

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1294] NEW SERIES. Vol. XXI. No. 9. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1917. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

UNLESS in the meanwhile it is published elsewhere, we shall publish next week a translation of the report that appeared in "Vorwärts" of the German Socialist mission to Stockholm. It is strange, by the way, that of both the Stockholm meeting and the proposed International Conference the official German papers should be saying the same, though in appearance it is not the same, as our own papers: namely, that such meetings are an anti-German "trap." So alike suspicious of Socialists are the governing classes of the two countries that whatever the Socialists are about to do their respective Governments denounce it as treachery. The most striking sentence in the report to which we have referred occurred in Herr Scheidemann's opening apologia; and it runs as follows: "The Entente [meaning, of course, the present Allies] was nothing more than a capitalist syndicate for the exploitation of the world on the largest possible scale, and to the exclusion of Germany." Now this charge, it is clear, is not true, even though it may be a colourable imitation of the truth or, at any rate, of one aspect of the truth. And even if it were true, the charge would come with poor grace from anybody in Germany, since it is the German Socialist case that all Governments alike, their own included, are aggressively capitalist. What, however, would even then distinguish the Prussian Government in badness from the capitalist Governments of the Entente is the fact that in addition to its capitalism Prussia has developed the crime of militarism. In other words, Prussian capitalism is capitalism armed. But this is not the point to seize upon at this moment. We can bear it in mind for another occasion. The immediate point to seize is that Herr Scheidemann and the German Socialists generally not only believe they have a case in their own defence, but they are prepared to argue it. Would it not, therefore, be as well to invite them to present it to the world on the understanding that the world may reply to it?

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Of such discussions, however, Mr. Barnes, who has lately been elevated to the War Cabinet, is disposed to think that they are a symptom of war-weariness,

and as such to be deprecated, at any rate in this country. He says, in fact, that the diplomatic efforts of Germany to detach Russia from our Alliance are a proof that the Prussian Government is tired of the war. But apart from the reflection that any Government or people or individual that is not tired of the war must be wholly diabolical, it is a strange conclusion to come to that the employment of diplomatic means in supplement of military means of ending the war must needs be a symptom of fatigue. Were the exercise of diplomacy incompatible with military action, we should be ourselves all for its suspension during the military campaign. But is there any evidence that diplomacy and war are of necessity mutually hostile or that the suspension of diplomacy during war is anything more than the abdication of reason and intelligence? That Germany has attempted by diplomatic means to make a separate peace with Russia we count to her, not as a sign of war-weariness in Mr. Barnes's sense, but as a sign of intelligence. It means that Germany intends to leave no stone unturned to end the war to her satisfaction, even though the turning should involve the exercise of diplomatic brains. We pray that our diplomats may soon be of the same opinion and of greater skill! The direction of discussion in this country to combating the false notions in the minds of German Socialists we should welcome with all our heart. For we are convinced that, next to military means, the weapon upon which we have to rely is opinion; and of all the opinions that are now powerful and at the same time hostile to us in Germany, Socialist opinion, for the reasons above hinted at, is the most formidable.

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To meet the defence of the German Socialists and to shame them out of it would be a comparatively easy task. But we shall not attempt it here. For what is needed before we can fairly address ourselves to German democracy is an agreement among the Allies concerning their arrangements for the future of the German people. What otherwise might be the case? While we were engaged in persuading the German people that, as a people, they had nothing to fear from the capitalist designs of the Allies, but that, in truth, the Allies are fighting only against Kaiserism and for

the democratic settlement of the world, one or other of the Allies might be announcing its intentions of holding Germany militarily subject indefinitely and of restricting even a democratic Germany in her commercial intercourse with the rest of the world. What avail would our persuasions be then? It is obvious that, if a beginning is to be made in bringing moral and intellectual pressure to bear upon Germany (military pressure being confined to Prussia), the first step must be a common agreement, followed by a common pronouncement, of the Allies in respect of the future of Germany after the defeat of Prussia. Everything, it will be seen, depends upon the settlement of this point; and nothing can be taken up with any hope of success until it is determined. But that at this moment of writing not only is German democracy in the dark about the Allies' designs, but the Allies themselves are at sixes and sevens, is as evident as it is a reflection upon them after nearly three years of war. America, we know, is not as yet a signatory of the Pact of London; and the reluctance of Russia to confirm the agreements entered into by the Tsar is patent. We cannot surely continue in this state much longer. A fresh common agreement and common declaration of objects are essential; and, for the life of our soldiers, we cannot understand why they are being so long delayed. Is it the case with our diplomats that having made a Pact at the outset of the war, they imagine their work finished? The military situation may change from time to time and require fresh conferences of the military commands for the purpose of maintaining a single front. And it is notorious that the diplomatic situation has changed even more than the military situation, so that at this moment we can scarcely be said to be the same body of Allies that entered the war. Yet our diplomatists are still to pretend that in their original agreements they foresaw and provided against everything, and hence that no fresh conference is necessary. We say, on the contrary, that a Conference was never more urgent than it is now. Both to enable the Allies to maintain a common diplomatic front and to provide us with a reply to the democracy of Germany, it is absolutely essential that the Allies should meet at once, come to some agreement regarding the future of Germany, and publish it for the world to see. Until this is done, nothing else of any diplomatic consequence is possible.

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Popular opinion in this country still hesitates to give German democracy the benefit of any doubt that may be entertained concerning its fundamental humanity; and the unfavourable doubt is being deliberately intensified by our short-sighted Press. The signs of hope are, nevertheless, multiplying and we need not despair that before very long the division between the German people and the Prussian autocracy will become apparent to everybody. In Germany, in spite of the savage censorship natural to a dynasty fighting desperately for its existence, there has begun to be apparent a reaction both against the worse brutalities of the war and against the Kaiser's clique of militarist maniacs. Herr Heine has been asking in the Reichstag why the Prussian Government has incurred the hatred of the whole world; and he has replied to himself that the reason is to be found, not in its capitalism which is common to all Governments, but in its militarism which is peculiar to Prussia. Such introspection should be encouraged as it is encouraging. And only last week, our readers may note, a Breslau journal was suppressed for deploring the recent air-raid upon London. It is true that M. Segrue, the Haytian Minister, recently returned from Berlin, informs the "Daily News" that no unmistakable sign yet exists that the German people regard the Kaiser as the author of the war. On the other hand, the "Daily Chronicle" Correspondent affirms it; and we are, therefore, left to conclude that the Kaiser's popularity is, at any rate, uncertain. What is still

needed to tip the balance in the Allied favour is a re-affirmation of our conviction that Kaiserism alone is responsible for the war, and the further declaration that with the Hohenzollerns the Allies will, under no circumstances, conclude a peace. Our ground is strong, both for the one and the other; and the alternative, let us point out once more, is not to be contemplated without horror. For it is the fact that we must either make peace with the German people, or make no peace at all. A peace with Kaiserism is unthinkable. But perpetual war on the German people is equally outside sane contemplation. We conclude, therefore, that however shadowy may appear to be our hope of dividing Prussia from Germany, it is the only hope we have.

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The rumours of an early peace that are being set about as industriously to-day as they have been at any time during the last three years probably have their origin in one or another personal or party interest. It suits certain people for others to believe that peace is near; and, unfortunately, it suits the chief political parties to pretend that revolutionary changes are unnecessary in view of the imminence of peace. Peace, we do not say, is impossible, even during the present year; peace, on the other hand, is, in our opinion, no more probable this year than it was last year. Nobody knows; and the best thing, therefore, is while hoping and working for an early peace, to prepare for a long war. Long or short, moreover, it is certain that the war will not immediately be followed by the conditions of peace we knew before it. In many important respects, the conditions of peace will be indistinguishable from the conditions now prevailing. And particularly will this be the case, we fear, with food. To read, however, of the appointment of a new Food-Controller for a period only and to discover him threatening what can only be regarded as emergency legislation, is to apprehend that the Government is unaware of the probable duration of the food-problem, and expects it to end with the war. Nothing of the kind, however. Let us get it into our minds that for at least a number of years after the war the problem of world-food will be acute; and that no amount of emergency legislation, though carried through by so autocratic a person as Lord Rhondda, is likely to have more than a temporary effect. The real problem, the lasting as distinct from the transitory problem, is that of ensuring both supplies and distribution of food in this country permanently. How are we, in the absence of security of supplies from abroad, to provide for ourselves; and how, next, are we to secure their fair distribution? Lord Rhondda may be able with the ample powers he claims, to solve the immediate problem—though we doubt it. For Lord Rhondda is a convicted individualist to whom public welfare must always seem of secondary interest. But neither Lord Rhondda nor any other man can solve the permanent problem of our food-supplies without making a revolution in our industrial system. Food, if it is to be really under public control, must be controlled from source to mouth: from supply to distribution; from the farm to the home; and all the intermediaries that now prey upon food as it passes from the proletarian producer to the proletarian consumer must be included within the total control. But this is to abolish profiteering or production for profit and to bring under public control (and, therefore, under public pay) all the persons who now exploit the system for their own profit. In a word, it is revolution; and we do not quite see Lord Rhondda, the millionaire, in that rôle.

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Our thanks and congratulations are due to the Press for its dissemination of the word profiteering—a word, we believe, that will for ever be associated with the war as the sordid aspect of a movement towards liberty. At the same time, we must gently point out that the word is being used in a double sense to the confusion



of minds unaccustomed to making fine distinctions. On the one hand, profiteering is applicable (and was originally intended by us to apply) to the system of production as it prevails in this and all capitalist countries—to a system, that is, under which production is carried on, not primarily for use and service, but primarily for the profit of the capitalists who engage their capital in it. And from this point of view it is obvious that to talk of abolishing profiteering while leaving private capitalism in existence is to talk nonsense, since profiteering and capitalism are one and the same thing. The lesser reform, on the other hand, which the Press has in mind in advocating (as we are pleased to find it advocating) the abolition of profiteering, is the limitation of profits to a point at which, in its opinion, profits are "fair." Profiteering in this restricted sense is synonymous with the making of "unfair" or excessive profits; and its abolition is, therefore, the curtailment of profits by this excess only. The question, however, then arises: what is a "fair" profit? And upon this problem opinions differ. No criterion of justice appears to have been set up, but the matter is left to vague feeling. But is a criterion, even within the limited use of the word, impossible? Let us take the well-known case of Sir John Jackson, and examine it for a moment or two. Sir John Jackson, it will be remembered, pleaded in excuse for the enormous sums he made upon his hutting contracts, the fact that upon his capital outlay he charged the Government only a half of his usual rate of profit: five per cent., in short, instead of ten. He, therefore, claimed that he could not rightly be accused of profiteering, since, instead of profiting more by the needs of the nation, he profited less than usual. Our reply, however, to Sir John Jackson and to profiteers generally is simple. We are not concerned, we say, with the *rate* of the profit, but with the total amount of it; and the total amount of it, in our judgment, should be no more and no less than such a sum as would be paid if the service were national service. A General or an Admiral, a Civil Servant or a member of the Government is not paid at a rate of reward calculated upon the number of persons under his command or the amount of capital passing through his hands. Sir Douglas Haig does not claim an increase of pay for every fresh regiment put under his command; nor does Mr. Bonar Law expect to receive a commission upon each additional million in his Budget. The services of men in the employment of the nation are paid at a fixed rate; and the more or less of the work involved is a matter of chance. Returning to Sir John Jackson, it is clear that in demanding only one-half of his usual commission of the Government, he was to that extent as generous as a friendly but independent Ally could be expected to be. But in actually demanding the total sum of seventy-thousand pounds for his services, he was, nevertheless, estimating his services at fifty times more than their public value—which constitutes profiteering if anything does. The conclusion that emerges from the discussion is that a fair profit must be estimated by its amount and not by its mere rate; and that the criterion is the amount the nation would pay for such services if they were national instead of private. The whole problem would be simplified by bringing under national service upon fixed salaries everybody now employed in private industry. Only by this means could we ensure both that "profits" would be "fair," and that each should obtain his fair share. But that would be national service indeed; and the phrase is more popular than the application.

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The first fully representative meeting of the Triple Alliance of Labour would be too great an event even during war not to record in THE NEW AGE, and when it is presided over by Mr. Smillie who announces an aggressive (by which he means an actively constructive)

policy after the war, and proceeds to pass unanimously a resolution in favour of conscripting wealth, the obligation becomes imperative. Mr. Smillie's attitude and that of the Triple Alliance during the war has been, he tells us, the defensive; or would it not be more correct to say that it has been the suspensive? After the war, however, the Alliance means to take offensive action to bring about its democratic demands. And as an earnest of its intentions the following resolution was passed, Mr. Tillett supporting: "This Conference considers that the conscription of wealth should have preceded the conscription of human life; and it now asks accordingly for a registration of wealth and property in order to prepare for a real equality of individual sacrifices." We cannot, it is obvious, have anything to say against a resolution we have advocated during the whole three years of the war. Nor is there the least reason for supposing that the resolution, because it follows instead of preceding the conscription of men of which we designed it to be the counterpart, is out of date. While, in fact, the war-debt remains to be discharged, the conscription of wealth for the purpose of discharging it is always necessary. But it must be remembered that the Triple Alliance of Labour is an alliance of Trade Unions, and that its chief (we would say its sole) object is the emancipation of Labour—in other words, the abolition of the wage-system. Its first concern is not, therefore, with the distribution of the money-income of the country, or, indeed, with anything that can be carried through Parliament by political means. Its concern, on the contrary, is with the industries in which its members are involved, and with those industries, for the moment, alone. We shall hope, therefore, to see Mr. Smillie and the Alliance putting forward some other democratic demands than the demand for the conscription of wealth: the demand, for instance, to have the capital of the Trade Unions nationalised, and its administration placed in the hands of the Unions in partnership with the State; the demand to make a register of the men employed from management downwards, and to form a National Guild of them; the demand, in short, to become responsible as Unions for their industry. The conscription of wealth, even if it reached the level of ten per cent. recommended by the "Nation," would leave untouched the industrial system of the country; its effects would be merely to limit profits by subtraction without cutting them off at their source. A more radical proposal is, therefore, necessary if we are to have an economic revolution instead of a political reform.

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For much the same reason, namely, that it does not go far enough, we have to confess to disappointment in the proposal put forward last week to form a Joint Council of Building Employers and Employees (by Federation and Union) for the purpose of carrying on the industry of building collectively. The proposal contains a shadow only of the National Guilds whose formation we have advocated. To begin with, it is clear that the whole machinery of Rent, Interest, Profits, and Wages is to remain more or less as it is; with only this difference, that each of them, we imagine, is to be fixed in a ratio to the entire income of the trade. But by what legerdemain is it brought about that so apparently radical a change is, after all, to effect so little a change? The answer is to be found in the fact that all the private capital now contained within the building industry is to remain private capital; and that its owners are to receive, in addition to salary for their personal services, rent, interest, and profit for the use of their capital. This, it will be seen, is not so much a shadow of a National Guild as a caricature of it. What we demand of a Guild is that the capital necessary to its industry shall be in the common use of all but in the personal ownership of none; and that, apart from the savings necessary to make good the wear and

tear of capital and to provide for the extension and perfection of the industry, the proceeds of the labour of the Guild operating upon the capital of the Guild shall be common to the Guild without distinction of economic status but only of industrial status. The Joint Building Council, as at present designed, is nothing more than a partnership of men and masters in industry; it is no partnership in capital, of which industry is only the secondary manifestation. To become a Guild, or to become anything approximating to our conception of a Guild, the Building Employers must pool their capital, transfer it to the Guild, and henceforward work for pay without demanding anything for the use of the capital whose private ownership they would have surrendered.

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At the Conference of the National Union of Railwaymen held last week, a resolution was passed demanding (which is perhaps an inappropriate word!)—"demanding" the continuation of the present State control of the railways and in addition full nationalisation with representatives of the men's union upon the Committee of Management. It is all most gratifying, of course, to find one Union after another introducing the word "management" into its programme of demands; but between a representation of the men upon the Committee of Management and the representation of the State upon the Committee there is a gulf which the National Union of Railwaymen has not yet crossed. With the best will in the world, no doubt, the State, if it decides with the connivance of the present railway directors to nationalise the lines, will accept the services on the Committee of Management of one or two of the Union's representatives. We could give their names, in fact, at this moment. But to be a part of the Management, and that the inferior part, is to be responsibly irresponsible; to have a monopoly of the control of the labour of the industry, with no control over the capital that sets that labour in motion. The proper demand, on the other hand, is for management in full, assumption of responsibility, with an admission of the right of the State, by virtue of its ownership, to send representatives to the Executive Committee. That would, and no less would, amount to the revolution called for. But it was not our intention, when remarking on the Conference, to draw attention to their resolution, but rather to a sentence of some importance uttered by one of the delegates. "There have been more millionaires made during the war," he said, "than ever before." It may be remembered that many months ago we said that this would be the case; and the fact has now been publicly stated. We shall therefore merely enumerate some of the questions that must arise when the fact becomes generally known. Are these new millionaires, we ask, the soldiers and sailors who have been risking their lives for us? The answer is that not one of them is. Is it the case that they have performed, then, such services as soldiers, sailors, and other public servants could not possibly have performed? The answer is that our public servants have performed in their own spheres far greater and far more difficult services than any rendered by our millionaires. Have they, then, made sacrifices beyond the reckoning of ordinary men? Their sacrifices are less onerous than those of any munition-worker, one of several millions of the nation. Then the nation must have prospered by reason of their services, and have become so enriched that their share of a few millions is only a fraction of the total increase? On the contrary, the nation is by many thousands of millions of pounds poorer than it was before the war. But they must surely have created wealth to draw so much wealth to themselves? They have created nothing; they have simply bought cheap and sold dear. What honour can we pay them that shall be adequate to their services? At this point we shall be dumb.

