THE

NEW AGE

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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Of all the foolish people who clamoured so loudly at the beginning of the war for the capture of German trade, how many, we wonder, have actually succeeded in capturing any? Probably only one man in a hundred who seriously interested himself in the question at the beginning knew that something more was necessary for the proposed commercial warfare than the writing down of lists of German exports to this country and to other parts of the world. Many of our stock, unidea'd economists, whose names still appear in the newspapers and reviews with irritating frequency, have so far restricted themselves to this easy method of building up new business. But much more than that is required; and the difficulties are not yet known even to our business men themselves. Let us refer first of all to one or two of the purely technical obstacles in the way of our commercial advancement at the expense of Germany which have been entirely overlooked by the general public, and even by many exporters and exporters' agents.

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We have no intention, in our editorial columns, of dealing with figures in detail; but a few may be brought to the recollection of our readers as a guide. Our own imports from Germany last year were valued at nearly £85,000,000. Of this amount sugar and sugar-beet represented over £11,000,000; corn and other foodstuffs, £3,500,000; raw materials, including cocoanut oil, feathers, manures, wool, wood-pulp, rubber, and seeds, £3,000,000; and manufactured or semi-manufactured articles, £46,000,000. In the last category we imported from Germany metal ores and manufactures worth £12,000,000; cotton goods, £7,000,000; leather, £3,250,000; silk, £2,650,000; arms and explosives, £2,150,000; and dye-stuffs, £1,800,000. Of the other items in this category, skins and furs, chemical manufactures, paper, motor-cars, glass, and toys were imported to the value of about £1,000,000 to £1,700,000 for each item. There were also many electrical manufactures, pianos, and the like. Of the £7,700,000 worth of goods we imported from Austria-Hungary, sugar represented £4,250,000. The figures for 1912 are available to show the value of German goods exported to other British possessions. India, for instance, took nearly £7,000,000 worth; Australia, £7,250,000; Canada, £3,000,000; South Africa, £3,400,000; West Africa, £1,400,000; and the Straits Settlements, £800,000. In the same year, when our exports to Argentina amounted to £23,750,000, the German exports were worth £13,000,000. The German exports to Brazil were valued at £11,000,000, and ours at £16,000,000. The value of our exports to the United States was £54,500,000 and of the German exports £34,000,000.

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Superficially examined, it would appear from these figures that there is nothing for us to do but to clear the seas and send out our commercial travellers. A few men of sense, chiefly in the purely technical organs, have warned our enthusiastic journalists that there may be severe competition from the United States and Japan; but little heed has been paid to these warnings. It is assumed, quite erroneously, that we have all the requisite machinery for manufacturing the goods in the export of which we propose to supplant the Germans; and not until they had gone into the question very thoroughly indeed did our manufacturers, or a few of them, find out that they were mistaken. Even before the war there had been an agitation in favour of the starting of sugar-beet enterprises in this country; but let it be well noted that this was not possible without Government aid. Here was an Austro-German industry of which we were forced to take advantage every year to the tune of £15,250,000; yet we could not supplant it without the assistance of the State. How is it proposed to supplant industries, such as the German export of electrical goods, which do not affect us even to this extent? In brass, copper, alloys, and brass tools, the Germans have an almost complete monopoly. In dye-stuffs they are equally well situated. For certain classes of electrical goods they have a monopoly which, even now, four months after the declaration of war, we have not seriously attacked. Despite numerous advertisements in the papers, the German manufacturers still possess a monopoly for certain classes of chemical goods.

It is one thing to exploit German patents; it is quite another to solve German scientific secrets. The glass for our electric lamps comes from Bohemia; and we can manufacture it only with some difficulty. The "ingredients" for the filament are made almost entirely from metallic tungsten extracted in Germany from wolfram ore. We depended for years on German tungsten, and it is only within the last few months that we ourselves began to experiment with the extraction of tungsten from wolfram. The ferro-chrome and ferro-tungsten used for hardening our steel both came from Germany. We are finding it difficult to manufacture mantles for incandescent gas-lighting, for the thorium nitrate and ramie thread used for the purpose also come from Germany. The carbon for our arc-lamps—yes, the carbon even for our Admiralty's searchlights—has always come from Germany; and only one firm, the General Electric Company, Witton, is manufacturing carbons in this country. German producers, in order to secure a monopoly here, undercut the General Electric Company systematically by fifty per cent. in tendering; and the company lost £70,000 up to August last, when even the Admiralty patronised it. When the German exports are analysed it will be time enough to talk of supplanting them. Many of the German chemical concerns are merely the auxiliary businesses, or rather departments, of other industries; and the advantages of the kartel system (we speak, for the moment, commercially) enable industries to co-operate to an extent which English manufacturers do not realise. The by-products of a chemical firm may be utilised by a dyeing company; the by-products of a brass works may be taken over by an electrical engineering company. Only by the so-called "vertical" Trusts in the United States—i.e., a Trust which monopolises or at least partly controls all stages of manufacture, from the raw material to the finished article—is as good use made of by-products as in Germany.

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Clearly, then, we cannot at once begin to supplant German manufacturers, either in our own country or anywhere else. We have chemical and engineering works, of course; but their machinery is not in all cases adapted to making goods of the kind Germany has been turning out. Manufacture has become specialised; machinery cannot readily be diverted from one class of manufacture to another. Take this as an instance: last year Germany exported to Canada socks and stockings valued at £118,000. Our exports of almost similar goods to Canada were valued at £18,000. We sent socks to Chile worth £1,300; but the German hosiery sent to Chile was valued at £101,000. We exported wool; but not manufactured socks and stockings. We had not the machinery. Similarly in the case of electric glow-lamps, which Germany exported to the value of £2,500,000, and we to the value of £150,000. In this instance you have to take into account the costly experiments which the Germans had conducted over a series of years. It has always been a common practice for German electrical, chemical, and engineering firms to allocate a large proportion of their profits to research—research scientifically carried out by trained scientists, and not left to the scanty leisure of overworked heads of departments. The German monopolies having been acknowledged, then, what are our first steps? Naturally, as we shall be told, the erection of new machinery, the training of skilled workmen, the organisation of a complete sales system in as many parts of the world as we can reach.

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Here, however, the manufacturer will find himself faced with a new difficulty. He will discover that for the erection of new plant he must have money; and, although there is plenty of money in the banks, it is hard to come by. The Government, he will find, has protected the interests of the banker while neglecting the interests of the merchant and the manufacturer. What, under our present commercial organisation, does the investor demand before he signs his cheque? Let an acknowledged authority supply the answer. Towards the end of August—lest we should be accused of concealing essential facts, let us say that it was on August 26, at the offices of the National Patriotic Association, 32, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.—certain business men assembled in solemn conclave under the chairmanship of no less a person that Sir George Pragnell. "Replying to a question," say the newspaper reports, "as to whether there would be any protection of the British traders against German and Austrian imports after the war was over, so that capital invested would not be thrown away by the undercutting of the foreigner, the chairman said the answer rested with the sections. In regard to chemicals and drugs, the Government had gone a long way, and he hoped pressure would be brought by the big chemists to ensure the Government going still further, to make it easier when the war was over, and for six months afterwards, for English people to compete satisfactorily with German patent goods." So much for the chairman. "Mr. R. B. Croydon said the labour question entered largely into the matter of capturing our enemies' trade. Districts where there was plenty of female labour, such as Tottenham and East Ham, should be developed."

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We shall look for a striking increase in the population and prosperity of Tottenham and East Ham. In the meantime, let us consider the substance of these remarks made by the chairman and one of his prominent supporters. It is quite evident that our patriotic bankers will not advance a penny of capital for the establishment of new industries until they are satisfied that those industries will be "protected" when the war is over—and for six months afterwards, to quote Sir George Pragnell. In a word, our investor, be he banker or private individual, demands adequate security for his capital, and as an additional means of "protection," cheap labour—female labour, as Mr. R. B. Croydon said, with admirable frankness. But at that point, even with his capital secured and his machinery erected, the manufacturer in search of new profits—we want Germany's trade, i.e., Germany's profits—will find other difficulties awaiting him. He will discover that there was a very close connection—we should rather use the present tense—between German banking houses and German exporters; and between German exporters and the German diplomatic representatives in foreign countries. It is a trite saying abroad that British bankers know nothing of trade, and that British traders know nothing of banking. But in Germany the banks knew everything about trade. In fact, there were many large exporting concerns which were little more than branches of the great banking houses; and it is quite common to find representatives of the banks sitting on the boards of large business firms. The system of interlocking directorates is not confined to the United States. If a German trader, not in a very large way of business, secures a foreign order, his banker will usually advance him sixty per cent. of its value, so that he may, if necessary, lay down new machinery or make other preparations for executing it. This is a financial method of bolstering up business houses which is not to be commended in the abstract; but, thanks to it, German exports have risen from a negligible amount to £450,000,000 sterling in less than half a century.

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If our manufacturer cannot get capital from his banker, however, he makes no secret of the fact that he expects to be able to get it from the Government. "Bring pressure to bear," says Sir George Pragnell, emphatically; and, as the Government nowadays is little more than the servant of the capitalists, why shall they not bring pressure to bear? The mere word of command, indeed, will be enough. But even with his new machinery, his industry, his capital, and his pro-

tection, our manufacturer is not at the end of his difficulties. He will find that there are Trusts in the United States and kartels in Germany, and that, despite the essential differences in their organisation, these two commercial institutions can undercut him, utilise their by-products to greater advantage, organise more expensive and more methodical sales campaigns, and generally continue to make his life a misery in foreign markets. Is the British manufacturer prepared to organise with his fellows on similar lines? Is he prepared, in a word, to realise that, in competing for foreign markets, the Trust has admittedly great advantages? That the Trust has great advantages is a proposition which, so far as export trade is concerned, is not now disputed, we venture to say, even in America; and all the anti-Trust measures ever passed have had no effect in displacing any essential item in Trust organisation. Look at the work of the Standard Oil Corporation and the Steel Trust in China; of the International Harvester Company everywhere; of the Wire Nail Association (before it was absorbed into the "Billion-Dollar Trust"), of the Carnegie Steel Company, before it was absorbed likewise; of our own Anglo-Scottish Steel Association. And remember, too, that England is, above all, "the home of finishing trades," which are peculiarly liable to curse the consumer and to benefit themselves by a process of what is now so widely known as trustification.

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Our observations lead us to believe that, even after the war, English manufacturers will find themselves hard enough pressed by the efforts of Germans, Americans, and Japanese. The large German and American "rings" and "syndicates" can find money for experiments which an English manufacturer cannot find; and experiments in new methods and appliances are nowadays essential. A Trust or a kartel working on a twenty, thirty, or fifty per cent. margin can do more, both in new organisation and experiment, than an English manufacturer working, with difficulty enough, on a five per cent. margin—and in future five per cent. margins will become much more common with us than they have been. Let no sudden "boom" after the war lead us into error on that point. A decade is a small period in the life of an industry. But, just as our exporters are now calling loudly on the Government for assistance, so must the Government, in the end, call on Labour; and it is for Labour to make its terms. In advising Labour now, as always, to insist upon Guild organisation, we are proposing a solution which should surely satisfy every one but the mere profit-monger.

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For what Trust, however large, let us ask, could hope to compete with a Guild? What vast sum of money could a Trust set aside for new experiments which a Guild could not set aside twice, thrice, six times over? Could a Trust, could a series of Trusts, utilise by-products in a way that Guilds could not improve upon? They could not. The adequate utilisation of by-products (do not sneer at them, for their by-products are worth tens of millions of pounds to the German export traders) depends on the size of the Trust or kartel; and no Trust could exceed a Guild in commercial or manufacturing scope. The late Mr. Morgan's celebrated Money Trust was able, in defiance of the Government, to control the finance of the United States. What, then, would not be the power of a Banking Guild, acting in partnership with the State! There is, we hold, no disputing these points. We could, given time and space, set forth all arguments in indisputable figures—at a later date we may have an opportunity of demonstrating their financial accuracy in another section of this journal. Above all, granted our new social and industrial organisation, we should not attempt to develop "districts where there is plenty of female labour, such as Tottenham and East Ham."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IF no particulars of diplomatic events have appeared in these pages recently it is because some negotiations were in progress which could not be mentioned without prejudice. As the German and Austrian and other Governments have now become familiar with the essential features of these negotiations, a reference to them here may be regarded at this stage as justified.

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It became clear to our naval strategists long before the end of August that the Navies, following out their inevitable policy, could do very little. If a naval war of attrition were to be fought it might well go on for years, for each side can build ships as fast as they are sunk at the present rate of progress. It is well known that all the Powers engaged are building war vessels as fast as they can, and that men are working at them day and night. We had to expect an occasional raid, an occasional submarine feat. Beyond that nothing was possible; and nothing is possible now. I exclude, of course, one determined attack; for neither side cares to risk that at present. Strong comments have been passed on the late Lord Salisbury for giving away Heligoland; but even if we had continued to hold Heligoland, I fancy little could have been done with the island. Heligoland is little more than a couple of rocks, one large and one a sort of sandbank, and it could easily have been surrounded with mines.

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At a proper moment negotiations were opened by the Allies with the Scandinavian countries. If any one of them could have been persuaded to break its neutrality, and to carry out our Admiralty's suggestion of leasing us an island for temporary use as a naval base, we could naturally have evolved an entirely new naval plan of campaign—a naval plan of campaign which would have had its effect on the progress of the Russian army. Here a difficulty arose. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark would have been willing to lease us an island two months ago if they had felt sure that the Allies were going to win in the end. Norway, indeed, was the first country to agree to the proposal submitted, conditionally on the required assurances being given. Her attitude was half supported, half deprecated, by Sweden and Denmark. At this time, remember, the Germans had been successfully working on Sweden's fears of Russia, and had even promised Sweden a Protectorate over Finland. Denmark knew well enough what to expect if she aided the Allies and Germany proved successful. So nothing was done.

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At the beginning of December there was an obvious change in the land situation and in the diplomatic situation as well. It was semi-officially known in every Foreign Office in Europe that Italy and Roumania had promised to join the Allies as soon as they had made their final preparations; and it was clear that, even without this valued assistance, Germany's defeat was merely a question of time. The Scandinavian countries began to reconsider their decision, and were instantly threatened from Berlin. The German Government informed them, jointly and severally, that Russia would be defeated by Germany but would be permitted to recompense herself in Sweden for her losses; and Denmark was menaced with annexation. Hence the meeting of the Three Kings. It was unfortunate for the German plans that this meeting was held just after German warships had been holding up Swedish merchant vessels; for this turned the sympathies of the Swedes to the side of the Allies. Russia, as Scandinavia had begun to recognise, was destined to win in the east, as the other Powers were in the west, though this did not, for the time, induce the Swedish Government to give up its financial encouragement of anti-Russianism in Finland. It does not appear to be generally realised

among Finnish sympathisers here that both Germany and Sweden have concentrated their attention upon this disaffected duchy; and only last year the Germans were confident that they could attack Russia through Finland without troubling themselves about Kronstadt. (One wonders whether this German name of a Russian fortress is to be altered, and whether it is as impregnable as Antwerp was generally believed to be.)

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It may be said now that the Scandinavian monarchs and their Governments are thoroughly in sympathy with the Allies; and even Sweden has realised that her pro-German attitude was a mistake. At the same time, Scandinavia is openly perturbed by the great strength displayed by the Germanic Powers, and by the immense reserve forces which can be drawn upon in Germany and Austria. The island has not yet been leased. When it is, the public here is not likely to know of it until after the German Government knows of it; and that will not be for some time. There is nevertheless no doubt, island or no island, that the Russians will make great efforts, with the assistance of the British Navy, to extend their operations along the Baltic. It cannot be said that the Germans command the Baltic, for they do not; but they could make it very dangerous for transports to be sent to a German Baltic port from any available port of embarkation in Russia.

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Even at the other end of Europe there is no sympathy for Germany. It is not expected that it will become necessary for Portugal to take any part in the war, after all; but, if it should unfortunately fall to her to do so, we shall have the use of her army in Egypt. At least forty thousand men would be available, with modern guns; but it is very doubtful if the Turks will ever reach the Suez Canal, much less cross it in the face of a line of warships.

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The war is having a curious enough reaction on the other side of the Atlantic. Early in November a general election was held in the United States, and all the seats in the House of Representatives and one-third of those in the Senate were contested. The result was a reduction in the Democratic majority of 150 in the House of Representatives to little more than 20, though in the Senate the majority remained at the narrow figure of ten, as before. A not unexpected feature of the election was the smallness of the vote cast for the "Progressive" party; for Mr. Roosevelt has been in the background for some little time. One very significant feature of the election was, admittedly, the value of Dr. Wilson's personality in checking the Democratic rout. The President himself was criticised—more than for anything else!—because he championed the English view of the Panama Canal preference tolls, a matter which has already been referred to in these pages. It is a significant feature for this reason, that the United States as a whole wished and still wishes to disregard the clear, written clauses of a Treaty—and yet the United States is the country above all others which has laid the greatest stress upon the value and sanctity of Treaties and international law.

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It is said, and widely believed, that Mr. Roosevelt has withdrawn himself from the Progressive party platform because he expects to be "run" as Republican candidate at the next Presidential election, the "campaign" for which will begin next year. Mr. Roosevelt's public support of the Allies as against Germany has met with the approval even of people who wish to break the Panama Canal Treaty; for no shopkeeper can stand militarism, and the Americans are subject to nerves more than any other civilised nation. If Mr. Roosevelt can be coaxed back to the shattered ranks of the Republicans he stands a good chance of getting in—with his "Progressive" policy. This policy is frankly based on that of the present Liberal Administration here, and includes Labour Exchanges and National Insurance.

Freedom in the Guild.

By G. D. H. Cole.

