICK.)

PICK. : Have you heard, Eliza's run away. . . .

MOTHER : Eliza is here! . . .

(Enter DUSTMAN, well over-dressed.)

DUST. : I was one of the undeservin' poor. (Tells how  
a fortune was left him by an American, through  
an introduction from HIG., and how unhappy he  
is. £.) Middle-claws moralitee. (£.) . . .  
undeservin' poor. (£.) . . . middle-claws moralitee.  
(£.) . . . undeservin' poor. (£.) . . . middle-claws  
moralitee. (£. Makes the same jokes again and  
again and again for thirty-five minutes.) I'm going  
ter be married to my missus terdye at St. George's  
'Anover Square. (£. Everybody decides to go  
there.)

HIG. (to LIZA) : I want a ham, a tie, and a pair of  
gloves.

LIZA (goes out) : Buy your own ham and tie and gloves.  
(£. A moment later she comes back.)

LIZA : What size gloves did you say? (Curtain. Exit  
STUDENT, poor STUDENT.)

## On the Conduct of a Talent.

GENIUS has perhaps best been defined as "the instinct of self-preservation in a talent." We have seen how often a talent, in itself slender, has been cultivated, by the exercise of judgment, to the proportions of genius, and how talents of considerable strength have been either atrophied or diverted, for want of judgment, to sterility and disaster. It should be a study of great encouragement and profit, and the humblest student has the right to follow it, to see on what a slender basis of talent the colossal structures of the world's genius have often arisen. It is certainly possible to make some new deductions, even almost to formulate what I will call rules, or what I am willing, if it is desired, only to call suggestions, from a careful and patient observation of the careers of the artists we are unanimous in admiring. As I am, after twenty-four years of teaching, retiring, to my great regret, from the personal conduct of classes, it seems to me that I may continue my utility, and probably only find myself addressing larger classes, by continuing to put on paper the kind of advice and direction that I have found most useful in practice.

To achieve the best results, certain changes must be made, are, in fact, already being made, in the existing methods of the art schools. Drawing must be made more interesting by substituting figures and objects, in the definite light and shade of ordinary rooms, for the blank monotony of the nude on a platform, with its diffused illumination of studio light. The sittings must be broken up with some regard to the changes of lighting due to the weather and the revolution of the sun. Students must follow the hint given by the development of the Impressionists and such heirs of the Impressionist school as Vuillard, Bonnard, Marquet, Asselin, in France, or Gore and Gilman and Drummond in England. They must acquire the habit of making their studies in drawing and painting on the scale of vision. And afterwards they must be taught to square up their compositions, and how to nurse an impression that they have conceived, to completion.

Some of these advantages are already being offered to students in such County Council classes as Mr. Gilman's and Mr. Walter Bayes's. It is high time that these advantages were put at the disposition, not only of night-students, who generally are either already exhibiting artists, and attend for extra training, or are employed during the day at other work, who arrive tired, and are sometimes putting an undue strain on minds and bodies not in a fit state to bear it. Painting and drawing is, in the main, a daylight business. A cynical friend of mine, who is a painter of considerable achievement, announced his belief, the other day, that night-clubs and cubism have been sent by Providence to keep down excessive competition in the artistic profession, just as wars and pestilence are supposed to be a beneficent provision against the evils of over-population.

A picture generally represents *someone, somewhere*. The error of art-school teaching is that students are made to begin with the study of the *someone*, and generally *nowhere*. The process should be reversed and the students should be taught to make the *someone* emerge naturally from the already established *somewhere*.

It is this absence of background from the preoccupation of students during many years, and these the most impressionable, that accounts for a certain retching void of ideas among the younger idealistic painters. A London square in the sunlight, a kitchen, a staircase they have not been taught to consider as subjects for poetry or poetic elation. So that there is a certain monotony in their representation of women, æsthetically garbed and yearning unutterably, even when they yearn in groups of three at a time. (Painting is concerned with the utterable and not with the unutterable.)

This attitude, which I am told an American would call "the yearning stunt," answers, it is true, to a certain

taste among our lady customers. I presume that women of fashion and leisure do spend a good deal of their time in yearning for the unutterable, and they consequently like pictures that represent this sensation of yearning in a vacuum. But as a permanent inspiration for art that motive must always be somewhat barren and limited. It is well to remember that the painter of the "Angelus" and "The Sower" was the same man who painted the magnificent portrait of an admiral in the museum at Rouen. A man is fully armed for works of spiritual significance only when he is a master of objective representation. I have expressed this badly; because a portrait of an admiral is as much a work of spiritual significance as "The Sower" or the "Angelus."

Just as religious delusions and preoccupation with the supernatural are fostered by a life of seclusion, so in our art schools does the entire divorce from nature and life throw the professors and the students into a succession of critical obsessions with this or that modern or ancient school. They have in their class-rooms no inspiration. The stomach turns and the spirit groans at years of practice in making uniform enlarged paintings from the same succession of nudes, with or without drawers, standing on the same table with the same wall behind, the whole scene stripped of any definite effect of light and shade. What wonder if, not having found their way to the exuberant breasts of nature, the unlucky foundlings continue to suck wind from the empty teat of academic india-rubber! No possible bridge can they imagine, and small blame to them, that can lead from their accumulation of canvases three-foot high and two-foot wide from what is pleasantly called "the life," to such pictures as we love in the museums. So a series of superficial obsessions with this or that critical hare runs through the schools like the whooping cough. For three years it is Alfred Stevens. The obsession is considered good artistically and politically. It is not only Michelangelesque, but nationalist, and so a manner of thinking imperially. Then it is Boyd Houghton. Boyd Houghton morning, noon, and night! Boyd Houghton, North, South, East, and West! Then it is an early-Millais stunt, till it becomes almost impossible to bear the sight of a real early Millais.

When Brown, Jones and Robinson arrive as students at an art school, might the policy not be tried of teaching Brown to develop into Brown, Jones into Jones, and Robinson to grow up into a serene and strong Robinson, instead of trotting them all three through Alfred Stevens, Boyd Houghton and early Millais? Stevens, Houghton and early Millais are as dead as a hammer. What wonder if Brown, Jones and Robinson, in desperation, end by growing their hair, becoming Cubists, and living in a night club! WALTER SICKERT.

### TAGORE.

Tagore! Tagore! babbling blight,  
In thine own Bengali write!  
What incessant hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful poetry?

With what dreary dumps and sighs  
Squirms the critic through thy sties,  
On what things dost thou aspire?  
Who the man dare heed thy lyre?

And what moulder for what mart  
Could twist thy thinness into art?  
And when thy heart begins to beat,  
What dread scansion! What dread feet!

When the comps threw down their gears,  
And water'd linoes with their tears,  
Didst thou weep thy work to see?  
Did he who made Charles Lamb make thee?

Tagore! Tagore! babbling blight,  
In thine own Bengali write!  
Why in Heaven's name have I  
To read thy fearful poetry.

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

## Unedited Opinions.

### On Happiness

THEN you believe it possible for man to be happy anywhere?

Yes, I do.

But is not that to fly in the face of all precept and of all experience?

Ah, but you have not asked me yet what it is to be happy. Supposing we were agreed about that, you perhaps would not be surprised at my conclusion.

I thought everybody knew what it means to be happy; do you mean something unusual by it?

I suppose I must, since I deny that most people have any real notion of it, but entertain only caricatures and counterfeits of its real nature. But why should this seem strange? All men are not expected to excel in the other arts, why should they be supposed to excel in the finest art of ethics?

You relate happiness to ethics, then, do you?

Of course—to what else? Each art has its own peculiar pleasure which is the most intense when the art is most pure. Similarly, I think, the pleasure we call happiness is peculiar to the art of conduct and is most intense when the conduct is right.

It would follow from this, would it not, that happiness is rare?

Assuredly; and, what is more, it is reserved, like other high experiences, for great souls alone.

The common assumption, however, is that little people may be happy while the great must be miserable.

That, I know, is the common doctrine; but it is contrary to sense and contrary to fact. Would it not be odd if while in all other arts the highest pleasure accompanies the greatest mastery, the very opposite should be true of the art of conduct? And, again, is there not the survival of devil-worship in the assumption that the noblest conduct entails the maximum of misery? Believe me, these are vulgar notions based on a misconception of the nature of happiness.

But are they not supported, in appearance at any rate, by common observation? Where do you find the apparently happy people if not amongst the unthinking? And who are the most miserable if not the most gifted? You would find it hard to persuade the world that it is not so.

I should find it equally hard to persuade the world that the pleasure of pure art is independent of the labour involved in it; for the world would look at the labour and miss its reward. But the world on that account would not be right and I wrong!

What evidence would the world have, then, that the great soul is happy and the feeble soul unhappy, if appearances are so misleading?

Little, I agree; but the connoisseurs and fine critics of conduct ought not to be mistaken. They should no more be misled by the appearances of things than the critics of other arts by tricks and mannerisms and simulations. Happiness, I contend, is as unmistakable a phenomenon in great conduct as style in a great writer or painter. Whoever has once experienced it has no doubt either of its reality or of its uniqueness.

You speak of the uniqueness of happiness—but is it not merely an intense degree of pleasure?

May I remind you that we were discussing the other day the relation of the Right to the Good, and that we agreed that the Right is beyond Good and Evil? Similarly I would say that Happiness is beyond Pain and Pleasure and has, in fact, nothing in common with them.

Now I begin to see where the vulgar conception of Happiness has crept in, for the vulgar notion of Happiness certainly relates it to pleasure.

True, that is the vulgar notion; but, as we have seen, it depends upon false assumptions. Equally vulgar, however, is the opposite doctrine in my opinion—the doctrine popularised by Carlyle, namely that happiness

is closely related to pain. In truth, happiness is beyond both.

I should like to venture a guess if I may.

Do, by all means.

Since Right is beyond Good and Evil; and Happiness is beyond Pleasure and Pain; is not Right related to Happiness as Good to Pleasure and Evil to Pain?

Excellent! I congratulate you. And will you now draw out some of the consequences, or shall I?

Do you, please. I might not hit the mark a second time.

Well, one of the first consequences is that Happiness is now placed within the grasp of anybody.

How so?

Why, a man has only to do what is right to enjoy the experience of happiness.

Only!

Well, is that difficult?

I should think it is!

And so I agree. But what is it that makes doing the right so difficult? Is it not, first, the absence of the curiosity to inquire what is the right; secondly, the difficulty, even when one sets about it, of discovering the right; and, thirdly, the temptation we are under, when we have discovered it, to prefer to pursue pleasure or to avoid pain? And to overcome all these obstacles to happiness (for happiness, we say, comes from right conduct only) requires a good brain and a stout heart, does it not?