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Very little more needs to be said of the enfranchisement of five or six million women by the House of

Commons last week than was said by Lord Hugh Cecil: "in principle it seemed to him a Conservative measure." To represent it, as the "Nation" does, as a political reform of any progressive importance is precisely to misrepresent it; for its whole purpose, and, we should say for its chief authors, its sole purpose, is to produce the same condition in the political Labour world as the Dilution Acts have produced in the economic Labour world. The present enfranchisement of women is, in short, the dilution of political Labour with conservative elements. That this, and chiefly this, is its object, and will be its effect, may be seen from the careful selection of the women to be enfranchised. All of them are over thirty; a fact to be contrasted with the fact that five-sixths of the women normally in industry are under thirty. Five out of every six of them are married, and, therefore, already, presumably, in some form of economic security. The rest of them are independent women of property, or women preparing for one of the professions which, in the main, are hostile to wage-industry. Is it not certain, on the face of it, that the net effect of this addition to the electorate will be conservative, as Lord Hugh Cecil has said? We ask no further confirmation, indeed, than the fact that both Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald voted for it. When the Labour and Conservative parties are found in the same lobby, we may be sure that reaction is afoot. But we shall return to the subject later.

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Not for the first time during the war has the cry of Ruin gone up from Lancashire, and it is being raised again, but with better cause, perhaps, than before. We cannot, however, profess to be much impressed by it as yet; and, in any event, Lancashire is disposed to believe that it knows its own business best (which it most emphatically does not), and that advice is impertinent. All that it asks for is help! The situation appears to be as follows, if we may temerarily presume to state it. There is a prospective shortage of raw cotton, leading to high prices for the raw material of the industry. And, at the same time, there is a falling off in the demand for cotton-goods, leading to a decline in the selling-price. Between this simultaneous pressure of high costs and low prices, cotton-manufacturers are being squeezed. The time-honoured remedy of reducing wages is on this occasion impracticable of adoption: for wages in the cotton-trade have risen only twenty per cent. during the war as an offset against the rise in the cost of living of a hundred per cent. The closing of the mills or even the reduction of the hours of labour are likewise on this occasion not to be thought of, since either would inevitably lead to unemployment and semi-starvation. What is, then, to be done? We cannot, even to oblige Lancashire mill-owners, create a demand for cotton-goods if no demand exists. Demand to be effective must have money in its hand; and the world is poor. Nor can we dream of asking the cotton-employers to forgo their profits for the remainder of the war, and to live on their savings until the world is able to pay them toll again. What then, since they are almost ready, they say, for "drastic, even revolutionary, changes"? We modestly suggest that one of their errors lies in depending for their imported cotton and its price upon the game of chance, played at their expense by the gang of cotton-brokers. The statesmanship of Monté Carló is really quite unworthy of the pioneers of English thought! And we suggest further that a Federation of Employers for the purpose of buying collectively (with or without the assistance of the State) the cotton-crops of the world would be a trifling piece of organisation for a body of men who so well understand business. The alternative is that the State should do it for them: a proposition that Lancashire men cannot be expected to listen to.

[During July and August THE NEW AGE will be issued with 20 pages instead of with 24 pages].



## Unedited Opinions.

### TUPPERISM v. NATIONAL GUILDS.

THE comments of THE NEW AGE on the action of the Seamen and Firemen's Union in boycotting Mr. MacDonald's visit to Petrograd appear to have raised some discussion, even in these days.

They do, indeed; but I am not sorry for it.

I gather that your correspondents imagine they have a strong case not only in itself but particularly in opposition to THE NEW AGE, which has always, they say, maintained the right of the workers to strike.

Oh, yes; but as to THE NEW AGE, they have certainly misunderstood us. It is a matter for counter-statement merely. The principles involved in the problem are, on the other hand, a matter for argument.

But in what way have your correspondents misunderstood the attitude of THE NEW AGE? Is it not a fact that you have always claimed for the workers the right to strike; and is it not a fact that, in the present case of the strike of the Seamen, you have denied their right and threatened them with an appeal to "established law"? I confess that, superficially at any rate, there appears to be an inconsistency in your attitude.

I am not surprised in the least that you should think so—on a hasty view. But we are now in no hurry, and the matter can be settled between us. In the first place, let me ask the question whether, because we affirm and maintain the right of the workers to strike, we necessarily affirm and maintain their right to strike upon any occasion whatever? Because by virtue of their economic power and their right to strike they are able, in fact, to strike from any motive and for any object, does it follow that their motives and objects must necessarily, as our correspondents allege, be the workers' own affair?

But how, if you deny it, are you going to discriminate between the proper and improper occasions for the exercise of the right and the power to strike?

Ah, now we come, you see, to the crucial question, the question, I venture to say, which our correspondents should have asked themselves before they set out to criticise the conclusions of THE NEW AGE.

You mean, of course, that you had already asked and answered that question to your own satisfaction? But in that event I should be much obliged by your conclusions on the subject.

You will allow, will you not, that it is conceivable that a Union, when exercising its power and right to strike, may do something unwise and inexpedient from its own point of view? I take it for granted that you will; and, indeed, our correspondents go so far as to agree with THE NEW AGE that the action of the Seamen was of this kind. But it is only a step from admitting that a Union may be unwise in its exercise of the right to strike to asserting that, in another instance, its action may be contrary to "established law."

I am afraid I cannot take that step at present.

Oh, but you will in a minute or two. At present, I understand, you are prepared to agree that a Union may act unwisely, but you are not prepared to admit that a Union can act illegally.

Now that you put it in that way, I think I must withdraw.

You agree, in fact, that a Union *can* act illegally? There is no doubt about it, of course.

Very well, then the question must be asked what constitutes illegal conduct by a Union? Illegal conduct, I reply, arises when a Union commits a breach of its own constitution, or when it breaks the common law of the land. Do you agree with that?

As to the first, I do; but as to the second I have some doubts. I agree that a Union may not, on peril

of ceasing to be a lawful body, act in a spirit contrary to its own constitution. It must, in short, obey its own established rules. But I am not yet ready to agree that a Union must of necessity respect the common laws of the land. As your correspondents point out (and THE NEW AGE has often done it too), the proletarian Unions, by reason of their proletarian character, are exempt from real responsibility, being, as it were, protestant bodies in avowed opposition to the existing laws. In so far, therefore, as they are legally entitled to exist and legally entitled to pursue their object of emancipating Labour from capitalist law, they are at the same time entitled to challenge and, when they can and care, to override or ignore the existing laws.

You state the case with subtlety and our correspondents will be obliged to you. But are you not now confusing capitalist laws with the spirit of laws, arbitrary with lawful conduct, and class with public law? I mean to say that while it may be right for a Union of workmen to commit breaches of capitalist law when they have the power to do so, it does not follow that they have the right, when they have the power, to commit breaches of *public* as distinct from capitalist law.

Again, however, I ask what is the distinction?

That, perhaps, is not easy to define in words, but it exists nevertheless. Even our correspondents, you will observe, do not deny that there are public laws based on the spirit of public service which the Guilds must respect. *What they deny, apparently, is that such laws are entitled to command the present respect of Trade Unions that are not yet National Guilds.* Being servile bodies, composed of wage-slaves to whom full citizen responsibility is clearly, if not explicitly, denied, the Unions cannot be expected to respect the laws of "public service."

And what can be replied to them?

Before proceeding, may I correct a second misunderstanding in our correspondents' criticism? They assume, it is clear, that in suggesting the reference of the boycott of Mr. MacDonald to the constitutional law-courts, THE NEW AGE was recommending the indictment of the Seamen's Union. And how, they ask, can a Union of wage-slaves, who *ex hypothesi* have no real responsibility for the discharge of any public service, be indicted for a breach of public service? The objection, I admit, would be fatal if it were the fact that THE NEW AGE proposed to have proceedings taken against the Union. On the other hand, it has no relevance if, as was the case, the suggestion was to take proceedings against the shipowners. THE NEW AGE clearly could not contemplate legal proceedings against, say, the Railwaymen for refusing to carry a passenger on his lawful business; but I claim that we could proceed against the Railway Companies for a breach of their duty, and that their defence that the men's Union was on strike to prevent them would be invalid. In a similar sense, it is undeniable that the shipowners have undertaken, on their sole responsibility and without the explicit or even implicit consent of the Seamen's Union, to act as common carriers without respect of person, without fear or favour; and that they were unable, by reason of the Seamen's strike, to carry out this public duty, is, strictly speaking, no excuse for them. It was therefore to the shipowners that the reference of legal proceedings was made; and our correspondents are in error in concluding that it was the Union we had in mind.

It follows, then, I suppose, that you exonerate the Union from any breach of public law; and hence that your case against them falls to the ground?

Alas, what have I now said to lead you to conclude this? Because, by virtue of their relative positions, the shipowners and not the Seamen are the only indictable parties in an acknowledged breach of public law—

for it is not pretended by anybody that, even under the Guild system, the doctrine of common carrier would not be operative and binding—you conclude that the Seamen, being legally exonerated, must be morally exonerated as well. But that is precisely what I am denying. I would go further and deny even their legal exonerated, except in so far as they are exonerated by their legal irresponsibility as minors in a capitalist state.

Very well, then we come once more to the question of the distinction between what it is proper for a Union to do in relation to public service and what is improper.

We do; and we will delay no longer to deal with it. Will you allow me to proceed by easy stages and check me when you disagree? I begin as follows: A Trade Union, I say, though irresponsible relatively to and comparatively with its capitalist employers is nevertheless not irresponsible absolutely in relation to public law. It is, in fact, in one sense, a creation of public law; and to that extent, while irresponsible relatively, it is at the same time relatively responsible. The comparison here suggested may be made clearer by an example. A party Opposition in the House of Commons is not, it is true, responsible for the government of the country. On the contrary, it is constitutionally permitted to impede the actions of the legal Government and to disestablish it and to put itself in the legal Government's place. But would you say that, because it is permitted to an Opposition to behave in this manner, it has no responsibility and can act exactly as it pleases? You would not, I think.

No; I should agree that its opposition should be constitutional—normally at any rate; though occasions might arise when its actions might appear to be unconstitutional.

You mean that when a Government is acting in an unconstitutional manner, an Opposition, having failed by constitutional means to prevent it, may resort to unconstitutional means? I could split a hair upon that, and claim that the unconstitutional means then adopted would be really constitutional; but the point is of no importance at this moment, for it is not disputed that the shipowners in the present case were carrying out their legal duty. In other words, the Seamen's Union in this instance were attempting to prevent their employers from discharging a public service.

But you agreed a moment ago that an Opposition (with which you compared a Trade Union) was entitled to impede not only the unconstitutional but the constitutional acts of a Government. Is it not, therefore, upon your own showing, legitimate for a Union to impede the acts of its capitalist employers even when these are in the nature of public service? After all, the employers are under no obligation to undertake the sole responsibility of public service. The Unions are ready either to share it with them or to assume it entirely by themselves. If, nevertheless, the employers, with their eyes open, insist upon maintaining their own sole responsibility, the dissident Union cannot be held to blame either for repudiating a responsibility that has been denied to it or for impeding the actions of the employers who claim responsibility.

Quite true; but there is, nevertheless, a difference in the occasions upon which it is legitimate, or illegitimate, for a Union to impede the actions of its employers; and if it is difficult to establish a criterion by reference to the public service in which the employers are engaged, a criterion must be established by other means.

You abandon, then, the attempt to determine by reference to "public law" the lawfulness or unlawfulness of the acts of a Trade Union?

I do not; but I am now intending to discover the criterion within the constitution of the Trade Union itself. In so far as a Trade Union is a creation (if only by permission) of the public law, it is an instrument of

public law. Were, in fact, its purposes not lawful, you cannot conceive that public law would have permitted it to come into active existence. What, however, its purposes are is another matter. They are in the anomalous position of being, as it were, in opposition to capitalist law. It is as if public law had said, in the act of recognising Trade Unions: "We consent to your activity within the field of your constitution as the economic Opposition to the established government of Capitalism. You are, therefore, entitled, in pursuit of these objects and in conformity with your own constitution, to impede Capitalism by every means within your licence, to disestablish Capitalism if you can, and to put Labour in its place. These are your declared objects, and we consent to your pursuit of them." That is the position, is it not?

It seems to me a fair description, but what are we to conclude from it upon the subject of our inquiry?

Why, this: that a Trade Union is entitled to exercise its power (first and foremost, of course, its right to strike) in pursuit of its declared, and, therefore, lawful and permitted objects, but that it is not entitled to exercise its power for objects or from motives that are not contained, explicitly or implicitly, in its charter. For every industrial or economic object within the whole field of Labour you will see that we affirm the right of a Trade Union to exercise its powers. THE NEW AGE, in fact, has not weakened, and will not weaken, upon this fundamental principle. But the action under discussion is, you will see, of an entirely different character from any action that can be regarded as within the industrial or economic objects of Trade Unionism. It is in the strictest sense of the word ultra vires, not so much a contradiction of Trade Unionism as something entirely irrelevant to Trade Unionism. And in so far, I say once more, as the defined objects of Trade Unionism and those alone are within the field of public law—their pursuit by Trade Unions being permitted and lawful—the action of the Seamen's Union is in violation of public law for the simple reason that it is in violation of, or, at any rate, extraneous to, the constitution of Trade Unions.

Then you do not agree even that it is an open question whether, as your correspondents say, "it is impossible to distinguish between the decision of the workers to withhold their labour from these ships and their refusal to labour in any other national service," or that "the motives which prompt the workers to refuse their labour are their own affair"? You both make the distinction and deny that their motives are their private concern?

Plainly, I do; and I hope that you now agree with me. The distinction is between the proper objects of Trade Unionism and objects that are irrelevant to it and outside of it; and the motives are likewise to be classified as motives of Trade Unionism and motives irrelevant to Trade Unionism. The former—objects and motives, that is, that are the declared purposes and means of Trade Unionism—I maintain are legitimate, even when they appear to clash with other departments of the law. But objects and motives not comprehended in the constitution of a Trade Union, even on its constitution as a licensed opponent of Capitalism, these, I maintain, are illegitimate, even when, upon other grounds, they may appear to be unobjectionable. As the action of the Seamen in refusing to carry Mr. MacDonald to Petrograd does not arise, and cannot be made to appear to arise, from any known object or purpose or motive of Trade Unionism, it must be condemned in the name of Trade Unionism no less than in the name of the public law of which, as I have said, Trade Union constitutions are themselves a part. And had the action of the Seamen been directed, as plausibly it might have been, to refusing to carry Lord Milner to Petrograd or Lord Northcliffe to New York, THE NEW AGE would have condemned it no less.



## Thoughts for a Convention.

### IV.

By A. E.

18. So far from Irish Nationalists wishing to oppress Ulster, I believe that there is hardly any demand which could be made, even involving democratic injustice to themselves, which would not willingly be granted if their Ulster compatriots would fling their lot in with the rest of Ireland and heal the eternal sore. I ask Ulster, what is there that they could not do as efficiently in an Ireland with the status and economic power of a self-governing Dominion as they do at present? Could they not build their ships and sell them, manufacture and export their linens? What do they mean when they say Ulster industries would be taxed? We cannot imagine any Irish taxation which their wildest dreams imagined so heavy as the taxation which they will endure as part of the United Kingdom in future. They will be implicated in all the revolutionary legislation made inevitable in Great Britain by the recoil on society of the munition workers and disbanded conscripts. Ireland, which, luckily for itself, has the majority of its population economically independent as workers on the land, and which in the development of agriculture, now made necessary as a result of changes in naval warfare, will be able to absorb without trouble its returning workers—Ireland will be much quieter, less revolutionary, and less expensive to govern. I ask, what reason is there to suppose that taxation in a self-governing Ireland would be greater than in Great Britain after the war, or in what way Ulster industries could be singled out, or for what evil purpose, by an Irish Parliament? It would be only too anxious rather to develop still further the one great industrial centre in Ireland, and would, it is my firm conviction, allow the representatives of Ulster practically to dictate the industrial policy of the country. Has there ever at any time been the slightest opposition by any Irish Nationalist to proposals made by Ulster industrialists which would lend colour to such a suspicion? Personally, I think that Ulster, without safeguards of any kind, might trust its fellow-countrymen; the weight, the intelligence, the vigour of character of Ulster people in any case would enable them to dominate Ireland economically.