IX.

How far will the system of National Guilds smash Industrialism? Just as far, I believe, as Industrialism ought to be smashed, and no farther. But if I am asked precisely how far that is, I can give no direct answer.

We are all familiar, in general, with the effect of capitalism upon the skilled crafts. We know that the progress of invention, instead of aiding the craftsman, tends, under modern conditions, to make him more and more the slave of the machine which he operates. In the engineering industry, for instance, there is a continuous growth in the proportion of semi-skilled workers to skilled and unskilled alike. If, on the one hand, the number of quite unskilled labourers diminishes, as they are taken on to work the simplified new machines, on the other hand the skilled men have continually to resist the encroachment of these newly recruited semi-skilled workers upon the old-established skilled crafts. The number of real mechanics diminishes; the number of machinists increases; and, of the skilled crafts, only the toolmaker thrives because he ministers to these semi-skilled workers. The employers use every moment of vantage to secure a foothold for the semi-skilled in the skilled occupations. Thus, the shortage of mechanics due to the pressure of work for the war has led the employers only this month to demand the right to set semi-skilled men on skilled work. Hence, too, the constant demarcation disputes which have prevented solidarity in the engineering industry.

It is from such bickerings that it will be the first mission of the Guilds to deliver modern industry. The self-governing fraternity of the Guild will determine for itself all questions of demarcation, and will have in mind not so much the cheapening of production, which is the sole thought of capitalism, as the preservation of a high standard of workmanship coupled with reasonable efficiency and cheapness. The "cheap and nasty" product will be replaced by well-made goods, sold at a "fair price," and produced at a fair cost.

The change will mean not the smashing of large-scale production, but the placing of the workers' industrial destinies in their own hands. It will depend upon the feeling that animates the Guildsmen, as well as upon the material needs production has to meet, whether large-scale industry is to be destroyed or retained. If in any case large-scale product is then found to lead inevitably to the turning out of shoddy work, or to the brutalisation of the worker, then the Guild will see to it that such production shall cease, or be transformed. But the scrapping of machines, where it comes at all, will come not of a general movement against machinery, but in response to the definite discovery that this or that machine is degrading the industry to which it belongs. The method of destroying the bad machine will be experimental; and this method will have the advantage that it will enable us both to preserve the good ones, and, in many cases, to transform those that are bad. Here, too, the process will be gradual and not catastrophic; but it will be none the less revolutionary.

Let me return once more to my controversy with Mr. Penty in THE NEW AGE of March and April. His point was that modern Industrialism was altogether degrading, and that all attempts to reform it were doomed to failure. The fault of the reformers, on his showing, was that they came to believe in the very thing they sought to reform: their vision of the Socialist State was only the vision of a more democratic Industrialism. In short, they offered the workers self-government, perhaps; but they did not offer them freedom.

I reply in essence that even if Mr. Penty and his friends are right in their ideal, and right in wishing to inspire men with a faith in that ideal, revolutionaries have to consider not only ends, but also means. It is not enough to have "news from nowhere," unless we

have also a true conception of "the wage-system and the way out." For, after all, we have not only to dream dreams—which we must do to keep our sanity—but also to bring about the revolution. We have to hew our statue out of the block of marble, and the material on which we have to work is the modern wage-slave.

My complaint, then, against Mr. Penty is that there are no stages to his revolution. It is a spiritual revolution, which it is hoped may be accompanied by a convulsion in the material world. I too desire a spiritual revolution; but I do not believe that hearts are changed all of a sudden any more than institutions. Let us work for a change of heart, by all means; but at the same time let us begin to alter our institutions. Above all, let us set out to develop "dans le sein du système capitaliste," as a French writer has said, institutions capable of supplanting capitalism.

I do not know, and I do not believe that any man can know, the part machinery will play in the coming society. We have so regularly used the machine to enslave man that we have no idea how it could be used to free him. A civilisation in which machines do the skilled work and men the dirty work cannot understand the potentialities of the opposite system. There will, we may hope, be always a growing number of machines to do the dirty work of the community. But, if machinery is to be put in its proper place, if it is to do only work that is both necessary and dirty or mechanical, the first need is that the craftsman should recover the control of his craft, that the Trade Union should once more concern itself with standards of production, and that the unskilled man and his machine should cease to ape the mechanic to the detriment of the quality of the product.

This question of machinery, however, is not the only question involved in the more general problem of Industrialism. We must ask ourselves also how far large-scale production will survive. The two questions are, no doubt, closely connected, since it was the coming of the machine that made large-scale production inevitable; but they are not, for all that, the same. Large-scale industry might survive with much less machinery; or it might, as electric power, easily divisible and cheaply transmitted, continues to develop, disappear even as machinery increased.

Here again I want to lay stress on the difference between production and trading. The Guilds, we have seen, will preserve the large unit for trading purposes; but, whatever happens to machinery, it is to be hoped that they will keep the small unit of actual production. Recent investigations of industrial phenomena, particularly Professor Chapman's studies of the Lancashire cotton industry, go to show that the size of the "model" business does not necessarily increase with the concentration of capital. That is to say, there is no need for the capitalist to increase his scale of production because he increases his scale of trade. Experience goes to show that the tendency in the past has even been to let the scale of production outrun the limits of economic efficiency, and that the capitalist, even from his own point of view, has let his factories get too big.

But, if a national system does not imply large-scale production, it will clearly rest with the Guilds to determine their own scale. Certain demands of efficiency they will have to satisfy; but they will determine efficiency by quality as well as quantity. The scale on which they choose to produce will doubtless vary very greatly from industry to industry; but there is reason to suppose that there will be a decrease rather than an increase on the scales now in vogue.

All this is not so far away as it may sound from the general question of freedom in the Guild; for freedom will be secured only if the control of the individual over his own work can be made a reality. Make a man a voter among voters in a democratic community; it is at least a half-truth that the measure of control he will have will vary inversely to the total number of votes. So, in the workshop, the control of the individual will be real in most cases only if the workshop is small, unless, as in a coal mine, only the simplest and most uniform questions have, as a rule, to be decided. Wherever at all a complex government is needed, the National Guild will need to be broken up into the smallest possible units, or else the individual will possess self-government without freedom. For self-government is only a means to freedom; and freedom is self-government made effective.

Before, however, we can arrange what scale of production the Guilds are to adopt, we have to get the Guilds. "Smashing Industrialism" has a fine sound; but from this point of view it does not help us. Only through the strengthening of Trade Unionism can we hope for a new industrial revolution which man shall govern as he was governed by the last; only through such a revolution can the craftsman hope to get a chance to be a true craftsman once more. If, then, the eyes of Guildsmen seem too often turned on the "wage-system and the way out," or on safeguards and checks upon the power of producer or consumer, and too little on the craftsman's eternal problem of reconciling art and industry, none the less the craftsman must be lenient to us. He is now a voice crying in the wilderness; we claim that if we had our way he would at least be able to cry in a more promising place. When Trade Unionism, alive and class-conscious, has given birth to the Guilds, we may hope that men, being at last their own masters, will have the strength and the leisure to understand William Morris. The Guild System will bring Morris into his own: under Collectivism, he would be remembered only as a quite unpractical Socialist who was so little "in the swim" that he refused to join the Fabian Society.

A BALLADE OF THE LONDON WEEKLIES.

The "Saturday Review" in pallid slabs
  Purveys its modicum of stodgy duff.
While the "New Witness" croaks and bluntly stabs,
  Enlivening the surnamed with its bluff.
Then, lo, the "Nation," ponderous and gruff,
  Trots out as novel every threadbare wheeze.
One there is only that is up to snuff—
  But *that's* too precious to be named with these.

The "Statesman" with the theories that it grabs
  Inflates the mould of its decrepit slough,
And like the spavined hacks of four-wheeled cabs,
  Heralds its advent with a snorting puff.
  "Spectator" and "Academy"—enough:
  Hark to the sob that echoes on the breeze!
One only can convey an honest cuff—
  But *that's* too precious to be named with these.

"English Review" . . . How daintily it blabs
  Secrets of gallantry with bits of fluff;
Or probes the real significance of scabs
  So nicely, that its patrons yell: HOT STUFF!
  What human sisterhood without rebuff,
  What love for close relations in "T.P.'s"!
One, one can put the boobies in a huff—
  But *that's* too precious to be named with these.

ENVOI.

Mpret, you take these gentry by the scruff,
  And trounce them till they grovel on their knees.
Your paper brands the mountebank and muff—
  But *that's* too precious to be named with these.

P. SELVER.

PRAYER FOR SATURDAY.

Our Clifford which art in Queen Street,
  Hallowed be thy page;
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done
  In England, as it is in Germany.
Give us this day our weekly Webb,
And forgive us our Current Cant,
  As we forgive you your supplements.
Lead us not into Guild Socialism;
  But deliver us from Orage.
For thine is the Bernard, the Beatrice and Sidney,
  For ever and ever. AMEN.

A. B. C.

Six Years.

VI.

It was a very different Young Turk party which returned to power in January, 1913, from that which fell from office in July, 1912. Then its members had been conscious of unpopularity, exasperated by the network of intrigues, native and European, in which they found themselves entangled; now they were once more popular, while European intrigue had transferred its activity for the moment to Albania and the Balkan States. The leaders had been through the valley of humiliation, both as men and patriots. Some had been in prison in much peril of their lives. More than one of them had served unknown in the ranks of the Turkish army. No vindictive measures followed the January revolution. The new Government gave its whole attention to the task of raising the country out of the deplorable condition into which it had been brought by maladministration and the accident of war. The first consideration was, of course, the army. Military preparations and reforms were hurried on incessantly, with the result that the Turkish army which reoccupied Adrianople in July, 1913, was twice as strong and ten times as efficient and well appointed as the army with which Turkey had begun the war. At the same time, civil reforms of a far-reaching kind were undertaken. The law of the vilayets—an honest avowal of the failure of the Ottomanising policy—provided a fair measure of local self-government for every province, and a fair measure of representation for the different nations and communities of the Empire. A law for the liberation of vakf properties (land or buildings held in mortmain) gave relief to thousands, since more than half the land in Turkey had been thus tied up. These and other sensible measures were devised in the first two months, before the tidings of the fall of Adrianople cast a gloom over the Muslim world. The attempts of the Turkish army to advance to the relief of the city had failed, owing to the flooded state of the country at that season (February and March). The reactionaries had supposed that the fall of Adrianople would bring with it the fall of the Young Turks, who had made it their cry that Adrianople should be saved. But the efforts to relieve the fortress were well known, and the Government and the people were one in sentiment on that occasion. The work of rehabilitation was pursued more eagerly. I saw the remarkable change which was wrought in five months—months of infinite depression for the Turks—and with the country bankrupt. By the end of those five months the Civil Service had been working without pay for nearly a year. Ministers were making shift with half, often a third, of their salaries. Every penny that could anyhow be raised was spent upon the army and on public works. A capital in such a case might well deteriorate. Constantinople, in its Turkish aspect, improved steadily, gathering fresh enthusiasm and radiating hope into the provinces.

In the meanwhile, foreign affairs were not neglected, although the Minister for Foreign Affairs might be a negligible member of the Cabinet. The Young Turks felt that Germany had failed to justify her boasts to them. They had been very roughly made to realise that the Triple Entente was stronger than the Triple Alliance. Their sentimental trust in England's goodness with which they entered the political arena had been thoroughly knocked out of them; but there remained the clear perception that England was the one great Power of Europe whose interests were opposed to a partition, or a further spoliation, of the Turkish Empire. Englishmen were more popular with Turks than any other sort of European. Englishmen in the Turkish service had served Turkey honestly, which was more than could be generally said of other foreigners. No Turkish Government, desiring progress for the country, could put itself under the protection of a group of Powers headed by Russia. But England, it was thought, might still be strong enough to take a line of policy apart from Russia, might still be able and willing to protect Turkey if the Turkish Government made over the supreme control to her. The Young Turks asked for a British dictator and for British officials in all departments of the State. When this request was scouted as preposterous, the English Government pointing to its languid Naval Mission as proof of its intention to help Turkey, the Porte made other, less exorbitant, requests. At length they asked for no more than some inspectors for Armenia, which they considered that England was by the terms of the Cyprus convention bound to provide. This last request was granted, as we all believed. It was refused months later because Russia objected and, objecting, took a step towards the side of Germany.

I see it stated that with Mahmud Shevket Pasha the Young Turk party lost whatever wits it ever had and rushed immediately into the German net. It is true that, subsequent to Mahmud Shevket's death, the German military mission was renewed with increased powers; but that was only after England had, as I have said, refused to take over the instruction of the Turkish army with that of every other State department. But Mahmud Shevket Pasha was assassinated in June, and the negotiations with Great Britain went on till October, 1913, when the Porte's request concerning the Armenian inspectors was finally refused. Indeed, though pretty hopeless after that, the negotiations may be said to have continued until March, 1914. Then, at length, the Young Turks realised that England did not mean to help them. A number of them then declared for Germany, since Turkey needed a protector. Ministers remained divided. Talaat Bey, Khalîl Bey, Kheyri Bey, Jemâl and Enver Pashas are not altogether reckless, unreflecting persons, as they have been represented. I have named them as the most important members of the Turkish Government. Jemâl and Talaat had an inclination towards the Triple Entente, Khalîl Bey and Kheyri Bey were neutral, Enver—the enfant terrible of the Cabinet—was a fierce pro-German. Almost all the other less important ministers were in favour of neutrality. But, as I remarked in the first article of this series, the apparent leaders in the Committee of Union and Progress were always really in the servant's place. Behind the Turkish Ministry was a secret tribunal, of which only two of the said ministers—the two least known in England—were members; a tribunal anxious only for the good of Turkey, but ignorant of all the under-currents of European politics. Its judgment of the various Powers was a Muslim judgment, all by works. England expected to be justified by faith alone. The German help was real, if arrogant; the German promises were satisfactory, and Germany, if she had driven some hard bargains, had never actually broken faith with Turkey. It is the constant complaint of the old Hamidian officials that the men who have supreme control of the Committee of Union and Progress are quite old-fashioned Turks without any intimate acquaintance with European affairs. That is true. The judgment of those men is quite objective. The English seized two Turkish Dreadnoughts—which had been paid for by a fund subscribed to by the very poor, to which women even gave the hair off their heads—on the outbreak of the European War. They turned German and Austrian subjects out of Egypt, at that time a neutral country under Turkish suzerainty; and at the moment when the three Entente Ambassadors called upon the Grand Vizier with their promise to "defend the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire against all comers," the secret tribunal was aware of their intention to rob Turkey of Constantinople, on some pretext, at the general settlement. The Committee knew that prosperous peace was what the country needed; but peace is not without its horrors for a bankrupt country. The financial boycott had been borne three years. Germany gave money, and made solemn promises which, supposing it were ever in her power to keep them, would save Turkey. So when—by Russia's hostile

act, as Turks believe—war came to Turkey, the Committee gave the word that war should be.

Thus end the six years since the Revolution, when the Turks were mad in their enthusiasm for England. The most hopeful movement of progress and toleration ever made by the Islamic world has been repressed to something like fanaticism. And the fate of Turkey, so they say, is sealed. Well, let them try to conquer Turkey! It was still possible to do in Abdul Hamid's time, when to overcome the Turkish army and depose the rulers would have been enough. But now the fire of liberty is in the people. Try to crush it, and the fire will scatter through the Muslim world; the Committee of Union and Progress will become no longer merely Turkish, but a great world-power. Cannot our rulers understand? The East is rising. It is really comical to see a group of timeservers endeavouring to stop the rising tide.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

(THE END.)

A Word to the Middle Class.

GENTLEMEN,—You have been told many a time that you are in reality proletarians and you have refused to believe it. Indeed, it was natural that, while the black-coated proletariat of clerks refused to recognise their unity with the coatless proletariat of manual labourers, the tail-coated proletariat of managers and professional men should snort with scorn at the very idea of being one with the great mass of dispossessed. Your education, your tradition, your hopes and fears, and above all your natural but incorrigible snobbery have taught you to group yourselves with "the gentlemen" over against "the workers." Your sons go to the same schools and universities as the titled and the richest; they take commissions in the army; they imagine themselves to be very different cattle from the men they command in industry or on the field of battle. But they are wrong. If human grouping is to be based upon realities and not upon vanities, then, just as territorial nationalism must supplant sentimental racialism, so a real economic grouping in terms of the purchase and sale of labour must supplant the old artificial association by class and tradition. You have been told this before and you have laughed at the idea because you hated it. I suggest that various forces are working more strongly than ever before which will compel you to listen.

To be frank, your market value is going down. And you are not in a position to prevent that downward tendency, because in the majority of cases you, like the poorest loafers at the street corner, have nothing to sell but your labour. Accordingly, you too are the victims of economic law and economic accident. Let us see how you stand to-day.

If there is anything that is obvious in the present situation it is the increase in the rate of interest. You know the present yield of Consols: you may remember that in 1896 London and North Western 4 per cent. Preferred Stock (to take a notable instance) reached 162½, so that it yielded less than 2½ per cent.

Who would touch the best guaranteed stock in the world on those terms now? In 1913 the same security was dealt in at 97⅝. Although at the present moment there is a glut of capital lying in wait for investment owing to the closure of the Stock Exchange, and financial stagnation; although, that is to say, there is every reason for interest to be low in those securities which the war does not affect, the rate is abnormally high. The Government War Loan was practically a four per cent. concern. Good trustee stock is now available at five per cent.: for example, the recent issue of South Eastern Preferred was to yield five, and British Preferred Railway Stock is now an exceptionally sound investment owing to the Government guarantee. The Mond Nickel Company floated a six per cent. loan below par. And everywhere investors are hanging on, waiting for things to get better and better. Their argument is simple. If we are to be mulcted of one-eighth of our dividends before they reach us, then we will do our best to beat up the rate of interest, so that our returns will not suffer so severely. That is the idea. Whether capital is sufficiently controlled and organised by the few who can afford to keep their money on deposit at the bank instead of putting it out at present rates; whether, that is to say, a capital-strike is possible under present conditions remains to be seen. In the meantime, gentlemen, your welfare is at stake.