It undoubtedly does.

Then our second conclusion is that, though happiness is within the reach of all men, it is most nearly in the reach of great minds and souls since these have the best equipment for inquiring what is right, discovering what is right, and doing what is right. That, at the same time that it contradicts a vulgar error, confirms the popular truth that in one way or another and despite all their apparent misery great men are to be envied for their happiness. Is that not true?

It appears so to me.

Our third conclusion is that the fruits of pleasure are not to be preferred to the fruit of doing right, since the former are unsatisfying and illusory, while the latter alone is real and satisfying; and this is illustrated in the lives of the great who, when once they have tasted happiness, seldom revert to the flesh-pots of pleasure.

I do not quite see how that follows, even if I accept the illustration. Have there not, in fact, been many such reversions rather than few? And why should the preference arise as a consequence from the definition?

In disputing the illustration you naturally have in mind the failures whom the world knows; but the number of the great who have lived and died happy is more considerable, I think. But let us not mind about that for the moment. The preference, I should say, arises from our definition quite necessarily; for assuming happiness to be related with right, who would not prefer right to wrong under all circumstances and consequently happiness to pleasure?

If you would convince me you must explain why then so many do in fact choose pleasure rather than happiness.

Why, I thought we had agreed about it. Is it not misdirection of search, opacity of mind and feebleness of will? You might as well ask why writers and other artists decline so often into bad style or into no style at all—yes, and think well of themselves in their fall. They are not there from deliberate choice but from incapacity. By the same reasoning I conclude that men do not miss the right in conduct and its resultant happiness from deliberate choice, but from weakness and ignorance. In short, the unhappy man is not a knave but a fool.

Then we must all be fools!

Why, as to that. . . . But the evil, after all, is remediable. For we now know that happiness is within our power. Dare I say that it is the gratitude of God for the doing by men of the right?

## Readers and Writers.

I HARDLY like to splash into the Shakespearean controversy without a ready means of getting out again. So many students have ventured a foot into the subject only to find themselves carried away and drowned in the flood. The publication of the late Professor Masson's "Shakespeare Personally," however, is a great temptation to me to look at the water and to speculate on the fate that awaits the hypothesis that Shakespeare no more wrote the plays than an actor-manager of to-day writes the plays he accumulates in his cupboards. The Professor was an excellent critic, a man of uncommon common sense, a scholar and an enthusiastic one, but in the end he had to confess that Shakespeare baffled him. Why? Are we all to give Shakespeare up in despair and confess that he is a human enigma? Why not simplify the problem by attempting to split it up? It is not impossible to suppose that Shakespeare had a contract to supply manuscript plays to Bacon's friends for their editing; or to assume that Bacon employed and perhaps directed some first-rate men on the work. It was an age of collaboration—witness the Bible. If a handful of obscure men could produce the Bible between them, might not another handful, commissioned by Bacon instead of by James, produce Shakespeare out of Shakespeare's plays? But do not ask me to produce my evidence. It would mean a year or two at the British Museum; and I am not disposed for it.

\* \* \*

The poem by Miss Ruth Pitter in last week's NEW AGE was a translation from the original of Charles d'Orléans; and the same should have been signified in the usual manner.

\* \* \*

Messrs. Bell inform me that the "National Guilds" (NOW ON SALE, it will be remembered) is selling exceedingly well. Five hundred copies had been disposed of by the end of the first week after publication. This is unlike anything to which any of us are accustomed; and the news is as gratifying as it is surprising. While congratulating ourselves, I can add an additional cause, in the announcement shortly to be made officially, I hope, that THE NEW AGE itself is now practically assured as long a life as the health and wealth of its writers and readers lasts. Though the contents of the paper have now been reduced to a little under the amount usually offered for sixpence, the circulation has not only not gone down, but it shows signs of going up. To which of us is this due? It is a foolish question and I have not asked it. But I have not sung the *Nunc Dimittis*!

\* \* \*

Mr. Chiozza Money will have to make his peace with his leader, Lord Haldane, on the subject of the culture to be derived from a craft education. Poor Mr. Money, that well-known all-round man, that carnation of culture, is of opinion that the association of workmen in guilds from the cradle to the grave would be narrowing. But in his Introduction to Dr. Kerschensteiner's "The Schools and the Nation" (Macmillan. 6s. net), Lord Haldane quotes with his personal endorsement a more competent opinion. From the association of craftsmen practically exclusively with their fellows in the schools and workshops of Munich, where Dr. Kerschensteiner is a Director of Education, there has come, he says, a new social spirit—mark that word social—arising from the consciousness of each man that his fellows are behind him and hope and expect much from him. Far from making a specialist idiot of him, the association makes both a workman and a man of him. But it is what any student of guilds could have foretold!

\* \* \*

Say what you will, but the merry days of desolation are passing; in other words, pessimism and materialism

are going out of fashion. Everywhere I hear reports of a new hopefulness in the most unlikely provinces of thought and even of thoughtlessness. From London, Ontario, a correspondent writes that the midnight has passed; everybody there is now curiously speculating on the new dawn (and, by the way, upon THE NEW AGE as well). In a chance company last week of half a dozen men—all of whom a year or two ago would have been hopeless materialists—only one clung to the old faithfulness, and he with humour. Even Mr. Wyndham Lewis (whose "Blast" is now due according to its time-fuse) assures us in the "New Weekly" that "optimism is very permissible." Oh, thanks, thanks! But let us take our wine like seasoned drinkers and in good company. Chief praise, with study, of Nietzsche who first whetted our jaded Victorian appetites; then to the more steady philosophers who engineered the road after him—usually, damn them, forgetting to whom the track was due; next—shall I even say next?—to the authors of the conception of National Guilds, destined, so I truly believe, to form the base of a new society in which optimism is not the poisonous luxury of the few; lastly, to THE NEW AGE! Yes, I dare say it; for optimism is very permissible.

\* \* \*

In Mr. G. R. S. Mead's "Quests Old and New" (Bell. 7s. 6d. net) will be found, together with many other essays, three in particular of great value to readers of the foregoing paragraph. They deal respectively with Vaihinger, Bergson and Eucken and are of the nature of accurate synopses of the doctrines of these modern thinkers. Mr. Mead has a genius for work of this kind; and his summaries, while useful as a guide to the unread, are useful no less to those whose reading requires to be occasionally reviewed. Vaihinger's doctrine of the "As if" is comparatively new in this country; I mean, in short, that I had not read him before; but it appears to have been written as long ago as in 1875, at the time when Nietzsche (with whom he is in sympathy) was casting off his professional robes.

\* \* \*

Dr. Oscar Levy in last week's "New Statesman" has an excellent reply to Mr. Hone, who had in a previous issue declared that "Germany was good to Nietzsche." I am by no means inclined to give the devil credit for perfect perspicuity by allowing him no mistakes in his mission of crucifying pioneers. Nietzsche, however, was undoubtedly one of the thinkers about whom Philistia made no mistake whatever. It put him into an ice-chamber of solitude and refrigerated him to death. Mr. Hone mentions the names of several distinguished German contemporaries who "recognised" Nietzsche; but their recognition, I gather, took the form of tolerating his greatness for the sake of his smallnesses. Their combined support, at any rate, was not enough to sell a single edition of a single one of Nietzsche's works during his life-time. The rest will become clearer when Dr. Levy produces the translation of Nietzsche's correspondence which he promises to add to the complete edition.

\* \* \*

In a "Daily News" article already referred to, Mr. Money sneers at the Guild writers for allowing in future society for a class of workers who live by ideas: ideamongers he calls them. Everybody in Mr. Money's little hell is to work—and don't you forget it! Statistics will be the nearest approach to literature, I suppose. But what is to be done under those conditions with such a wretch as Mr. A. R. Hope Moncrieff, better known to most of us twenty years ago as Ascott R. Hope of the "Boy's Own Paper"? In his "Book About Authors," just published, he confesses to having written over two hundred volumes by the sale of which he has made in all no more than a hundred pounds a year. Not a word, I agree, of his writing is literature; but think of the persistency in his un-Monied career of vice! And he has the impudence to announce that, given his time over again, he would repeat his offence.

Mr. Shaw on children is more humorous than he has any conception. In his elongated preface to "Misalliance" he whips himself into a mock fury respecting the relative rights of children and adults, but always on the assumption that children are merely a particular kind of adult! But that is just what they are not, though it would be hard to say where the child ceases and the adult begins. On the contrary, the child is for all spiritual purposes a being of a different order from that of adults; and has in consequence rights peculiar to itself. To treat it as if it were a human tadpole and a nuisance while absorbing its tail preparatory to adulthood is to impose adult values upon it most tyrannically. Far from regarding children as the nuisance, the boot should be upon the other leg. Wanted: a Manual of Instruction for Adults by Children who Refuse to Grow up!

\* \* \*

I suppose it is out of reason to wish that the works of Verrall, Bagehot, Dowden and W. K. Clifford should be immediately published in the "Everyman" Library. Yet all four have not only something in common which is English at its best, but all four aimed at that "brilliant commonsense" in criticism of which I am always writing. None of them, I think, was "creative" in the modern sense, though Dowden wrote and refused to publish some estimable verse, and Clifford wrote at least one joyous fantasy; but as critics they were just, as writers they were models, and as men they were as admirable as their works and congruous with them.

R. H. C.

## ON THE VENUS OF MILO.

(Dealing with an advertisement to be seen in all Tube lifts).

Have they restored to thee thy beauty, Queen,  
Two pale pink arms against thy marble form,  
Beneath the shoulders neatly sutured on,  
One pendant and the other raised on high  
Bearing a—chalice, shall we call it, now?

Oh, operation of the merchant mind!  
The lowliest panel man would not do such.  
For base material welded to the true  
Is death and dissolution, favour great  
To one that smiles before the scythe of Time.

Lady of Paphos, Lesbos and the sea,  
Blue, sunlit, overlaced with stretching foam  
And spun to diamonds in the dancing light,  
This is the end to journeys, this the shrine  
Reserved for thee at least. Watch it, now:  
An iron cage with grids at either end,  
A mass of people, stuffiness to smell,  
And over all the bold electric light.  
A foot-square frame for thee upon the wall,  
Wedged in between Euthymol and the hall,  
Misnamed Alhambra. Here thou smilest still;  
With that new acquisition holdest up  
Thy—chalice, where the curious may read,  
"Gospo, fourpence-halfpenny per tin,  
To polish gas-stoves, sinks, etc."