19. But I do not for a moment say that Ulster is not justified in demanding safeguards. Its leader, speaking at Westminster during one of the debates on the Home Rule Bill, said scornfully: "We do not fear oppressive legislation. We know, in fact, there would be none. What we do fear is oppressive administration." That I translate to mean that Ulster fears that the policy of "the spoils to the victors" would be adopted, and that jobbery in Nationalist and Catholic interests would be rampant. There are as many honest Nationalists and Catholics who would object to this as there are Protestant Unionists, and they would readily accept, as part of any settlement, the proposal that all posts which can rightly be filled by competitive examination shall only be filled after examination by Irish Civil Service Commissioners, and that this should include all posts paid for out of public funds, whether directly under the Irish Government or under County Councils, Urban Councils, Corporations, or Boards of Guardians. Further, they would allow the Ulster counties, through their members, a veto on any important administrative position where the area of the officials' operation was largely confined to North-East Ulster, if such posts were of a character which could not rightly be filled after examination and must needs be a Government appointment. I have heard the suspicion expressed that Gaelic might be made a subject compulsory on all candidates, and that this would prejudice the chances of Ulster candidates desirous of entering the Civil Service. Nationalist opinion would

readily agree that, if marks were given for Gaelic, an alternative language, such as French or German, should be allowed the candidate as a matter of choice, and the marks given be of equal value. By such concession favouritism would be made impossible. The corruption and bribery now prevalent in local government would be a thing of the past. Nationalists and Unionists alike would be assured of honest administration and that merit and efficiency, not membership of some sectarian or political association, would lead to public service.

20. If that would not be regarded as adequate protection, Nationalists are ready to consider with friendly minds any other safeguards proposed either by Ulster or Southern Unionists, though, in my opinion, the less there are formal and legal acknowledgment of differences the better, for it is desirable that Protestant and Catholic, Unionist and Nationalist, should meet and re-divide along other lines than those of religion or past party politics, and it is obvious that the raising of artificial barriers might perpetuate the present lines of division. A real settlement is impossible without the inclusion of the whole province in the Irish State, and, apart from the passionate sentiment existing in Nationalist Ireland for the unity of the whole country, there are strong economic bonds between Ulster and the three provinces. Further, the exclusion of all or a large part of Ulster would make the excluded part too predominantly industrial, and the rest of Ireland too exclusively agricultural, tending to prevent that right balance between rural and urban industry which all nations should aim at, and which makes for a varied intellectual life, social and political wisdom, and a healthy national being. Though, for the sake of obliteration of past differences, I would prefer little building by legislation of fences isolating one section of the community from another, still I am certain that if Ulster, as the price of coming into a self-governing Ireland, demanded some application of the Swiss cantonal system to itself which would give it control over local administration, it could have it; or, again, it could be conceded the powers of local control vested in the provincial Governments in Canada, where the provincial assemblies have exclusive power to legislate for themselves in respect of local works, municipal institutions, licences, the solemnisation of marriage, and administration of justice in the province. Further, subject to certain provisions protecting the interests of different religious bodies, the provincial assemblies have the exclusive power to make laws upon education. Would not this give Ulster all the guarantees for civil and religious liberty it requires? What arguments of theirs, what fears have they expressed which would not be met by such control over local administration? I would prefer that the mind of Ulster should argue its points with the whole of Ireland and press its ideals upon it without reservation of its wisdom for itself. But, doubtless, if Ulster accepted this proposal, it would benefit the rest of Ireland by the model it would set of efficient administration, and it would, I have no doubt, insert in its Provincial Constitution all the safeguards for minorities there which they would ask should be inserted in any Irish Constitution to protect the interest of their co-religionists in that part of Ireland where they are in a minority.

21. I can deal only with fundamentals in this memorandum, because it is upon fundamentals there are differences of thinking. Once these are settled, it would be comparatively easy to devise the necessary clauses in an Irish Constitution giving safeguards to England for the due payment of the advances under the Land Acts, and the principles upon which an Irish contribution should be made to the Empire for naval and military purposes. It was suggested by Mr. Lionel Curtis in his "Problems of the Commonwealth" that assessors might be appointed by the Dominions to fix the fair

taxable capacity of each for this purpose. It will be observed that, while I have claimed for Ireland the status of a Dominion, I have referred solely hitherto to the powers of control over trade policy, Customs, Excise, taxation, and legislation possessed by the Dominions, and have not claimed for Ireland the right to have an Army or a Navy of its own. I recognise that the proximity of the two islands makes it desirable to consolidate the naval power under the control of the Admiralty. The Regular Army should remain in the same way under the War Office, which would have the power of recruiting in Ireland. The Irish Parliament would, I have no doubt, be willing to raise at its own expense under an Irish Territorial Council a Territorial Force similar to that of England, but not removable from Ireland. Military conscription could never be permitted except by Act of the Irish Parliament. It would be a denial of the first principle of nationality if the power of conscripting the citizens of the country lay not in the hands of the National Parliament, but was exercised by another nation.

22. While a self-governing Ireland would contribute money to the defence of the federated Empire, it would not be content that that money should be spent on dockyards, arsenals, camps, harbours, naval stations, shipbuilding, and supplies in Great Britain, to the almost complete neglect of Ireland, as at present. A large contribution for such purposes spent outside Ireland would be an economic drain if not balanced by counter-expenditure here. This might be effected by the training of a portion of the Navy and the Army and the Irish regiments of the Regular Army in Ireland, and their equipment, clothing, supplies, munitions, and rations being obtained there through an Irish department. Navy dockyards should be constructed here, and a proportion of ships built in them. Just as surely as there must be a balance between the imports and the exports of a country, so must there be a balance between the revenue raised in a nation and the public expenditure on that nation. Irish economic depression after the Act of Union was due in large measure to absentee landlordism and the expenditure of Irish revenue outside Ireland, with no proportionate return. This must not be expected to continue against Irish interests. Ireland, granted the freedom it desires, would be willing to defend its freedom and the freedom of other Dominions in the commonwealth of nations it belonged to, but it is not willing to allow millions to be raised in Ireland and spent outside Ireland. If three or five millions are raised in Ireland for Imperial purposes, and spent in Great Britain, it simply means that the vast employment of labour necessitated takes place outside Ireland: whereas, if spent here, it would mean the employment of many thousands of men, the support of their families, and in the economic chain would follow the support of those who cater for them in food, clothing, housing, etc. Even with the best will in the world to do its share towards its defence of the freedom it had attained, Ireland could not permit such an economic drain on its resources. No country could approve of a policy which in its application means the emigration of thousands of its people every year while it continued.

23. I believe, even if there were no historical basis for Irish Nationalism, that such claims as I have stated would have become inevitable, because the tendency of humanity, as it develops intellectually and spiritually, is to desire more and more freedom, and to substitute more and more an internal law for the external law or government, and that the solidarity of empires or nations will depend not so much upon the close texture of their political organisation, or the uniformity of mind so engendered, as upon the freedom allowed, and the delight people feel in that freedom. The more educated a man is the more is it hateful to him to be constrained, and the more impossible does it become for central governments to provide by regulation for the infinite

variety of desires and cultural developments which spring up everywhere, and are in themselves laudable, and in no way endanger the State. A recognition of this has already led to much decentralisation in Great Britain itself. And if the claim for more power in the administration of local affairs was so strongly felt in a homogeneous country like Great Britain that, through its county council system, people in districts like Kent or Essex have been permitted control over education and the purchase of land and the distribution of it to small holders, how much more passionately must this desire for self-control be felt in Ireland, where people have a different national character, which has survived all the educational experiments to change them into the likeness of their neighbours? The battle which is going on in the world has been stated to be a spiritual conflict between those who desire greater freedom for the individual, and think that the State exists to preserve that freedom, and those who believe in the predominance of the State and the complete subjection of the individual to it and the moulding of the individual mind in its image. This has been stated, and if the first view is a declaration of ideals sincerely held by Great Britain, it would mean the granting to Ireland, a country which has expressed its wishes by vaster majorities than were ever polled in any other country for political changes, the satisfaction of its desires.

24. The acceptance of the proposals here made would mean sacrifices for the two extremes in Ireland, and neither party has as yet made any real sacrifice to meet the other, but both have gone on their own way. I urge upon them that, if the suggestions made here were accepted, both would obtain substantially what they desire—the Ulster Unionists that safety for their interests and provision for Ireland's unity with the Commonwealth of Dominions inside the Empire. The Nationalists would obtain that power they desire to create an Irish civilisation by self-devised and self-checked efforts. The brotherhood of Dominions, of which they would form one, would be inspired as much by the fresh life and wide democratic outlook of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada, as by the hoarier political wisdom of Great Britain, and military, naval, foreign, and Colonial policy must in the future be devised by the representatives of those Dominions sitting in council together with the representatives of Great Britain. Does not that indicate a different form of Imperialism from that they hold in no friendly memory? It would not be Imperialism in the ancient sense, but a federal union of independent nations to protect national liberties, which might draw into its union other people hitherto unconnected with it, and so beget a league of nations to make a common international law prevail. The allegiance would be to common principles which mankind desire, and would not permit the dominance of any one race. We have not only to be good Irishmen, but good citizens of the world, and one is as important as the other, for earth is more and more forcing on its children a recognition of their fundamental unity, and that all rise and fall and suffer together, and that none can escape infection from their common humanity. If these ideas emerge from the world conflict, and are accepted as world morality, it will be some compensation for the anguish of learning the lesson. We in Ireland, like the rest of the world, must rise above ourselves and our differences if we are to manifest the genius which is in us, and play a noble part in world history.

NOTE.—I was asked to put into shape for publication ideas and suggestions for an Irish settlement, which had been discussed among a group whose members represented all extremes in Irish opinion. The compromise arrived at was embodied in documents written by members of the group privately circulated, criticised, and again amended. I make special acknowledgments to Colonel Maurice Moore, Mr. James G. Douglas, Mr.



Edward Lysaght, Mr. Joseph Johnston, F.T.C.D., and Mr. Diarmid Coffey. For the tone, method of presentation, and general arguments used I alone am responsible. And if any are offended at what I have said, I alone am to be blamed, not my fellow-workers.

## The Collected Papers of Anthony Farley

(Edited by S. G. H.)

### V.—PERSONALIA.

A NOTABLE change, even in the short span of my conscious life, is the decline of public speech as a factor in public affairs. Aristocratic vacuity and democratic loquacity have combined to destroy the platform as a serious influence upon politics. The average man goes to a public meeting in the same spirit as he goes to a theatre. He wants a change from the routine of industrial or commercial life. The public speaker is, in these days, a rather second-rate public entertainer. At this game, "scions of our old nobility," formerly a great draw, now cease to attract. The audience, having sampled him, say that Jack Robinson, of the I.L.P., can beat him hollow when it comes to "gassing." But Jack Robinson, eloquent and earnest though he be, is, in his turn, rudely condemned for "talking guff." He is certainly much more amusing than the Hon. Geoffrey Howard Vere de Vere, whose monocle and chic tailoring have ceased to fascinate—you can imitate him in every particular for £3 10s., paid in monthly instalments of 7s. 6d.—and there is an occasional thrill to be got out of Robinson when he denounces some wrong or grievance that hits you specially. Nor can it be doubted that in time of excitement, a public meeting will add fuel to the flames, victory resting with the most leathery lungs or the least balanced argument. But, broadly stated, the written word has effectually supplanted the orator. Gone are the great days of Hyde Park (when they tore down the railings), of Constitution Hill, Birmingham (sacred to the memory of the Chartists), of Tara Hill (O'Connell's oratorical monument); even a prominent politician's pilgrimage would be a poor affair were there no Press reports. Platformary has been at once the strength and the bane of British Socialism. Its strength, in that it has been the nucleus of I.L.P. organisation, the Sunday meetings being the rallying ground for the "comrades," just as is the church or chapel for the pious, or for good young men in search of wives. Its bane, in that a lecturing connection has now become a vested interest; its bane, in that nothing hurts such a vested interest so much as new ideas (what is wanted is not new ideas, but new illustrations and arguments to cement the old ideas); its bane, in that no prominent Socialist or I.L.P. leader dare endanger his position and influence, necessarily obtained on the platform, by the intellectual penetration of any ideas too difficult or too subtle to be expressed on the platform. Just as bad money drives out good (a simple fact that knocks the bottom out of the classical economy), so cheap notions suitable for the platform have driven serious thought out of the minds and consciousness of Socialist politicians, who nevertheless remain the most pretentious and priggish of them all. To the best of my belief, there is not to-day a single Socialist or Labour leader capable of grasping any new doctrine, capable even of touching it without blunting its edge and hopelessly devitalising

it. The essential doctrine does not count; what really matters is whether the doctrine has platform attractions. The result is that public speech, devoid of real knowledge and sincerity, has lost intellectual caste and political influence.

As for the written word—one ha'penny a day and a penny a week—words fail me. I will merely note that the chatty superficial spirit of the platform has descended, with disastrous results, upon the editorial desk. Poll parrots on the platform; poll parrotry in printers' ink. Perhaps, some day, men and women will quite simply go to hear some speaker who knows, who will unostentatiously mount the platform and speak sincerely. Perhaps, some day, the local caucus will decide that it is better not to organise any meeting rather than permit a shallow tonguester to prostitute prophecy and degrade teaching—a local caucus of pioneers who will realise that you can only play with truth at your peril. Perhaps some day the Press will recognise that it can only rehabilitate itself by engaging writers who are genuine students and honest thinkers. I wonder if it would be the least use to write to the Editor of the "Spectator," and ask him to set a good example? Futile! With unctuous rectitude he would denounce me as an enemy of religion and of public order.

It was at one of these highly mechanised meetings, where political dishonesty is reduced to a fine art, that I first met Richard Tudor and Frank Barry. Five thousand of the "honest, horny-handed sons of toil," as the local reporter described them, had crowded into the great hall, whose immense platform was as yet sparsely tenanted, the platform tickets being numbered and its occupants given to evening dinners. The great organ pealed its popular airs, the crowd singing topical songs in tune. As the hour of eight drew near, the local leaders, mostly in evening dress and escorting their ladies, passed to their allotted seats. Only the chairman's place was empty, and an empty chair on each side of the table, on which was a decanter and a bouquet of flowers. The organ gradually reached its full-toned crescendo, symbolising the victory for liberty and prosperity so soon to be achieved by the great party of progress. The notes discreetly died away as the clock struck the hour, followed by a great burst of cheering, hats and handkerchiefs being wildly waved, as the chairman, with a stout, over-dressed woman on his arm, cork-screwed his way to the front, closely followed by the great man, in whose strong hands were confidently reposed the destiny and fortunes of our beloved country. Then followed the chairman's "introductory remarks," the moving of the resolution by our local orator, a coal merchant by profession, and a leading Wesleyan, and, hey presto! our statesman was on his feet, adjusting his eye-glass, and staring stonily at us, cold and impassive. It was only to be expected that, carrying a burden so Atlantean, he should speak gravely, deliberately. To be sure, not to weary us unduly, he would occasionally permit himself a witticism (surely so vast a responsibility would be crushing and intolerable save for a sense of humour), but with Ireland and Egypt on the map, with commercial interests to be considered, the growing necessity for new sources of taxation, coupled with the undying watchwords of peace, retrenchment and reform, the serious condition of the working-classes—a subject that always had lain very near his heart—the need also to alleviate the unduly stringent situation of small traders and men of fixed income—the backbone, he might venture to remark, not only of their party but of the country—not forgetting the class to which belonged their worthy chairman (whom he hoped soon to meet on the floor of the House of Commons), who so patriotically found the capital for vast enterprises, with all these solemn pre-occupations, we must expect him to be circumspect. Nor must we forget that never in political history had they been

opposed by a party so unscrupulous, so unmindful of the interests of the toiling masses (loud and long continued cheers), a party, who with unblushing effrontery, sought their suffrage by claiming credit for all those progressive measures which they had bitterly opposed until they had realised—oh, they were amazingly cunning!—that further resistance was useless. And so to the peroration, which, the local papers next morning assured us, was declaimed with magnificent effect, "the audience so silent that you could hear a pin drop."

I remember that I was puzzled and angry with the whole performance. It seemed to me so artificial and remote; yet I had nothing and knew of nothing to offer as an alternative. This was surely the party of progress, the great Liberal party, and this was the powerful Radical leader, who was already undermining the position of the Grand Old Man. I vaguely imagined that all we could do was by propaganda to graft upon Liberalism the Fabian Essays. Then I saw Dr. Frank Barry approaching me, followed by Tudor. He offered his hand, smiling pleasantly.

"I think we are very much agreed about affairs, and I ventured to introduce myself. This is my friend, Richard Tudor. We thought we might possibly induce you to join the Fabians."

I stammered to the effect that I was grateful, and that I had been reading "Progress and Poverty" and the "Fabian Essays."

"Will you come up and have a chat?"

So the three of us adjourned to Barry's house, Barry, an Irishman, claiming common friendships and generally so jovial that it clearly wouldn't take long to discover that we were at least cousins. He was well groomed, his practice being almost fashionable, regulation top-hat, kid gloves and umbrella. Under thirty, a bachelor, an amusing conversationalist and well informed, pleasant to look at, I could not but respond to his attractive personality, a response soon to ripen into lifelong affection. Tudor in a loose Norfolk jacket, soft hat, Liberty silk tie, sharp striking features, black curly hair, dark angry eyes, strode along, silent and morose. Barry's latchkey proving open sesame, Tudor spoke.

"Gadzooks! Frank, I'm famished. For the love of God, have you anything in the larder? I clean forgot about dinner. Was late at the office, and then had the Housing Committee. Old Ellerman talked about landlords' compensation until I wanted to cut his throat."