The reason is not far to seek. If the rate of interest is being raised, and is likely to be raised further, then the money must come from somewhere. It can only come from two sources—depreciation funds and wages bills. To take it from the first is puerile finance and destructive of the capitalists' purpose. Now, for the second. The wages bill includes two different entities—the weekly money of the manual worker and the pay of the salariat. In the majority of cases the wage of the manual worker cannot be forced down *because he has already been reduced to the subsistence level.* Moreover, our Servile State financiers, profiting by the sound advice of the meliorative Collectivists, have realised what should long ago have been obvious, that a reasonable minimum is a sound investment, and that, up to a point which experience reveals, better wages mean better profits. The National Minimum, like most of the Fabian devices, has little or no terror for the Cadburys and Levers who govern the country. In addition to this, a further attack on the manual labourer would not only be unprofitable but might well prove futile. There are things called Trade Unions, about which you are ignorant. Weak as these still are, and short-sighted as are their leaders in developing schemes of attack on the profiteers' position, they are good enough for defence. In the great industries a direct attack on wages by the masters would not be worth the while.

There remains the pay of the salariat, your income, my sublime friends. You have not yet been driven down to the subsistence level. You have still something to spend on tennis lawns and suburban rents, on dress-circles and upper boxes, on public schools and holidays abroad. Remember, too, that the competition for the managerial positions is increasing and that the detestable Polytechnic youths are prepared to do your work just as well and for less. 'Enery Straker is not limiting his abilities to manual work. It is true that the Civil Servants are safe enough with their class division, and that the recent Commission did not threaten the middle class man. But private employers are not so accommodating, and if, in their zeal to raise the dividends, they can find only your salaries as a reducible expense, then you are going to suffer.

I am not talking through my hat. A large proportion of the salariat have lost heavily through the war; incomes have been halved, and things may get worse yet. Look, for instance, at the stage. At present the leading actors are playing for half their usual rates; the chorus and supers are mainly drawing their old pay because they had already reached the subsistence minimum. Chorus-girls must be kept in better condition than seamstresses; hence their higher minimum. But it is none the less a minimum. Do you suppose that this attack on the middle-class, on the salariat, will be limited to one or two industries or crafts? Do you suppose that once your income has been reduced you will busily beat it up again? Can you blind your eyes to the fact that the profiteers are determined not to lose by the war and that you are the only people from whom they can take?

I admit that the position is complex. Many of you are at once the producers and the consumers of surplus value. But there are many more, and especially the young men who are simple proletarians, whose only function is to sell their labour to the highest bidder. Anyone who knows University life will be aware of the huge number of men who, at the close of an education

that must have cost about two thousand pounds, are left helplessly stranded, hang about for a year or two, and then drift in despair, not unaccompanied by debt, into the Churches, the Schools, the Colonies, the Bar, the City, wherever, in fact, they can find a market. Up till now these men have not recognised their community with the working classes because salaries have been sufficiently high to make the distinction between wage and salary a reality. But the position of these men is getting worse and worse. The newer the school or the living, the worse paid is the pedagogue or parson. They have to face harder competition and a smaller reward. The war has hit them hard and forced even our mediæval War Office into offering a living wage to subalterns. Why? Because it has been seen that the middle-class man has not necessarily a private income but is just as much a proletarian as the merest private.

Your invincible snobbery, your memories of "the old college," and your passion to be "in with the bloods" have blinded you to the reality of your position. And now, perhaps, you will learn by suffering that the vital dichotomy of society is not into gentlemen and workers, but into those who buy a commodity called labour and those who sell it. The first class must unite in the teeth of the second. The doctors banded together and fought the labour-purchasing State with success. Will you never pull yourselves together and see where your interests and your honour lie? As managers in a Guild—if you can win the position—you will be treated honourably and generously. You will live in a clean world and enjoy the security of an Oxford don. But if you cling to your damnable traditions, if you still reject the name of worker and support a Press which does nothing but revile the labourer and cry up the exploiter—your exploiter as well as his—if you have no ideals beyond golf and respectability, then may the profiteers trample you down for the worms that you are, and may the decent work of reconstruction be left to poorer and better men.

I. J. C. BROWN.

War and the Aesthete.

By Lionel de Fonseka.

I HAD not seen Rathbone for some months, in fact, not since the war began, and with many apologies on my lips I called on him last week. I found him reading, in Latin, Erasmus on the Praise of Folly. He had some rather curious books on his table and on the shelves beside him. I noticed Grotius on Literary Studies, Vitruvius on Architecture, St. Jerome, St. Thomas Aquinas, Bœthius, the Hours of the Virgin, some mediæval histories and some mediæval treatises on the nature of God—all in Latin. Simpson was in the basket-chair, languidly glancing at Ortelius on geographical names.

Rathbone waved aside my apologies. "Tell me," he said, "do you talk Latin?" "I don't even read it," I answered, "it is years since I took my fourth in Greats. But why are you thus buried in a dead language? Are you thinking of becoming a monk?" "I did think of it," said Rathbone, "but I decided that it isn't absolutely necessary. It is enough to think in Latin. Do you remember Wilde's remark on Meredith's style—'that hedge set with wonderful roses wherewith he keeps the world at bay'? But alas, Meredith wrote in English, and to-day I cannot fence myself in except with Latin. The English tongue has become unspeakably vulgar and our literary men only profane it the more. Do you remember that manifesto which our 'representative men of letters' jointly issued some time at the beginning of the war? Fools! When the war began they should have jointly retired into a monastery, or staying in the world they should have sought the monastic gift of silence. The English language is now unfitted not only for the speech but even for the thought of a man of sensibility. The violence of the popular Press has carried our mother tongue away, and with it our very thought. A truly philosophic thought cannot now be conceived or expressed in English. There is nought but Latin left to save the dignity of culture. I see you start. Tell me honestly, Simpson, aren't you afraid now to utter the English word *culture*. I mean, aren't you afraid of being misunderstood? Wouldn't you rather say *Kultur* if you definitely imply a sneer, and speak of *the humanities*, perhaps, if you are quite sure you don't imply a sneer, and if by chance you do happen to use the word *culture*, doesn't it need a little self-collection to have this certainty of the absence of a sneer in your mental background? In short, my dear fellow, a beautiful English word with beautiful associations has been dragged in the mire. A sensitive writer or speaker will not touch it. This is one word; there are others, *honour*, *justice*, even *philosophy*. The German militarists may have violated the neutrality of Belgium but English journalists have done worse—they have violated the neutrality of words, they have done a wrong to humanity, for in translation even Japanese and Hindustani neutral words will take the English colour, as they bear the current English import. Yes, our journalists have made beautiful English words ugly by a vulgar annexation, and put neutral words out of circulation by making their use, except in certain contexts, unpatriotic. This war has been called a war on German trade—it certainly is a war on English words. There is good red blood in England, and there is plenty of iron, but our journalists would seem to imply that blood and iron are made in Germany. The same use of certain English words is as unpatriotic as a suave delight in a glass of Munich beer, or a serene absorption in a Turkish cigarette. Go and tell a 'Daily Mail' reader in the Tube that you are a philosopher, and he will shout at you, 'Yah, Bernhardi!' Before the war the 'Daily Mail' did not know the word *philosophy*; then it dragged the word out of its decent seclusion, only to misapply it; now it is on the common tongue, and the *P* section of the Oxford Dictionary is antiquated while it is hardly out of the press. The pity of it is that our men of letters, our poets and thinkers directly countenance the corruption of our language. Whatever this war is, it is not a poet's war. There is nothing even remotely poetical about it. It is run by machinery. But I forget—there was one genuinely poetical incident in the course of this war—the reading of the Catalogue of Indian Princes in the House of Commons. It had all the characteristics of poetry—freshness, surprise, and simplicity, and the quality of truth. It was a breath from an earlier world, a world of naïve ardour for the fight, a world of knightly sentiment and knightly speech. The tale of the prince who offered 'his troops, his treasury, and his jewels,' and that other prince of seventy who came to the fight with his grandson of sixteen, though a modern English tale, could bear to be told in Greek. The incident was truly poetical; the House of Commons was stupefied for a moment by this strange experience; then it recovered itself, and, as you know, burst into vulgar applause. The incident was closed."

"Don't be too hard on the poets," pleaded Simpson. "After all, poets are not intelligent beings. They are as much creatures of routine as postmen. Love and War, they have been trained to believe, will wait for no man—no, not even for the Laureate."

"But what of our thinkers?" wailed Rathbone. "I wish our thinkers had thought enough at some time to realise that it befits them occasionally to sit still and say nothing. Or, if they must always think aloud, why don't they sometimes think in Latin? At the present moment it would be exceedingly good for them. For one thing their thoughts would be more sane, they would be sure of what they were thinking, the comparative unfamiliarity of a dead language would compel them to weigh their words without taking their words at the current valuation of the newspapers; and if, even so, the popular passion in them should prove

too vehement, but few people would know of their shame. Quite probably the mere use of a passionless, dead tongue would divert their thoughts gently to gentle themes; they would recover that serenity, tolerance, and calm regard for truth without which a thinker is only half a thinker—that is to say, quite an ordinary person; they would cease to be topical, and by the grace that was in them in the days of blessedness and peace, they would remain men of letters and not become journalists. And if a thinker has erred, he should be compelled now, as a means of recovering lost grace, to give us a discourse in Latin on an innocent enthusiasm. How much better, as an example to his brethren and a solace to us, if in these troubled times Chesterton had published a treatise on beer in Latin, instead of that flaming topical pamphlet of his on the Barbarism of Berlin in English?"

"But," I said, "I thought Chesterton's pamphlet was remarkably sane and collected."

"It appears to be," said Rathbone, "but it is not really. Chesterton is not himself. This war has turned the writer of paradoxes into a writer of platitudes. The paradoxes were true, but the platitudes are not. A platitude can only contain half the truth, else it could never attain the state of a platitude, for it would miss the condition of popularity. Truths do not bear repetition, but half truths do. *The Barbarism of Berlin*! That bears repetition. *The Barbarism of Berlin and London*! Does that bear repetition? No. The Refusal of Reciprocity is charged to Berlin. The frame of mind is equally common in London. Why, there was a lengthy letter in the 'Morning Post' the other day, stating that the Imperial bond implies either common citizenship or common subjecthood, but explicitly denying that in either case it implies common rights. The Indian is either your fellow-citizen or your fellow-subject, but in neither case has he fellow-rights with you. This is more than a Refusal—it is a Robbery of Reciprocity. Which is the greater barbarism—to refuse to give or to rob? So with the Appetite of Tyranny; so with the Escape of Folly. Chesterton is exasperated by the shortage of logic in Berlin; an Oriental reading Chesterton's pamphlet would be distressed by the equally deplorable shortage of that commodity in London. Where is the pamphlet, Simpson—you have it in your pocket, haven't you? 'In these slight notes,' says Chesterton, 'I have suggested the principal strong points of the Prussian character. A failure in honour which almost amounts to a failure in memory; an egomania that is honestly blind to the fact that the other party is an ego; and, above all, an actual itch for tyranny and interference, the devil which everywhere torments the idle and the proud. To these must be added a certain mental shapelessness which can expand or contract without reference to reason or record; a potential infinity of excuses.' An Oriental may or may not accept this definition of barbarism. If he does, he must reason from it, that while Turks and Indians certainly are not barbarians, Englishmen and Prussians as certainly are. And yet, throughout his pamphlet, Chesterton suggests that the Oriental is, in some subtle way, the typical barbarian. Our cultured Mahomedan friends might wonder at the discreetness of a definition which defines, but refuses somehow to comprise and exclude. They might, of course, consider this a proof of refinement; on the other hand, they might consider it a further instance of the barbarism of London—a failure in imagination which almost amounts to a failure in feeling.

"The war then is merely a war of barbarians—between a barbarian in possession and a barbarian who covets possession. But men of letters still aspire to discuss its principle in academic fashion. So far as I can see only one principle clearly emerges from the conflict. 'The Kaiser,' says Chesterton, 'after explaining to his troops how important it was to avoid Eastern Barbarism, instantly commanded them to become Eastern Barbarians.' 'To crush militarism,' says the English Press, 'we must become militarists.' You and I, Simpson, may agree that Eastern Barbarism does not deserve to be avoided, and that militarism does not deserve to be crushed; but Germans and Englishmen alike agree on the abstract principle that to cast out the devil you may become the devil. Our men of letters follow the Government, and take the principle for granted; they refuse to discuss Eastern Barbarism and Militarism on their merits—in short, they refuse to discuss the devil. But it is very important for us to know who the devil is, and exactly how far we may go in trying to cast him out. That is why I read the scholastic theologians, and do not read the 'Daily Mail.'

"Yes, resume your Latin, Simpson. There is no popular Press in Latin, and Latin words still retain their true meanings. But there were popular speeches in Latin, and I don't read Cicero. There were chronicles of dispatches from the front, and I don't read Tacitus. We have at last found a use for the despised Latin of the Middle Ages; this is the hedge wherewith I keep the world at bay. The Middle Ages possess a familiar knowledge of the devil which we have lost—and scholastic theologians can be so charmingly confidential." "And isn't Chesterton confidential?" asked Simpson.

"Yes, he is confidential, but he fails somehow to give us a satisfying sense of the devil as an entity. He does not give us a sense of sin."

Impressions of Paris.

No doubt the police arrested all the Germans on the East Coast in their own interest after the bombardment. But what a state the populace must be in to make this necessary. Thank goodness we had no spy-panic when the Germans were outside Paris. If I were God, as it were, I should do in England as they did here when there really was danger: put an extinguisher on the incendiary journals by forbidding more than one issue and that censored, and summarily arrest panic-mongers. It is all very fine to object to the censure, but the censure kept Paris calm even while the timid and the foreigners were flying in thousands. If any Germans were arrested, nobody knew but those concerned. Of course, now the rudest remarks are being made here about us (by neutrals, not by French). And it is a silly figure to be cutting, to have missed the cruisers and arrested . . . as if that would stop them coming again.

I cheerfully mention that Harmsworth is again in unsavoury odour with the French journals over his deal in buying the Livre Jaune. This affair will make savage politics later on. Certainly no one but a rogue or a fool would risk doing business with this man; but, then, there are rogues and fools. The French, for the moment, prefer to suppose M. Delcasse merely mad in selling the Livre Jaune—"the mad idea of *selling* the copies to the 'Times'": "How can M. Delcassé have come to suppose that this was an article to exploit commercially?" M. Clemenceau, who used to love the "Times," compares the price exacted by that journal with what the "New York Times" asked; the former being exactly ten times as much. The American paper, of course, sold at cost. It is all very humiliating, though worse for the French than us. And, as they say, Germany could scarcely have played a better game in the way of suppressing the evidence of her mensonges. Really, if I were God, I'd put Harmsworth in irons until the extremest end of the war. Whatever he does is bound to bring disgrace on others, naturally—himself being altogether out of caste. To-day scarcely a reputable journal (if one) here makes any quotation from the "Daily Mail" or "Times," and only of news received by Carmelite House from foreign papers. For which relief much thanks! It always unsettled my intention of admiring the French to find them so ignorant about our Press.

"You can make him desperate," I said. "At present, as I suppose, nobody can confirm what he says. Insist on remaining faithful." I knew that she would, anyway, but that the idea of being maliciously virtuous would recompense her for all his supposed infidelities, which I rather doubt being real, as I hear all the can-can except, I suppose, what concerns myself. There is an academic den of microbes here whence hatch half the scandals that amuse or exasperate the quarter. In the den also congregate the bandits of Montparnasse, foreigners who have been here for anything from five to fifteen years and who lie in flattering wait for the ever-arriving budding geniuses: Persons who have been cruelly checked in their proper criminal careers by a dash of artistic talent, with the result that they will live and die dishonest, but poor. Every now and then they break into fearful feuds with each other, and the world becomes immensely informed; but sooner or a very little later there they are again reconciled in petty villainy, and where the population is so floating, it goes hard, but very few persons will for long mark them. A fairly sound advice to budding geniuses on entering Paris would be to avoid for two or three months any friendly foreigner of unknown artistic reputation who confesses to have been here more than a year or two. He or she is probably a trumpery scoundrel. One or two of the bandits are picturesque, and all, even the microbes, have acquired a working imitation of fine and confoundingly foreign manners. In fact, it is only by their deeds ye may know them. I have a puerile penchant for picturesque bandits. There was an old creature who used to haunt the Louvre before the war, attired in Titian hair and a huge packet of drawings, and other papers which seemed to concern some ancient convent scandal in Italy. As deep as I could ever delve she would have been universally recognised as the descendant of Raphael if all had their rights. During the war, the shine rather went off the Montparnasse bandits. They drooped about the cafés and peaceably swallowed soupe populaire along with the microbes. Then some very suspect Swiss-German started a cantine where they all ran in beautiful harmony until stray visitors began to miss things. You couldn't find your own hat at the hour of parting, and your purse was entirely unsafe. One gay evening, I lost my passport there and was offered it back for a consideration. However, being English, I didn't care if I hadn't got it and wouldn't part with a sou, and the papers mysteriously arrived without any word attached, at the Prefecture four days later, which even led me into confidential relations with the Commissariat. After this, and another scandal or two, nobody would go any more; the sager bandits appear to have left things to the microbes and the camp definitely split up with roarings and hissings concealed under poetry and mutual presentations. And now they honestly describe each other as Apaches.