Oh, Gospo, Ltd., while yet the sound  
Of English speech is heard within the land,  
Your name shall be emblazoned on this scroll  
For brilliant, daring, 'cute advertisement.  
To Pagans seven wondrous things there are;  
For Christians this only shall suffice—  
Upon her pedestal you change her name,  
Smart master-minds of commerce that you are.  
No more has she to do with Milo, now—  
You know a thing worth half a score of that.  
"Venus de Gospo," is our Lady named,  
Queen to the liquid metal polish trade.

L. S. D.

THE "TIMES" REVIEWS "NATIONAL GUILDS."  
("Flee from the press, and dwell with soothfastness."  
—Chaucer).

## A NURSERY RHYME.

REVIEWER: Master, master, what shall I do?

Here comes a book that says what's true.

EDITOR: Smother it, stifle it; give it just an inch,  
If you dare discuss it, you shall feel my  
pinch.

## Boutshe the Silent.

By J. L. Peretz.

(Translated from the Yiddish by Gershon Katz.)

In this world the death of Boutshe the Silent made no impression on anybody. Ask anyone who Boutshe was, how he lived, what he died of. Was it from heart failure or exhaustion? Did his brain give way under a heavy burden . . . ? Or, perchance, . . . who knows? perhaps he died of hunger. No one could answer.

Were a 'bus-horse to fall dead in harness, it would interest more people. The papers would write about it, hundreds of men would gather from all corners to look at the corpse, even at the spot where the animal fell. . . .

Boutshe, however, lived quietly and died quietly. He passed like a shadow through our world.

At his circumcision no one drank wine, no glasses jingled! No brilliant speeches were delivered at the time of his confirmation. He lived like a grey little grain of sand in a corner of the sea shore amidst millions of its fellows. When the wind drives it across the other side, nobody notices it.

During his life the mud of the streets revealed no trace of his footsteps. After his death, the wind felled the tiny board at his grave-side. The undertaker's wife found it far away from his grave and boiled a pot of potatoes with it. . . . It is three days since Boutshe's death. Ask the undertaker where he laid him!

Had Boutshe a tomb-stone at his grave, perhaps a hundred years hence some explorer might have discovered it and the name "Boutshe the Silent" would have sounded again in the air.

A shadow! His portrait left no impression on anyone's brain, in anyone's heart; no trace was left of him!

"No child, no cattle," alone he lived: alone he died!

Were it not for the all-pervading human tumult, perhaps someone would have heard how Boutshe's skull cracked under its load. Had the world a little more time to spare, perhaps someone would have noticed that Boutshe (also a human being) had two black and blue eyes and horribly sunken cheeks; that even when he had no burden on his shoulders, his head was bowed to the ground, as if he were looking for his grave, though alive! Were there as few men as 'bus-horses in the world, perhaps someone would have asked: Where did Boutshe disappear?

When he was taken from the hospital to the House of the Dead, twenty poor sick men were waiting for his bed. . . . When he left the House of the Dead, twenty men killed by accident in a wrecked house were brought in. . . . Who knows how long he will rest in his grave? Who knows how many are already waiting for this bit of space. . . . ?

Quietly was he born, quietly he lived, quietly he died, and still more quietly was he buried.

But not so in the other world! There Boutshe's death caused a sensation.

The big trumpet of the Messiah sounded in the seven heavens: Boutshe the Silent had died! The greatest angels with the widest wings flew about saying to one another: "Boutshe is invited to the Seat of Judgment." Excitement in Paradise, joy, jubilation. Boutshe the Silent! No less a person than Boutshe the Silent!

Young little angels with diamond eyes, gold-wire wings, and silver slippers went out joyfully to meet Boutshe. The noise of the wings, of the resounding little slippers and of the merry laughter coming from the young, fresh, rosy little mouths filled all the heavens and reached the Chair of Honour and God Himself, so that He knew that Boutshe the Silent was coming.

Our father Abraham stood at the gates of Heaven, stretched out his hand with the greeting "Peace unto thee," a sweet smile shining on his kindly old face.

What is this chariot-like noise in Heaven?

These are two angels in Paradise wheeling a golden arm-chair.

What is this brilliant glitter?

It is a gold crown set with magnificent jewels. All for Boutshe!

"Before the Supreme Court have decided?" ask the saints astonished and not without jealousy.

"Oh," answer the angels, "this will be a mere formality. Even the *Advocatus Diaboli* will not open his mouth against Boutshe the Silent! The 'case' will only take five minutes!"

Are you trifling with Boutshe the Silent?!

After the little angels had caught Boutshe in the air and played him a tune, and Abraham, our father, had shaken his hand as that of an old comrade, Boutshe heard that his chair in Paradise was ready, that a crown was waiting for his head and that nothing would be said against him in the Supreme Court. But Boutshe was dumb by fear and was just as silent as in the other world. His heart throbbed. He was sure it was all a dream or simply a mistake.

He was accustomed to both. Not once only had he dreamed that he was picking up gold from the ground, whole treasures . . . . And when he awoke, he was even poorer than before. Not once did somebody smile at him by mistake, say a good word, and then turn round and spit in his face. . . .

"Such," thinks he, "is my fate." And he is afraid to raise his eyes, lest the dream vanish, lest he awake in some valley amongst snakes.

He is afraid to utter a sound, to move a limb lest he be recognised and sent to purgatory. . . .

He trembles. He does not listen to the compliments of the angels, sees not their dancing round him, answers not the hearty greeting of Abraham our Father, and does not even say "good morning" to him, when he is led away to the Supreme Court. He is beside himself with fear. And his fears increase when he unwittingly beholds the floor of the Supreme Court. Alabaster and diamond!

"On such a floor stand my feet." He is thoroughly numb. "Who knows what nobleman, what saint, they mistake me for! . . . He will arrive presently and then my dark end will come!"

Out of fear he does not hear how the Magistrate calls out distinctly:—

"The case of Boutshe the Silent."

Handing a paper to the Angel-Advocate, the Magistrate says:—

"Read; but be quick."

Everything in the Hall swims before Boutshe's eyes; confusing noises fill his ears, and above the clamour is heard clearly the voice of the Angel-Advocate, violin-like in its sweetness.

"His name," he hears, "fitted him like a glove."

"What does he mean?" Boutshe asks himself, and hears an impatient voice interrupting the Advocate, saying:—

"No similes!"

"He never," again begins the Advocate "railed at anybody, neither at God nor man. His eyes never reflected the glow of hate, he never raised them with a petition to Heaven."

Boutshe does not understand a word. The hard voice interrupts again.

"No rhetoric!"

"Job would not have borne it. Boutshe was unhappier."

"Facts, dry facts," calls out the voice even more impatiently.

"Eight days after his birth he was circumcised."

"No realism!"

"He was always silent," proceeds the Advocate, "even when his mother died and he was given a step-mother instead. That was when he was thirteen years old . . . a stepmother, a snake, a shrew . . ."

"Perhaps they really mean me," thinks Boutshe.

"No insinuations on absent parties," comes the rebuke of the Magistrate.

"She scarcely spared him a mouthful . . . dried-up bread, days old, no meat. . . . Yet she herself drank her coffee with cream."

"Keep to the point," cries the Magistrate.

"But she never denied him her fists. His blue and black flesh peeped out through all the holes of his ragged, mouldy clothes. . . . Barefoot he went to chop wood for her in the cold of the great winter frosts, although his hands were too young and weak, the logs too thick, the hatchet too blunt. . . . Not once merely were his knuckles dislocated, his feet frozen; but he was silent. Even before his father——"

"The drunkard," laughs the *Advocatus Diaboli*, and a chill runs through Boutshe's limbs. . . .

"—— he did not complain," the Advocate finishes his sentence.

"And always alone," he continues, "no clothes. . . . no free minute. . . ."

"Facts!" cries the Magistrate.

"He was even silent when one cold, snow-driven night his father caught him by the hair and flung him out of the house. He quietly raised himself from the snow and went wherever his eyes led him. . . . He was silent all the way. . . . Although he suffered the pangs of hunger, he begged only with his eyes. At last one dizzy, damp spring evening he reached a large town. He entered it as a drop of water into the sea, and spent that evening under arrest. . . He was silent, never asked the why and wherefore. He was released and he set out in search of the hardest labour. But he was silent!

"Bathed in rivers of cold perspiration, pressed down by the heavy burdens, his empty stomach suffering the cramps of hunger—he was silent.

"Splashed by strangers' mud, spat upon by unfriendly mouths, driven from the pavements into the traffic with heavy loads on his back, facing death every minute—he was silent!

"He never considered how many hundred-weights he carried per farthing, how many times he fell for a penny, how often he nearly died of hunger while others kept back his wages. He never compared his fate with that of others—but was silent.

"Like a beggar did he go after his wages, an appealing look in his eyes. 'Come later' a voice told him, and he disappeared like a shadow to reappear later and beg his wages even humbler. He was even silent when he was cheated out of his earnings or given a false coin. He was always silent. . . ."

"Perhaps they really mean me," Boutshe comforts himself.

"Once," continues the Advocate, having taken a drink of water, "a carriage with rubber wheels and fierce horses flew past him. . . . The driver is lying on the pavement with a broken head. . . . The frightened horses spout foam; from under their hoofs come sparks of fire; their eyes glow like beacons in a dark night—and in the carriage sits a man neither dead nor alive! But Boutshe stopped the horses! And the rescued one was a Jew, a philanthropist, and remembered the good Boutshe did him. He gave him the whip of the dead man. Boutshe became a coachman! Still more—the philanthropist obtained him a bride. Still more—he provided Boutshe with a child. And Boutshe was silent all the time!"

"They mean me, me," Boutshe encourages himself. But still he does not dare to raise his eyes to the bench of the Supreme Court. He listens further to the Advocate.

"He was even silent when his benefactor became bankrupt and did not pay him his debt. . . . He was even silent when his wife deserted him and left her baby behind. . . . He was even silent fifteen years later when the baby grew up and was strong enough to turn Boutshe out of the house."

"They mean me," thinks Boutshe joyfully.

"He was silent," continues the Advocate in a softer and more pathetic voice, "when his one-time benefactor settled with everybody, but denied Boutshe his wages, even when (again riding in a carriage with rubber wheels as before) he ran him over. . . . He was silent! He did not even tell the police who it was that ran over him. He was silent in the hospital, where it is permitted to groan. He was silent when the doctor refused to approach his bed unless he was paid his fourpence, and the porter to change his linen without the fee of a penny! He was silent when lying in agony; he was silent when dying. . . . Not a word against God, not a word against man. Dixi!"