Barry laughed.

"I'm peckish myself. Went straight from an operation to the meeting."

"Who was the patient?"

"Mrs. Roberts."

"Wife of that niggling grocer. Owns a lot of slum property. Stick him for a big, fat fee, my boy. Bet you a new hat, he'll ask you to make your guineas pounds, and five per cent. for cash. Be adamant. Bli'me! Landlords' compensation! Makes me sick to think of it. In Ireland, now, I suppose you'd get him from behind a convenient hedge, you bloodthirsty old Sawbones."

"I would not," said Barry. "I'd get a subscription from him for the Town Tenants' League, or whatever they call themselves. He'd be ashamed to refuse. If he declined, we might try the peaceful persuasion of a boycott. What would be the good of killing him? Sure, we'd never get anything from the trustee of the estate, who'd likely enough be a Dublin lawyer; mebbe me own brother, God save him!"

Across the supper-table, Tudor said:—

"What did you think of that damned circus, Farley?"

"I did not know what to think. I was puzzled and, in some way I can't analyse, irritated. He didn't seem to know anything about the social problem. But my politics are hereditary; all my people are Liberals and

somehow I feel we must force Socialist views upon them."

"Good Lord! Permeation!" groaned Tudor.

"As a last resort, we can pray for you," said Barry.

"But I'm very ignorant," I answered.

"You are," said Tudor, grimly. "Now let me tell you. That fellow knows a great deal more about what you call the social problem than you or I. He has access to every scrap of available information. Probably keeps a secretary doing nothing else than dig out the facts for him. He knows about it all right. But do you think Charnley would take the chair for him if he preached even mild Socialism? Why, he boggles at the doctrine of ransom. Probably would kick and withdraw his party subscription if he didn't believe that ransom is only intended to catch Labour flats."

"Let's go and smoke," said Barry. "You must know, Farley, that Tudor's by way of being very emphatic. He hasn't got the cool and calculating temperament of an Irishman. Will you have a liqueur?"

"I want a key to action; I want to do something," I said.

"For the night cometh, . . ." said Barry.

"Yes," I answered, quietly, thinking of my father.

"Don't be a prig," said Tudor. "The kind of fellow who wants to do something before he dies, almost always does the wrong thing; only does the right thing by accident: falls back on Christianity and pietism, and ends his career as the smug father of a pestilent family. God! How I hate the whole tribe!"

"A big family means profits for Roberts and shekels for me," said Barry.

"And another street of slum property," said Tudor, who was striding about the room, puffing his pipe furiously.

"Well, what must I do to be saved?" I asked.

Tudor came full stop before the fire.

"It's not so easy to say offhand. Fact is, I don't see so much reason out the fundamental pietism of the fellow as smell it. Have you read Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People'? Do read it; let me lend it to you. Corking stuff. Unlike Frank here, the beggar was an honest doctor. Discovered the community was living on a fraud. Didn't want to do anything; quite content to practise at his profession. But couldn't sleep o' nights thinking of the fraud. Mastered all the facts; analysed the water; knew the whole subject. Damme! Give me a man who understands his subject. We're over-run with blatherskites; men who live on formulas and phrases. Anyhow, while he mused, the fire burned. Finally, had to speak out. Being sure of his facts, burnt his boats. They stoned him; another Stephen. No damned compromise. Permeation! Good Lord! Like you, Farley, the fellow had the right spirit. But he knew, by knowledge painfully acquired, what precisely wanted doing. Didn't go nosing around looking for the truth, or even looking for something to do. No glib evangelist. But the truth found him ready and willing. My dear chap, you've heaps of time. The night never comes. That's the Christian counsel of despair. You know something's wrong with the world. Find out exactly what. That's only half your battle; you must find the cure. Politics? Pish! Liberalism? Tush! I can't tell you much more than that. I've been stodging at local government. It's a blind alley; leads nowhere. But anything I know is at your disposal. Let's travel together. I'd like to pick your brains five years hence. Just now there's nothing in 'em except snatches of Whitman. You don't mind plain speech, do you?"

"A lot you'd care if he did," said Barry. "Anyhow, let's drink to the new fellowship. With luck it may last till one or other of us gets married. Et puis; bonne nuit!"

In this way, Richard Tudor stormed my life, riding over the drawbridge, horse, foot and artillery.



## An Industrial Symposium.

Conducted by Huntly Carter.

(73) MR. ERNEST J. P. BENN

(Managing Director of Benn Brothers, Ltd.).

The little discussion which has already taken place on the question of reconstruction after the War has brought out two main facts. It has shown the extraordinary complexity and the enormous proportions of the problems involved, and it has also disclosed a much more widespread interest in industrial questions than existed before the War.

Every thinker on the matter must recognise the futility of discussing details at this juncture. Indeed, in my opinion, there is little or no use in the discussion of details at all by the sort of people who are now engaged in reconstruction problems. On the other hand, the greatest difficulty of all, and the difficulty which most debaters find it impossible to overcome, is the fatal fascination of detail in these great questions of finance and industry.

Perhaps I should explain what I mean by detail. I look upon tariffs as a detail. The position of women in industry is another. The application of science to trade, the problems of education, the hours and rates of labour, are all specimens of the details into which the debate has a habit of drifting.

The real problem which is at the back of all these lesser questions is the question of the true relation of the State to industry. Before considering the relations of the government to trade and industry it may be convenient to inquire what is it that the nation wants from trade. We have got into the habit of giving the whole of our mind to side issues, like Free Trade and Protection, or work and wages, and it seems to me that we have now to go back a little and consider the primary interests of the nation in industry.

If we take as an example the boot trade—I select boots because I know nothing about them—if we look at the boot trade from a national point of view, we find:

A few hundred so-called masters, representing a few millions of capital, at present in control of the trade.

Next there is a much larger body of managers, salesmen, accountants, travellers, shippers, and wholesale and retail shopkeepers.

And last and most important, an army of operatives engaged in the actual work of manufacturing boots.

Looking at the matter from the national point of view only, the best things that can happen are:

That the maximum quantity of boots should be produced.

That the proportion of boots to population should be high.

That the largest possible number of pairs of boots should be sent abroad.

That, it seems to me, is the national point of view.

Next we arrive at a number of secondary considerations, such as foreign competition, involving questions like tariffs, and wages and profits, which are domestic questions as between the different persons in the trade. But the first essential is the production of the maximum quantity and adequate arrangements for the disposal of that production, a problem which, so far as I am aware, has never attracted the interest of the politician or of the government.

A further study of the boot industry will show that the small body of masters are able to withdraw their capital and stop production altogether if it suits them to do so. On the other hand, the operatives can call a strike with the same result. Either of these parties may so act as to send the industry, lock, stock, and barrel, to Germany or America.

This sort of thing has happened many times. There is no authority which can watch the national interests in these matters. The British boot trade to-day depends upon the accident that a number of capitalists, managers, and workpeople will, in their own discretion, think it worth while to engage in the manufacture of boots.

I suggest that it is the duty of the government to make such arrangements that this nation shall occupy a proper place in the boot world. I submit that the maintenance of output in boots, as in everything else,

is a proper matter for the consideration of the government.

The work of the government in assisting trade and industry should take the form of organisation, direction, or control, rather than of direct intervention in actual trading transactions. The government should encourage the activities of traders and not attempt to compete with them.

Hitherto the State has been content to exercise its powers *in restraint* of trade and industry. It has very properly imposed upon factories and processes and employers and employed all sorts of rules and regulations and restrictions, varying from guards on machinery to load lines on ships. This sort of thing is quite essential and must be continued, but the State has considered that its duty to industry was complete when all these obligations were prescribed.

I submit that the State has a much higher and more important function to perform in the *promotion and encouragement* of trade. Our trade and commerce is the only part of our national life which is not organised upon a representative basis. There are vast stores of energy, ability, and genius in business, half of which is now wasted owing to lack of cohesion and organisation. The government must deal with trade in a much bigger way. It must learn to think in hundreds of millions and ignore details. It should not dabble in trade any more than it dabbles in local affairs. In trading matters the government ought to prescribe and not dispense.

I have the greatest respect for a member of Parliament, but a member of Parliament is very seldom a representative trader. He is not, as a rule, identified with the interests of any particular trade; if he is, he ought not to be. His duty is to watch the interests of all trades, and of the nation as a whole.

What does the honourable member for, say, Brighton, as such, know about the cotton trade? To put upon the representative of Brighton the responsibility for cotton matters seems to me very like delegating to churchwardens the task of compiling railway time-tables.

In considering the possibilities of a connection between the State and trade the question of initiative arises. I am frequently told that the first step should come from the trades themselves, that there ought to be a great demand on the part of trade unions and associations for government recognition and help. I believe that the initiative must come from the government. Manufacturers are interested in prices, workpeople are interested in wages, and both have done a great deal to promote their respective objects. I suggest that there is a more important interest in trade than either of these two, the interest of the nation, and that the nation, through the government, should take active steps to promote that interest.

I therefore argue that the real problem is to find the ideal basis of industrial organisation. There must be a sort of local government for trade, an authority in every trade to which questions like tariffs or science or wages or the position of women can be delegated for settlement.

It may be convenient at this stage to state exactly my conception of the National Trading Organisation which, in my judgment, the government ought to bring into being without delay.

The basis upon which I build is the trade association and the trade union.

I would have every manufacturer in a given trade a member of the trade association.

I would require that every workman and workwoman in that trade become a member of the trade union.

And from the two bodies I would construct a Trade Council to which the government would give a status and responsibility, placing it in much the same position as a local governing body.

Out of these numerous Trade Councils I would elect a National Trades Council, and, presiding over this, I would place a member of the government specially responsible for the promotion of the trading interests of the country.

The effect of some such arrangement as this would be to change the basis of industry, from a personal to a national one. The personal interest would be maintained, but the national interest would be superimposed upon it.

If the thing were done properly, every citizen would be given a third vote—he has two, parliamentary and municipal—which would be a trading vote. He would select his trade and use his vote in it, just as he now selects his residence and thus secures the franchise.

It would then no longer be necessary for Parliament or the government to waste time trying to improve and more usually wrecking trades with all sorts of stupid orders, the effects of which are never understood at Westminster. There would be a proper authority to which each of these questions could be delegated.

The wisdom of the principle of devolution is admitted. The most, if not the only, successful things that have been done at home during the War have been done by local authorities. Recruiting, War Savings, Food Economy, National Registration, have all been handed over to the County Councils. Where the government has not adopted this plan, failure has generally followed. When the principle of devolution is applied to industry, then we may look for a period of great prosperity, because of the practical efficiency in control which will result.

So far I have said nothing about Labour, and yet it is the most urgent, pressing, and important of the questions which I was invited to discuss. Any settlement of the trading problem is out of the question unless the co-operation of Labour can be secured. Satisfactory working arrangements with Labour can never be made until bodies representing Capital and management of equal standing with the trade unions have been brought into existence. The establishment of thoroughly representative trade associations, together with the existing trade unions, would make possible the creation in each industry of governing or controlling bodies composed half of masters and half of men, who could be responsible to the government for the welfare of each particular trade.

Mr. Harry Gosling, in his presidential address to the Trade Union Congress, used this phrase: "Would it not be possible for the employers of this country to agree to put their businesses on a new footing by admitting the workmen to some participation, not in profits, but in control?" That is the very latest demand of the highest authority in the labour world.

If Labour could be made to see that its real need is increased production, all these wonderful powers which Labour has displayed in its fight against Capital would be utilised in solving the problems of production. This idea is gaining ground, as is shown by an article by Mr. T. E. Naylor, of the London Society of Compositors. "I suggest to you," says Mr. Naylor, "that the time has come when your organisations should cease to be merely defensive and resistive, and should begin to participate actively in the development of industry."

If we put the problems of production in their order, they are, roughly, as follows:—

- (1) Education.
- (2) The application of science to industry.
- (3) The elimination of waste.
- (4) The disposal of the product.
- (5) Wages.
- (6) Profit.

Now, the whole nation is interested in problems (1), (2), (3), and (4). Labour and Capital are equally dependent upon their successful solution. Labour and Capital are equally entitled to express an opinion with regard to them, and it is not until they are solved that any question of wages or profits can arise.

I am aware that in practice wages is the first charge upon industry and profits the last, but it must be recognised that the questions I have mentioned have to be faced before either comes into existence at all. These questions have hitherto been regarded as the sole province of the management. Neither the individual labourers nor the trade unions have attempted to take any interest in them.

My demand is on behalf of the Nation for the fullest possible development of each industry. My argument is that everyone engaged in that industry ought to be given the opportunity to take a hand in that development. My theory is that this can only be done by the introduction of the representative principle into each trade, and the setting up of authorities for the study and control of the whole trade. On these bodies Labour should have an equal voice with Capital.

## Out of School.

THERE are two voices in every movement of reform: one says, "Let us realise, at last, our glorious traditions," and the other says, "Let us sit down humbly, and begin again." It is difficult to harmonise the two calls, but they must be harmonised, if reform is to be effectual. We cannot build upon nothing; and we cannot build a new age upon any but a new plan. This is especially true of education. We not only have a fine educational tradition, but a tradition that has never been realised at any period of history; we need a common ground upon which realising our tradition and making a fresh start will be one and the same thing.

I am convinced that this common ground is the social ground. People still think that the best teaching is the teaching that inspires—in the sense that the teacher's enthusiasm for knowledge kindles dull minds into brightness, and sets going a train of corresponding enthusiasm in the minds of children. This is one of those simple, attractive half truths that do not work. The enthusiasm that is generated by a process like electrical induction dies down when the inducing current is shut off. We have to teach children, not to be resonators for our inspirations, but to seek their own, and the quest can only be carried out in what Froebel called "the free republic of childhood." Social liberty is the only condition in which inspiration can become effectual. (We are fortunate, by the way, in possessing the two words, liberty and freedom; it would be a good thing if we could avail ourselves of the advantage by establishing a distinction between the two. The word freedom, for instance, might alone be set in antithesis to social control, and the word liberty kept for the further ideal of different freedoms working in harmony with one another. Most discussions about liberty get tied up because we use the word alternately in a social and a non-social sense. Liberty, in the sense I propose, would be the union of individual freedom with social harmony.)

The ideal of education for liberty, in this sense, is far older than Froebel: it is to be found in Plato, struggling against Plato's conscious oligarchical convictions. The antithesis between freedom and service, useful for purposes of argument, is at the root of a false antithesis; what we are really after is freedom for service, which is liberty. This, I think, is at the bottom of our best educational traditions, and it is this that we have to make real by means of a new beginning in education. But what form is the new beginning to take? Many people, especially in England, seem to think that "tone" is the one thing to aim at. But "tone," in a school, is a consequence, not a cause, and it is of no use to aim at it in the abstract. And "tone" often makes a school, especially a public school, a self-sufficient microcosm of a purely imaginary Cosmos, in which children become fitted for school life but not for life, just as they become fitted for school work but not for work.

Froebel's "free republic of childhood" needs a constitution, and our new beginning must be to map out this constitution. At this point, anyone who regards definiteness as a fetish—for its own sake, not for the sake of anything to be definite about—will expect me to lay down, at any rate, the provisional framework of a constitution for the ideal School of Social Values. I can do nothing of the kind; I can only see, and say, that such a school must evolve if we are to have a real educational renaissance. Suppose that my experience in educational research qualifies me, which it does not, to produce a formula: the formula is nothing but dead



rule-of-thumb unless it could equally well have been produced by those who are asked to make use of it. For understanding, practice must come first, and formulæ afterwards, as teachers of mathematics are slowly realising. There are too many formulæ already, and they only confine the Spirit of Education, whose chief demand is to be given a chance to evolve through practice.

By practice, I mean experimental practice, carried out with a reasonable attempt at co-ordination of effort. We hear about co-ordinating the work of different research schools; but in how many schools do the individual teachers, even, make any attempt to discuss with one another and to co-ordinate their methods? This is where we ought to begin. The oligarchical idea dies hard in the teaching profession, because the teacher has unique temptations to be an oligarch. Method, in teaching, is still in a state of chaos because teachers go each his own way, instead of working together to discover a common way. The constitution of a free republic of childhood can only be drawn up, and maintained, when teachers have brought their views and their methods into a unity, first by real discussion and exchange of idea in the individual schools, and then by similar interchange of idea between different schools.

In a sincere and ingenuous speech, delivered last year at a meeting of the League of Empire (I hasten to add that it is re-printed from the Federal Magazine by "The Electrician" Publishing Company), Mr. Fr. Velimirovic suggested that there are three stages in the history of the education of Christian Europe. First, there is the stage of compulsory obedience to authority, as authority. Second, there is the stage in which individual freedom, for its own sake, is demanded—"since the Renaissance, especially since Rousseau." Third, there is the stage of "Voluntary Obedience. It is the education of to-morrow. It is a stage where all men will see their mission in their collective work." It is also the stage at which we have the enormous task of reconciling the age long false antinomy between freedom and authority. The necessary condition of reconciliation is that both freedom and authority should discard the irrelevancies that make them antinomous. It is individualism that is irrelevant to freedom; and authority becomes tolerable only in so far, as it is, genuinely, social authority. But the trouble is that the development of the right kind of freedom and of the right kind of authority are interdependent. It is because authority is not genuinely social that the anarchic right of the individual has to be maintained as a sacred thing; and it is because the individual has to hold himself ultimately superior to authority that authority is not genuinely social. Is there a way out of the vicious circle?