This flippant style of describing rascals is perhaps a reactionary effect of reading the highly moral "Liasons Dangereuses" by Laclos, a sulphuric, epistolary romance much devoured by the mothers of France and said to have been largely responsible for the modern severity towards young daughters. A certain Marquise and a Vicomte, who are alleged to be in close touch with the Court, but are never found there, agreeably write to each other accounts of their respective debaucheries. This sort of amusement would be clearly intolerable if arranged between a mere Monsieur and Madame. The author includes in this published correspondence, which is supposed to be authentic, letters written by the victims of the noble couple, and these letters providentially fill up many gaps. So we read the first from the demoiselle de Volanges advising a school-friend that Mamma intends to marry her off shortly. The second epistle is from the wicked Marquise to the wicked Vicomte advising him that Mademoiselle de Volanges is to be married to the Count de Gercourt, ancient lover of the Marquise and unfaithful to her for the sake of a lady who threw over the wicked Vicomte. The joke of sending the little Volanges seduced to the arms of their mutual enemy appeals to the Vicomte, but for the moment he is occupied in the country by an attack on the pious Madame de Tourvel. So little Volanges finds time to fall in love with a young Chevalier, her mother apparently having eyes for all the peccable world, but not for her own family. None the less, it is the wicked Vicomte who succeeds in seducing Cécile by a wild plan of borrowing the key of her bedroom for the alleged purpose of giving her there in the middle of the night a love-letter from the Chevalier! If any high and warning moral is to be drawn from this scene, I am afraid I missed it. Cécile, after a period of penitence, dissipated by a single ironical and vulgar note from the Marquise, finds the Vicomte a very amiable man and thoroughly enjoys herself on many lively occasions. For the heightening of the colour, this affair takes place under the same roof in the country which shelters the devout and pursued Madame de Tourvel, who, in her turn, succumbs to the Vicomte. The merciless sequence of the letters which exhibit alternately the roué and the deceived lady makes disgusting reading; but the only possible moral conclusion would be for people passionately in love never to trust the person they love—which is against Nature. That nothing may be lacking in vulgar villainy, the Vicomte is made to write a letter full of the vilest double entendre to his saint in the bed of an opera girl whom he encounters en voyage and to whom he reads the letter. All the while, however, he is really enamoured of the wicked Marquise who promises him to commit an infidelity in his favour against her reigning favourite, on receipt of a certain tender letter written by Madame de Tourvel, and, of course, proof of the latter's passion. The Marquise, for her part, is attached to the Vicomte, but, bitterly jealous of the enormous pains he has taken to betray Madame de Tourvel, betrays him and breaks her promise in favour of Cécile's young Chevalier. The moral is perhaps to be found in the disasters which overtake everybody! The Chevalier kills the Vicomte in a duel and retires to Malta; Madame de Tourvel, after receiving a note which should have caused her only a day's indignation, dies mad; Cécile enters a convent; and the Marquise loses all her money and catches the small-pox, which leaves her hideous.

After so much whipping the flanks in the service of morality, what is left for immorality? The French critic remarks that the profound psychology of this drama astounds us even to-day. I do not find it profound, but either very obvious or of an accidental and debatable quality. There is a merely apparent fatalism in the scenes. The arm of coincidence moves in a hundred directions to force the characters together. Finally, I doubt whether Madame de Tourvel, though by far the most egoistic of all the persons and really moved by a physical passion, would have died after receiving such a silly bad pleasantry as the note which proved the Vicomte simply a mediocre roué.

"One wearies of everything, my angel, it is a law of Nature; it is not my fault."

"If I weary to-day of an adventure which has occupied me entirely for four mortal months, it is not my fault."

This refrain is fitted to a series of insults culminating in "Adieu, my angel, I have taken you with pleasure, I quit you without regret; I shall return perhaps. Thus goes the world. It is not my fault."

Not one of the characterisations but is amateurish and opportune. But this book, since its publication early last century, has come to be considered a classic. With such subject-matter the style may be imagined of an author who felt not the inclination or the necessity to relieve the atmosphere by breaths from Nature, from Art or even from the world of people outside the intrigues. Except for this book, it seems, his name would not have survived him, though he wrote several works in the intervals of an official career.

The Literature of the Ukraine.

By Vasyl Levitzky.
(*Translated by* P. SELVER.)

THE modern literature of the Ukraine is scarcely a hundred and fifteen years old; it has passed through a speedy and successful development, and is to-day worthy of general attention.

It was in the eighteenth century that the Ukraine ceased to be politically independent. In 1764 the office of "Hetman" was abolished, and the Republic of the Ukraine on the right bank of the Dnieper was incorporated into the Russian Empire as "Little Russia." Austria received a portion of the former Empire of Halitch in 1772 and called the country Galicia. Then in 1775 the Sitch and the Saporog Republic on the left bank of the Dnieper, after being destroyed, became known as "New Russia."

The nation that had come to grief politically was to be restored intellectually. In the year 1798 appeared the first cantos of the "Aeneis" by Ivan Kotlarevsky. This epic travesty ushered in the revival of Ukrainian literature. In this work the poet set up a memorial to his politically moribund nation by transferring the unhappy state of things in the Ukraine to the city of Troy, and applying to the Trojans, hounded from their home, the sympathetic features of the scattered Cossacks. Euphonious language and a regular metrical form endowed the work with that stimulating power which was necessary in order to arouse and renew intellectual activity. In Poltava, where Kotlarevsky lived and laboured, there is to-day a monument in his honour. There also exists a special Kotlarevsky Society, which was founded at Lemberg, and which is concerned with the cultivation of dramatic art and literature.

It was not until some decades later that Galicia, separated politically, was awakened. In 1837 there appeared at Budim (Hungary) the "Rusalka Dnistrovaya" (Fairy of the Dniester), a collection of Ukrainian folksongs, interspersed with songs by several young poets, under the editorship of Markian Shashkevytch. It was in 1911 that the centenary of this poet was celebrated. Together with three young associates, N. Ustianovytch, J. Holovatzky and J. Vahilevytch, he founded in Galicia the first scientific and literary society that set itself the task of furthering the development and elaboration of the Ukranian language and literature, in order to raise and enlighten the Ukrainian nation.

It was even later still that the Bukovina was aroused to fresh vitality. Here, in the year 1859, J. G. Fedkovytch began his valuable literary activity. This Austrian lieutenant, who had served with his Ukrainian regiment in the campaign against Italy, and who at first wrote German poems, turned his attention to his deserted race. The poet's stories and tales, in which he deals with idyllic lives led by his fellow-countrymen, his love of personal freedom and the freedom of his mountains, are worthy of comparison with the best short stories of other literatures. He also wrote a number of dramas; but, unfortunately, the greater part of his work was still in manuscript when the poet withdrew into solitude and made no further attempt to achieve literary fame. It was only a few years ago that arrangements were made to issue all his works in printed form. Four volumes, published by the Shevtchenko Society at Lemberg, have already appeared, and the remaining volumes are in preparation. Although the poet died in 1888, a portion of his works, hitherto unknown, will not appear before next year.

Hungary is the only country where the Ukrainian nation is in a very backward stage of its development, and takes scarcely any share in the intellectual life of its members in Galicia, Bukovina and the Russian Ukraine. It may be said that the people of the Ukraine, which had been divided into four parts politically, first began to unite again intellectually about the middle of last century, and from that time onwards it has shown signs of a mutual and even expansion. This significant intellectual union was brought about by Taras Shevtchenko, the greatest Ukrainian poet. Besides his verses he also wrote "The Artist," an autobiographical novel. In this work, the curious vicissitudes of Shevtchenko, who was free only for twelve years of his life (he was first a serf for twenty-four years and later banished for a full decade into the Kirghiz steppes because of his spirited chants), are related partly in diary form, partly in the more elaborate manner of fiction. Much can be learned about Shevtchenko, the great poet, painter and martyr, by reading his lyrical verses. But his epic poems, breathing as they do the youthful fragrance of Ukrainian poetry, also deserve to be studied. In his "Bandits" he left a splendid and a true memorial to those heroes who in 1768 prepared a St. Bartholomew's Eve at Uman for their Polish oppressors, and made a final attempt to shake off the foreign yoke and to gain freedom and independence for their native country. In his ballads the Ukrainian steppe, with the magic of its landscape, and its romantic traditions, is infused with fresh life.

Thousands of Ukrainian pilgrims, like Mohammedans seeking the grave of their prophet, visit Shevtchenko's resting-place and mound at Kanev on the Dnieper, and sing and recite the stern words in their poet's bequest, which in its second clause ("Ye shall bury me, then arise, shake off the foreign yoke and purchase liberty with the blood of foes") is still striving towards fulfilment.

Since the year 1873 there has been in existence a Shevtchenko Literary Society with its centres at Lemberg and Kiev. It is soon to be raised to the status of an academy, and in addition to the literary monthly "Vistnyk" ("Bulletin") it also issues "Communications of the Shevtchenko Society" and arranges systematic reprints of literary monuments.

Soon after the death of Shevtchenko (February 21, 1861) Galicia became the focus of intellectual life, and assumed the intellectual leadership for a lengthy period. The guiding spirit here was Ivan Franko, who is still living. The latest instalment of the "Vistnyk" (Vol. IX. 1913) is entirely devoted to the poet Franko, as a mark of respect for a literary activity extending over forty years. Franko has issued numerous volumes of poems; in his lyrics he imitates Heine and his pessimism. In his satires he makes unmerciful attacks on all empty patriotic show and middle-class prejudices. The tendency of his works is, on the political side, liberal; from the ethical aspect, individualistic. He aims at freeing himself and his friends from all shackles. Hence he infused the patriarchal, uncorrupted literature of a primitive people with many new elements, which were very rarely constructive, and frequently only destructive. He did not always succeed in moulding his style so as to attain ease in form; often enough he was over-ruled by a predilection for the base and ugly. He brought about a period of storm and stress in the intellectual life of his nation. Nearly all the works of Franko and his great school, which eked out an existence till the end of the nineteenth century, foster radicalism and free-thought. The same is true of his tales and novels. Perhaps Franko's greatest merit lies in the fact that by his translations he made the great works of literature known to his people, and thus trained a whole generation. He translated the "Faust" and other works of Goethe, the "Don Quixote" of Cervantes, and introduced the literature of Western Europe to his fellow-countrymen. To-day the inhabitants of the Ukraine hold Franko's versatile activity in high esteem, and his fiftieth year was marked by festive gatherings in his honour.

Franko's school, the so-called "Young Ukraine," remained faithful to its master by treating politcal and social questions in his manner. Occasionally, however, a quieter key-note was struck, as, for instance, in the peasant tales of Vasyl Stefanyk. The youngest generation has emancipated itself completely from Franko's influence, and treads its own independent paths.

The Chameleon.

By Anton P. Tchekhov.

(Translated from the Russian by P. SELVER.)

ATCHUMYELOV the police inspector is going across the market-place in a new cloak and with a small bundle in his hand. Behind him strides a red-haired constable holding a sieve filled to the brim with confiscated gooseberries. All is silent. . . . Not a soul is about. . . The open windows of the shops and taverns gaze moodily upon the wide world, like hungry jaws: the very beggars have deserted them.

"So you'd bite, eh, drat you?" hears Atchumyelov suddenly. "Don't let him go, my lads. There's no biting allowed nowadays. Stop! Aha-a!"

The whining of a dog becomes audible. Atchumyelov looks sideways, and this is what he sees: From the merchant Pitchugin's wood-yard, hopping on three legs, and peering about, a dog comes running. Behind it dashes a man in a starched cotton shirt with his waistcoat unbuttoned. Running behind the dog, he bends his body forward, falls to the ground and seizes the dog by the hind-paws. Again the whining is heard and the cry: "Don't let him go!" Sleepy countenances peep out of the shops and soon, as if it had sprouted out of the earth, a crowd collects around the wood-yard.

"No disorder there, sir, if *you* please. . ." observes the constable.

Atchumyelov turns half-way round towards the left and steps up to the crowd. Close by the door of the yard he catches sight of the aforementioned individual in the unbuttoned waistcoat stationed with his right hand in the air, and displaying to the crowd a bleeding finger. His half-tipsy face seems to bear the inscription: "You see if I don't make somebody fork out for your pranks, you brute!" Atchumyelov recognises this man as Khryukin, the master-goldsmith. In the centre of the crowd, with its forelegs outstretched and trembling all over its body, crouches the cause of the bother, a young white hound with a pointed nose and a yellow spot on its back. Its eyes are fairly running over with an expression of grief and terror.

"What's all this here about?" inquires Atchumyelov, pushing into the crowd. "What's up here? What's the meaning of that there finger, eh? . . . Who hollered out?"

"I was going along, boss, not interfering with nobody. . ." begins Khryukin, hiccoughing into his hand, "to Mitri Mitritch about some wood, and all of a sudden, afore I knows where I am, this blooming cur cotched hold of my finger. And asking of your pardon, I'm a working man. I reckon as how with this here finger, I shan't be able to do a stroke of work for a week. . . It don't say in the law as how a whipper-snapper like this here can play you up anyhow, do it? Why, if every one of 'em was to bite, then we wouldn't get a look in, not down here. . ."

"Hm. . . All right! . . ." observes Atchumyelov sternly, coughing and moving his eyebrows. "All right. . . Who does the dog belong to? We can't allow of no such thing. I'll learn 'em, letting dogs run about anyhow. It's pretty near time something was done to show them there people as won't keep to the regulations. When this here swab gets dropped on for a fine, I'll learn him all about dogs and such-like stray animals. I'll bring him up to scratch. . . Yeldyrin," says the inspector, turning to the constable, "find out who this here dog belongs to, and draw up a report. And the dog'll have to be done away with. Look sharp. Like enough and it's a mad 'un. Who does it belong to, d'you hear?"

"Why, it's General Zhigalov's, ain't it?" says somebody in the crowd.

"General Zhigalov's? Hm. . . . Just take off my great-coat, Yeldyrin, will you? . . . Shocking warm it is! We're in for some rain, if you ask me. . . . . There's one thing, though, what gets over me, and that is, how he managed to bite you at all," says Atchumyelov, turning to Khryukin. "Why, I don't believe he could reach your finger. Him a little mite of a thing, and a great hulking chap like you. We've heard of the likes of you before. I know your devilish shady tricks!"

"He was larking about, boss, and shoved his fag in the dog's phiz. It ain't fool enough to stand that, and so it snapped at him. And *he's* a man with a dirty temper, he is, guv'nor."

"Stow that gab, you one-eyed skunk. You never see it, so what d'yer want to go and tell a parcel of lies for? You knows what you're about, boss—you can tell if a chap's piling of it on, or if he's talking gospel, strike me lucky. . . Let the beak settle it if I ain't a-telling of the truth. Me own brother's in the force, if you wants to know. . ."

"None of your lip here. . ."

"Why, that ain't the General's, at all. . ." remarked the constable sagaciously. "The General ain't got none like that. All his are more setters like."

"Sure?"

"Yessir."

"No more he ain't, now I come to think. The General has thoroughbreds—cost a pot of money, they must. Why, as for this one, blow me if I can make head or tail of him. He ain't got no fur, and he ain't got no build. An out-and-out mongrel, he is. Khryukin, you've been injured, so don't you take it lying down. You learn 'em a lesson. It's about time."

"I dunno, p'raps it *is* the General's, though. . . " ponders the constable aloud. "It ain't wrote up on his dial. But I see one like in his yard, not so long ago."

"Yes, that's the General's sure enough. . . " says a voice from the crowd.

"Hm . . . Yeldyrin, just give us a hand with my great-coat, ole man. It's blowing up a bit fresh . . . quite chilly, it is. . . You take him to the General's and ask about it. Say I found him and sent him on. And say as how they didn't ought to let him out into the street. Most likely he's worth a tidy bit, and if every swine's going to poke at his nose with a fag, it won't be long afore it's all U-P with him. A dog's a delikit creature. . . . And you take your hand away, fat-head. There ain't no need for you to show off your blessed finger. It's your own fault. . . ."

"Here comes the General's cook, let's ask him. . . . Hi, Prokhor. Come over here, ole sport. Have a squint at that there dog. Is it yours?"

"Naouw. We ain't never 'ad none like that there."

"There ain't no point in hanging about here, asking of a lot of questions," said Atchumyelov. "It *is* a stray 'un. It ain't no good standing here, jawing about it. If I said as it's a stray 'un, then it *is* a stray 'un. It's got to be done away with, and that's all about it."

"It ain't ours," continued Prokhor. "It belongs to the General's brother, what's jest arrived. Our boss ain't much taken with 'ounds. But 'is brother likes 'em, 'e do. . . ."

"So his brother's arrived, has he? Vladimir Ivanitch, ain't it?" inquired Atchumyelov, and his whole countenance was floating in an unctuous smile. "Good Lord, just fancy that, now. And me all in the dark about it, too. Has he come on a visit?"

"Yes."

"Well, good Lord, fancy that. I've been wanting to see him, partikler. And me not knowing nothing about it, and all. So the little dog's theirn?* And very nice, too. Take him along. It ain't half a bad little pup. A smart little chap, too. So he went for his finger, did he? Ha, ha, ha! Why, what's he trembling for, eh? Rrrrrrrrr. . . Saucy young rascal. He *is* a nice little feller. . . ."

Prokhor calls the dog and takes it out of the wood-yard. The crowd starts laughing at Khryukin.

"I'll be even with you yet," says Atchumyelov to him threateningly, and, wrapping himself up in his cloak, he continues his beat across the market-place.

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* The popular use in Russian of "ikhni" for "ikh" can be matched by an analogous form in English.