Boutshe begins again to tremble in all his limbs. He knows that after his Advocate comes the Devil's Advocate. Who knows what he would say? Even in the other world he had forgotten the past. . . . His Advocate had reminded him of all that. . . . Who knows what the Devil's Advocate would remind him of?

"Gentlemen," begins a sharp, piercing voice.

But it pauses.

"Gentlemen," it begins again, but in a softer tone, and pauses once more. At last the same voice, almost transformed into gentleness:—

"Gentlemen, he was silent! Then I shall also keep silence!" it says, and speaks no more.

From the front comes a new, soft, trembling voice:—

"Boutshe, my child, Boutshe!" it comes with harp-like harmony, "child after my own heart!"

And Boutshe's heart weeps. . . . He would have opened his eyes now, but they were darkened by tears. . . . Never before was crying so sweet to him.

"My child," continues the Father of the House of Judgment, "you suffered all and were silent! You have no sound limb, no bone on your body without its wound. There is no spot in your soul that did not bleed. . . . And you were always silent. . . . There they did not understand it. You yourself did not know that you could shout and that your shout might have made the walls of Jericho totter and fall. You never knew your hidden powers. . . . The other world did not appreciate your silence; but that is the world of Falsehood; here in the world of Truth you will receive your reward! The Supreme Court will not judge you. No part of anything will be allotted to you; but take all that your heart desires. It is all yours."

Boutshe raises his eyes for the first time! He is dazzled by the light coming from all sides. Everything sparkles, everything glitters. Beams shoot forth from the walls, from the holy vessels, from the angels, from the judges. Real angels! His tired eyes droop.

"So?" he asks doubtful and shy.

"Sure!" answers the Father of the House of Judgment assuringly. "Sure, I tell you all is yours. All in heaven belongs to you! Choose and take what you will. You'll be only taking your own property."

"So?" asks Boutshe again, but in a more decisive tone.

"So! So! So!" answer him voices from all sides.

"Well, if so," smiles Boutshe, "I should like every morning a hot roll and fresh butter!"

Judges and angels bowed their heads in shame. And the Advocatus Diaboli laughed.

#### BLINDNESS.

His spirit sees; and oft essays to clear  
The clouding film on heart and brain and sight,  
The 'prisoning wall more thin than gossamere  
That shuts his will in ever-during night.

The rede is dark, and none may understand.  
Chastened we are and blest above our will.  
There's surgery in Heaven; and angels' skill  
Attends life's wounded. Perhaps this darksome  
band,  
This curb, attached was by an angel's hand.

F. H. VISIAK.

## Views and Reviews.\*

### Freud on Mental Determinism.

I AM in danger of succumbing to the fascination of Freud, and, in sheer self-defence, I must try to place him. Psycho-analysis existed before Freud, and in his autobiography, Huxley has given a very good example of it. "As I grew older," he says, "my great desire was to be a mechanical engineer, but the fates were against this, and, while very young, I commenced the study of medicine under a medical brother-in-law. But, though the Institute of Mechanical Engineers would certainly not own me, I am not sure that I have not all along been a sort of mechanical engineer *in partibus infidelium*. I am now occasionally horrified to think how very little I ever cared about medicine as the art of healing. The only part of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collected anything, and species work was always a burden to me; what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business, the working out the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions, and the modifications of similar apparatus to serve diverse ends." Translate physiology into psychology, and you may say that Freud is Huxley.

For it is the mechanism of the mind that Freud is revealing; the psychology of repression is an automatic psychology, and, therefore, is definitely a psychology of the sub-conscious. It is precisely this automatism that is characteristic of the sub-conscious mind, as Hudson, notably among psychic investigators, has shown. Inductive logic, for example, is impossible to the sub-conscious mind, although the process of deduction is swift and precise. When Freud said, in his essay on Dreams, that a syllogism in the dream was always taken over entirely from the latent dream thoughts, and was not modified in any way by what he called the "dream work," he revealed a limitation of the process called the dream work; in other words, he had tacitly confessed that the dream work is a mechanical process, and is itself automatic.

But mechanism obviously is not mind, any more than natural law is life; and as the tendency of all mechanical psychologists is to regard consciousness as a mere phenomenon, I take the opportunity of quoting Ribot. "When a physiological state has become a state of consciousness," he says, "through this very fact it has acquired a particular character. Instead of occurring in space, that is, instead of being conceived as the setting into activity of a certain number of nervous elements, occupying a determined surface, it assumes a position in time; it has been produced after this, and before that other thing, while in the unconscious state there was neither a before nor an after. The physiological state becomes susceptible of being recollected, i.e., of being recognised as having occupied a precise position among other states of consciousness. It has, accordingly, become a new factor in the psychic life of the individual—a result that can serve as a starting-point to some new (either conscious or unconscious) work."

I have insisted on this point because there is a real danger that the last chapter of this book may be taken too seriously. Demonstrate the existence of a mechanism, and it is easy to believe that the working of the mind is determined by its mechanical processes. But Freud's own work is destructive of the idea. It may

\* "Psycho-Pathology of Everyday Life." By Prof. Sigmund Freud. With an Introduction by A. A. Brill. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)



be a fact of general experience that in the mind, "as in still other spheres, determinism reaches further than we suppose"; but it is no less a fact of Freud's practice that the supervention of consciousness does terminate the particular determinism. "Volition," said Ribot, "is always a state of consciousness—the affirmation that a thing must either be done or prevented; it is the final and clear result of a great number of conscious, sub-conscious and unconscious states; but, once affirmed, it becomes a new factor in the life of the individual, and, in the assumed position, it marks a series, i.e., the possibility of being recommenced (begun over again), modified, prevented. Nothing similar exists in regard to automatic acts that are not accompanied by consciousness. Novelists and poets, who are usually good observers of human nature, have frequently described that well-known situation, in which a passion—whether love or hatred—long brooded over, unconscious, ignorant of itself, at last bursting forth, recognises, affirms itself, becomes conscious. Then its character changes; it either redoubles in intensity or is crossed by antagonistic motives. Here, likewise, consciousness is a new factor, which has modified the psychological situation."

When Freud shows us, as he does in this book, how the conscious mind may be hindered by the automatic working of suppressed complexes, he has not really rendered the service to determinism that he apparently thinks that he has; he has really stated that the perfect working of the conscious mind can only be achieved when it aims at telling the truth. Perhaps the most remarkable example of psycho-analysis in this book is the one referred to as the "aliquis" analysis. The fact that a young man jumbled a quotation from Virgil, and omitted the word "aliquis" from it, might not seem to offer much opportunity for psychological investigation, and its relation with an intrigue with a woman, and fear of the consequences, is certainly not obvious until one has read Freud's demonstration of it. But, after all, the case only demonstrates the fact that if a man will consciously pretend to be other than he is, his sub-conscious mind will accept the suggestion and automatically apply it; with the consequence that he cannot immediately command it to supply him with the information he really needs. That forgetting is originally lying is the fact demonstrated by Freud, however wide the mechanism of repression may ramify; and if the mind be determined at all, it is determined by the will and the plea of non-responsibility can scarcely be allowed.

In laying this stress on Freud's revelation of the mechanism of the mind, I have, of course, called him a scientist; for Lotze has said, in his "Microcosmus": "The true source of the life of science is to be found . . . in showing how absolutely universal is the extent and at the same time how completely subordinate the significance of the mission which mechanism has to fulfil in the structure of the world." That Freud does not yet recognise the subordinate significance of the mechanism of the mind, still further delimits his value to thought. It may be, it probably is, true that the large majority of people suffer from restricted consciousness; the acceptance of a life of limited affirmations is characteristic of most members of modern society, and Suburbia will probably be shocked to discover how much of the animal its mentality reveals. But conventions were originally inventions; somewhere, at some time, some conscious will imposed restraints on others, and hypocrisy was born of the first prohibition. That Freud's technique does enable us to explore the consciousness of common people, and reveal the commonplace nature of the desires transformed into and concealed by thought and action, is apparently a fact; but it is by no means proven that their conscious thoughts are determined, in any real sense, by the mechanism of their minds. For psychical mechanism is only another name for habit, and habit may be corrected by the exercise of the will.

A. E. R.

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE audience clapped, cheered, and called for the author. A deprecatory individual squeezed through a crack in the curtain, propped himself against the proscenium, and made vague motions with his hands and lips to indicate that he was not the author. The applause wavered, and then ceased; "I have to announce," said the apparition, "that the author is not, at this moment, in England, but I will let him know what a fine reception you have given his play." Exit apparition. Next morning, the "Times" said that it was "a play of considerable promise." The enthusiast who writes for the "Observer" said that "it is the way of good repertory companies to create the drama they need, and in Mr. McCarthy [the absent author] the Abbey Theatre has found a dramatist who will do very good work, we suspect, in the future." I, also, have my suspicions, but, we shall see. It is clear that I have been to the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, Chelsea, S.W. (next door to the District Railway Station) to see the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, in a play called "The Supplanter," written by J. Bernard McCarthy, and produced at the Royal Court Theatre for the first time on any stage. In making these preliminary observations, I have but done my duty to the management which so courteously sent me tickets, to the author who so kindly wrote the play, to the audience which so emphatically told me what to think of the play, and to the critics who so cleverly told me to suspect this author. I have done my duty, but I will not be buried in the Abbey.

"The Supplanter" is a planter who sups, and occasionally swills; and it is significant, in this connection, that the scene is set in County Cork. John O'Connor prefers the bottle to the cork, but it is a sign of the high finish of the work of this author that he omits no detail that would amplify or emphasise his conception of John O'Connor's character. I am not an Irishman, and I cannot speak with assurance on the point; but it is just possible that County Cork is a place where corks are counted, and, if this be so, we understand at once how and why it was that everybody knew John O'Connor as a bad character. No detail in an artist's work is insignificant, as I am always being told; so I mention these details to show that I, also, can find meanings in everything.

Here, then, we have some of the necessary elements of drama, a man, a bottle, and a cork. There is also a woman, Mrs. Keegan (?Keggan: observe this philological touch). Mrs. Keegan is a widow, but she has a farm, a son, and a niece. The son is named Phil (?Fill), and the niece is named Ellie without the H. Now comes the problem. If John O'Connor marries Mrs. Keegan, will he have a good time or a bad time? Judging by nomenclature alone, the odds are in favour of a good time; but there is always that plaguey niece, and it seems wiser to prophesy that he will have an Ellie time. Very well, then; prepare for what the "Times" called "a tragedy of rural life in County Cork," and what the "Observer" called a "three-act tragedy of modern life."