If there is, we must find it where the circle first begins to form, in childhood. The parent and the teacher give the child his first notions of authority; and it is, fundamentally, upon those notions, or upon the reaction from them, that the social authority governing the succeeding generation is built up. Education has to aim at presenting, in practice—theory alone is no use—not the social authority that is, but the social authority that ought to be, as far as we can conceive it. And for this purpose the authority that presides over school life—the collective authority of teachers—has to become, itself, a genuinely social authority, which it is very far from being at present. Teachers have to become a guild, with not only the powers and rights but the fellowship and the common inspiration of a guild, before they can organise the free republic of childhood. Social liberty cannot be realised, still less can it be taught, by those who do not possess it.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

## Readers and Writers.

THE "Russian Anthology in English," which has been edited by Mr. C. E. Bechhofer, and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul (3s. 6d. net), will serve several useful purposes. In the first place, if it is not completely representative of Russian literature up to the date of the Revolution—Gorki, for example, is absent from it—this collection excludes no Russian writer of any great significance. "There are no more Dostoievskys to be discovered," says Mr. Bechhofer. And, in the second place, it is a convenience to have in a single and cheap volume fair samples of a literature with which the multiplicity of publication was fast making us unfamiliar. Here, at any rate, within a single cover is an anthology of Russian literature, sufficient in length and catholic enough in variety to satisfy the modest demands of the general reader. Having said this, however, in the interests of the general reader who is assumed (and usually rightly) to be uncritical, I must add that, for my own part, many of the translations appear to me to be anything but "adequate." The problem of translation, I know, is difficult; and it is commonly regarded as still open. Schools of translation continue to differ upon such questions as whether literalness may be sacrificed to verisimilitude, to what extent the idioms of one language may be translated into the idioms of another language without reference to their original exactitude, and how far an original style in one language can be conveyed into another. But such questions, still open to pedants, are, I contend, closed for literary critics who can cite as models the series of classic translations which have already enriched English literature. To these it is no longer a question whether a translation is in the strict sense literal, or even reproductive of the original style. What matters is that the result be good English and so far representative of the original style that nobody would mistake the translation for an original English work. In short, the perfect English translation becomes an addition to English literature such as in all probability would have been made by the translated author had he written himself originally in English.

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Several of the translations in Mr. Bechhofer's "Anthology" answer fairly well to this description. The translations of Tolstoy, for example, strike me as being not only English, but English as Tolstoy might have written it had he been an English writer. Mr. Bechhofer's own translation of a scene from Goncharov's "Oblomov" is, again, adequate; and so are large parts of the translations by Mr. Selver. On the other hand, many of the translations, including several by Mr. Bechhofer, are irritating, being neither in good English, nor, I believe, really representative of the originals. Let me illustrate my complaint by a passage taken from the Editor's translation of a sketch by S. Aksakov. It reads as follows:—

In the fulness of his delight my grandfather suddenly thought of doing a kindness to Akysyuta, the serf-girl who made his tea and coffee, and whom—no one knew why—he was continually rewarding. Akysyuta was a little orphan peasant, taken into service at seven years old, simply because there was no one to look after her. She was very ugly to look at—red-haired, freckled, with eyes of unknown colour, and, besides, she was disgustingly squalid and evil-tempered.

It is impossible, I think, to read such a passage without being provoked to further translation as you go along. The conversion of Russian into English has, you feel, not been completed; it sounds like the attempt of a Russian to translate aloud into an English which the hearer himself must again translate. In a

word, it is *babu*. To reply, as Mr. Bechhofer may, that the translation is literal, that the original contains phrases for which there is no English equivalent, and that the strangeness of the English is necessary to convey the atmosphere of the Russian style, is to abandon the case for translation altogether. If, I say, this is the best possible English rendering of the Russian text, such a text ought never to have been chosen for translation. After all, there are, we know, things in every language that cannot possibly be translated into another language, and of which, therefore, a translation should on no account be attempted. If Askákov be really so Russian that the foregoing translation is the nearest he can be brought into English, it would have been better to leave him in his original. As it is, both he is not adequately translated and the English reader is irritated.

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I have my doubts, however, whether there exists anything in Russian that may not be, I will not say *reproductively* translated into English; but, at any rate, *representatively*; and in the case of the above passage from Aksákov, it is obvious that without in the least changing the original meaning, a much more nearly English translation is possible. Let us consider a phrase or two of it. "In the fulness of his delight"—what, in the first place, did Aksákov intend to convey by the original of this; and, in the second place, what is the English equivalent? In my view (I do not, of course, read Russian), Aksákov intended to convey the notion that once when the old man felt particularly pleased with himself, he suddenly thought, etc. The idea is of an unusual elation; and the English phrase to express it must, therefore, convey this intention. Instead of "in the fulness of his delight"—a phrase that is scarcely English prose, and certainly not easy narrative-prose, such as presumably Aksákov was writing in—I should suggest a phrase like: "Once when he was in unusually high spirits"; or, "In a fit of high good humour." Look next at the phrase "doing a kindness to"—the meaning is clear from the whole passage that the grandfather was intending not so much a "kindness" as a piece of good-natured and indulgent horse-play. "Kindness" is, therefore, utterly out of the picture; we need a phrase that expresses a rather clumsy benevolence; a phrase, say, like "good-humouredly teasing," or "playfully surprising." Without going in detail over all the phrases of Mr. Bechhofer's translation, I suggest as a more nearly "adequate" representation of the original passage the following. It may, of course, be full of errors as an exact reproduction of the Russian text; but it roughly answers my notion of representation, and would, I fancy, please Aksákov, if he were alive and knew English, better than the translation in the present "Anthology."

Once when my grandfather was in unusually high spirits, he suddenly took it into his head to do a good turn to Aksyuta, the little serf-girl who used to make his tea and to whom—for some reason or other—he was always very indulgent. Aksyuta was an orphan who had been taken into his service when she was seven years old for no better reason than that there was nobody else who would have her. She was very plain to look at, with her red hair and freckles and her eyes of no colour whatever; and, to make matters worse, she was ill-tempered and slovenly.

If I have taken liberties in the foregoing paraphrase, they are no more than the English language is entitled to take, I think. But that I will leave to my readers. Without a knowledge of the Russian original I cannot, of course, be certain that my variants of Mr. Bechhofer's translation are really legitimate. They appear to me, however, to be nearer the spirit, if not the letter, of Aksákov.

R. H. C.

## A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

V.—MR. B-RN-RD SH-W.

"The Devil's Dilemma," by B-rn-rd Sh-w.

*Same Scene, eighth part.* You will be relieved to hear that the play is nearly over when this extract commences. As readers of my works know, I never have believed and—I may add on my own initiative—never shall believe in anthologies.

1. They are a waste of time.
2. They occupy the attention of the public when it should in all reason be occupied with much more important matters.
3. They provide an excellent excuse for lazy minds to dip into them at odd moments and obtain a smattering of knowledge for next to no effort.
4. They pre-suppose a knowledge of many authors' works of which the reader has no knowledge.
5. They are edited by men who had far better be employed on more useful business (e.g., compiling Blue Books of the latest parliamentary committee for the suppression of public nuisances, or, better still, annotating my plays).

6. They encourage the insidious doctrine that books are for pleasure and not for profit.

I have, it is true, the average author's lust for big sales (though in my case it is rather a belief in my own works than a child-like trust in the taste of the public), and it is my invariable custom to pack a considerable amount of buffoonery into my plays, tracts, sermons, and the like, because I am aware that in an age like ours given over to the circulation of false sentiments and all manner of equally paradoxical conventions, no philosopher, preacher, or politician can expect to be taken seriously unless he pretends to be flippant. Though I am, therefore, as a general rule, opposed to the mutilation of my productions and the inclusion of severed portions of myself in some infernal hotch-potch as if I was any common street-artist and not (as I am never tired of impressing on you) a common citizen like yourselves, but of much higher capabilities and very much more useful in my own particular capacity—which is to shock the moral conscience of the middle classes by openly establishing their own conventions, and because the people who read my plays read them because they wish to be shocked and are not unnaturally extremely disappointed if they do not turn out to be as scandalous as they have a right to expect, and as I have no right to assume that readers of anthologies have any other desire than to be lulled to sweet repose, and as I am not a pig-headed advocate of author-worship or book-worship, and further as I believe that books ostensibly written for the public ought to be given to the public, I have agreed to forgo my usual principles on this occasion. I am the more willing to withdraw my objections in this case when I remark the inclusion in the anthology of extracts from the works of many of my most eminent brother novelists and playwrights. That is all I have to say for the present. Readers of anthologies are probably not yet habituated to my literary garrulity, so I waive the customary preface and most of the play, and ring up the curtain after the third interval.

I ought, however, to explain that although the scene has not altered, the characters have (following my usual rule) altered considerably. The person you, accustomed to the conventional Victorian melodrama and its modern revival the "problem play," took to be a dangerous heretic and topsy-turvy socialist turns out to be the only really sane person in the play, whereas the gentleman I was careful to make you believe was the *jeune premier* is discovered as a patent fraud and cheap imitation of a gentleman. Some people may be inclined to wonder at the ease with



which this gentleman acquiesces in his own discomfiture, but these are probably the same people who hold that the characters in a play ought to have some approach to real individuality and not be mere mouth-pieces for the author's dialectic.

A lady and gentleman are discovered in angry altercation—or what might be taken for this, if one did not see at once from the expression of their faces that they are not in earnest. The gentleman has a small moustache and large dog-like eyes—but see my description in the opening scene.

JOHNSON—for that is the gentleman's name—walks quickly across the stage, biting the end of a cigarette. While he does this he waves his arms impatiently in the air, in a gesture of pitiable helplessness.

JOHNSON: So you refuse to believe me, Felice?

FELICE: How can I help it, Freddy? You refused to believe me.

JOHNSON: That's different. You werent speaking the truth, whereas I—

FELICE: Never speak anything else.

JOHNSON: Be quiet, Felice. You dont understand me.

FELICE: Perhaps that's why I dont believe in you.

JOHNSON (aghast): Dont—believe—

FELICE (unperturbed): That's what I said. Let me explain you to yourself, Frederick. (He makes a gesture of impotence, which seems habitual to him.)

FELICE (sweetly): Mr. Johnson.

JOHNSON: Oh, go on—

FELICE: Ever since you poisoned my aunts—

JOHNSON: Poisoned—your—aunts!

FELICE: Do please learn not to interrupt. Ever since you poisoned my aunts mind against me, I've seen you were only a fraud. You dont really love me. (He makes a sign of protest.) Be quiet, please. You dont really love me. It is yourself you love. No! I am wrong! You do not even love yourself, but only the man you imagine I would love, if I were so insane as to love you for falling in love with me. A fine muddle of a love affair, isnt it? Have you ever read Shaw?

JOHNSON: Thank Heaven, I never have!

FELICE: You see, we have nothing in common!

JOHNSON: The very reason we should marry. We are natural complements.

FELICE: Natural rubbish!

JOHNSON (going very near to her and speaking gently): Felice!

FELICE (indignantly): How dare you? What do you mean?

JOHNSON (walking away again): Oh, nothing! You love me, that is all.

FELICE: And if I do? What of it?

JOHNSON: As you say, "What of it?"

FELICE (exasperated): Do you or do you not intend to marry me?

JOHNSON (decidedly): I do not.

FELICE: You—do—not—intend—

JOHNSON: That's what I said. Allow me to explain you to yourself—. Though, Lord! Anyone seeing us quarrelling would certainly imagine we were man and wife— (Butler enters suddenly with a tray. He drops it in astonishment.)

BUTLER: Man and wife! Feliss!

JOHNSON: Felice! What is this?

FELICE: My father. Allow me to introduce you.

JOHNSON (beyond himself): I told you—I mean, you told me—

FELICE: I told you lies, the same as you told me.

BUTLER: Lor' bless the children. Just likē turtle doves. Me and the missus used to go on just like that, sir.

JOHNSON: But, but—

BUTLER: No, sir. It isnt no use butting against it. Shes got yer. My missus—

JOHNSON: Damn your missus! I tell you—

BUTLER: And I tell you, sir, I've damned her many a time. But whats the use, I ses. I ses—

JOHNSON: For heavens sake, stop your clatter.

BUTLER: Taint no way to speak to your father-in-law. Is it, Feliss?

FELICE (meaningly): Frederick!

JOHNSON: Oh, Lord!

FELICE (cooing): Freddy-weddy.

JOHNSON: Im lost. Waiter! Oh. blow! What the devil! I say—

FELICE: Of course, you do, dear. They all do. Father, bring the gentleman a brandy-and-soda. (The waiter departs slowly, shaking his head in sympathy.)

JOHNSON: Father! (He faints.) Ah, Felice, I have only you now. (FELICE soothes him. The curtain falls.)

In this play I have endeavoured to show the tragedy arising from an unrestrained indulgence in Board School education. The hero is the usual varsity type who misunderstands everybody, including himself. Felice is the very modern Board School democratic man-hunting miss, with a French name, who understands everybody, except herself. I can explain it all very easily, though the result will be that those who understand me will misunderstand the explanation— (I see that I have already exceeded the space allotted to me. I will therefore only say that any readers who still do not understand the play will find my views on marriage and the mixing of the classes set out at considerable length in the preface to my play, "Marriage in Heaven," which is really not a play at all but a religious tract, as would be seen if only the silly censorship would permit its performance.)

## On the Art of Being Oppressed.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

It was only when once someone, in a moment of irritation and for lack of a weightier reproach, called me "a typical product of an oppressed race," that I thought to look around me and into myself to find out what exactly were these presupposed "typical" qualities (or faults) in those people who are, presumably, unfortunate in their country's oppression, or in their lack of any country at all. The special trait in the individual seems to be a sort of aggressive independence, a repressed but ever-present pugnaciousness, an ever-alert suspicion of being "put-upon," as the saying is, in word or deed: mainly, of any encroachment on one's honour or independence, a suspicion which makes one "ready-to-fight" (thank Heavens, it takes me that way only mentally) on the most absurd and flimsy grounds. I have felt all that, the inner bristling, and, I daresay, have shown the outward surliness: for, lacking a more convenient standard, I am now judging other people by myself. But besides that I know of no other very marked characteristic of the oppressed. They seem, on the whole, to be quite presentable sort of people, with a quite decent instinct for sociable company: Myself am not averse to talking to people, and have managed to acquire enough good manners to complain of a headache and go away when I feel more than usually like hitting anyone. And, though I am an Armenian, I am not rich.

Taking the oppressed more generally, there is, of course, that very commonplace trait in them, seen perhaps most often in Irishmen and Poles (both surely, and without offence, parvenus in the art of being oppressed, a type of nouveaux miserables compared to we hardened Easterners), of extolling, naively or unconsciously, their own spiritual superiority, because

they cannot claim a material one, over their neighbours; the oppressed generally seem to take it for granted that because they are unfortunate in the present they must have, "as a matter of fact," deserved a better fortune in the past. This last is at least a happy illusion (though not harmless, since when it is actively asserted it is called "rebellion"), and much more to be cherished than the opposite cynicism, which would seem to be the inner religion of most diplomats, judging by their genial and monotonous indifference to sincerity, which tells us that if every nation received its deserts it would be convicted of as much blackguardism as the Laws of Moses have number. But these purely general traits of the oppressed have their rise from the, so to speak, expectation of their presence on the part of the people fortunate in the possession of a free country. The extravagant hatreds, the thundering at the gates of the oppressor, the wailing and gnashing of teeth—they are the privileges of the unfortunate in exchange for their lost countries. A person who cannot make an appreciably loud noise, whether arrogant or whining, about his oppressed country, is as useless as a monkey who cannot do tricks. And who will smile at a monkey without tricks?

The whole business of the pleader and the jury has fallen to be a matter of sentimentality, a shapeless colossus built, on the one hand, of over-wrought nerves (and sometimes cunning), and, on the other, of a desire to be wrought upon. It is a commonplace that you have to make a noise if you want to be pitied: a commonplace which wisdom feels and charity condemns. Shouting will open all doors where silence will meet with indifference. For a multitude to pity, its emotions must be stirred and played upon; it expects to be asked to weep, and doubts the sincerity of an appeal put in any other way, as from equal to equal. The "strong silent man" to whom the pleader will appeal, in whom he will find a mental understanding without the help, on his part, of any emotional stress, seems not of this world: he will be found perhaps in boys' adventure stories, or, most often, on the screen of a cinema; but the girl at any cinema box-office will tell you that tears pay better than any other form of amusement which is offered. I was not so shocked as I might have been was I not of the oppressed when once, in a cinema, after having sat through a 4-reel "tearful" drama, and been at last shown on the screen the antics of a Pekinese, I heard a voice behind me mutter, "Even on the cinema dogs are better than men"; I looked round and saw an old man whom I had heard an hour before insist on keeping his hat on, "because he was not going to put it on the floor, and it bothered him to have it on his knee." But all this about cinemas is not so irrelevant as it might seem, for I would offer that even in oppression candour is better than sentiment. For now the manner of the appeal for pity, for help, for liberation, has come to be grossly exaggerated with sentiment, almost farcical to a sane inspection. This creates, too, as many sceptics as it does helpers; one cannot blame the sceptics—I would be one myself if I were not an Armenian. There can be no cause more righteous than that of the really oppressed, no charity nobler than that of the liberator. Then why should the one cover the cleanness of his cause with a fog of hysteria, absurdly extolling his past glories and present virtues (both of which, after all, are no greater than those of the most fortunate of peoples) and libelling his oppressor with too many vices so that reason is frightened away, and only pity is left to do what it can? And why should the would-be liberator spoil the greatness of his charity by waiting for the antics of him who asks for it? Business is Business! So it is.