Readers and Writers.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE have just published a shilling edition of Gissing's collected short stories ("The House of Cobwebs"). I need not mention more than one of them in particular—"Christopherson," that has already found its way into the Oxford Anthology. It is not to my mind the best of the collection by any means; but it is characteristic of Gissing, and as such deserves its place. But who is the writer of the prefatory "Study of Gissing" that appears in this edition? He is anonymous and excellent. I cannot myself rise to such praise of Gissing as he easily reaches, but I admit that he is only excessively right. By a coincidence a friend has just sent me Gissing's "By the Ionian Sea." It is Gissing at his ripest—for "The Private Papers" were, I think, a little over-ripe. The very autumn of his melancholy was upon them. His account of his ramble in Southern Italy, on the contrary, should have represented, and partly did represent, Gissing's Indian summer. He was where he had all his life wished to be. He was alone. He was comparatively free from money and other troubles. And he delighted in writing. As little melancholy, therefore, as Gissing was capable of might have been expected of his Ionian diary. And yet I find it saturated with melancholy; and so powerfully as to challenge the reader to a fight to maintain his spirits after only one or two of the eighteen chapters.

* * *

Why is this? The incidents of Gissing's travel are not at all unpleasant; many of them are amusing. He met with no depressing misfortunes, and he appears to have enjoyed himself. Despite it all, however, and despite, as well, Gissing's manifest intention to write as cheerfully as he travelled, a heavy air hangs over every chapter, every page and almost every sentence. The secret, of course, is to be found in Gissing's prose-rhythm. On analysis, I find his characteristic "length" or "stride" to be of an essentially melancholy nature. Try these sentences, for example, taken almost at hazard from widely separated pages, and consider how uniform their measure is; each of them is Gissing in little:

So silent it is, so mournfully desolate, so haunted with memories of vanished glory.

A fisherman's boat crept duskily along the rocks, a splash of oars soft-sounding in the stillness.

But here, as there, one is possessed of the pathos of immemorial desolation.

Quite apart from the reflective content of each of these examples, the sequence of prose-feet in them naturally produces the effect of melancholy. Though Gissing had wished to express the utmost lightness, the rhythm here employed (and habitually employed) by him would have defeated his purpose. It would be as easy to represent Chaminade on a bassoon as gaiety or wit in these measures.

* * *

A more detailed analysis would show, I think, that Gissing was a writer of a single string. It follows, indeed, from the preceding that the last form of which he was capable was drama, in which (when it is written at all) each character must speak in his own rhythm. Gissing could no more than Byron manage this, since his own personal rhythm was too inelastic—his imagination, if you like, too limited and egoistic—to admit new movements. As he was born, so he always remained; he grew up, but he never grew out. Was this, I wonder, the effect, partially at any rate, of circumstances? Both Byron and Gissing were driven inwards by their inappreciative days. Both, consequently, were naturally bent towards the exclusive maintenance of their idiosyncrasies. Appreciation, after all, is a necessity to the personal development of the artist; and, most of all, probably, to the dramatist. Without a general atmosphere of appreciation, genius tends to become either idiosyncratic or simply wilful. The more powerful mind, when surrounded by Philistines, retires within itself and creates works of amazing egotism; the less powerful experiments in all manner of tricks and grotesques as a means to procuring the sunlight of appreciation. Gissing's was, I think, one of the more powerful minds. Certainly, as his style shows, he was always repeating himself—like an imprisoned soul treading always the self-same wheel. The monotony is depressing and adds its powerful melancholy effect to the choice of rhythm. Look, as a last example, upon this opening passage of "By the Ionian Sea." It is the key of which there is practically no variation throughout the whole book. No wonder my mind could not take pleasure in more than a chapter or two of it at a time. There is no movement in it. (I have marked the prose-feet as they naturally fall, and would refer my readers to Saintsbury's "Prose Rhythm" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) for a full account of prose scansion):

This || is the third day || of Sirocco, || heavy-clouded, || sunless. || All the colour || has gone || out of Naples; || the streets || are dusty || and stifling. || I long || for the mountains || and the sea. ||

A study of this passage will reveal more of Gissing than all the biographies written of him. The style is the man.

* * *

I cannot refrain from mentioning here the sad rhythmic case of Mr. Henry Newbolt, who also, it appears, is repeating himself. Years ago, and without, so far as I know, any great contemporary event to inspire him, he wrote a song that everybody knows: "Drake's Drum," full of sentimental patriotism and pride of race. A few days ago, in the "Times," and apropos not of a story centuries old, but of the great events of current history, Mr. Newbolt could do no better than to parody his earlier poem. Recall "Drake's Drum" and then read these two couplets from his poem of to-day:

Dreary lay the long road, dreary lay the town,
Lights out and never a glint o' moon.
Cheerly goes the dark road, cheerly goes the night,
Cheerly goes the blood to leap and beat.

Is it not apish? The contrast, however, suggests what every poet instinctively knows, that even the greatest events may be too recent for poetry. Shakespeare was as bold as any human poet ought to be in even allegorising his contemporary, Queen Elizabeth—and *he* nearly lost his genius in it. History must sink into the sub-consciousness of the race before it can safely be employed in poetry. The older is almost always the better. The real poetry of this war of ours will not be written for centuries.

* * *

The "Daily Telegraph" of Tuesday last published the complete text of Sir J. M. Barrie's so-called "War Play," "Der Tag." Sir J. M. Barrie no doubt persuades himself that he is a British patriot; but the atrocities he has perpetrated upon English style, language, and character in his brief occupation would get him universally denounced as a literary Hun if there were patriotic critics about. One step only, we are often told, divides the sublime from the ridiculous; but it depends upon the direction. From the sublime to the ridiculous may be only a step, but from the ridiculous to the sublime may be a thousand. Sir J. M. Barrie finds no difficulty, of course, in making the descent, when the sublime has been provided for him; but he has not once succeeded throughout this play in the ascent. Its general level is lower than that of the neighbouring dramatic comments of Mr. W. L. Courtney (?) in the same journal: and that is to be severe! The German Emperor is insulted (but so are we in consequence) by the attribution to him of the raggedest fustian ever put into the mouth of a penny dreadful. He says: "Red blood boils in my veins . . . I could eat all the elephants in Hindustan and pick my teeth with the spire of Strasburg Cathedral." Heine heard a sonnet of Klopstock fall downstairs. How's this for a fall, my countrymen?:

Emperor: These wounds might heal suddenly if Ger-

man bugles sounded. It [Britain] is a land that in the past has *done things*.

Or this:

Emperor: To dim Napoleon! Paris in three weeks—*say four to cover any chance miscalculation.*

Culture, "a noble female figure in white robes," comes some similarly nasty croppers: "I have never had a home in Germany . . . *I am not of German make.*" "What do you want of the nations? *Bites out of each!*" The German Emperor is left to suicide, but it would really be superfluous.

* * *

To end the year on a pleasanter theme—this issue of THE NEW AGE is the four-hundredth under the present editorship. Now could I eulogise—but it is forbidden. Our epitaph shall be all; and it shall be written by a generation we cannot know. R. H. C.

The Adventures of a Young Russian.

By C. E. Bechhofer.

I.

I WAS sitting in a café overlooking the Nevski (which is just Unter den Linden, only more so) with my friend Fyodor, the student. You could not mistake his occupation, for he was wearing the semi-military student's uniform. I had been telling him how once I had woke up to find a scorpion on my breast, but had escaped without a bite. Fyodor seemed to consider for a moment. Then he smiled and said: I also have had adventures in my life, two real adventures. I don't estimate them by their magnitude, for they were all very trivial, but by their queerness. I judge of their queerness by this: they have so stuck in my memory that, whenever I sit and muse, they are sure to pass before me at last. I am certain that if I were ever in that state of mind in which a man reflects upon the whole of his past life these events would be the first to present themselves and the last to fade.

I should like to hear of them, I said.

Very well, I don't mind telling you, said Fyodor. We both glanced out of the window and smiled at the sight of a fat and repulsive Jew who was pompously marching along the pavement. My friend looked at me whimsically and said: You would never think I was half a Jew, would you? I looked at him intently, but he was a picture of health and intelligence; one saw nothing deeper in his face, none of the curious marriage of lines and features that is so often to be noted in persons of mixed race, lines that an expression of fear or joy or greed will suddenly disclose. No, said I, one would never guess it. But I am, he said. My mother was the daughter of Jews. She died when I was only a little child, but I have seen her photograph and she was very beautiful and very little Jewish in appearance. Perhaps that was because she was not brought up in strict Jewish fashion by her parents. They had removed from their native city and come to Petersburg, and they left behind them all the feasts and fasts of the strict ritual. So that my mother was Jewish only by race and not by habit; and as instinct—at least separate racial instinct—counts for so little in women, you may perhaps see why it is that I show practically no signs of my maternal ancestry. I hope I am not boring you.

Not at all, said I; I am becoming very interested.

Well, all this is necessary to my story. Early one spring, when I had just left school, some friends of mine told me that they had decided on a pious visit to the holy places of Syria and Palestine, and suggested that I should accompany them. It was not a very expensive trip, they pointed out, and one need never feel homesick, for besides our being a party, we would follow the ordinary route of the pious Russians, and we should meet our own people, speak our own language, and even sleep every night in the houses provided by our own Government. I fell in with the notion, and we started off. We took the train to Odessa, caught a Russian boat from there to Beyrout, and a few hours in the train brought us up through the Lebanon to Damascus. From there, again, we took train to the Lake of Galilee, steamed across its lovely waters to Tiberias, and there we felt our pilgrimage was really begun. For now we took carriages along the road to Nazareth, and we began to meet our own people, hundreds of them—peasants who looked upon this journey as the consummation of their lives, and had saved and scraped for years to be able to perform it. There they were, tall, stolid, bearded men, trudging along in their great boots, with their wives often carrying babies in their arms, babies that would learn in time how they had been sanctified so young in holy Jordan water and at the holy shrines of their faith. There were troops of them, crowds of them, hurrying along the muddy roads, hurrying both that they might finish their pilgrimage without mishap and that they should get back home before their lands thawed and the fields were ready for tilling. Most of them had walked all the way from Russia, some even tremendous distances inside Russia where there were no railways. What a mass there was of them! We used to give some of them a lift whenever we could stand any extra weight on our carriages. I remember how, in the middle of the main street at Cana, one of the horses in my carriage fell slap into a great hole full of mud, and the peasant that was sitting with the driver lost his balance and fell on top of the beast and brought the other horse into the hole too. You never saw such a sight as those two horses when we got them out. They were grey when we came into Cana, but they had a thick overcoat of brown mud by the time we got away. And to think that all the time the little imps of Mission School children were pestering us to buy clay models of the water-jug with which Jesus worked the miracle. They still have the original jars in the church, so the priests said, and we saw all our pilgrims giving little presents to the church, just as they did in all the holy places along the route. But I am afraid I am making a long story of it with all this description of our journey.

Never mind, I said, I should do the same thing myself.

Anyhow, we came through all sorts of holy places mentioned in Scripture, Shechem and Nazareth and Samaria, and we saw Edom in the distance and places like that, and at last we came to the place where the Holy Mother and Joseph looked for Jesus on their return from Jerusalem and could not find Him. We knew now that we were near Jerusalem. We came to the top of a steep hill, and suddenly one of us gave a cry and pointed over the crest. There was Jerusalem, in sight. My friend, there are many lovely cities in the world, beautiful from near, beautiful from far off; but there is no sight in the world so wonderful as that first view of Jerusalem. You know the phrase, "A city set on a hill." That city is Jerusalem! There, as far as one can see, all round, there are great ridges and ranges of bare limestone rock, bare as the barrenest place on earth, so bare is this desert of Judea. But in the middle, on the crest of the highest hill, is that wonderful city of churches and high houses and fortifications and mighty walls, all shining in the sun, with that monstrous, bare, gleaming limestone all round; I tell you, it is "a city set on a hill, that cannot be hid." We came to it at dusk. We were too excited to go and sleep in our Government's buildings; we wanted to get out the first thing in the morning, and we feared formalities. So we went to one of the hotels and got rooms.

How excited we were! For the next week we did nothing but ride donkeys all over the town, to Gethsemane, up the steep Mount of Olives, from where I saw a marvellous rainbow stand over the city, to the Temple also and the Rock, to Mount Zion, to St. Stephen's martyrdom, to little Bethlehem, and, above all, to the Holy Sepulchre. In the church there I saw some of our peasants cross themselves a hundred times and prostrate themselves a hundred times and say a hundred prayers before the tomb, daily, for ever so long, and then they entered the little tomb and kissed the

marble coffin. I am not very religious, you know; I am not a fool—I lit a candle at the shrine on the railway station in Petersburg when I was leaving and crossed myself; but, of course, I hadn't been taken in by all the greedy priests' fables along the road. I went into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre only out of curiosity; I never said a single prayer there all the time, nor crossed myself; you see, I didn't believe it was the real place, nor anything but a priests' arrangement. But—will you believe me?—when I entered that tomb and stood there alone with a monk beside that marble slab, I couldn't help it. I felt myself bound to kneel down and kiss the stone. Wasn't that odd?

The same thing happened to me, I said, and you wouldn't call me precisely religious.

Ah! You have been there too, said my friend.

Shall I ever forget it? I said. And I had shaved just before and my face was tender.

Whew! At last, then, we had seen all there was to be seen, and we made arrangements to take train to Jaffa (Lord! the oranges there!), and to take a boat from there back to Odessa. So we trotted round a few days on donkeys and loitered about in the bazaars.

We had arranged to leave early one morning, and the afternoon before we began to buy presents for our friends. I bought a Bible bound in olive-wood for my aunt, my father's sister. He was an impudent fellow, the salesman, and asked me my name. I didn't want to tell him my real name for fear he should find out where I was staying and come up to the hotel to pester me to buy some more things, or come and make a noise about the payment, saying I owed him money, or some such rubbish. But I didn't want to tell a lie, so I told him my first name and as surname my mother's surname. He looked at me in such a queer way when I told him. Then he laughed and spat, like the impudent fellow he was. I think he was an Arab; and then he said: "There is an old man here of the same name. It is not a common name." He was right. My mother's name is not a common name, it is very rare; in fact, I expect only her family bears it. So I said to the man: "Who is this with my name? Perhaps he is a relative." The man spat again and grinned. "Has the gentleman, then, relatives that are Hebrews? The old man with the name is a Jew."

All my friends laughed, and of course I had to laugh too and disown the old man at once. None of my friends knew that I was half a Jew, the name was not like a Jewish name; if they had known they would have joked at me while we were together, and if one of them had fallen out with me he would surely ever afterwards have made a laughing-stock of me among all my acquaintances. So we all laughed and went away. But I was very curious to see this old man, and it was already three in the afternoon. I soon slipped away from my friends, but I didn't know how to find out where the old man lived. I felt sure he must be a relative of my mother's, and so of me. I hurried my donkey back to the merchant's stall, but he had gone away, no one knew to where. So I began to make inquiries about the old man, but I could not find anyone who knew him. "A Jew, a Russian Jew, who lived always in Jerusalem, named So-and-so." I could learn nothing about him. At last an old man buying some cloth advised me to ride to the Jews' quarter of the town and try my luck there. The Jews have a separate part on high ground to the north, and a grand situation it is, too. I kept making inquiries, in a few words of broken Arabic, from postmen and watchmen and donkey-boys and such public servants. I promised my donkey-boy a big tip if I found my man, and so he set to work as well. At last he seemed to have got on the scent, and he urged the donkey along the little stony alleys and courts until we came to a big house at the edge of an orchard. "He lives here," said the boy. I went up to the door and spoke to a woman there, repeating the name I wanted. She pointed upstairs and held up three fingers. I guessed she meant the third floor. It was the top, and I knocked at the old wooden door of the dwelling. A young woman opened it, who clearly was not a Jew. She spoke to me in Arabic, but I answered her in Russian. She understood, and gave a little cry of surprise and called down an old woman. Her husband was inside. Yes, that was his name—mine, too, possibly a relative! She smiled ever so kindly and led me in by the hand. The Christian woman went away and left us. There sat a noble-looking old man in Jewish gabardine and hat; the second I looked at him I knew we were related.

How so? I asked.

Have you ever noticed this rather curious hollow in my chin? It isn't very noticeable in me; it was more so in my mother, but all her family have it. By that little pit alone I could pick out my mother's relatives from all the world. I told him I was Fyodor, the son of Anastasia, whose parents had left their native town for Petersburg. Yes, he had known my grandparents well, had this old man; my grandfather was his cousin. How glad he was to see me, he said; and his wife, the kindly old lady, bustled about preparing me some refreshment. The room was poor, but comfortable and spotlessly clean. The old man, my cousin as he was, told me how he had left Russia and come to Jerusalem in the prime of life and had been a schoolmaster. Now he was growing old and had retired; but was it not pleasant to sit up there, looking out over the orchard far away over the country? The house was right on the border of the town and there was nothing to disturb the view. The old lady gave me some delicious chocolate to drink and a sort of dry cake. It tasted all the better (and it was superb) for the hospitality with which it was offered. It was such a strange world I had stumbled into—this gentle old Hebrew house and its kindly people. All the time I wondered how the youth of Russia could be reared in such hatred of the Jews—hatred and contempt so great that I, who am not without courage in some things, had always had to join in with them and had never for a moment dreamed of daring to acknowledge that I was half a Jew.

We chatted there for an hour or so, until it grew dark. How kind they were! But I knew my friends would be waiting for me at the hotel, and the donkey and the boy were down below. At last I made ready to go. They both came to the door with me, smiling so hospitably. The old lady shook hands with me, and then the old man raised his hand, and I could see he was about to bless me. Not thinking what the consequences might be, I said quickly, "Of course, you know, I am not a Jew. My father is a Catholic, and I was brought up in the Catholic Church." The old lady started back, and my cousin's hand stayed in mid-air, trembling. "You are not a Jew," he said slowly. "But you have touched my wife's hand and have eaten and drunk with our vessels. It is against our custom for one who is not a Jew to touch even the hands of our women." The old dame had gone back into the kitchen, and he and I were alone. "God bless you, my boy," he said, and smiled tenderly. "Good-bye. You are going away early to-morrow. But you should never have come here. You have broken our custom."