There is in the New Testament a parable called the parable of the Prodigal Son. It will be remembered that he went into a far country, wasted his substance in riotous living, and was fain to fill (?Phil) his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. Mr. McCarthy has varied the story somewhat; Phil wants to go to America, but does not. He is not the prodigal, but the prudent, son; what we have in "The Supplanter" is the parable of the prodigal step-father. Not that he travels abroad; oh, dear, no! He stays where the booze is cheaper. Phil is the good son. From his childhood, he has digged dirt; during the period of the play, he eats it. In the first act, he becomes jealous of John

O'Connor's visits to the house, and, being in love with Ellie, he supposes that O'Connor is after her. Ellie takes the dirt out of his eyes; and, if I remember rightly, he proposes to her. Anyhow, he does propose to her at some time, but she loves another. There is no Ha, Ha, black moustache, cigarette, silk hat, and frock coat: that was at the Adelphi. Phil only hangs his head, drops his arms by his side, and thinks of going to America.

But he is like the elder son in the parable in this respect, he thinks that his labours on the farm give him some right to be considered. "You shall not marry John O'Connor," he says to his mother. "I will," she answers; and she does. Thereafter, all is misery. The farm goes to rack and ruin; John O'Connor administers conjugal correction to his wife, sells heifers, and gets drunk on the proceeds, and proposes to sell the best field of the farm. Phil, of course, tries to strangle him; but his mother pushes him out of the house until his passion cools. "I'll swing for you yet," he says to John O'Connor, as the curtain falls on the second act.

Mrs. O'Connor, of course, is sorry for the wrong she has done to Phil by marrying John O'Connor, and she calls upon Phil to give up his idea of going to America, to stay with her and help her to bear the burden of trouble she has fastened on her own shoulders. She appeals to Ellie to make Phil's burden lighter by marrying him, a queer way; but, as I said before, Ellie loves another. Reminiscence of innumerable plays: the father of her lover had done her own father a great wrong, had ruined him and reduced her to poverty. Neither of the young people knows this, but Phil learns the guilty secret. Shall Philip tell? Test of character, and Philip does not tell. Halo for Phil! But after Phil has tried to strangle John O'Connor, he must go to America; and Phil begins to save his money in a mustard-tin hidden under an ornament on the top of the kitchen dresser, the only place, we are told, where John O'Connor does not look for money.

Third act. Phil is only a pound or two short of his fare to America. Long arm of coincidence. Ellie brings him two pounds (£2), money lent two years previously to some individual without any hope of its being returned. The two pounds is put in the mustard-tin, and John O'Connor, gasping for a drink, peers through the window and observes the hiding place. This being a play, he does not withdraw from the window at once; but passes right across it, making goo-goo eyes at the mustard-tin all the time. The stage is cleared for the robbery, which duly takes place; but as the miscreant departs with his booty, he is interrupted by Ellie. Finally, she is thrust violently on one side, and John O'Connor departs to have the first drink for a fortnight. She goes to her bedroom to weep away the brutality of John O'Connor, and her lover comes in with some songs. Phil returns for something, or nothing, and learns from Ellie's lover that John O'Connor is down in the village with some money in his hand. He observes the empty mustard-tin, picks up a gun, and departs; the lover being conveniently interested in the songs, his departure is unnoticed. But you don't hear the bang, bang just yet. The Widow Flynn comes bustling in, and Ellie, and Mrs. O'Connor; and we are told that Phil's uncle (previously supposed to be defunct) has returned from America with pots of money, and thinks of settling down in the district. They are just deciding that Phil need not go to America after all, because his uncle will buy a farm for him, when "bang" is heard off. They ignore it, so another "bang" is heard off. Phil staggers in, clings to the dresser, and says: "I've shot John O'Connor." Murmurs are heard outside the door, but whether of approval or disapproval, I do not know. They are probably emitted by the scene-shifters, and therefore do not count. The curtain descends as Phil repeats that he has shot John O'Connor. Let us rejoice that the people and the Press have relieved us from the necessity of praising the work of J. Bernard McCarthy, and suspect his future work.

## Pastiche.

### IMPRESSIONS DE PARIS—III.

What a silly I was not to have brought Minnie Pin- niken to Paris. Or Valerie! I could have pushed off on to them tons of nonsense one wouldn't like to admit about oneself. You're only seeing Par-is, said the sculptor—Come, leave all these people—let us go and see Par-ee. I thought it was very like London when we sat in the cinema. "Ah, j'adore ça!" he said, and never looked at a single picture. You mustn't go to sleep on my shoulder! I objected—all the world knows you. "Not a soul," he said, and waved anew to somebody else. "You mustn't fall in love with me," he said, "it's no use—yes, do!—no, don't—it's no use." Don't be absolutely ridiculous, I said, you're much more likely! "Ah, that's all accomplished," he said, "but you look at me responsively, like my first statue." I didn't drag in anything about the obvious thing which is advertised all over Paris—this—"Pygmalion—Summer Costumes!" What a Joke, eh! I said, will you sit up? "Oui, je t'obéis." He tuyoed infamously, and took me to buy sweets. Then it was again like London when we walked into a place which was just shutting up. I don't believe you know Parea at all, I said. "I did before we started. I've forgotten it all now. Ah! there is where lives la belle Americaine with her brother." "Ah! that is he I want to know so much. Do take me!" "No, she's as ugly as Fate. I have a horror of her. Why do you mention Americans? Mange tes bons-bons!" Then Minnie should have been there. I said, O very well—nuisance!

Two English have got rooms here on opposite sides of the court, and every night one comes out and says in a great important whisper—Walk-er! Then he says—Commonly ally voo? I think he thinks it means Good-night. I heard a man ordering Johnny Walker.

"Johnny Walker!" he said—"Whisky! Là! On the board! La quatre, damn it—the fourth on the board. That!" He put his finger on it. "Ah!—Jean Voltaire!" screamed the silly garçon. I busted!

Saw the grand poets at La Closerie de Lilas and felt very distinguished!

A new journal paraîtra prochainement! The "Montparnasse" journal, artistic and literary, of the left bank. The prospectus assures me that everybody new and rebellious lives in Montparnasse now, and, according to the erudition of the Lilas, I am threatened with a politeness most alarming—a very particular courier will follow the movements of the artistic stranger—"un courrier particulier sera consacré au mouvement artistique étranger." I'm glad he hasn't begun yet this service. Avertissement! In future, I shall not accompany any Parisien, any Montmartrois, any member of anything, however distinguished, who retrieves from the gardens of the Luxembourg a piece of torn white lace and ties it round his knee on the Boulevard Saint Michel; not even if he is a poet also and has enjoyed his supper. Just fancy, if the world got to know about this! But it was a gay enough Rag. Someone improvised to a rose—"Thou openest to me like the eyes of love! Yet thou wouldst wither of desire. Thou couldst never delight me with the intelligence of love satisfied—at last content to adore the soul that cannot be clasped." That went very well under the stars just after Mallarmé's "solitude, récifes, étoiles," which was recited à la boissons populaires in my honour—Gawd knows why!

But, you know, it isn't all gay in Paris. There are horrible things. I find even more insupportable than the fact of a charlatan like Tagore getting the Nobel prize the sight of artists surrounded with all the refinements which money cannot buy, but unable to purchase the materials for their work. I sat in hell with the Englishwoman and a poet who could not be approached twice with the offer of food while we were choking down the stuff. And I saw a gross and cruel woman, champagne-drunk, the wife of a poet who is the fashion just now, place in the wonderful hands of a sculptor her snuff-box. He had expected a little money. "Décéption, monsieur!" the beast shrieked. However, she won him some new friends. Perhaps that poet who chose hunger had encountered something of the sort.

News of the Royaume Uni is of suffragettes—giants who abat editors. I was much chaffed about it. I wish I were an Amazon. I'd butt Lloyd George and McKenna very hard, though not for their anti-suffragism. That creature in the Home Office particularly is a shocking example to us women, such a bloodthirsty ninny, never right but always wrong—excessive, sentimental in every-

thing, just like an impotent and furious female. I've had a bad quarter of an hour over the third sex, so I turn on the bearded ones. There is no suffrage here that one can observe. The women count money all day long and make love on Sundays. It gives their eyes a peculiar expression, half-machine, half-siren.

M. Edmond Rostand was slain to-night in the "Journal des Débats." Montparnasse talks of nothing else. Just a little article, fifty or so lines. My copy is in rags. I can hardly make out where the coup de grâce is. I think it is in a few lines of appreciation of the cinema proprietor who secured the rights of "L'Aiglon": this puffing champion who is outraged at the attacks on M. Rostand, whose name is so famous. The eagle is slain with his own mangy feather. The sympathy for Sarah Bernhard is enormous. You would suppose it was she who was dead. She is said to have wept for sixteen hours.

I haven't yet seen the uplifting things of Baedeker, but I have looked everywhere for a studio with trees that have leaves like fingers spread out. Concierges are awful pigs. They hate showing you anything. I am sure many trees of my one and only sort are hidden in courts behind those black, forbidding faces, that never have anything to let except on the sixth floor at millions a month. It's quite a lie that things are cheap in Paris. If they are, they're nasty.

Monsieur Baudos of the streets sold me my horoscope for five cents. He went away very quickly, and, to be sure, left me under ominous stars. However, if I put his maxims in practice, he promised me to triumph easily over the contrarieties that menace me. I am to surmount a long and sad torment by attaching my friends to me through gratitude. In a society of great gaiety where I shall find myself I am to avoid anyone rich. I cannot imagine much difficulty in this, anyway. That was always something stronger than me! I have forgotten to tell about the grand ball where Monsieur Paul Fort, who is amiable and wears pince-nez with a smile, was president, and where all the dancing schools of Paris represented themselves. I had a glass of horrid, red stuff. But the dancing was superb.

Alice Morning.

OUR CONTEMPTORIES.

By C. E. Bechhöfer.

III.—THE DAILY CITIZEN.

An Historic Contest.

Polling takes place to-day at North-East Southdown. Tory and Liberal candidates are there, bloated with the blood of a thousand cripples, gorging the vitals of women and school children, blistered with pride and overgrown with arrogance. To the workers, unwilling to submit to such creatures the right to make the laws of the country for them, there comes, like the clarion cry of the bison in the prairie, like the scream of the elephant to its mate through the fishpools of Heshbon, the welcome candidature of Mr. Smugg. He, with his exalted Labour ideals, his detestation of cant and unreality, his full-blooded love for country and self, has given himself heart, soul and body to the service of the workers in Parliament. Who can deny that every man added to that devoted little band in the House of Commons is not a great step forward towards increased wages and less responsibility for all workers? Mr. Smugg is pledged to a free State Insurance Act, compulsory, of course, but without that thievish robbery of the poor that the present imperfect Act displays. Opposed, as we are, to strikes on account of their futile frittering away of hard-saved money to no purpose, we may safely declare that Mr. Smugg is unanimous with us in putting Parliamentary action before all other industrial methods, and in actively opposing the latter as wasteful and degrading. We have the utmost confidence that in returning Mr. Smugg for the constituency the workers will be sending to Parliament a man after their own heart, calculating, prudent, diplomatic, and keen to wring even the smallest increase of wages from the employers. God speed him well. Men, your duty to yourselves is clear. Vote for Mr. Smugg and another two shillings a week.