With regard to the prevalent habit of overburdening the oppressor with too many vices, it seems to me that,

by making oneself, the oppressed, feel all the more righteous by contrast, it defeats its own ends. For my own part, if I am to hate, I like to hate my enemy coldly, leaving him as clean as he may be (say, as he was before I had begun to hate him), so that when I have hit him there will be nothing but his blood on my hands; and it does not do much good to my hatred if I give myself the palm of too much righteousness; for then I could not hate him at all, and he could not be my enemy; for Jesus did not hate Ananias.

## A Memory.

It happened many years ago. . . . I was called to Spain on a matter of business, and I remained in the land about a couple of months. I can recall my stay vividly. The little town to which I journeyed—travelling all day in a train that crawled over a bleak and barren plateau thickly strewn with rocks and stones—lay at the foot of some bold and lofty mountains in a remote part of the country. Formerly a place of some repute, it had now sunk into obscurity, retaining, however, as the memorials of its past glory, two very fine churches filled with carving of an exceedingly rich and ornate kind, and three tall graceful Moorish towers or minarets dating from an earlier period. The great mountains which encircled the town were in part of a queer ferruginous hue. The town itself was dazzlingly white. Nearly every house in it had a window, and every window had a balcony. The air was pure and keen.

What a town!—what a population! The main occupation of the inhabitants seemed to consist in singing; everybody sang; song rang out of every open doorway and window as in London smoke curls out of every brick chimney. The cobbler sang as he stitched and patched, the carpenter sang, the baker sang, the mason sang; and of course the young women of the town sang also; they sang, they shrilled, as, hour by hour, they busily plied their needle, or leisurely combed their sumptuous long black hair. Down the cobbled street near where I lodged a swarthy muleteer would pass and re-pass every morning and evening with a song upon his lips; he drove before him a string of grey donkeys tinkling their tiny bells and gaily adorned with scarlet tassels. In the clean and yet primitive inn where I took up my abode, and where no traveller from the outside world ever seemed to arrive, I used to hear almost as much song as when I stirred abroad; now in one room and now in another, sometimes out on the stairs, and sometimes down in the courtyard, the inn-keeper's daughter might be heard singing some deliciously harsh or some piercingly sweet Spanish coplas, "as if her song could have no ending."

Of an evening she appeared to be no less ready to dance the jota—a bright and spirited dance of Aragon—in the dimly-lit kitchen. A man would take up a guitar, and forthwith she whirled and twirled with the perfect grace which is the natural birthright of a daughter of Spain.

I remember one night being awakened at some mysterious hour shortly before the dawn by a sudden burst of song and melody as a band of young men passed my window on their way home from a fête or fiesta in a distant city, whence they had come by the night train. Ah, what a town!—what a population! . . . There was not a single rich man in it, so I was told: the town was miserably poor. I have no difficulty in believing it: Song and Capitalism are mortal enemies. I have travelled abroad a good deal since those early days; and the impression left upon my mind is that the poor are really never so well off or so little to be commiserated,—they are never so ready to dance and to sing, to pipe and to play, as in those backward lands wherein poverty is reputed to be most general.

HENRY BISHOP.



## Interviews.

By C. E. Beechhofer.

### XIII.—MR. NICHOLAS GUMILEFF.

THE passage through London recently of Mr. Gumileff, one of the best known of the younger Russian poets and the literary editor of the Petrograd "Apollon," enabled me to learn his opinions on present-day poetry.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we have now finished with the great period of rhetorical poetry in which nearly all the poets of the nineteenth century were immersed. The main tendency to-day is that everyone is striving for an economy of words which was quite unknown both to the classical and the romantic poets of the past, such as Tennyson, Longfellow, Musset, Hugo, Pushkin, and Lermontov. They talked their poetry, but we want to say it! The second parallel tendency to-day is the search after simplicity in images, in contrast with the work of the Symbolists, which was very complicated, exaggerated, and sometimes even confused.

"The new poetry seeks simplicity, clearness, and authenticity. Curiously, all these tendencies involuntarily remind us of the best work of Chinese writers, and interest in the latter is visibly increasing in England, France, and Russia. Yet there seems to be everywhere a striving after really national forms of poetry. English poets—Messrs. G. K. Chesterton, Yeats and 'A. E.,' for example—are working to re-establish the ballad form and folklore, because English lyrical creation finds therein its highest expression. For a similar reason, French poets have been writing very simple and very clear poems—almost songs. In particular, I might mention Vildrac, Duhamel, etc. In Russia, the poets of to-day are attempting a variety of subjects and forms, in order to fill up the gaps in the young poetry of their nation. Nevertheless, they, like the others, are ignoring foreign moulds and themes. They write neither ballads nor songs, but poems of psychologic content in touch with present-day cultural and philosophic currents of thought, both Russian and foreign.

"As for *vers libre*, we must agree that it has won for itself citizen's rights in the poetries of every country. Nevertheless, it is quite clear that *vers libre* ought to be employed very rarely, since it is only one of the many new forms which have recently arisen, and it by no means replaces all the others. On the contrary, Rhyme has been attracting more attention to itself than ever, and has become more and more important to poetry. Indeed, rhymes have begun to appear very often in the middle as well as at the end of the line, and even at the beginning. This, of course, has taken away from the exactness of the rhymes, and they have given way to Assonance; and this gives quite a new musical interest to poems written in the old metres.

"I do not think Futurism in poetry has a future, simply because the futurism of every country is different from that of the others; and all the futurisms taken together do not at all make up a single school. For example, in Italy the futurists are militarists; in Russia they are pacifists. Again, the futurists build up their theories upon a complete contempt for the art of the past, and this is bound to have a very bad influence on their artistic development, their taste, and their technique."

Mr. Gumileff said that he thinks a repaisant poetic drama may take the place of the old prose theatre. Modern poets have the advantage of being much more emancipated than their forerunners, and poetry itself has become richer in nuances and energetic expressions. When a rather vulgar play by Rostand can be so successful in Paris, certainly plays written by better poets might attain enormous success. But the public must be educated to them, if only by repetition. The public does not like innovations, but it is easily per-

suaded to admire whatever is often placed before it. At first, verse drama will probably fail, but on repetition it is sure to please. "Unfortunately, the increased public desire for spectacles—bread and circuses—and the consequently heavy expenses of production have made theatre-directors unenterprising. This is a great pity, since in a new repertoire of verse dramas there would be room both for new painters and new composers, who are at present just as remote from the public as writers are. The new theatre, I imagine, would not be one of pale events and pale movement and emotions, like that of Maeterlinck, but, on the contrary, would be full of passion and action and noble moments. And, after all, only in the theatre can a wide public be made acquainted with the art of its contemporaries.

"Of recent dramatic essays in Russia," Mr. Gumileff continued, "the attempts of such producers as Meyerhold and Evreinov to restore the old Italian comedy are bound to turn out a failure, simply because the form is too shallow and superficial, and in no way attains the depth and tragicness so characteristic of the present time with its mighty discoveries, its War and its revolution."

I asked Mr. Gumileff if he did not think the period was one for epics. "No, this is not the time for epics. Epics always follow after the events they celebrate. But we are now in the midst of great events, and, therefore, this is a time for drama, and will be so perhaps for a long while yet. It is quite certain, however, that the events of to-day will serve for centuries to provide epics for future generations.

"Of other poetic forms, we may say that didactic poetry is now quite dead. Our sense of humour is too far developed and we are too fastidious to pay attention to moral instructions in verse.

"There remains mystical poetry. To-day it is renaissant only in Russia, where it is connected with the great religious ideas of the people. In Russia there is still a very strong expectation of a third Testament. The Old Testament is that of God the Father; the New Testament is of God the Son; the Third Testament should be of God the Holy Ghost, the Consoler. That is what is really awaited in Russia, and mystical poetry was parallel with the expectation. And in France, too, one might hope for a renaissance of mystical poetry, such as is already to be seen in the work of Paul Claudel and Francis Jammes. Perhaps it will develop beside the French neo-Catholicism, or perhaps in quite another quarter, beside the philosophical ideas of Bergson."

I asked Mr. Gumileff if he thinks there can be any relation between poetic drama and mystic poetry. "They seem to me," he answered, "to lead in different directions. One is of the soul, the other of the spirit. When a poet of to-day feels responsible for himself before the world he strives to turn his thoughts to drama as the highest expression of human passion, of purely human passion. But when he thinks of the final fate of mankind and of the life beyond the grave, then he will turn at last to mystic poetry."

### A DIALOGUE.

The mind unfoldeth like an early rose!  
First wrapped in secret folds refreshed with grace,  
Bedewed with fancies fairylike; apace  
Sweet heaven fadeth—Oh, the stormy blows,  
The circling, chill typhoon! The frightful throes  
Of sheer descent calamitous! What race  
Of fateful furies, swift expunging trace,  
And track where naught save Doom majestic goes!—  
Pedestrian thy journey doth remain,  
Pedestrian, and dull with 'vengeful woe:  
Oh, steel thyself and mortify thy pain.  
First shall be last; nor canst thou alter so  
That petal drops from petal; but a clear  
Consummate bloom in fragrance shall appear.

J. A. M. A.

## Servian Ballads and English Translators.\*

FIRST, a brief digression (if it is possible to start with a digression) on orthography. The title-page of "Serbski Pesme" uses the form "Serbian"; in the preface, the form "Servian" occurs; in the introduction (of 1861) Owen Meredith writes "Servia," "Servian," but also "Serb." Dr. Mügge keeps to "Serb" and its derivatives throughout. At present, I believe, "Serbian" is being used at the request of a young gentleman from the Servian Legation, who has made the strange discovery that the word "Servian" has ignoble suggestions. But until a sounder authority arrives with a stronger reason, I shall continue to use "Servian." I am ready to grant, however, that "Serb" is convenient as a more general term, embracing all who belong to the race, whether from the kingdom of Servia or elsewhere.

The Servian ballads, like most popular literature, have attracted a number of enthusiasts who approached them with the mistaken idea that all primitive compositions are filled with undiluted inspiration. Now the prattle of a child is often amusing, sometimes delightful and occasionally impressive. At the same time, it includes many items of no great wisdom or beauty. The same is true of folk-poetry. You never know what it is going to say next. In one line it may reach that marvellous key in which the very words become articulate; in the next, it will be creeping below the level of Longfellow. To ignore this, and to regard it all as flawless, is to create prejudice against its genuine qualities and achievements. Overpraise of its good features arouses a degree of expectation which it cannot hope to satisfy in a legitimate manner.

The Servian ballads have, in my opinion, run this risk of being killed with kindness. They "came out," so to speak, chiefly under the patronage of Goethe, that inspired dabbler, who himself translated one ballad from an Italian version. Herder, in his "Stimmen der Völker" (a real treasury of verse, if ever there was one), included a few more from the same source. Once the thing got started, its progress was rapid. Remember that this was the time when Ossian with intoxicating effects was still going the rounds. In 1814, Vuk Stefanovitch Karajitch, the practical founder of the modern Servian literary language, began to issue his copious volumes of folk-songs, to the joy of Jacob Grimm, amongst others. Vuk often merely collated a number of variants, and in many cases the final setting was his own. In fact, he did for the Servian ballads much the same as Lönnrot did for the Finnish Kalevala. On the basis of Vuk's text, the lady known to literature as Talvj and to parish registers as Theresa von Jacob, published her two volumes of "Volkslieder der Serben." This respectable piece of work, which had the good fortune to be approved of by Goethe, was followed by various other translations in Germany and elsewhere. I am afraid that the authors of these subsequent volumes often owed more to the industrious Talvj than they were altogether willing to announce. In England Sir John Bowring (of whom we shall hear more later) issued "Servian Popular Poetry," and then we have the "Serbski Pesme" of Owen Meredith, first Earl of Lytton, which Messrs.

Chatto and Windus have just issued in a nice little volume with a gilt top.

In the way of actual criticism, there is not much to be said about this book. For the intelligent dilettante, whose work it is, begins his introduction in this manner: "In the following Poems no attempt has been made at accurate verbal translation from the original language. They cannot, indeed, be called translations in the strict sense of the word. What they are, let the reader decide." Well, my decision is that they are a gratifying proof of the interest an English Earl took over fifty years ago in the popular literature of an obscure and oppressed nation. Incidentally, they contain a certain amount of pleasant verse whose relation to the original I will endeavour to show by an example taken at random. One of the best-known ballads of the Kosovo cycle is made, in Owen Meredith's rendering, to begin thus:—

At the royal board a noble pair  
Sit together, and full sad they are.  
Lazarus and his Militza fair,  
The sweet-eyed Tzarina and the Tzar.

Troubled is the Tzar's broad brow,  
The Tzarina's eyes are dim,  
And, with tears that dare not flow,  
The Tzarina says to him:—

"Lord Lazarus, O golden crown  
Of Servia and sweetheart my own . . ."

This is what the original says, and how he says it:—

Tsar Lazar was supping at his table,  
By his side the Tsaritsa Militza;  
Spoke to him the Tsaritsa Militza:  
"Tsar Lazar, thou golden crown of Servia. . ."

You will see that Owen Meredith is quite right when he says that "they cannot, indeed, be called translations in the strict sense of the word." They cannot, indeed!

My only real objections to "Serbski Pesme," however, are to the title (which is not what it is perhaps intended to be) and to the preface. What induced Mr. Powell to write that piece of grave nonsense, I am at a loss to discover. In it I read, for instance, of "Karajich vuk (sic) Stevanovich (sic)," although if Mr. Powell had only troubled to read the introduction of the book for which he has the audacity to scribble a preface, he would have found the approximately correct "Vouk Stefanovitch Karadjitch," which is a transliteration from the French source of Owen Meredith's versions. (I wonder what Mr. Powell imagines "vuk" to be.) After this exhibition of slovenly meddling, it is only natural to come across this: "The free version of the poems given by the first Earl of Lytton . . . is perhaps that best adapted for representing to modern readers a primitive species of literature . . ." But I will spare you the rest.

We now come to Dr. Mügge and light upon fresh mysteries. In his preface, Dr. Mügge says: "The folk-songs given in this volume are for the greater part taken from Bowring's 'Serbian National Poetry,' O. Meredith's (Bulwer-Lytton) 'The National Songs of Serbia,' and from various reviews, and some I have translated from the Serbian original." Now this is highly interesting. We have already seen what Owen Meredith's relation to the original amounts to: four lines of concise Servian are diluted into ten lines of diffuse English. What of Sir J. Bowring? Well, there is an excellent volume called "Das serbische Volkslied in der deutschen Literatur," written by M. Curcin, who was awarded a doctorate by the University of Vienna for so doing. Dr. Mügge mentions this work in his imposing bibliography, and if he had also read it, he would have found allusions to Sir J. Bowring which would have shaken his faith in that gentleman. They are to the effect that this titled writer of hymns admits privately having made his translations

\*"Serbski Pesme; or, National Songs of Servia." By Owen Meredith, first Earl of Lytton. With a Preface by G. H. Powell. (Chatto & Windus. 2s.)

"Serbian Folk Songs, Fairy Tales, and Proverbs." By Maximilian A. Mügge. (Draue's. 3s. 6d.)



from the German translations of Talvj, but thinks it advisable not to proclaim the fact publicly. It is obvious that had Dr. Mügge known of this piece of literary dishonesty, he would have let Sir J. Bowring and all his works severely alone. For since, as he assures us, he has himself translated some of these ballads from the Servian original, what would have been easier than for him to replace all Sir J. Bowring's spurious versions by versions of his own? Indeed, for an editor of Servian folk-songs, Dr. Mügge seems to have been altogether too guileless. Clearly, he must have assumed the worth of Sir J. Bowring's versions without first having tested them. If, for example, he had compared them with the original, then as one who is himself capable of translating from that original, his suspicions would certainly have been aroused. This is a passage from the "Building of Skadra," as rendered by Sir J. Bowring:—

When the fourth year had begun its labours,  
Lo! the Vila from the forest-mountain  
Call'd: "Thou King Vukashin, vain thine efforts!  
Vain thine efforts, all thy treasures wasting!  
Never, never wilt thou build the fortress,  
If thou find not two same-titled beings,  
If thou find not Stojan and Stojana."

If we translate this direct from the original, here is what we get:—

When upon the fourth year they had entered,  
Then the vila counselled from the mountain:  
"Stay thy toil, O Vukashin, thou monarch,  
Stay thy toil, and squander not thy treasure;  
King, thou wilt not stablish the foundation,  
Wheresoever thou upraise the stronghold,  
Not until thou find two names like-sounding,  
Not until thou Stoya find, and Stoyan."