"But," I said, "you are a Jew"—I did not say "Only a Jew," though I hardly knew what I was saying—"I am a Russian. I am not a Jew."

"It is just that, my son," he answered, gently pressing my hand, "you are not a Jew." Then he closed the door, and I ran down stairs to the donkey-boy and rode back to the hotel through the muddy streets. My friends had given up waiting for me and were at dinner. When I entered they asked me where I had been, and for answer I pointed out of the window to the lights of the distant Jewish quarter. "Why," cried one of the party, "that's the Jewish quarter. Aha! I fancy a little Jewess!" The others all laughed and took up the notion, and to this day my friends remind me of the little Jewess I am supposed to have wooed that last afternoon in Jerusalem. I wonder if I shall ever tell them the truth; if I shall ever dare.

Views and Reviews.

Law and Opinion.

THIS second edition of Professor Dicey's Harvard lectures* is made more valuable by an introduction, wherein the author traces the connection between opinion and legislation during the twentieth century in England. But the chief interest of the book for readers of THE NEW AGE will lie in its demonstration of the fact that ideas (mere ideas, as we call them in our testy moods) do tend to be realised in the law of the land. "Opinion rules everything," said Napoleon, who had no particular affection for ideologues; and opinion can be, and is, created. Professor Dicey announces no new truth when he says that "the opinion which affects the development of the law has, in modern England at least, often originated with some single thinker or school of thinkers"; but he does establish a fact that must comfort all those who wish to control or guide the political destinies of the nation. He provides us with a standard of criticism for ideas when he says: "Success, however, in converting mankind to a new faith, whether religious, or economical, or political, depends but slightly on the strength of the reasoning by which the faith can be defended or even on the enthusiasm of its adherents. A change of belief arises, in the main, from the occurrence of circumstances which incline the majority of the world to hear with favour theories which, at one time, men of common sense derided as absurdities, or distrusted as paradoxes." There is no hope, in England, for theories that are *ultra vires;* but for those that are related to the probable trend of events, however revolutionary they may seem at the moment, there is every prospect of being realised in legislation.

Professor Dicey reminds us of another characteristic of law-making opinion in England which will discourage only those pragmatists who regard organic life as one long series of experiments: I refer to the slowness with which legislative public opinion in England changes. Professor Dicey says: "Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' was published in 1776; the policy of free exchange was not completely accepted by England until 1846. All the strongest reasons in favour of Catholic emancipation were laid before the English world by Burke between 1760 and 1797; the Roman Catholic Relief Act was not carried until 1829. On no point whatever was Bentham's teaching more manifestly sound than in his attack on rules unnecessarily excluding evidence, and, inter alia, the evidence of the parties to an action or prosecution. His 'Rationale of Judicial Evidence specially applied to English Practice' was published in 1827, and his principles had been made known before that date, yet even the restrictions on the evidence of the parties to proceedings at law were not completely removed till 1898." These are only a few instances from a long list given by Professor Dicey, a list which suggests that "he that believeth shall not make haste" in England.

Professor Dicey demonstrates another fact that must encourage those who have the desire to reform: Legislation tends to embody the legislative ideas of the preceding generation; "a current of opinion," he says, "may exert its greatest legislative influence just when its force is beginning to decline. The tide turns when at its height; a school of thought or feeling which still governs law-makers has begun to lose its authority among men of a younger generation who are not yet able to influence legislation." We are now reaping in legislation the fruits of the Socialist propaganda of the 'eighties and 'nineties because the Fabians are now old men, and are exercising the privileges of old men. To them not less than the Democrats, may be commended the prophecy by Professor Dicey of the coming conflict between Socialism and Democracy in this country. He says, truly enough, that "the inconsistency between Democracy and Socialism will never be fully recognised until earnest Socialists force upon the people some law which, though in conformity with socialistic principles, imposes some new burden upon the mass of the voters." But he has no doubt that the "prevalence of inconsistent social and political ideals (which often, by the way, coexist in the mind of one and the same person) is full of peril to our country. For it is more than possible that English legislation may, through this inconsistency of thought, combine disastrously the defects of Socialism with the defects of Democratic Government." The warning must, I think, be directed to the Democrats, who have steadily become more and more vague in their definition of Democracy since Rousseau gave the word new currency, and the Constitution of 1793 attempted to embody it. Professor Dicey, like most political theorists, insists that the word "Democracy" should always be used to mean a form of government; apart from this, it has no definite meaning. Sir Henry Maine justly made fun of Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy"; but when we read, in a book just published, entitled "The War and Democracy," that "Democracy is not a mere form of Government . . . Democracy is a spirit and an atmosphere," we can only despair of the future of Democracy in this country. For although Professor Dicey says, as I have quoted, that "success . . . depends but slightly on the strength of the reasoning by which the faith can be defended," he makes it quite clear that it is opinion, clear, definite opinion, and not "spirit" or "atmosphere," that is expressed in legislation. So long as the Democrats prefer vagueness, they are likely to find that the enthusiasm roused by them is captured by the Socialists. We have paid for Old Age Pensions with the Insurance Act; are we to pay for "Democratic Government" with conscription?

"The main current of legislative opinion from the beginning of the Twentieth Century has run vehemently towards Collectivism," or Socialism (Professor Dicey uses both words indifferently). It is being checked and countered by "the surviving belief in the policy of laissez faire," by the "inconsistency between Democracy and Collectivism," by the "opposition to the expensiveness or the financial burdens of Collectivism." But Professor Dicey notes that "the Socialists of England who desire 'the abolition of the wage-system' are aiming at a fundamental revolution in the whole condition of English society. The change may be the most beneficial of reforms or the most impracticable of ideals. But in any case it will involve a severe conflict, and a conflict which may last not for years, but for generations. The arduousness of the fight is certain." It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Professor Dicey quotes Charles Booth as his only reference to this passage; a criticism of National Guilds from him would have been interesting. He seems to suppose that "the abolition of the wage-system" is a logical development of collectivism, but it is not even a logical development of Democracy. It is a practical development of Trades Unionism, which was always a development of aristocracy; and since 1906, according to Professor Dicey's own description of the Trade Disputes Act, it has obtained the insignia of aristocracy, privilege. The Trade Disputes Act, he says, "makes a Trade Union a privileged body exempted from the ordinary law of the land"; and we may justly predict that one of the most powerful counter-currents to Collectivism will come from this revival of aristocracy in our midst. All the more necessary is it, therefore, that we should be quite clear in our minds concerning the principles that we advocate. Democracy may be the "spirit" and "atmosphere" of the coming conflict, but aristocracy will be the principle at stake; and the aspiration of a reasonable Englishman, "that we may carry the individualistic virtues and laws of the Nineteenth into the Twentieth Century, and there blend them with the socialistic virtues of a coming age," is most likely to be realised by the creation of the last of the necessary monopolies, the monopoly of labour by the labourers.

A. E. R.

* "Law and Opinion in England." By A. V. Dicey. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

REVIEWS.

The Right Track. By C. L. Burnham. (Constable. 6s.)

There was no love in this home, so the daughter went to a finishing school, and the boy was frightened into nightmares by unskilful nurses. For the second wife of this rich man had been too poor before her marriage to be educated so well as her brother had been; and she neglected her home and husband for books and the "causes" that interest women in America. So she became estranged from her husband. But one of the friends of her husband in his boyhood, a female who had quite recently "got religion" of the Christian Science type through taking care of someone else's baby, was introduced into the household, makes her first conquest of the boy with the nightmares, her second, of the father (this was quite platonic, for she was a hunchback, and he was a good man, because unhappily married), her third, of the daughter, and her fourth, of the wife. To her, she preached the Universal Love and the Denial of Evil and Self, as the only means of bridging the gulf between the wife and the husband. The poor wife tried, failed, was encouraged, persevered with the affirmation of Universal Love and the denial of Evil; but what really "fetched" her husband was the fact that she was in the family way. They are now so happy that the husband has determined to retire from business so that he may devote his energies to the realisation of the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number by providing every known aid to fertility; and we confidently expect to hear of a rise in the female birth-rate of America.

The Woman Who Looked Back. By M. Hamilton. (Paul. 6s.)

The first woman who looked back was Lot's wife; since that time, women have been the salt of the earth. But no miracles happen in this case. Oliver and Sara have been married for twelve years, and have two children, when it is discovered that they are not really married at all. A youthful indiscretion of Oliver is still alive with a marriage certificate; and even if Oliver got a divorce, the children could not be legitimised in England. Sara decides to go on living with her husband as though nothing had happened, although she had previously longed to be free, for Oliver was a dull dog. But the man around whom her dreams of freedom had centred broke this unnatural and immoral compact, and forced her away from her husband to marry himself. But dilly-dally, shilly-shally; and they do not get married after all. She goes back to her husband unsoiled, except for the reasonable wear and tear of her married life; and the lover will probably find another woman in India. The moral is that if a woman looks back long enough and hardly enough, she goes back, husbands preferring to bear those ills they had than to fly to others they not know of. A most instructive and improving story, which should be in the hands of all female candidates for holy matrimony.

Cairo: A Novel. By Percy White. (Constable. 6s.)

We are obliged to Mr. White for his assurance of the nature of his book; we should otherwise have regarded it as a transcript from the "Police Gazette." The Heroine is a woman who is credibly suspected of having pushed her husband over a precipice; he was only an author, so the jury acquitted her. She makes friends with a Bey who is on both sides of the Nationalist movement, inside and outside, and who becomes a Pasha; uses his motor car, and all that sort of thing, becomes the subject of scandal, in consequence, and finally declines to marry the Bey. She is accompanied throughout the book by a tame Liberal journalist, whom she finally agrees to marry after he has promised to drink hemlock so soon as she tires of him. Before this desirable consummation is reached, first her reputation, then her life, is endangered by the malice of the disappointed Bey; but he is finally assassinated by a political revolutionary, just in time to save him from arrest as a murderer and one or two other sorts of criminal. There is a gang of shady financial people whose exploits also occupy the attention of the author; and as the heroine's brother is a police official, it is impossible to avoid these criminal associations. The heroine marries the journalist at the end, but we think that Mr. White has gone the longest way round to create sympathy for journalists.

Mrs. Martin's Man. By St. John G. Ervine. (Maunsel. 6s.)

This should have been called "St. John Ervine's Man," for Mr. Ervine is specialising in the inferior male. Just as "Jane Clegg" was the only person of character in Mr. Ervine's play of that name, so Mrs. Martin is the only person of character in this novel. It may be so in Ulster; it must necessarily be so in a novel dedicated "To My Wife." It seems that Mrs. Martin was wooed and won by a masterful sailor; was deserted by him after she had borne one child, and was pregnant with another, and he had seduced her sister; opened a hardware shop and prospered in a small way until, and after, he returned to her, sixteen years later, a broken man. The sister had nursed immoral hopes of his return; when she discovered that he had ceased to love her before he went away, she fled from the house, and finally bought a hardware shop in Belfast. To come to this glorious end, she has first to confess her sin with the father to the son, of whom she is inordinately fond; her love is a sort of incorporeal hereditament; her confession sends the son temporarily off his chump, and he refuses to live with his aunt in the hardware shop. His father has fallen in love with his own daughter, and carries home the paraffin for her; and he objects so violently to the disturbance of the domestic arrangements caused by the flight of his wife's sister that he follows her to Belfast for the purpose of telling her not to interfere with his family. But he is not the man he was, and he is so drunk when he arrives that the real import of his message is not conveyed with authority. The next morning, Mrs. Martin preaches on the text: "What is the use of quarrelling?" : with a sub-heading for her husband : "What will Aggie say?" She applies similar consolatory methods to her son, and he agrees to forgive his aunt for having had her pleasure of his father, and to be the hero of her hardware shop to solace her declining years. His father goes back to the other hardware shop, and his fond slavery to Aggie and the paraffin can; and Mrs. Martin, having proved herself to be the superior female, is conscious of the loneliness that accompanies all superiority. "'Och, ochone!' she said a little wearily, as she laid [the tea-cups] on the table"; and with this cryptic utterance the book ends. Mr. Ervine's method is so suitable to his material that we see no reason why he should not write a novel about every cottage in Ulster; such a labour, we suggest, would have all the value of a psychological census, and we commend the suggestion to the notice of this young writer. Life would thus be, for him, all his eye and Mr. Martin.

My Husband Still. A Working Woman's Story. By Helen Hamilton. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a story of a girl who ran away from home to marry a man, who subsequently took to drink and burglary. In the intervals between his terms of imprisonment, he interrupts her love affairs and upsets her family life. With the chance of going to Canada with a real working-man, she prefers to stay in England because the real working-man will not go through the ceremony of marriage to provide her with a marriage certificate. The real working-man commits suicide by turning on the gas, and the working-woman awaits the next appearance of her wicked husband, against whom her two sons, now fast approaching maturity, have threatened physical violence. The story is as crudely written as any tract, and, in the opinion of Mr. Galsworthy (who has written a preface), is an argument in favour of cheap divorce for the working classes, particularly the women. This woman, by the way, does not believe in God because her husband is a scoundrel.

The Second Blooming. By W. L. George. (Unwin. 6s.)

Mr. George has suffered many things at the hands of Mr. H. G. Wells, if one-half of what he says in his dedication is true. Listen! "To the writer who turned the strongest light upon the complexities of his day; showed me my fellow-man struggling through endless misunderstandings and pains towards a hidden goal; restored to me a trust I thought dead in the goodwill that will not die; shook scales from my eyes and filled those eyes with dreams; bade me harbour no illusion and yet nurse hope; showed me I might love that which I despised, because man must not bear the burden of my arrogance; to H. G. Wells, I dedicate this book." It serves Mr. Wells right. The story deals with three sisters who have been married for some years, and are getting bored with their husbands. One develops into a politician, and has a nervous breakdown; the other has a clandestine love affair, which finally bores both parties; the third has a few more babies. In neither case does the husband ever know how bored his wife had been. It is all right now, of course; and there has been no scandal.

The Raft. By Coningsby Dawson. (Constable. 6s.)

The hero is a youth who had a mystical childhood, that is to say, he knew intuitively when his mother was pregnant. He develops all the virtues and accomplishments; and finally strokes Oxford to victory. Apart from the sister of whose fœtal existence he was intuitively aware, and who monopolised his affections until puberty, he has a love affair with someone whom he calls a "fairy." This fairy is in love with a novelist; this novelist is in love with a "golden woman"; and this golden woman is in love with the hero, and tries unsuccessfully to seduce him. After the death of his sister, he proposes to and is accepted by a shy cousin who resembles his sister, and has loved him silently since childhood. There are numerous other love affairs; some get married, some get seduced, some marry happily, some unhappily; an uncle goes to jail, a drunken cabman keeps popping in and out, four old spinsters live together and do whatever the hero requires. For he loves everybody—being a mystic, and everybody loves him; but how he is going to get his living we can't discover. His pet name is Peterkins. The author is generous.

Miss Billy. By Eleanor H. Porter. (Paul. 6s.)

Billy was an orphan, Spunk was a kitten; and both went to live with three bachelor brothers whose only connection with Billy was that she was the daughter of one of the schoolboy friends of the eldest of the three brothers. Imagine the innocent havoc that she made by her entry into the household, and the havoc that she made by her exit some months later when she learned how much her entry had upset the brothers. For she had grown not only into the homes, but into the hearts of these three brothers, being an American girl with artistic gifts and a fortune to come to her at maturity. Of course, she is going to marry one of these brothers, but it must not happen all at once. She spends a couple of years in Europe, and turns the heads of all the nice young men in Paris (that is, of no one), and comes back with an adorer tied to her tail, whose proposals of marriage she refuses three times a day, shake the bottle. Then the brother who paints, proposes; but she could never love him in that way. Then the brother who plays the piano, and is a woman-hater, discovers her musical ability, thaws a little, and finally asks her advice about his love affairs. She, supposing that he is in love with her, turns "one auspicious and one dropping eye" on his proposal; in fact, she squints at it, because he is really in love with someone else. Then the brother who collects, the eldest, whose namesake she is, speaks to her on behalf of the brother who paints; and she falls into his arms. But it is all a misunderstanding; she has been misinformed, and has misunderstood, and she is just lapsing into neurasthenia as a consequence of the engagement when the truth is told, and the proper coupling is made. The musician makes his proposal to the proper girl, with the approval of Billy; the collector resigns her hand and heart, and the painter proposes again and is accepted. All the misunderstandings would have been avoided if these people had used proper names instead of pronouns; but how could a lady novelist get her living if she bothered about little things like that?

A "Water-Fly's" Wooing. By Annesley Kenealy. (Paul. 6s.)

KNOW all men by these presents that a "water-fly" is not a land-crab, or any sort of lepidopteræ, it is not even a seaplane; it is a man, a youthful indiscretion of an heir to a baronetcy who was stationed for a time on the Gold Coast. It was wicked of him to do such things to a negress; but he added foolery to wickedness by marrying the woman, with the consequence that the "water-fly" was the legal successor to the baronetcy. This would not have mattered, but he added another foolery to the foolery of marriage, and told the story to his friend. The "water-fly," lying under the hut, heard the story; and knew that he was legally entitled to succeed his father as a baronet. Then the baronet returned to England (his black wife having died), and proposed marriage to a nice, clean, innocent English girl, who accepted him. But he did not tell her that he had been married to a negress, and that his secretary was really his son; so, of course, the story begins to get tragic; that is to say, everybody begins to fall in love with everybody else. The baronet's wife falls in love with the noble friend to whom the baronet had told his story, and the noble friend falls in love with the baronet's wife; but they, being honourable people, only tell their love and wait for the death of the baronet before beginning business. The "water-fly" falls in love with, and marries, an English girl "of that queer, lopsided stuff that Futurists, or Cubists, or anything you choose to call them, are made of"; and her nice, clean, athletic Irish lover comes down from Oxford, and shoots her and himself before she is dishonoured by the "water-fly." The "water-fly" steals his father's baby, and murders his father, and then departs for the Gold Coast; and then the noble friend and the faithful wife can "wait no longer." There is something about "warm velvet lips," and "letting herself go," and a honeymoon on the Italian lakes; and thus concludes this melancholy story of miscegenation.