NEWS.

GREAT VICTORY OF WORKERS.

The men and girls who came out on strike at Messrs. Chink's factories last week returned to work to-day, having won a complete victory on every point they demanded. Great jubilation is rife among the workers, and they claim that the recognition of their Union by the

employers as a force to be reckoned with means a great increase of prestige for themselves.

MALADMINISTRATION OF ACTS.

A large meeting was held yesterday at Hoxton to protest against the maladministration of Acts for the relief of workers by the local councils. The speakers pointed out that though the Acts to which they referred had been passed by Parliament for their relief, yet the local councils suited their own convenience in applying them. They were enabled to do this on account of their great influence in the district as employers and contractors. Resolutions of protest were passed and submitted to Mr. Stubborn, Labour M.P. for the constituency, who had been instrumental in the passing of the various Acts.

GREAT FIGHTING SPEECH AT N.-E. SOUTHDOWN.

Mr. Stephen Liar, the distinguished Labour M.P., speaking at N.-E. Southdown last night, in support of Mr. Smugg's candidature, declared that he was proud to clasp Mr. Smugg's hand and call him brother and friend. That meant that he was brother and friend not only to the speaker but to all rational working-class movements throughout the world. The most rational means of increased wages, and, therefore, of an increased standard of working-class comfort, was, of course, the work of that devoted band of men to which he had the honour to belong in the House of Commons. Mr. Liar deplored industrial strikes, which he showed to be futile, ineffective, and disrespectful both to the natural and the elected authorities over the people. The capitalists, he said, became so hostile and embittered against the people and its representatives because of the strikes that they declined for that reason to assist any ameliorative action on their behalf. What was to be done? Clearly, only Parliamentary action was of the slightest use; the capitalists might refuse, and did refuse, to bow to the wishes or the violence of their workers, but they could not help carrying out the just demands of the workers expressed by their representatives in His Majesty's Parliament and passed into law as Acts by that time-honoured and traditional body. He called upon them, therefore, to elect Mr. Smugg to a seat on the Westminster benches, where, as they all knew, so much was being done for the amelioration of the workers' conditions. The workers were the men who produced the wealth, and they had the right to demand satisfactory protection against hunger, cold and ill-health. They asked no more; but they meant to insist upon that.

LABOUR CRISIS AT HOXTON.

The big employers here who were denounced for their illegal opposition to the working of Parliamentary Acts early yesterday retaliated in the afternoon by dismissing a large number of their employees, mostly the less effective workers, who are, therefore, entirely destitute and on the point of starving. The employers point out that a vast increase of expenditure will be forced upon them as a result of the workers' insistence upon the observing of the new Acts, and that they are, therefore, justified in demanding a higher standard of production from their employees. It is recognised among the workers that this statement is correct, and great satisfaction is felt that the employers should have been compelled to capitulate to the might of Parliament, directed in this case by the workers' own representatives.

TRUANT VISCOUNT. . . .

POLO AT HURLINGHAM. . . .

SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND THE CUP. . . .

M.P. SHOOTS ANOTHER TIGER. . . .

It is reported from Hansanagapore that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., succeeded in shooting a tiger during the President's recent hunting-party. The rumour that this tiger was drugged, like Mr. MacDonald's first, is officially denied.

LONDON CHAT.

Is Mr. "Wu" Harcourt's vogue declining? It seems only yesterday that I wagered my racehorse against his at Versailles. What will the workers think, I wonder, when I say that we joke about theatres and golf whenever we meet? They will hardly expect him to do so, anyhow.

THEIR VIEWS AND OURS.

A certain obscure weekly paper says "Economic Power precedes Political Power." Does it expect fisticuffs in the House?

The "Daily Mail" says kissing is coming into vogue again. We hope the girls know where our office is. Etc., etc.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### "CHIOZZA'S LITTLE BOGEY."

Sir,—The writer of the article entitled "Chiozza's Little Bogy," which appeared in THE NEW AGE of May 21, says: "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 the trade union into a definite branch of nationhood. Who has done anything so foolish? Nobody, so far as we know."

I have not yet seen Mr. Chiozza Money's article in the "New Statesman," but I venture to suggest, at hazard: Is it possible that he had in mind ch. i. of Bastable's "Theory of International Trade," in which we may read (I quote from the fourth edition, 1903, page 3):—

"International trade is, then, in its development, as the very name implies, 'trade between nations,' so that it is necessary to explain what is meant by the term 'nation' in ordinary and general use. Bagehot, for instance . . . speaks of 'a nation in the economic sense—that is, a group of producers within which labour and capital freely circulate.' . . . Thus, for the purpose of economic inquiry, the meaning of the leading term is altered and a new connotation given to it, though the thread of connection between the two meanings is plain enough." Is it possible, I suggest, that Mr. Chiozza Money was considering the guilds as "nations" in the sense that certain of them would be "groups of producers" in an economic sense? Perhaps Mr. Money, who has recently shown his interest in this matter by a rather misguided column review of the book on "National Guilds" in the "Daily News," would let us hear from himself in person.

S. VERDAD.

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### THE BASIS OF THE GUILD.

Sir,—May I deal, scientifically, with what is left of Mr. Chiozza Money? There are two aspects of the guild idea neglect of which entirely invalidates his main argument. In the first place, the guilds are few and large; secondly, their basis is, in the main, "natural."

To take the first point: not only does Mr. Money (as the "National Guildsmen" point out), talk of "Guilds" and "Trade Unions" as if the terms were interchangeable, but, even more important, he has in mind a number of small craft guilds—"bodies of workers labelled 'iron,' 'glass,' 'coal,' etc."—and not the National Guilds. These craft guilds would, he contends, hamper or even prevent developments in applied science. Now this argument, while possibly valid for small delimited groups, at once breaks down when applied, as Mr. Money attempts to apply it, to large "natural" guilds, since these represent the maximum degree of mobility.

But size is not, of itself, a sufficient guarantee, as is shown in the case of the coal industry; the guild must also have a "natural" basis. By this, I mean that its organisation must be based on the natural fundamental needs of mankind such as food, clothing, shelter, etc. This basis of classification is of the utmost importance from the scientific standpoint because no advance in science can displace these necessities on which civilisation is built, it can only alter our methods of dealing with them. Given this basis it would, therefore, be to the benefit of the guild to introduce any such improvements, since, under no circumstances, could their "natural" monopoly become obsolete.

I do not know whether any such considerations influenced the "Guild Writers" when they drew up their proposed classification, and I realise, of course, that their scheme is not intended to be rigid, but I imagine that they were mainly influenced by practical considerations of combination, and by the classification adopted in the census of production. It is noticeable, however, that, with one exception, their guilds have this "natural" basis. Every man must have food, clothing, shelter, and means of transit. The exception is mining, and it so happens that Mr. Money, in his example of the replacement of coal by the discovery of other sources of energy, has hit upon this special case, which would seem to show up a weak point in this classification, since coal is put in the mining industry.

Now, mining is only a particular means of obtaining a particular fuel; it cannot, therefore, form the basis of a "natural" guild. I would suggest that the proposed mining guild should be split up, the main coal part going to form a fuel, or better energy, guild (including, of course, other fuels), and the rest distributing its members among the guilds to which they naturally belong,

e.g., slate quarrying into building, ore mining into metals. There are thus five main guilds, Food, Clothing, Building, Fuel, and Transit. Agriculture and Textiles might almost become parts of the first two, and Metals, etc., along with Paper, printing, and books, minister to all the guilds.

Under these conditions, and with the general technical education provided for each member of the guild, any development in science, having a direct bearing on industry, would be understood, at least, in its general outline, by the guild members, and could be easily and naturally applied by them without any disruption in the guild. Mr. Cole has thought it sufficient, in dealing with this problem, to point out the plasticity of industries under the National Guilds as a result of close guild relationships, but it would surely be better to aim, in theory, at any rate, at some such scheme as the above, which avoids any friction. With its practical possibilities I am unable to deal.

J. A. FROME WILKINSON.

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### THE NATIONAL UNION OF TEACHERS.

Sir,—You have said that the first step towards Guildisation is the blackleg-proof condition of the Unions, and you have maintained that only when the Unions have a complete monopoly of labour can they proceed to wield efficiently their economic power. Your reply to a member of the N.U.T. in a recent issue does not seem to me, however, altogether consistent with this doctrine. At the present moment, the N.U.T. would not have a monopoly of the labour of teachers in primary schools, even if every person eligible were to join it, for the reasons that uncertificated teachers may be recognised by the Board of Education as efficient staffing for a school, and that these teachers are not eligible for membership of the Union. The Union, as either a fighting organ, or as a body with a constructive educational programme, cannot at present dispense with the aid of the uncertificated teachers. Look at the Herefordshire case. The Executive would not, and dared not, have called a strike there, without the promise of help from uncertificated teachers in that area. The uncertificated teachers who struck received strike pay from the N.U.T., and were made the same offers of sustentation as members of the Union; thus, proving to the Union, the necessity of the assistance of their economic power. For much of the success of the Herefordshire strike (so far as it was a success, and, believe me, many of the rank and file of the Union, and especially the teachers directly affected, are disgusted with the bungling manner in which the Executive closed it), we have to thank the voluntary loyalty of the uncertificated teachers. Yet, they are debarred from membership of the Union, and are compelled, in many cases, not being with us, to be against us.

You talk as though the uncertificated teacher is, and is always, to remain an unqualified and an inefficient teacher. Every certificated teacher must spend a considerable time as an uncertificated one; there is no evil in boy labour under training in skill, nor in the uncertificated teacher in himself. Our enemy is the Board of Education, which, by its unholy device of regulating the number of passes at the Preliminary and Final Certificate Examinations, can and does maintain as many uncertificated teachers (not unskilled, but partly skilled, and eager to qualify fully) on the market as it pleases. The Board forces uncertificated teachers to compete with certificated teachers, against the wishes of both. This is a millstone round the status of the profession; and until certificated teachers and uncertificated teachers combine against their common enemy, and demand a just share in the administration and organisation of the education under their charge, and in the regulation of their professional matters, such as training and qualifications, so long will both be the victims of the capitalist-run Board.