You will, of course, understand that I am not discussing the relative literary values of these two versions. (To be quite candid, I do not think there is a pin to choose between them.) But I think that it needs only a brief comparison and a smattering of critical insight, to discover that Sir J. Bowring never translated these eight lines, of which, by the way, he makes seven, from the Servian original. Else why, to take only two instances, should he turn the imperative "ne mutchi se" (stay thy toil) into "vain thine efforts"? Why should the "similar names" (*slitchna imena*) reappear as "same-titled beings," which, as the next line shows, they are not? If Dr. Mügge had been incapable of going to the originals and discovering these plain facts for himself, I could have understood (though, even then, not pardoned) his putting up with this second-hand stuff. As things are, he has been guilty of a most elementary neglect of duty, and (I may have said this before, but it will bear repeating) I am left wondering why a man who might either have entirely re-translated these ballads, many of which are certainly worth the trouble, is content to reproduce Owen Meredith's admittedly imperfect work, or Sir J. Bowring's obviously dishonest renderings. I am left wondering much else besides. I am left wondering what prestige is conferred upon the Servians by attributing this "proverb" to them: "A cheese that weeps and a whisky that warms are worth something." If this were really a Servian proverb, the only sane course for anyone who wishes to "enlist sympathy" for Serbia, and to procure for its inhabitants "the championship of the free Britons" (as Dr. Mügge so gracefully puts it), would be to keep such national wisdom extremely dark. I might quote more gems of the same lustre, but I will not tax your patience. I will conclude with an item which will possibly interest the collectors of literary coincidences. In their introductions, both Owen Meredith and Dr. Mügge discuss Servian prosody. And out of the thousands of lines in the Servian ballads, they have both hit on the same one to illustrate their metrical theories.

P. SELVER.

## Views and Reviews.

### A DANGER TO THE EMPIRE.

THE campaign now being waged in his telegrams by the Canadian correspondent of the "Times" against the inhabitants of Quebec deserves some notice. This gentleman is, I understand, the editor of the "Toronto News," and a contributor to "The Round Table"; and the fact that he is known as "the heart and soul of the anti-French campaign in Canada" does not diminish his importance, for I suppose that the position of the French-Canadians in Canada is a matter of Imperial interest. But for them, there would have been no English Canada; if they had fought with the Americans against the English at the time of the War of Independence, Canada would have been either an American State or a separate Republic, and the present deplorable situation would not have arisen. They fought for England, because England guaranteed them for all time absolute freedom for their religion and language; these guarantees were renewed in various Acts, and in the present Constitution of Canada, the British North America Act, 1867. Since that time, however, they have become a compact minority of the inhabitants of Canada; and apparently the pernicious doctrine that "minorities must suffer" is being applied to them. Certainly it is a fact that, in Ontario, a French-Canadian who uses French in teaching French-Canadian children in French-Canadian schools is liable to a fine of £100, or six months' imprisonment; it is a fact that, in Manitoba, the use of French has long been discontinued in the Legislature, and the separate schools of the French-Canadians have been abolished, and they are now threatened, in Ontario, with the suppression of their schools. The Privy Council has decided that the Province of Ontario had a constitutional right to abolish the use of French in its schools, a decision which may be very satisfactory to lawyers, but does not console those who are deprived of their guaranteed national identity and culture. German oppression in Poland or Schleswig has done no more than compel the use of German in the schools; and the fact that the process has been more constitutionally performed in Canada does not make it any the more palatable—rather the contrary, for the French-Canadians have been deprived of guaranteed (although, as the fact shows, inefficiently guaranteed) rights, while the Poles and Schleswigers presumably had no such guarantees. If half the threats that are being made against the French-Canadians materialise, it is possible that we shall have an oppressed nationality within the bounds of the Empire; for example, the "Toronto News," edited by the "Times" correspondent, has used this language: "We believe that it is the resolve of this country that those who will not fight for Canada shall not govern Canada, and that those who seek to weaken the influence of Canada in time of war shall not be permitted to determine the relations between the Dominion and the Mother Country in time of peace." This may, of course, mean a merely political defeat which will keep the French-Canadians permanently in opposition; it may, on the other hand, mean much more, and one or two symptoms are disquieting.

I mention two. A campaign, let us not say of slander but of criticism, has been waged with much violence against the French-Canadians in consequence of the alleged slackness in recruiting; but the peculiar thing is that the attackers apparently have access to the enlistment rolls of the Militia Department, while even Liberal Members of Parliament are (or have) been denied access to those lists. This symmetrical suppression of the defence is maintained here by the "Times," which permits the editor of the "Toronto News," the chief and most blatant of the attackers of the French-Canadians in Canada, to continue here his misrepresentation of the facts, and refuses to publish corrections

of his statements. I have before me, as I write, copies of two letters sent to the "Times" by M. Alex. Clément, who was, until recently, the London correspondent of the French-Canadian paper, "La Presse," of Montreal; I need hardly say that the "Times" refused to publish the letters. "Our Own Correspondent" may, for purposes of his own, instruct the British public that the French-Canadians are seditious, unpatriotic, and anything else that may influence English opinion against them; and it is not permitted to the defendants to say a word in their defence. There is, under the new dispensation, only one side to a case, that of the prosecution.

But, in spite of difficulties, the French-Canadians have been able to prepare a defence against the charges brought by the Toronto Press. By the simple device of collecting their information from the Toronto papers, they are enabled to show that whoever may have the moral right to denounce them, Ontario certainly has not; and if any scapegoat must be found for the failure of voluntary recruiting in Canada, that scapegoat must be Canada, and not any one of its provinces. It is a known fact that more than sixty per cent. of the Canadian forces were British, not Canadian, born; and as soon as the immigrant population was exhausted, recruiting came to a standstill. But the "Toronto News," nevertheless, claimed the immigrants to its credit. "We are told that only the native-born are to be set against the native-born of Quebec. It is a grossly unfair requirement." Is it? Would it be unfair to remark that Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, supplied more than ten per cent. of their population, while Ontario supplied only six and a-half per cent. of its population? Surely not, if we remark also, in the words of the "Toronto Mail," that "the West has a large proportion of foreigners," or immigrants. So has Ontario, but not so Quebec. Let us be quite certain of the fact that the Canadian Army is mainly British, and was recruited mainly in those provinces that contained the immigrant population.

Let us come down to the facts concerning the recruiting in the two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The Canadian-born recruits of Ontario form 2.69 per cent. of the native population of that province, the proportion for Quebec is 2.25 per cent. For a matter of two-fifths per cent., Ontario claims the right to denounce Quebec as a disloyal Province. But let us notice another fact; after all, the most dangerous service in this war is in the infantry. One of the charges brought by the "Toronto Mail" against the French-Canadians was that they had made only "a moderate contribution to other units" than infantry; and in addition to that, complained that "Toronto, drained dry by her patriotism, is permitted but five battalions on the firing line," while the French-Canadians, it seems, had a much more glorious proportion of men in the firing line. Indeed, the London correspondent of the Canadian Associated Press cabled last December 27 that "at the present time, Quebec and British Columbia provinces have a larger representation of battalions in France in proportion to the number of men recruited from them than have the other provinces." If Canada's share in the glory of this war has been won by the Canadian infantry, and it has, Quebec need not fear the comparison with Ontario.

But there are reasons why voluntary recruiting should not be so successful in Quebec as in other provinces, although, as we have seen, it differed from the proportion in Ontario only by two-fifths per cent. In the first place, the difference of language and of culture demanded some consideration if the recruiting campaign was to be a success; it is not to be expected, for example, that appeals suitable to the English people, however fervently delivered, would have much influence in rousing men of French descent. "The colours and the pictures filling with content and admiration the

heart and the imagination of other fellow-citizens were not displayed for us," says "La Presse." "All that figured in the present organisation was a staff quite exclusively English, and which, though esteemed and respected by the French citizens, was not enough to inflame the son of another race." Here was a people with a local patriotism as intense as that of the Irish, and no attempt was made to capture it for the larger purpose of Imperial patriotism, no translation of the universal issue into the terms of a particular problem was attempted. Not one French-Canadian chief was appointed; nothing was done to strike the imagination of the French-Canadians, or to enlighten a most insular people concerning the reality to them of a universal danger. Yet their recruiting of the native-born was only two-fifths per cent. lower than that of the Province of Ontario.

Secondly, all the recruiting was done in the cities. The urban and rural populations of Canada are equal, numbering four millions each; but the disparity between urban and rural recruiting is astounding, 248,000 recruits came from the towns of Canada, 14,200 from the rural districts; and Quebec is mainly a rural province. She has only one-half the number of towns that Ontario has; and the population of Quebec living in cities is 350,000 less than that of Ontario. Yet her proportion of native-born recruits was only two-fifths per cent. less than that of Ontario.

But if we come down to the comparison of the strictly comparable, that is, not of the general population, but of the male population of military age, Quebec has an even better case against Ontario. The facts show us that the recruiting was mainly urban; the Northcliffe Press here instructed us that it was the primary duty of the unmarried to fight for the defence of the lives and homes of the married, and the cry of "Single Slackers First" showed the world how dearly those who have a stake in the country valued Liberty. Liberty, to vary one of my definitions, was something to make other people fight the Germans for; who would be free must make an unmarried man strike the blow for him. So were we taught here; and by the same argument, Quebec must be acquitted of "slacking." For the population of military age in Ontario was 515,000, in Quebec 342,000; of this population living in towns, Ontario had 186,000, Quebec 135,000; while of unmarried, Ontario had 67,000, and Quebec only 36,000. Ontario obviously should do much better than Quebec; apparently she has, because of her immigrants, but her proportion of native-born is no more than twenty-eight per cent. of her contingent. The "Times" Correspondent now informs us (June 20) that 75 per cent. of enlistments in Quebec were of English-speaking men. Accepting that (although there is more to be said), it compares very favourably indeed with Ontario's 72 per cent. of immigrants, of which the "Times" Correspondent says nothing. Whether or not recruiting has been satisfactory in Quebec (and "La Presse" does not say that it has been), the fact remains that Ontario did no better, and has not earned the right to vilify another province.

We may sum up the reasons why recruiting should not be so successful in Quebec as in Ontario in the words of "La Presse."

1. The deep mortification and the insult resulting from the anti-French movement of Ontario and Manitoba.
2. The placing of all the recruiting organisations in the hands of English-speaking officers who do not take account of the French-Canadian temper.
3. The large proportion of Ontario citizens born in the British Isles.
4. The proportion of unmarried men, which is larger in Ontario than in Quebec.
5. The excess of rural population in Quebec.

Those are the reasons why voluntary recruiting



should fail in Quebec; but the fact is that, of their native-born population, they have recruited only two-fifths per cent. less than Ontario. Whether either province could do better without endangering the production of foodstuffs, is a debatable proposition; Manitoba, which recruited so heavily among the immigrants, recently sought in the United States for 15,000 labourers for the spring sowings. Lord Shaughnessy has recently placarded Quebec with a demand for 40,000 labourers to help gather the crops in the Western Provinces which otherwise will rot; and the Western Provinces recruited much better than Ontario. But whether or not the recruiting figures could have been improved, the fact remains that Ontario is only adding the insult of disloyalty to the injury of deprivation of national rights of culture; and "Our Own Correspondent" of the "Times" is trying to make Quebec a scapegoat apparently in pursuance of his anti-French campaign. This is the sort of language that he uses in the "Toronto News," language which has the true Northcliffe touch: "Since the war began, the French-Canadians have written only another chapter in the long conspiracy to dominate Canada. The dream of reconquest and of ascendancy they never have abandoned. They have made race serve religion and religion serve race. All that could be done they have done to preserve the French language and to discourage the spread of English, no matter what handicaps this may have imposed upon their people. They are directing migration into Ontario and into the Western Provinces. Everywhere they are seeking out strategic positions and consolidating their political influence." Even if this were true, what of it? Are they not also British subjects, a province confederate with others to form the Dominion of Canada? Does Sir John Willison mean that only the English language must be spoken, or, at least, taught in the British Empire, a doctrine, by the way, that we are refusing to allow when stated by Prussia. Are we to add to Prussianisation and Magyarisation a new tyranny of Anglicisation, and that at the bidding of "Our Own Correspondent" of the "Times"? Have we at last got the measure of "The Round Table" local group; is it constituted of Milnerians with one idea of a homogeneous Empire, with neither local customs, traditions, or culture, but regimented into an appalling sameness? It is time to consider seriously such suggestions, for in South Africa, there is a race not English, and not in a minority; and, as I write, the danger of civil war has been averted in that country. "The English minority," said Sir Thomas Smartt, "relied on the good faith of the Dutch majority." If the French minority in Canada cannot rely on the good faith of the English majority, our Imperialists are likely to lose us the Empire.

A. E. R.

## Reviews.

**Why Freedom Matters.** By Norman Angell.  
(National Council for Civil Liberties. 1s. net.)

Mr. Norman Angell wisely refuses to plunge into philosophical discussion or definition of freedom, and confines himself to the legal liberties of speech, and writing, and the right to a writ of Habeas Corpus, that have been suspended by the operation of the Defence of the Realm Act. He quotes as a motto the phrase of Milton: "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties"; and he suggests

that in the stress and pre-occupation of war we are ourselves destroying needlessly that which we accuse the enemy of desiring to destroy, and that in so doing we tend to make impossible that better world which we were to have secured by our triumph. I do not suggest that such a failure is any necessary part of victory, but that it will come because the temper and ideals that war and victory, in the absence of great vigilance, are almost certain to arouse, are likely to swamp—are indeed now

swamping—the temper and ideals essential to a free society and what goes with it.

He argues that many of the most dangerous measures taken in restraint of freedom are not dictated by military necessity, but, on the contrary, have (as in the case of the forcing of conscientious objectors into the Army) distinct military disadvantage; he puts forward the very dangerous argument (dangerous, because it asserts a prevision on the part of politicians which would be unique) that the motive of these measures is political, is a desire to render permanent the institutions that fit the temper that war provokes. Mr. Angell does not consider the possibility of simple reaction as an explanation of the phenomenon; but it is a fact that those politicians who were most certain that war would never occur are among those who are most concerned now to restrict the civil liberties of others who may still believe that the war need not, or should not, have occurred. After too little knowledge, or serious consideration, of foreign politics, too much; after too intense consideration of domestic problems, too little. The phenomenon is a commonplace of English psychology; as Emerson phrased it: "They have great range of scale, from ferocity to exquisite refinement. With larger scale, they have greater retrieving power. After running each tendency to an extreme, they try another tack with equal heat." That the men who did not adequately prepare for war with Germany should now apparently be preparing for everlasting war is, we repeat, a natural phenomenon; and we refuse to credit with political prevision men who are obviously blinkered. It is true that a small group of German-minded men find the present the most favourable occasion for the pressing of their own plans; but surely any student of English history will be certain that a reaction will leave them making Imperial gestures to a people that ignores them. However, Mr. Angell states his own case, quotes the cases of the conscientious objectors, of the No-Conscriptionists, of the refusal of Habeas Corpus, of the unmannerly treatment of Mr. Bertrand Russell, and others, pleads for "The Political Heretic as the Saviour of Society," and ends with a most alarming prophecy of "The Coming of the New Holy Office." All of which tends to prove that the Englishman is the only radical thing in England, and that Mr. Norman Angell is himself a portent of the coming reaction. "Our little Cæsars have their day"; and those of this time will follow Cromwell into obloquy. Mr. Angell's "Freedom" is too easily scared, and has little more prevision than its opponents; but while England produces and contains both, we shall not lose "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience."

**To Ruhleben—and Back.** By Geoffrey Pyke.  
(Constable. 1s. net.)

To those who have not yet read Mr. Pyke's story of his adventures in Germany, this cheap edition will be welcome. It was a mad freak to go to Germany in war time; it was a madder freak to attempt to escape from it; but Mr. Pyke successfully performed both freaks. The special Providence that watches over young men who are journalists was unable to save Mr. Pyke from many of the rigours of German organisation; but he went to study the internal condition of Germany, and possibly his occupation of German prisons gave him a clearer idea of it than he would have obtained from a more extended survey. But although he testifies to the fact that the German prisons are perhaps the best in the world, and gives also many interesting details about the organisation of Ruhleben Camp, it is the story of his escape that is most interesting. Prisoners, like prisons, are much of a muchness; but escapes are always individual. Mr. Pyke's story of his escape is a better journalistic "stunt" than the one he projected when he went to Germany.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## ANGLO-JEWRY AND THE FUTURE.

Sir,—Mr. Joseph Leftwich, who, like Mr. Bottomley, attempts to convince us of his sincerity by apostrophising the Deity, is confusing my exposition of the actual trend of events in Anglo-Jewry with my sentiment in the matter. To satisfy his ideals and inclination he denies the fact that assimilation is going on amongst English Jews to any considerable extent. To ignore a reality because it is displeasing is not the way to achieve anything on behalf of Jewry, which, he says, has "a complete national civilisation, economic, religious, ethical, social, æsthetic, and cultural." I would recommend Mr. Leftwich to dedicate himself to the enjoyment of these entities rather than railing at "irresponsible scribblers" and wasting much time in discovering epithets for them. It has struck me that Mr. Leftwich's logic is not nearly as strong as his language. He asserts that my influence upon the Jewish people is negligible, and then attributes to me the power to destroy "what others are laying down their lives to build up." In this Mr. Leftwich evinces a remarkable lack of sense of proportion, which, for my people's sake, I cannot sufficiently lament. Mr. Leftwich is unable to tolerate witticism, and is annoyed that others can. He would have us think that he himself is gravid with tremendous potencies, but all he does is to utter some unrefined abuse, and to indulge in pious aspirations and vain assertions. We seem to be acquainted with his statement that "it is the hour before the dawn of a Jewish national rebirth." Well, we have had many dawns of a Jewish national rebirth, but never day.