The One Outside. By Mary Fitzpatrick. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a collection of eight short stories, nearly all of which are contrived to end unhappily. "The One Outside" is an Irishman who returns to his wife after an absence of sixteen years (like Mr. Ervine's "Mrs. Martin's Man"), and takes to drink and attempted murder because the children have grown up. The children go to America so that he may murder his wife without interference; but she dies conveniently of heart disease, and he will probably go raving mad from disappointment. This going away and coming back again to disappointment seems to be a habit in Ireland, for another story tells of a woman who went to America, and came back years after to find her own sister married to her lover. She carefully walks down to the bog and drowns herself. Then there is another story of a man who went to Dublin for six weeks, and when he came home his girl had died of consumption, or a broken heart, or lack of parents, or something like that. Then there is another story of an Irish girl who comes to London; her mother comes to find her, and does so—she finds her sitting on a door-step, stone-dead. So the poor old woman goes mad. There are several more stories of this kind, all warranted to be Celtic, and to give an Englishman the "blues." Perhaps it is a subtle form of Irish gratitude for Home Rule.

Current Cant.

"I admit that the Fabian basis is somewhat stale."—DR. BEATRICE WEBB.

"Of course, I believe in democratic control."—PROFESSOR SIDNEY WEBB.

"God and the War."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"Wales and the War."—MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

"The War is at bottom a religious War."—CECIL CHESTERTON.

"'Lead Kindly Light' at the Front."—"Sphere."

"Christmas cheer in the trenches."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Something cheery for the wounded—'Daily Graphic' War Cartoons."—"Daily Graphic."

"My powerful intellect."—ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

"'Der Tag,' by Sir James M. Barrie. The burning words of a great mind."—COLISEUM POSTER.

"In extremity even secular newspapers are sermons on Bible ethics."—DR. W. T. A. BARBER.

"An Englishman's house is his castle."—"Spectator."

"If Methodist ministers will forget their German teaching they will be better preachers."—SIR ROBERT PERKS.

"Rudyard Kipling—Prophet."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

"Mr. Masefield, like Euripides, is a moralist."—CECIL CHISHOLM.

"Poets have always stimulated practical patriotism."—HOLBROOK JACKSON.

"I have lived all my life on the power of my imagination."—GEORGE ROBERT SIMS.

"The Germans will be able to land troops on this coast."—LORD DERBY.

"O Lord, do Thou strengthen us day by day. . . . A brilliant Naval Victory."—"British Weekly."

"Appreciation of good food comes with middle-age and matures in later years."—"Academy."

"Mr. Gordon Selfridge looks for a New Year that shall be full of desire to build finer character."—"Evening News."

"There is more of the Christ spirit manifest to-day than there was a year ago."—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

"Which is the best advertisement that has appeared during the War?"—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Vivid War pictures by tiny children. Girls burned alive. Khaki replaces Frills. Drunkards cured Quickly."—"Daily Mirror."

"Canon E. M'Clure's little book called 'Germany's War Inspirers' :—Nietzsche and Treitschke (with two portraits)—is being published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."—"Globe."

"It remained for Sir Herbert Tree to remove the taunt that the actor-manager is the sole lessee of the limelight."—ROBB LAWSON.

"He told us, so naturally, and without any sense of their greatness, some of the things which he had seen in a wild island, where the inhabitants were the worst savages in the South Seas. Only seven years later, when the British Governor visited that island, a choir of these men came down to the shore with the missionary and sang in English, 'God Save the Queen.' What is it that can transform humanity in such a wondrous way? There is but one reply. It is the power of the Cross."—PROFESSOR J. H. MOULTON.

Pastiche.

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP UP TO DATE.

"Sheriff Max Grifenhagen has been appealed to by several clergymen for protection against any possible bomb outrages, and in response to these appeals he has already enrolled the head ushers of six churches as special deputy Sheriffs, with the right to carry arms while on duty in the churches to which they are attached. The churches whose ushers have obtained deputy Sheriff's badges are St. Stephen's, on East Twenty-eighth Street; St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Rivington Street Synagogue, the Church of the Incarnation, and the Church of St. Stanslaus."—New York "World," November 17.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
(Wonder if my pistol shows!)
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
(Sticking out behind my clothes!)
While the nearer waters roll,
(Coat-tails hanging in the way!)
And the tempest still is high.
(Couldn't get it quick in play!)

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
(Wonder if that chap's Bouck White!)
Till the storm of life is past:
(He got out of jail last night!)
Safe into Thy haven guide—
(If that fellow tries to speak)
O receive my soul at last!
(Throw him out upon his beak!)

Other refuge have I none—
(Six detectives in the choir!)
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
(Police Headquarters on the wire!)
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
(See that chap in red neck-tie!)
Still support and comfort me.
(Glad that copper's standing by!)

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
(Could that hand-bag hold a gun?)
All my help from Thee I bring:
(Gee! This ushering's no fun!)
Cover my defenceless head
(God Almighty! What was that?)
With the shadow of Thy wing.
(Feather in a woman's hat!)

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
(Jesus Christ! A bomb at last!)
Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
(No, it was a subway blast!)
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
(Damn all Anarchists to hell—er—)
Lo! on Thee I cast my care.
(Good morning—Mr. Rockefeller!)

UPTON SINCLAIR.

THE LARGE COMBAT.

FLEET STREET STYLE.

I was present at the great fight, and, as a woman, I jotted down my impressions for the benefit of your female readers. I have never met any of your *male* readers, but I should imagine that they are fearful creatures. However, this article is written expressly for women, and I *don't* mind *what* the dear men think about it. There are fizzling lights, pale blue lights, mauve lights, large quantities of sound, swift, quick volcanoes of applause, and oceans of faces, beery and bilious, round the fighting place, and the sawdust was kindly lent by Messrs. Wood Tool and Co., the well-known builders. They had a duck of a little board announcing the fact; I thought it looked so nice, and besides, my dears, people must advertise, mustn't they? There were lots of women all about the place everywhere, chic little Chilians and fusky little Frenchwomen; the latter are so smart, I think.

And then comes Jim Joiner and all the place is crammed with ear-splitting, enraging shrieks, yells, and squeals. You dear little women who read this have no idea what the scene resembled—the gyrations of the spectators, the glare and glitter, the piercing emotion of excitement that stings the ear-drums.

Jim Joiner strips off his magnificent robe de chambre, shot with green streaks of ambrosia, and for the première temps in my existence I see the splendour of a human

being; you know my mother never would allow me to indulge in mixed bathing. He looks so fresh, so gay, so happy, so white (they say brown in the next column, but I am sure it is white), that I think he must win—he must win— he must win.

Youth will not be denied—he must win; I think of the glory that was Greece, or something like that, and did you see it, my dears, his condition was all due to taking somebody's pick-me-up?

And Rifleboat Tinker, he seems so determined, so vast, so smiling; he must not win, but he looks very fierce; I hate him, I don't like the way he parts his hair.

More howls; the great roof of the building lifts up and down to the sound of shouts. The walls seem to bend outwards. The lights swing about with emotion, and the atoms of sawdust dance about as though they, too, were joining in the excitement. The men meet. They shake hands. The gong sounds. They fly at each other. I watch them, feeling like a blancmange on a creaky table, and then I hear the wallop of blows; how I hate Tinker! A fearful pause, another crunch, and then—my back hair comes down. I shall have to dismiss that maid of mine. I didn't like her when I saw her for the first time—she seemed so careless. But the fight—I jump, and I am overjoyed in some sort of way. . . .

MARY CREATEAU.

AN EPITAPH.

The rain was driving down most steadily,
The wind had dropped, the night was hardly lit
By one poor gas-lamp in the filthy street.
Tremendous in the gloom a railway arch
Shut in the vista like a prison wall
That shuts out happiness.

This was the room,
The ground was bed, the rain was sheets and shroud
To one that coughed and rattled in his throat
And filled the night with moanings of his wrong.
His face was all obscured with stubbly beard,
His clothes were clogged with sweat and worn with age.
Against the wall he huddled like a mass
Of dirty linen ready for the wash,
That greasy Jane will cram within a bag
And send off with a curse.

This was the man,
The king, before whose feet policemen stood,
A group of three, that told him to come on,
Come out of it, and come to get a bed,
"You'll catch your death of cold there, dad, come on."
At this he blinked at them, and cleared his throat,
And spat and hawked before that stalwart three,
Who watched like sentries, ponderous and grim;
And when his throat would let him speak, let out
A rush of language that should blister God,
God of good Christian gold and profiteers;
Then settled up against the wall again
And put his head between his knotted knees . . .

Toil cannot kill, Fate cannot kill the spark
That glows and flickers faint and glows again,
And blazes into fury at the hand
That would by stealthiness extinguish it.
When sorrow leads to sorrow and the might
Of tyrants is too openly displayed,
Then earth is shaken by the steps of force,
Till scales of right and wrong swing evenly;
Then men remember justice and adjust
Power and action and the works of men . . .

To grant free-handed equity to all,
To grant the means of fruitful work and praise,
Dear homeliness and social harmony;
To sing the song of gladness in the land,
When evening closes on the busy day
And sleep walks softly in the shade of night;
To see at ease before the cheerful hearth
Young men and maidens, old men and their dames;
To honour wisdom and to grant it space
And all the little that is strength to it,
Security and peaceful passing days;
To grant and make this magic, make the Guild . . .

Dawn came across the housetops, dull and grey,
Dawn woke the sodden city to its life,
And men went forth to bondage for their wage.
The blare of hooters filled the heavy air,
The smoke of stacks rose black against the sky,
The roll of trains roused echoes in the arch
That chattered down the waking street. But he—
His ears were deaf, his eyes had lost their sight,
His limbs no longer ached, he heeded not
A mangy dog that snuffled round his toes.

O hero all unconscious of thy throne,
O waker of the tears that lead to deeds.
Life gave to thee that thou shouldst live to win,
And Death, that thou shouldst never dream of it.

J. A. M. A.

THE PYRENEES.

(After Guillaume Du Bartas).

Frenchman halt here awhyle nor leave thys lande
Where Nature a soe rockye wall doth rear,
That Ariége cleaves wyth hys impetuous hande,
A countrye that in beautye hath no peer.
Pilgrym, 'tis not a mountayne thou dost see
But a Briareus vast whose loftye girth
Doth holde the pass against hys enemie,
Near Spaine from France, and France from Spanysh earth.
One arm in France, the other in Spaine sette,
As Atlas on hys head he hath like weighte;
Wythin two seas hys separate feet are wette;
The forests dense are locks upon hys pate;
The rocks hys bones are, and the rivers roarynge
The eternal sweat of travail downward pourynge.

WILFRID THORLEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A LITTLE NATION'S STRUGGLE FOR JUSTICE.

Sir,—The Tongan Islands, in the Western Pacific, contain about 20,000 native inhabitants who are among the finest-looking and most intelligent of the Polynesian races of the Pacific. In the old days they, under one of their chiefs named Maafu, conquered a large part of Fiji. Formerly ruled by despotic chiefs, this small nation in the Pacific has now a limited monarchy, with a native King, Prime Minister, Privy Council, Cabinet, and a Parliament which meets every three years. There are, too, some European officials, including an Assistant Prime Minister and a Chief Justice. In 1900 a British Protectorate was proclaimed over this little kingdom of Tonga. The British Government is represented by a Consul-General.

In 1911 notice was drawn in THE NEW AGE to some extraordinary proceedings in the Tongan Islands, and to the charges of serious and illegal wrong-doing brought against the then Consul-General, Mr. W. Telfer Campbell, who had lately been transferred to Tonga from the Gilbert and Ellice Islands Protectorate.

The former Tongan Prime Minister, a man, it seems, of a rather independent spirit, had been deported by the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, Sir Everard im Thurn; and the Prime Minister, Mateialona, whom Mr. Campbell found in office, was, it is declared, a mere tool in the hands of the Consul-General. Other members, also, of the native Government were overawed by Mr. Campbell's threats that, unless he got his own way, men-of-war would be brought to Tonga to hoist the British flag; as a result of which Mr. Campbell began filling the Civil Service with his nominees to the depletion of the Treasury, had ordinances promulgated which caused trouble and were against the interests of the community, especially one in regard to copra (dried kernel of cocoanut), which gave arbitrary power to officials to destroy any copra that was not, in their opinion, up to a certain standard of excellence. This ordinance and the way it was administered were injurious to the trade of Tonga.

The natives were also bitterly incensed at Mr. Campbell's action in regard to the Toga ma'a Toga Kautaha, a native co-operative company which had, a little before Mr. Campbell's arrival, been started under the presidency of a European named Mr. A. D. Cameron, with the object of saving middlemen's profits. This new company had already greatly reduced the price of imported goods.

A business rival of this kind was, it appears, looked on with anything but a favourable eye by influential European firms doing business in Tonga. Soon unpleasant criticisms regarding this native company began to be made, and one man, a late employee of the co-

operative company, was summoned for libel by the Kautaha. Being an action by a native company against a European, the charge could not be heard by the native courts, and therefore came before the Consul-General, Mr. Campbell, who dismissed the case, and in the alleged interests of the native shareholders impounded the Kautaha's books. Auditors were then appointed by the Government, and in due course a Government gazette was published, dated August 26, 1910, which stated that "the whole of the books are without doubt faked." At the same time proof of this charge was not given, and this extraordinary gazette closed with an apology to Mr. Cameron. No one was prosecuted for the alleged wrong-doing, but the three or four thousand native shareholders were robbed by having their co-operative company, which the auditors acknowledged was solvent, forcibly closed and put into liquidation by the Government, which proceeded to dispose of the Kautaha's assets at ruinous prices. It is stated that directly the Kautaha was closed the prices of imported goods rose again.

After the Kautaha had shown that it intended to take measures to obtain redress for all these illegal proceedings, a charge of falsifying the books was, in the name of the Government, brought against Mr. Cameron. Protesting against the breaking up of their co-operative company and the prosecution of their president, the native trustees of the Kautaha drew up a petition and sent it to Mr. Campbell requesting him to forward it to the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific in Fiji, and members of the Kautaha privately subscribed money for their president's defence.

The charge against Mr. Cameron was heard in the High Commission Court for the Western Pacific, his Honour the Acting Chief Justice, Mr. Ehrhardt, coming from Fiji to Tonga especially to hear the case. Mr. Cameron was honourably acquitted, Mr. Ehrhardt stating that he was aghast at what had occurred, and he condemned in severe terms the breaking up of the Kautaha, the seizing of its assets to prosecute its president, and the animus displayed.

The prosecution itself stood condemned and showed no desire to appeal, but, in utter disregard of the Court's censure, the remaining assets of the Kautaha were sold by the Government, and a gazette was published, dated March 3, 1911, which, in contempt of the decision of the Court, reaffirmed the allegations against Mr. Cameron, and (though by the prosecution's own evidence at the trial the Kautaha was solvent) asserted that the Kautaha was insolvent. Its funds, it appears, had been appropriated to pay the costs of prosecuting the president and winding up the company.

To secure Mr. Campbell and other officials from prosecution for closing and wrecking the Kautaha an ordinance had been published on February 24, 1911, which purported to make it illegal to take proceedings against them; the ordinance also forbade the formation of Kautahas, and to prevent the shareholders from assisting their president the following clause was inserted :—

"It shall be unlawful for any native of Tonga to give, subscribe, collect, or to aid, assist, or abet in the subscription or collection of any money or produce for the purpose of helping any non-native who in the past may have been associated with natives of Tonga for the purpose of trading or for any Kautaha."

The Assistant High Commissioner, Mr. Mahaffy, came down to Tonga, supported Mr. Campbell, and threw out threats of deporting Mr. Cameron. Solicitors for the Kautaha, however, made application in Fiji, and it was decided that the exempting of officials from prosecution was ultra vires, and in August, 1911, the Consul-General, Mr. Campbell, the Premier's Assistant, Mr. Roberts, and the Accountant, Mr. Humphries, were prosecuted in the High Commission Court for the Western Pacific, held in Tonga before his Honour the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Major, who had been Acting High Commissioner of the Western Pacific while all these illegal acts had been going on. His Honour dismissed the case against the defendants, with costs, holding that the acts complained of were "Acts of State" of the Tongan Government, and that the Court therefore had no jurisdiction in the matter.

The conduct of this trial and the incompleteness of the report of the proceedings issued by the Government were severely commented on. It is stated that the natives' faith in the justice of a high British court of law was thoroughly shaken. Notice of appeal to the Privy Council in England was at once given, and, it appears, it was only by the promise of satisfaction being thus obtained that the natives were quieted by their leaders.

The natives found an ally in the Fijian Press and also in that of New Zealand. The matter, too, was taken up in the Parliament of the latter Colony, and the Premier promised to make representations to the authorities at home.

Shortly after the trial of Mr. Campbell and the other officials, the natives, on the advice of their counsel, made application of Mr. Skeen, Chief Justice of Tonga, for the suspension of the ordinance forbidding natives to form trading companies, and Mr. Skeen suspended it as illegal and against the Constitution. Thereupon Mr. Campbell and his counsel called on the King to dismiss the Chief Justice, but the King declined to do so, and, though the Prime Minister supported Mr. Campbell when he applied to the Cabinet, other members of the Cabinet stood firm against the dismissal of the Chief Justice and refused to be coerced.