A. J. LILLIMAN.

### NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—The Post Office servants have obtained the honour of being the first Union to draw the attention of the plutocrats to their revolutionary proposals. It will be remembered that at the Easter Conference of the Postal and Telegraph Clerks' Association, two important resolutions were passed, viz., "that the ultimate object of the P. and T.C.A. shall be the control of the Post Office undertaking in conjunction with all Postal Associations," and "an extension of the principle of official recognition leading up to partnership with the State in the management and control of the Postal Service."

So far so good. Those resolutions had their birth in

the columns of THE NEW AGE, and were adopted as a reply to Mr. Holt and his committee.

Now for the sequel.

A deputation from the P. and T.C.A. waited upon Mr. Hobhouse on the 29th April to protest against the wholesale transferring of work from clerks to postmen (a lower paid class). A suggestion that an impartial committee be appointed to decide on the allocation of work, failed to draw the wily P.M.G., and he promised a considered reply. Here is an extract from the reply:—

"The deputation argued that such a proposal was only in accordance with the practice of private employers in trades where the staffs were organised. The bringing of this Committee into existence is contingent on the prior mutual agreement of principle. . . .

"The P.M.G. cannot dissociate these representations from the decision last month at the annual conference of the P. and T.C.A. . . ."

He refers the deputation to the two resolutions quoted above, and the poor fellow takes exception to the claim of the staff to have a say in the management of the P.O. "Any such surrender would be condemned by Parliament which by constitutional practice does not permit them (Ministers) to transfer any part of it."

Of course, we are aware that Mr. Hobhouse does not believe what he writes; for Parliament is consulted only once a year on P.O. business, and then only formally to pass the Estimates. The rest of the year Mr. Hobhouse and his satellites are busy raking in the cash for their shadowy masters. What he does not know and what the fools with him do not know is the spread of the Guild idea. When the time is ripe HE will not be consulted.

One word on the circulation of the book, "National Guilds." I suggest that where a number of men are employed with a NEW AGE reader, he should form a book club. By each paying 6d. a week for ten weeks ten men can each procure a copy. I have found no trouble in getting this done at my place. JASPER ENGLISH.

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AN APPEAL FOR INFORMATION.

Sir,—In reference to the most interesting development towards your policy in the matter of the building contract between the Theosophical Institute and some of the Building Trade Unions, you will, I hope, give in your next number full particulars of the terms arranged. One would like to know:—

1. The name of the architect; one assumes that his powers and responsibilities remain as fully recognised as under the original contract?
2. The precise position at the time of the strike, the amount of the contract then held by the building contractor, and how much of it had then been carried through?
3. Whether he has been paid in full for this work and is now relieved of all responsibility for it, and whether the Union contractors have taken over his plant and material on the work and any partly completed work in his workshops?
4. The names of the Unions which have now, by permission, entered into the new contract, and its amount?
5. Whether there is in the new contract the usual clause providing for the payment of damages in case of failure to complete by a fixed date, whether this clause is governed by a Strike clause, and, if so, whether a strike by the artisans who constitute the Contracting Unions would come under it, and thus relieve the Unions, as contractors of responsibility?
6. Will the men in the various trades work under foremen appointed by their own Unions?
7. Will all of these artisans receive the additional pay and privileges now claimed by their Unions from the ordinary building contractors, and will they, in addition, stand to receive any share, as individuals, from any profits which may accrue to the Contracting Unions on the completion of the work?

Precise information on these points would probably assist other architects to promote similar arrangements; but, in any case, it seems that the artisans must now, in their own interest, submit to discipline and take responsibility and so gain in self-respect. HOWARD INCE.

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ANOTHER APPEAL.

Sir,—You will have noticed from the press that the Theosophical Society are allowing the London Building Industries Federation to undertake the work of building their new headquarters without the intervention of a contractor. This is an entirely new course to be adopted by any trade union in this country.

We should be glad if you would very kindly give the "Daily Herald" your opinion of this new departure in the Labour world and its possible effect on the settlement of disputes which arise between Capital and Labour.

GEORGE LANSBURY, Editor, "Daily Herald."

[Mr. Lansbury will find our opinion in THE NEW AGE of any date during the last four or five years.—ED. N. A.]

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MR. S. VERDAD AND CATHOLICISM.

Sir,—I am glad to find that Mr. Verdad and myself are not far from agreement. The passages he quotes from Leo XIII (though the second suffers a good deal from the omissions) prove exactly what I said: that the Church tolerates the Capitalistic system—takes its present existence for granted and does her best to regulate it. What Leo XIII said to the modern world, in effect, was: "You have chosen to have this Capitalistic wage-system. Very well, that is your affair. But, anyhow, you ought to carry it on with some regard to the principles of justice and brotherhood. Masters must pay fair wages and recognise the human dignity of their workmen; and workmen must do their work fairly, and make their claims without riots and sabotage. The greatest need of all is the influence of religion. After that, something can be done by State action, but the important thing is to get into your Trade Unions; and the ideal sort of Trade Union would be one of workmen and employers combined, as in the old Guilds."

What astonished the world in the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum* was the Pope's outspoken language about the monstrous abuses existing under Capitalism. I have copied out some important sentences from the Encyclical in the hope that you can find room for them. On various occasions Pius X has reaffirmed the social teachings of Leo XIII.

You must not expect that the Catholic Church will make Guilds part of the Apostles' Creed, or that she will officially condemn Capitalism as hopelessly irreformable. She has her own work to do, and goes on doing it in whatever political or economic system she finds herself. Monarchy or Republic or thinly-veiled Plutocracy; Capitalism or Guilds or Servile State; she will recognise any of these if men want to have them. What you may expect, as the issues become clearer, is that most Catholics everywhere will instinctively be *against* the Servile State and *for* the Guilds. Because the Catholic Church has lived under both these systems before, and remembers which she liked best.

F. H. DRINKWATER.

From the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, 1891.

*Of the Abuses under Capitalism.*—"Some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and so unjustly at this moment on the vast majority of the working classes."

*Helplessness of Unorganised Labour against Capital.*—"The ancient working men's Guilds were abolished in the last century, and no other organisation took their place. Public institutions and the very laws have set aside the ancient religion. Hence by degrees it has come to pass that working men have been surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition."

*Big Dividends and Wage-Slaves.*—"The mischief has been increased by rapacious usury, which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is, nevertheless, under a different guise, but with the like injustice, still practised by covetous and grasping men. To this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals; so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."

*The Living Wage and Unjust "Agreements."*—"Let it be then taken for granted that workmen and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and, in particular, should agree freely as to the wages; nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of natural justice more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner. [This is later explained to mean "the maintenance of himself, his wife and children in reasonable comfort."] If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accept harder conditions because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice."

*Trade Unions should become Guilds.*—"The most im-

portant of all [institutions for helping working men] are Working Men's Unions, for these virtually include all the rest. History attests what excellent results were brought about by the Artificers' Guilds of olden times. They were the means of affording not only many advantages to the workmen, but in no small degree of promoting the advancement of art, as numerous monuments remain to bear witness. Such Unions should be suited to the requirements of this our age—an age of wider education, of different habits, and of far more numerous requirements." And he describes an ideal Trade Union based on religious principles, which would not only insure its members against sickness, old age, and so forth, but would try to arrange for a continuous supply of work at all times, and adjudicate in disputes between employer and employed.

(For the whole Encyclical see "The Condition of the Working Classes," Catholic Truth Society. id.)

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#### MR. S. VERDAD AND ANTI-SEMITISM.

Sir,—I hope it is not too late for me to say a few words in reply to Mr. Verdad. I should really like to point out how completely my challenge to him has succeeded.

Your readers will remember that in my last letter I carefully defined my attitude towards the Jewish Problem, and I hazarded the statement that nothing for which I was responsible would be found in the "New Witness," or elsewhere, inconsistent with the position thus defined or going much beyond it. Mr. Verdad has evidently made a careful study of the "New Witness," and it will be seen at once that every single quotation which he makes falls well within the limits that I defined.

I explicitly said that one of the evils which resulted from the unsettled condition of the Jewish problem was that a certain unpleasant type of Jew made use of his native freedom from national patriotism and European tradition in order to exploit the alien nation which admitted him to its councils.

This implies no kind of censure on the Jewish race; only, since it is the characteristic quality of such men to dislike intensely to be reminded that they are Jews, I take every opportunity, as I fully admit, of reminding them and other people of that fact. Samuel is this kind of man, and Rothschild and Klotz, and, of course, Isaacs. My gorge *does* rise when the son of an alien pawnbroker, whose uncle bought him a place on the Front Bench, talks about "making a much-needed change in the habits of *our* people." I *do* think it ridiculous to suppose that the Rothschild who lives in Paris is filled with a passionate patriotism for France, the Rothschild who lives in Buckinghamshire with an equal patriotism for England, and the Rothschild who lives in Vienna with an even more transcendent patriotism for Austria, when everybody knows that the three concert their schemes together with a single eye to the interests of the firm. I *do* think it unfathomably ludicrous when a Jew named Klotz talks about his policy commending itself "to every Frenchman worthy of the name." The fact remains that you will not find one word of mine derogatory to those Jews who are proud of being Jews, and desire to see Israel once more a nation. As to Disraeli, has Mr. Verdad forgotten the noblest and most courageous thing he ever said—his declaration that the Jews could not be absorbed because it was "impossible for an inferior race to absorb a superior."

Disraeli was by no means faultless; but I will do him the justice to say that he would have felt much more insulted by Mr. Verdad's calling him an Englishman than by calling him a Jew.

As to the Marconi question I can only repeat that I am quite prepared to leave it where the Editor of THE NEW AGE leaves it in his sworn declaration that he "came to be interested in the subject of the Marconi Agreement from the paragraphs and articles which appeared in the 'Eye Witness.'" CECIL CHESTERTON.

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#### ART AND ARISTOCRACY.

Sir,—My letter of last week on Liberty and Art partly answers the issues raised in Mr. Norton's letter, but in other directions it calls for a reply.

First, let me say that the tone of Mr. Norton's letter is painful to me. The idea underlying all that he says is that there is no discoverable right way of doing things, and that as everything is a matter of opinion, one man is as good as another. Now, it is just this attitude of mind which is responsible for our present confusion. I utterly fail to understand how order is ever to be evolved out of chaos if we refuse to recognise that there is a dis-

coverable truth, and that some men will perceive it more clearly than others. At any rate, democracy is incompatible with such ways of thinking, for we shall never be able to dispense with order enforced from outside until order is to be found in our own interior selves; and the one unmistakable sign of that interior order is the recognition of the fact that there is a discoverable truth, and that some will perceive it more clearly than others.