After all, much more good can accrue to the Jews by laying bare their weaknesses than by repeating commonplaces about their aims and hopes. Even the prophets, when they wanted to turn the Jews to the ways of the Eternal, did not flatter but inveighed against them. And although they were not honoured in their own land, they are now acknowledged. J. BULVAR SCHWARTZ.

Sir,—For the information of readers of THE NEW AGE will Mr. Joseph Leftwich kindly explain exactly what he means by what he calls "Jewish sociology"? We are living in the twentieth century, and sociology (which presumably includes economics) is, I suppose, the problem uppermost in the minds of all those of us who, unlike Mr. E. V. Lucas, believe in progress and are anxious to help humanity on to the path towards a maximum happiness and usefulness. (We are, in varying lesser degrees, interested in "civil and penal codes," "land and agricultural laws," "dietary and hygienic regulations.") Personally, I am acquainted with a system of economics more likely to promote the object I have named than that advocated by THE NEW AGE—National Guilds. Mr. Leftwich proposes the establishment of a State, under a system of Jewish sociology "with civil and penal codes," etc. Well, what is this system—the economic side of it? Is it more promising than Guilds; more calculated to produce decent conditions for the working masses of the modern State? I think I should have heard of it if it had been. I am a Jew, and, of course, sympathise with the sufferings of fellow-Jews (and fellow-Gentiles, too, for that matter), but I won't support a system of "sociology," or a State founded on that system, however much it may happen to be "Jewish," unless it seems to me to be preferable to the systems the best sociologists are trying to get established in existing States.

Mr. Leftwich, whose letter in your issue of the 21st inst. I am trying to deal with politely, says "there is no such thing as a 'Jewish religion.'" He goes on to describe the Jews as a "holy nation." And, as if that weren't a sufficiently "religious" sentiment, proceeds to mention the "God of Israel." Someone should really explain to Mr. Leftwich that, these democratic days, "divine rights," whether of kings or of Jews, are not predicated in serious discussions of sociological problems. But it is quite clear that Mr. Leftwich is not accustomed to the serious discussion of sociological problems. I would recommend him a course of THE NEW AGE for a start. And please let him think twice before he answers this letter with a flood of indiscriminate rhetoric and abuse (his method with poor Mr.

Schwartz, whose article I've unfortunately completely forgotten). Invocations of questionable deities, endless repetitions of wholly irrelevant "Lyceum gallery" appeals, etc., really are quite ineffectual on these occasions, and are exceedingly irritating, this hot weather.

H. F. RUBINSTEIN.

## SAINT CHARLES I.

Sir,—It was recently stated in the Press that on the proposition of the Dean of Canterbury at Convocation it was decided to add the name of King Charles I to the list of Black Letter saints in the Common Prayer Book. Upon reading this fact I reached down my history to run through the story of the reign of the second Stuart sovereign. From it I hoped to discover the reason for the high honour proposed for Charles I.

I cannot find anything in a very impartial English history (J. R. Green's) on which to base such a claim. On the contrary, the history of Charles is one long record of broken promises, intolerance, tyranny, and bloodshed, of which only the most biased person could absolve the King the major part.

As a Churchman I should be glad if someone could throw more light on this subject and explain why this curious anomaly is to be perpetrated on an enlightened Church in the twentieth century.

VERITAS.

## SAVE THE BABIES.

Sir,—Do the good people who write and talk so much about Saving the Babies ever think what cruel mockery their words are to thousands of young unmarried girls who are, or are to become, mothers? Overwhelmed with shame, weak in health, their good character gone, these poor young creatures cannot gain their own living. What must be the fate of their babies? The country needs children; then let the country see to it that these little ones, who at least have done no wrong, shall have a reasonable chance of food, clothing, and protection from the actual ill-treatment which is so often their lot. As a health visitor I have seen the despair of the mothers (some of them young girls helping to support an ailing parent, others married women with little children and an invalid or worthless husband on their hands) when they know that there will be another to maintain after weary months of ill-health. It is most surely a great, great wrong that this burden, indeed grievous and too heavy to be borne, should be forced on to the shoulders of the weakest and most helpless of the community.

Some years ago, to an official notice in the "Times" of the annual infant mortality, an explanation was added to the effect that the number of deaths need cause no surprise, seeing that the majority of these babies were illegitimate, and had small chance of life or health, owing to the mother's mental anguish, her shame, and anxiety for the future, together with the privation that she often suffered during the months immediately before the birth, when she was unable to work. Further, a well-known doctor deplored to me yesterday the fact that unmarried girls are not admitted into maternity hospitals (with the exception of Queen Charlotte's, for the first child), and that therefore they never receive the benefit of highly skilled attention, and that in consequence they, their babies, and their future children are often ruined in health by unskilled or careless treatment elsewhere. Sir, so long as these facts remain unaltered, can we talk without hypocrisy, of Saving the Babies?

CORAM POPULO.

## THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MUSIC.

Sir,—Mr. Frederick Evans seems rather prone to the making of rash statements. He would do better to check in himself this tendency before accusing Mr. Heseltine of being vague. For instance, after admitting that he knows no more of the work of Delius than what he has heard from the very few London performances of it—performances so rare and sporadic as to be absolutely useless for becoming thoroughly acquainted with it—he goes on to assert, merely conceding that Mr. Heseltine may have heard more of Delius' work than London has been vouchsafed, that Mr. Heseltine's opinion is of no more value than his own.

Mr. Heseltine is more deeply and thoroughly conversant with Delius' entire output than perhaps any other "musicographe." His opinions on the subject



are the outcome of years' study, not merely from concert performances—probably the least satisfactory means of becoming acquainted with new works—but from intimate acquaintance and association with the composer himself, which, together with sympathetic and temperamental qualities, entitle him to speak with authority on the subject. These facts are all completely unknown to Mr. Evans, yet he ventures to make such an assertion as that at the end of his first paragraph. This sort of thing, coupled with Mr. Evans' remarks on a previous occasion about Mr. van Dieren, of whose work he presumed to speak while knowing nothing whatever about it—for neither he nor anyone else could hope to grasp such complex music after one hearing and with absolutely no previous knowledge—is sufficient to convince me that Mr. Evans is on no tack at all!

By making the general statement that music is a young art Mr. Heseltine, I think, exposed himself to attack, but certainly not along the lines Mr. Evans takes up. The statement may be true enough with regard to Europe, but is quite wrong with regard to the East, India particularly, whose art music is thousands of years old. The assumption of Europeans like Mr. Evans, who regard their form of music as the highest conceivable, and either deprecate or ignore that of the East, would be amusing were the ignorance it shows not so revolting—an ignorance not merely of a great music existing entirely outside their ken, but of the influences that have acted with great force and manifest themselves in the most unmistakable manner all through modern European music. For instance, the noisy, vulgar, blatant emotionalism of people like Chaykovsky is as remote from, say, Ravel as it is from our Indian music. In its hatred of violent emotionalism, exaggerated emphasis, empty reiteration, the music of certain of the modern Frenchmen approaches very near that of India, which is actuated by the same ideals. In this respect I find Delius, not a Frenchman, however, and Ravel, although such a gulf divides them mentally and spiritually, nearer to us than any other European composers. Delius exhibits the qualities of reticence and "pudeur" in an intense degree, and he, together with Scriabine, Ravel, and the music of India, expresses emotions and feelings absolutely beyond the conception of the average European, in spite of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, and Mr. Evans.

KAIKHUSRU SORABJI.

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Sir,—I have been reading what Mr. Philip Heseltine has to say about the "Condition of Music in England." Apart from the fact that it is rather foolish to speak of music as though it were cheese, the growth of musical culture in England—or rather Britain, for Mr. Holbrooke, to the best of my belief, is Welsh, and "proud of it"—is quite remarkable and daily improving.

Mr. Heseltine must be suffering from an overdose of next door's gramophone when he says Norman O'Neill and Philip Braham have done much to raise the standard of theatre music. Does he associate with the music to "The Blue Bird" those ditties termed "The Piccadilly Grill," etc.?

The references to Mr. Vaughan Williams make it impossible to like the person's style who penned them. The "London Symphony" will outlive such flappy verbosity, let us hope!

What on earth does Mr. Heseltine mean by saying "music is a young art"? Surely it's about the oldest; and even this uncertain "critic" seems inclined to "hark back" to Elizabethan virginal music, as if to contradict himself in order to save anyone else the trouble.

Has he ever heard any of the orchestral works of Frank Bridge? The delicious songs, etc., or the Somerset Rhapsody of Von Holst?

Does he forget the works of Sullivan, German, Villies Stanford, Ethel Smyth, Hubert Bath, George Clutsam, John Ireland, etc.?

These pessimistic English scribblers are limpets upon the path of musical progress; by persistently writing down those who are so fast raising the name of our beloved country in a musical connection they do but bring ridicule upon themselves. What does Mr. Heseltine think he is—a prophet or a wiseacre?

CORALIE NORMAN.

## Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

Russia immobilised may be a disappointment to us, but Russia demobilised would be a calamity.

Had our Labour Party refused to join the present Coalition until the present Coalition had joined the Labour Party, it would have found its position stronger now than it is.

In place of an Alliance of Governments Russia suggests an alliance of peoples.

We have to prove to Russia that the victory of the Allies is essential to the very democracy that Russia claims to represent.

The International is more unequal to the task of ending the war than even it was to preventing it.

There are two parts in the immediate policy of the Allies. One of them is the military defeat of Prussia; the other concerns the future of Germany when Prussianism has been destroyed.

Reprisals are a substitute for thoughts of defence, and in no sense defence itself.

There is no end to reprisals; like one of Dante's hells, they spiral downwards bottomlessly.—"Notes of the Week."

If a dispute arises between the State and the Guild, it must be decided by men as citizens in their capacity as citizens, and not by men in their capacity as guildsmen.—S. G. H.

Irish parties must rise above themselves if they are to bring about an Irish unity.

A crowd or organisation is often more extreme than its individual members. I have spoken to Unionists and Sinn Feiners, and find them as reasonable in private as they are unreasonable in public.

There may yet come a time when the refusal of the Irish mouse to gnaw at a net spread about the lion may bring about the downfall of the Empire.

Hatreds do not remain for long among people when the causes which created them are removed.

Antagonisms are replaced by alliances.

A form of government which requires a succession of rebellions to secure reforms, afterwards admitted to be reasonable, cannot be a good form of government.

You should be concerned in the education of the revolutionary leaders so that they will not behave in the future as they have in the past.—A. E.

The importance of the assimilated and assimilating Jews has been exaggerated. They are only a noisy handful.

There is a class of writers who for the sake of an essay will destroy what others are laying down their lives to build up.—JOSEPH LEFTWICH.

There is no lasting value in a merely imparted enthusiasm.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

Democracy is quite popular on the stage at the present moment.

Out of nobody Irving himself can make nobody.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

It is not everybody who should tell the truth over his own name.

The man who denies his soul is an exhausting bore, be he gloomy or cheerful.—R. H. C.

Vitality of emotion undisciplined by vitality of thought leads nowhere.

There are people who think one can be free whether one has the capacity for freedom or not.

The conventional moderns of our time are the descendants not of Heine and Ibsen, but of the race against which the poets fought.—EDWARD MOORE.

Capital stands between the hands and the mouth.

It is alarming to discover THE NEW AGE speaking like any member of a Tory tea-party.—MAURICE B. RECKITT and H. H. SLESSER.

## PRESS CUTTINGS.

The reasonable contentment of the great mass of our home population is essential to the successful prosecution of the war. Such contentment depends mainly on the availability and price of essential foods. In face of the rising world prices of food of every description it may become necessary for the Government to make special provision for furnishing the poorest section of the public with indispensable food at less than its cost price, paying the difference out of Government funds. But before this takes place the British taxpayer is justified in asking that no more than a reasonable margin of profit (but sufficient to stimulate patriotic enterprise) shall be allowed to the producer, distributor, and retail dealer respectively, and none at all to the unnecessary profiteer.—CAPTAIN BATHURST.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—There has just reached me your paper of May 3; the writer of its leading article has been good enough to cite a sonnet of mine as "strangest and most powerful of all these poems in which the life of a school is remembered as a microcosm of England." Thanking him, I think he had better have quoted some one of the others.

In my sonnet I showed how a man passing from a filthy life in the Somme trenches to a filthy grave in which rats would soon eat his body might yet be illuminated by a mystical apprehension of Honour, Glory, and Sacrifice.

I then expressed a desire that some fat business man going on holiday on the "Cornish Riviera" might, as he passed Slough, be inspired by the memory of his simpler and cleaner life at Eton and by the thought of Windsor Castle as symbolical of England's greatness, and be for a moment shaken out of his sensuality.

I should never think of regarding the life of a school as a microcosm of England. There is no parallel whatever between them. C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—Dr. A. Shadwell's important and useful letter in the "Times" of to-day deserves serious attention. He distinguishes between two kinds of "profiteering," according as one is or is not responsible for the rise in prices which gives the opportunity to the profiteer. The former case, he says, is "criminal" (under war legislation?), the latter is not criminal, and the difference, he adds, is "moral," as well as "legal and practical."

What, then, is the "moral" duty of the seller in these cases? The duty of the seller is to supply the public with that which is needed and good for the public as cheaply as he can, taking only such profit for himself as is proportionate to the labour spent by him and by his workmen for that end; and "proportionate" means such as will support them in their rank of life with due provision for old age. The less work he does, the less gain he deserves. Anything beyond this gain is "profiteering," and it should be the business of Government to check and control it by making the books and accounts of contractors and firms accessible if required for audit or examination. If it is soldiers' duty to die rather than fail their country, why is it not the duty of the merchant or artisan to suffer rather than take advantage of his country's straits to make profit beyond his earnings? Not till the Churches make up their minds on this, which underlies almost all the crucial questions of to-day, will our civilisation be consistent with either morality or religion.

H. E. LUXMOORE.

We had written the above comments, conceiving them the mere commonplaces of all antagonists of the Servile State, when we discovered, with a stupefaction verging on incredulity, that these commonplaces are not accepted by our generally consistent contemporary THE NEW AGE. We have always felt and often expressed an admiration for THE NEW AGE, which is not only the

most intelligent and independent paper of our time, but which fights on the right side for the right reasons; and an instant before turning over its pages we could have sworn that its comments would be much the same as our own. Will it be believed that THE NEW AGE rebukes the Trade Union for exceeding its province (apparently a highly restricted one); calls its conduct "Syndicalism" in the shocked tones of the "Morning Post" or of Mr. George, and actually threatens the bold bad strikers with "the courts"—or in other words with the ordinary policeman and magistrates of capitalism, so often invoked against workmen when they presume to decide about their own work? We can make no sense of the suggestion that a strike is a case for the courts, except that it is a case for coercion; but surely our contemporary cannot intend this. Or can the printer have mixed up some of its copy with the copy of the "Spectator"? Anyhow, there is plenty of admirable matter in the other pages as an antidote. THE NEW AGE seems anxious to warn reactionaries, who approve this strike on patriotic grounds, that they cannot "have it both ways," but may have to approve other strikes. Surely we may point out that THE NEW AGE also cannot have it both ways; it cannot admit "the right to strike" when it thinks it favourable to Guild Socialism and deny the same right when it does not happen to think it necessary to national self-defence. Either the men are free or they are not free. If they are free, it is for them to judge what degrades them; and not for THE NEW AGE, nor for the reactionaries, nor for ourselves.

But the reasons given in THE NEW AGE are almost as extraordinary as the fact. First the Trade Union is accused of "blackmailing private citizens"; here again we may remark in passing on the impossibility of having it both ways. If Mr. MacDonald's claim is to go by the authority of the British Government and Ambassador, he certainly does not go as a private person. But suppose he were only a private person—as private as a tyrannical landlord or money-lender who was ever shot by a poor man. Are not the sailors private persons and the employees of private persons? And why is one private person bound in all circumstances to stoke or steer a boat for another private person whom he heartily detests? Or is a private person free when he acts from a private motive, and only bound hand and foot when he acts from a public motive? It is the same, of course, with the passage in which THE NEW AGE, in the manner of the mild Mr. MacDonald himself, talks about "impeding lawful movements," that is, restraining personal liberty—for all the world as if the Trade Unionists had forcibly kidnapped Mr. MacDonald and shut him up in a box. Surely the principle is simple enough; and it is the only principle we know of, except the principle of slavery. I have a right to go freely wherever I can go physically; but I have no right to force another man to use, for overcoming a physical difficulty, powers which are his and not mine. A man may walk from his house along the public road till he comes to the river; but if he sees another man there with a boat he cannot oblige the other man to row him across, if the other man strongly objects. If he can, the second man is the slave of the first man; a condition naturally satisfactory to the Parliamentary Labour Leader, but not, we had fondly imagined, satisfactory to THE NEW AGE.—"The New Witness."

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