By a steamer going to Fiji Mr. Campbell sent an official named Mr. Harcourt with an urgent dispatch to his Excellency the High Commissioner, Sir F. H. May, who had succeeded Sir E. im Thurn. Sir F. H. May came down to Tonga, evidently with the intention of supporting Mr. Campbell, but after his Excellency, at the King's request, had thoroughly gone into matters, he found he could not support Mr. Campbell, and that the latter had been the cause of the trouble in Tonga. He made Mr. Campbell apologise to the King, and ordered him to interfere no more in the internal affairs of Tonga.

Leave was given to the Kautaha to start once more under the presidency of Mr. Cameron, and, on the trustees of the Kautaha promising not to appeal to the Privy Council in England, the Tongan Government undertook to repay to the Kautaha all the money that had been spent in its liquidation and the prosecution of its president, also not to enforce the payment of costs that had been awarded the Government in the late trial.

This financial settlement really meant that what the Kautaha received or was exonerated from paying, its members had partly to make good as taxpayers, three-quarters of the taxpayers of Tonga being members of the Kautaha. The whole nation, however, was too glad at having recovered its freedom to think much about the cost. It was felt also among Europeans that, in face of the decision of the High Commission Court (which could only be legally reversed by the long and expensive process of appeal to the Privy Council in England), Sir F. H. May had done all that lay in his power to give justice to the people. Still, it has been considered most unfair that the unfortunate Tongans should have had to pay for all the law costs and losses brought about by illegal acts to which they were bitterly opposed. Mr. Campbell was subsequently removed from Tonga, and an official was sent from Fiji temporarily to fill his vacant post.

Though the Kautaha commenced operations again, and is still in being, it seems that it has never recovered from the blow it received through being sold up, which was followed, shortly after the company restarted, by a hurricane that did great damage and severely injured all business in Tonga. Mr. Cameron, who, it appears, suffered for some time from a nervous breakdown, has retired from the management of the Kautaha.

Lately Mr. Cameron has received a sum of money from the Tongan Government in compensation for the wrongs he has suffered, and in a Tongan Government gazette, published on September 3, 1914, it has been proclaimed, in regard to the two gazettes dated August 26, 1910, and March 3, 1911, which libelled Mr. Cameron :—

(1) "That the said gazettes contain gross misrepresentations and are contrary to fact in so far as the said gazettes cast reflections upon the character and conduct of the said Alexander Donald Cameron, or impute to the said Alexander Donald Cameron crime or misconduct.

(2) "All references in the said gazettes whereby any such reflections as aforesaid are cast, or whereby any crime or misconduct as aforesaid is imputed, shall be deemed to be expunged and deleted from the said gazettes accordingly as if the said gazettes had not been published."

The British Government, however, should have been the one to make this amende honorable to Mr. Cameron, for it was the British representative in Tonga who was responsible for all this wrong-doing. Y. Y.

* * *

ARCHBISHOP AND KAISER.

Sir,—Miss Alice Morning has got hold of the wrong end of the stick; I did not mention the Archbishop of Canterbury. I do not see myself defending the Archbishop of Canterbury under any circumstances. I spoke

of the Archbishop of York; and I am afraid that it is Miss Morning whose knowledge of the domestic history of this country is limited, if she does not see the great difference between the two Archbishops, or if she imagines that his Grace of Canterbury would at any time so far forget his policy of habitually following the line of least resistance as to object to vulgar denunciations of the Kaiser, if they happened to be popular. He would, indeed, be quite likely to walk down the Strand arm in arm with the Prince of Darkness if that potentate came into the open on the side of England and brought a troop of his satellites to join the Allies. In which he would doubtless be followed by the Christian clergy, who are howling for blood and refusing to pray for Germans. I am glad to see that the "Church Times" supports the Archbishop of York in his protest; and the "Church Times" is Jingo in the extreme. I quote the following from the article on the subject in that paper:

"In tracing the responsibility for all this carnage we must look far for the men who have been moulding events. It is foolish to fasten upon one who is merely prominent. Being foolish, it is morally harmful. It is an evasion of one's own responsibility—it is either self-deception or hypocrisy to pretend that national jealousy, national vanity, and national ambitions on our side have had nothing to do with the development of those circumstances which led to inevitable war. Vulgar abuse of the Kaiser as the sole author of evil is a drug for our own consciences. It implies a paltry untruth."

In arguing the lack of fairness and chivalry in modern England, I have pointed out that the public are responsible for the Press. If the sporting and chivalrous Englishman still existed (except in small numbers), the present infamous unfairness and lying abuse would be put down, just as a play that the public object to is put down. It is not only the Press, and the Government behind the Press, and the play-writers and novel-writers and poets who are behind the Government—it is not only journalists like Arnold White, who invent atrocities and demand that the Kaiser should be hanged like a criminal, but men who are supposed to know the rules of chivalry—to understand how to play the game—men like Lord Curzon, who hopes to see savages defiling Potsdam; and like Frederic Harrison, who demands that the Kaiser's blood-stained sword should be broken on his guilty back!—men whose fathers of long ago would have said:—

"Ah, welcome brave foemen; on earth there are no men
More gallant to meet, in the foray or chase."

I could fill THE NEW AGE from cover to cover, and not once only, with quotations of the infamous things said by men who are leaders of the nation—things which shame the nation now, and will shame it more in the future. As for the chivalry of the men in the trenches, they are not fighting for the neutrality of Belgium, as Miss Morning implies; they are Britons, fighting because Britain is at war, and not caring what particular lie they are supposed to be fighting for. I have quoted some of their chivalrous remarks in letters home, and the same chivalry was displayed during the Boer War, when Englishmen openly chuckled at their new *sport*—that of potting Boers, and did not regain their decency until it was impressed upon them forcibly that the boot was on the other foot. Mr. Norman has also given us some remarkable instances of modern English chivalry. When Miss Morning says that Germans are inferior to their foes in everything but courage, she is merely talking piffle not worth arguing about. Because she likes France, Germans are wrong in everything; but that is not the way Scottish people argue. A Scot looks at a thing on its merits, and puts personal feeling outside of the question. Therefore it is absurd to me to be called a pro-German because I ask for ordinary fair-play and common decency. I do not say A is right because I like A, and B is wrong because I dislike B. I personally prefer French people to Germans, but that has nothing to do with the question. The fact that, though THE NEW AGE is above and apart from the rest of the Press (a fact for which we are all grateful), I have yet been attacked by three leading contributors to THE NEW AGE (S. Verdad, "Romney," and Miss Morning), one after the other, goes far to prove my case. It seems useless to remonstrate with any person who would label me pro-German after reading my last letter.

Is there any use in pointing out to Mr. Wake Cook that he will scarcely strengthen his position by the reiteration of disproved untruths? Neither Mr. Fenwick nor I defended such things as the destruction of Reims Cathedral, and that for the very simple reason that it has not been destroyed. We are now being informed by a section of the Press that the Germans have shelled and practically wrecked Whitby Abbey, although Whitby Abbey has been an utter ruin since it was destroyed in the sixteenth century by that English hero, bluff King Hal.

FAIRPLAY.

* * *

DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—In your issue of November 5, Mr. G. D. H. Cole says: "It is generally admitted that, however great a community may be, the individual is more free under a democratic than under an autocratic system."

The term "democracy" is an exceedingly vague one. If it simply means the great movement of liberty, equality, and fraternity which has been going on from the days of Milton and Locke to our own time, and which aims at giving the common people more consideration than they have received in the past, then I readily admit that this movement has increased liberty. But if Mr. Cole means that the extension of the franchise has been followed by a decrease of legislative restrictions on the individual, then I most emphatically disagree with him. On the contrary, I maintain that the extension of the franchise has everywhere been followed by drastic meddlesome interference with the individual, and that there are no men anywhere who have so little faith in liberty as the men who have been specially elected by the common people. "Freedom is only a conventional phrase, which conceals all possible things," said William Liebknecht. Such is exactly the view of Messrs. Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, Will Crooks, and all other democratic politicians.

The United States is the great example of a political democracy. There you have the initiative, referendum, and recall of representatives in full force. Judges are elected by the people and recalled by them. Elaborate election laws enable each individual not merely to vote for the candidate, but to have a share in selecting him. In many States women vote as well as men. What has been the result?

The one definite result perceptible is that restrictions of all kinds on the individual have been enormously multiplied, and every increase of democracy has been immediately followed by an increase of restrictions. There is an endless flood of laws prohibiting alcoholic liquors, prohibiting cigarettes, prohibiting "children" under eighteen from dancing, limiting the hours of dancing for persons over eighteen, compelling "children" under fifteen or sixteen to be indoors after half-past eight in the evening in the sweltering heat of July and August, prohibiting men and women from speaking to each other in public unless they are mutually acquainted, punishing kissing with terrific penalties, sending women to prison for five years for conversing together about the limitation of the family, establishing searchlights in the public parks so that all couples may be closely watched at night, prohibiting women from bathing unless they have at least two garments on, prohibiting both sexes from bathing unless most of the body is covered, prohibiting women from bathing without stockings, establishing a minimum penalty of ten years for rape, making it rape for a boy of fourteen to have relations with a girl of eighteen even at her request, rigorously censoring cinematographs, providing for police interference with plays, prohibiting free speech, interfering with the Press, punishing fornication and adultery with terrific penalties, prohibiting girls from selling newspapers, prohibiting criticism of foreign Governments, prohibiting criticism of clergymen, prohibiting people from speaking unfavourably about the prospects of real estate rising in value, and so on, and so on. Many of these laws are enforced by armies of paid spies, who try to induce somebody to commit the forbidden offence, and then inform against him. Private letters are opened in the post office in order to see if they contain forbidden matter. Women detectives walk on the promenades trying to get men to speak to them, and then promptly arrest anyone who speaks.

I will give you just two illustrations of what democratic institutions have done for America. A few months ago one of the elected judges in California sentenced a young negro boy to thirty years' imprisonment for kissing a white girl on the street. California is not a negro State, and there is no more excuse for ferocious treatment of a negro there than there would be in London. Some years ago two post-office spies wrote letters to a doctor asking how conception might be avoided. He gave them the information, and for each offence he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and a fine of one thousand dollars.

Such is democracy everywhere. Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are moving in the same direction as fast as they can. The British Labour Party would be quite as bad

if it had the power. The German and Austrian Socialists are little better.

Democracy has been a total failure except in the one form of public opinion. The applause of the multitude was a great help to Voltaire, Cobden, Bradlaugh, and other great liberators. Unfortunately, the common people cannot think out plans and policies for themselves; they can only follow leaders. The moment you give the common people the vote, they at once fall a prey to teetotallers, purity people, and all kinds of organised schemers and meddlers. Therefore, they have accomplished far less with the vote than they were formerly able to accomplish without it. Without votes the multitude took a large part in forcing through the Ten Hours' Act and the Abolition of the Corn Laws. To-day they are merely the catspaws of men who want £400 a year, and who find that it is more easy to get £400 a year by pandering to temperance and purity cranks than by taking a manly stand for measures that will benefit the working class. R. B. KERR.

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"DANIELIZING."

Sir,—May I venture to suggest to Mr. Caldwell Cook that in the coinage of the word "Danielizing" as a synonym for slovenly pronunciation he is labouring under a misapprehension which very seriously impairs the appropriateness of the word. Mr. Caldwell Cook maintains, if I understand him rightly, that the phonetic reproductions which Mr. Daniel Jones gives of ordinary English pronunciation are responsible for much of the careless speech to-day, and are the basis of the alphabet scheme promoted by the Simplified Speling Sosieti.

Now Mr. Jones is a phonetician, not a teacher of elocution. He records; he does not recommend. Far less has he imposed these researches on the Simplified Speling Sosieti as the basis of their alphabet. To blame him for the way in which people pronounce is about as logical as blaming the policeman for the crimes he records in his note-book. It is true that the work of the phonetician ought to be of great value to the elocutionist as enabling him to detect faults in speech. But the functions of the two are quite distinct. Mr. Caldwell Cook ought to be grateful for any attempt to show the irrelevancy of the word "danielizing." To prove that his coinage is pointless slightly minimises its offensiveness. As the whole is greater than the part, so good manners are even better than good speech. The Simplified Speling Sosieti in its spelling system made an honest attempt to reproduce what it believed to be good English speech. It welcomes the idea of a conference on standard speech when a better system might be evolved. Meanwhile, Mr. Caldwell Cook's notions of good English speech seem too arbitrary to be made the basis of any spelling system.

What does he mean, for example, when he says our chief guide to pronunciation must be our traditional spelling? How far back are we to go for these traditions? Does he wish us, for example, to pronounce the "k" in "knave" or to drop the "l" in "fault"? This would be consistent and nothing more; but we should despair of persuading the British public (even when "caught young" and assisted by hammers or other artificial means) to adopt this modern-antique form of speech.

CHRISTINA JUST,
Secretary, Simplified Speling Sosieti.

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THE RUSSIAN RUMOUR.

Sir,—I have followed with rapt interest the discussion of Freud's theory by "Romney" and "A. E. R." I complain, however, about the carelessness of your sub-editor in allowing Froude's name to be mis-spelt so often.

My knowledge of psychology is relatively small, and I shall be grateful to the two debaters if they will help me to solve a (to me) very curious problem.

When the Russian Rumour reached our village, the village lunatic, Willie Baffers, at once began to dance. I have spent many sleepless nights over this dancing business.

Why the devil did Willie dance?

My own humble theory is as follows:—The legend bore with it the spirit of the Slav; the spirit that has animated Pavlova. Willie caught a little of this spirit, and at once he began to foot it featly. His explanation, I may say, is that his feet were cold and he wanted to warm them. This fact is significant. Why were his feet cold? Had not the strange legend carried with it something of the atmosphere of the Arctic?

And now I come to the most baffling phenomenon of all: *Willie Baffers got his hair cut next day.* Why did he get his hair cut? My own theory is that he acted subconsciously. Some primeval instinct told him that Russians have long hair. He, or rather his subliminal self, said: "If I have long hair they may mistake me for a Russian, and shove me into one of them trucks with the blinds down, and I don't want to go to the front." I can think of no other explanation. "Romney" and "A. E. R.," with their deeper knowledge, may suggest that he went to the barber's shop to get news of the Russians, and I hasten to add that Willie had his hair cut by the blacksmith, who used a pair of horse-clippers. And in case "Romney" and "A. E. R." jump to the conclusion that Willie was afraid to go to the barber's shop in case he might discover the Russian Rumour was a myth, I tell them that there is no barber in our village.

I might also refer to another mystery—the fact that the village blacksmith had half-a-crown taken from his waistcoat pocket on the day of Willie's shearing, but I know that your space is valuable. I know that Froude is not yet done with; I know that "Romney" and "A. E. R." have much to say yet. This great question of Froude must be settled one way or the other. I shall not have peace of mind till I know that this matter is cleared up for ever. A. S. NEILL.

P.S.—Sorry I said that about your sub-editor. I find now that Freud is a town in Austria. My fault entirely . . . yet "Romney" and "A. E. R." might have made this point clearer than they have done.

* * * *

PAYMENT TOWARDS WAR.

Sir,—I shall be glad if any of your readers can help with their views upon this point: Like other income tax payers, I have just received a notice from the authorities. In previous years I have paid the amount as a mere matter of course. Now, my attention is specially drawn to the fact that although some of it is for useful expenditure, the great bulk of the money is required to pay for present, past or future War. What ought I to do? There seem to be three courses: (1) to pay as before; (2) to pay with a letter of protest (which the collector would put in his wastepaper basket); or (3) to tell him that while willing to pay my share for non-warlike expenditure (if he knows how much it is) I will have no part in War and leave the authorities to take whatever action they think fit.

This is a problem to which, at the moment, I do not see a definite answer, though sufficiently convinced that all War is absolutely wrong. Apart from the particular objections to the intervention of this country in the present conflict, I feel quite sure that it is the duty of all who object to war entirely to refrain from aiding the campaign either by personal service (whether as volunteers or conscripts), or by participating in a War loan. To this further question as to tax-paying the answer does not seem to be so clear. J. S. D.

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WORDS NOT DEEDS.

Sir,—I should like to call the attention of your readers to the monstrous sentence imposed on a Johannesburg Socialist, at a time when rebels who had actually borne arms against the Government were being given safe conducts to their homes. The following extract is from the "Transvaal Chronicle" (Pretoria), of November 19:—

JOHANNESBURG, Wednesday.

A. B. Dunbar, a blacksmith, was charged with using inflammatory language at a meeting held at the Tivoli Theatre on Sunday last. He was reported to have said: "Now, Workers! It is your opportunity. The Government's hands are full. Rise now! Strike! Now is the time to strike!"

The case was heard on Tuesday and adjourned till to-day on an exception raised by Mr. Lucas that the words did not come under Martial Law.

The Magistrate overruled the exception, and fined accused £100, in default one year's imprisonment with hard labour.

A fund is being raised to pay the fine. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, War on War League (S.A.), Box 1,981, Johannesburg. I. G. H.

Sir,—I shall be grateful if you will publish the enclosed letter. If you have heard of the Dunbar case (and I always expect you to know everything), you cannot have failed to note the contrast between this sentence and the leniency with which the "rebels" are being and will be treated. No one claims that there was the faintest danger of Dunbar's words provoking a strike. The S.A. Labour world has forgotten everything but patriotism, and, in Mr. Creswell's phrase, "laid its grievances upon the shelf." The sentence, therefore, appears to be purely vindictive. IDA G. HYETT.

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