It is evident from what Mr. Norton says of the Arts and Crafts Society that he is not familiar with its work. It would be just as foolish to estimate the changes in thought on social questions in the last twenty years by reference to the membership of the Fabian Society as to estimate the change in taste of this last twenty years by reference to the membership of the Arts and Crafts Society. The failure of the Arts and Crafts movement is not aesthetic but economic. That is why we are seeking to bring economic thought in relation to its ideals. The new ideas come from above, but they need a popular movement from below to give them widespread application. If Mr. Norton still persists in saying that the new ideas in Art come from below, I would ask him whether he means from the very bottom—from the sweated labourers who are at the bottom or from whom? Nay, if it comes to that, new ideas in Sociology come from above—from those whose lives give them leisure, experience, and opportunity, while even Socialists' papers are subsidised by wealthy people. In fact, the Socialist movement ultimately relies just as much upon the support of wealthy people as does the Arts and Crafts. The "Daily Citizen," which is the one paper financed by the workers, is not going to carry us very far.

Finally, I would say that Mr. Norton is mistaken as to how I should have fared in the Middle Ages. I should not have been either disembowelled nor had my eyes gouged out. Judged by mediæval standards of thought, I am an orthodox person. Mr. Norton would have been considered a heretic, and I scarcely think he would have escaped punishment. The Middle Ages did not teach every man to do as he liked, but to try to do the right thing.

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

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

Sir,—As usual, I am not overwhelmed with references, especially as "National Guildsmen" have engaged to deal with reviews of THE BOOK, which, by the way, I am glad to know, is doing well. The only reference I have noticed lately was in the "New Weekly," where Mr. Belloc in his second letter (second of this year, anyhow), to Mr. Wells, refers to an article of his, also addressed to Mr. Wells, which appeared in THE NEW AGE several years ago. Whether this was really all that Mr. Belloc said of you, only Mr. Great-Scott-James—the journalist who has never heard of THE NEW AGE—can tell. But, oh, dear! What an awful fuss there is about you in the "South African Mining Journal." 'Ow it does 'ate yer. Yours is an absurd English paper, and "compounded of congenital wrong-headedness, an arrogant assumption of all human wisdom, and an affectation of detachment that enables it to hunt down, discover and diagnose the obvious, with the enthusiasm of a short-sighted detective." You see, the trouble is that you pricked the bubble of the Colour-bar raising scheme. The "Mining Journal" shows this by reprinting (with the remark that you are a Daniel come to judgment) an extract from your "Notes" showing that the plot was formed admittedly in order to lessen working costs in the mines. Your cart-horse critic starts off again—"Now, we are not so young as to be tricked into a serious attempt to repel the epithets hurled at us by THE NEW AGE in the foregoing farrago of clotted nonsense." Well, there's no fool like an old one, they say; for off he goes, "Who, for instance, wants to crush the Trade Unions to a jelly?" Who, indeed? Not the mineowners and their jackal, the "Mining Journal?" No! And it appears, too, that your objections to these *humaniteerians* are "only explicable on the 'Futurist,' 'Cubist,' or other topsy-turvy lines of reasoning peculiar to THE NEW AGE, and surely our race and country must be in a bad way if regard for the elementary rights of our subject peoples is to be construed as indifference to them." The elementary right to cheapen white labour by black, you might say with your exasperating common-sense—which the "Mining Journal" finds so topsy-turvy! It finishes by saying that it is glad your "organ of the most crack-brained form of extreme Socialism" disagrees with it; its "chagrin would have been extreme had it been otherwise." Come, come, bear up, Sir; these tears are most unmanly; besides, I want to whisper to you a sentence from the same article.

"As a fact," says the "Mining Journal," "the strike trouble was not the consequence, but the cause, of the raising of the colour question on the Rand." Your case, Sir, I believe.

PRESS-CUTTER.

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THE CRUCIFIED MOSLEMS.

Sir,—In a letter published in your issue of May 28 Mr. D. J. Casavetti criticises an article of mine in THE NEW AGE of May 14, and questions the statement that 200 Moslems were crucified by Epirotes in a church, the church afterwards being burnt. It is a fact, as my critic half surmises, that I have had private messages in confirmation of this crime; but, unfortunately, I am not allowed to quote my authority. I think that if Mr. Casavetti turns to the published evidence he will surely be satisfied.

The statement was first made in an official telegram sent to Vienna by the Government of Albania. It was announced in this message that Albanian gendarmes had found the charred bodies of the 200 crucified Moslems in a church at Kodra, to the south-east of Tepelini, whither the victims had been dragged from Hormova. The Austrian Government was afterwards informed from an independent source that the official announcement from Durazzo was true. It would, indeed, have required something even more vivid than an Albanian imagination to fake such a story as that. Even the Greek account—published at Athens on May 6—admits that sanguinary fighting had been proceeding to the north of Argycastro, that the Epirotes had occupied the convent of Tsepas and several villages, and that the Albanian losses were considerable, particularly in the engagement at Kodra, near Tepelini, in which 500 of them had been killed or wounded. The Athens statement, it is true, says nothing of the crucifixion of the Moslems; but one would not expect it to do so.

S. VERDAD.

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TURKEY.

Sir,—In the opinion of some of our members, the part played by Mr. Bouchier, the "Times" correspondent, in helping to bring about a Balkan Alliance against Turkey, calls for some protest, especially as an attempt was being made to include the Porte in a strong Balkan confederation which might have secured the peace of that part of the world for many a long day. The "Times" is still regarded, rightly or wrongly, as voicing the views of the governing classes of this country, and it is a matter which cannot escape notice when its representatives are markedly biased against a friendly nation, spend their time in intriguing for its downfall, and are openly eulogised for the part they have played.

This is the state of things as shown in the latest anti-Turkish production, "The Inner History of the Balkan War," by Lieutenant-Colonel Reginald Rankin, F.R.G.S., himself a correspondent. May I venture to suggest that the publication of this book might be made the occasion of a protest in the press?

WILLIAM H. SEED, Secretary, Ottoman Association.

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NIETZSCHE AND STIRNER.

Sir,—Dr. Oscar Levy is guilty of a fantastic perversion of facts in his anxiety to boom Nietzscheism. Surely, Dr. Levy must think his public strangely gullible if he supposes they will believe that a faith, one of the main pillars of which is an adherence to the Ten Commandments, is identical with the unlimited individualism of Stirner and Nietzsche.

Does he suppose that we will believe that the parson when he recites the Ten Commandments is at the same time subtly exhorting his flock to "do just as they please"?

For controversial purposes, no doubt, it is an interesting proposition to make Protestantism look like a doctrine of moral Nihilism, but this sort of clap-trap has absolutely no root in fact. It is amusing to see how Dr. Levy, with his Tono Bungay methods, makes poor Stirner look much blacker than he probably really was, that Nietzsche may shine forth with the greater effulgence.

I suppose poor Stirner, although he did not launch out into veiled and portentous utterances, at last may have mistily foreseen that of the men who struggled out of the stifling market place and strove to rely on their own faculties, a few would crawl between heaven and earth to a better purpose than out of the gaming-house into the

brothel. However, even if he did not, there is, *au fond*, not so very much difference between the two. They both led us out into the middle of the desert. Stirner just led us out. Nietzsche led us out, and wandered off vaguely sawing the air. . . .

"WANDERER."

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THE WORST CRITIC IN LONDON.

Sir,—In his article on the New English Art Club, Mr. Walter Sickert, in making a catalogue of all the things that Mr. Lamb knows, tending to show that that gentleman is not an idiot, seems to imply that there is someone—presumably exhibiting in the N.E.A.C.—who does not know those things. I have no doubt that a complete catalogue would show Mr. Lamb's superiority with more certainty. I am not acquainted with any man who thinks there is any merit in thick paint for the sake of thick paint. Mr. Sickert has himself painted in both thick and thin paint. This violent paragraph of his may be merely his way of expressing his present preference for thin. He will be painting in thick paint in six months. It is, in any case, a technical detail, and depends on the questions of brilliance, permanence, covering power, deliberateness of workmanship, etc., impossible to discuss here.

Was not Mrs. 'Arris the originator of the definition of Style which Mr. Sickert quotes?

I wonder if this row of teachers of Art is set up by Mr. Sickert to be an easier mark for his inevitable cockshies at any society from which he has retired. I read the list of names with profound emotion.

HAROLD GILMAN.

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ART AND CRITICISM.

Sir,—Paint is thicker than turpentine. In answer to Mr. Sickert I have but one statement to make: I shall paint as thick as I damn well please.

CHARLES GINNER.

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"REFLECTIONS."

Sir,—What feculent and troubled waters those must be which cast off the "Reflections" appearing daily in the "Daily Herald"! Their writer, rival and sometime vanquisher of the feckless Filson Young, acquits himself characteristically to-day (June 4). Having, as he imagines, demolished the belief of Mr. Frank Smith in the non-transferability of a tax on land values, cries "By all means tax land values" (and much more than Mr. Smith's modest 2d.).

Now why, in that same name of common sense which he himself presumes to invoke? Unless—yes, perhaps that's it—it is wrote ironic.

Mr. Roosevelt did not fulfil his promises. Mr. Wilson has not fulfilled his promises. Mr. Roosevelt is "accusing the other fellow of doing what he did, or, rather, did not do, himself." This, says "G. R. S. T.," is "screamingly funny," and continues: "These politicians must imagine the electors are all fools. That is just what they are." Mr. T., presumably, is one of the electors, n'est-ce-pas?

But that about Teddy and "the other fellow" is, I almost agree, "screamingly funny." I propose, when I have devoted a protracted period to reflection thereupon, to vent my considerable amusement in a paroxysm of uncontrollable laughter.

T. A. G. SNEIDER.

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A MISSIONARY UP TO DATE.

Sir,—Those of your readers who have not been invited to attend Commemoration Day at Livingstone College, Essex, on June 13, may be amused to hear that among the list of speakers occur the following name and description.

"The Rev. E. H. Clark: is a missionary of the London Missionary Society, from Tanganyika, in Central Africa, and he has made very good use of his knowledge, particularly in the preservation of his own health and that of his family."

And that is all we are told of the gentleman—and all we need to know!

CARL ERIC.

\* \* \*

ACQUITTED.

Sir,—I was not suspecting Mr. Malloch of having done anything.

J. MOLONY.

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