

THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HIS friends do Mr. Lloyd George no service by whistling before he is out of the wood. On the morrow of each of his amended offers to the doctors, a section of the Press, by no means confined to one party, has declared that at last the dispute was settled and the doctors satisfied. But just as often as they have raised the pæan they have been compelled within a day or two to change their tune and to admit that, after all, the problem was still unsolved. Following this rash custom, the "Times" on Friday last expressed the opinion that Mr. Lloyd George's most recent offer, announced on Thursday, was a victory for the doctors, which they would probably accept as such. An addition of one and a half millions had been made to their fees without prejudice to the funds of the insured persons, and various concessions in the direction, if not to the conclusion, of the famous Minimum demands had been "wrung" from the Government. Sir Clifford Allbutt had accepted the terms as satisfactory to his profession, and Sir William Plender had pronounced them even generous. All that now remained for the doctors was to put an end to their agitation, to congratulate themselves on the success of their solidarity, and to work the Insurance Act with good will. As early, however, as on the evening of the same day, and still more emphatically on Saturday morning, the Press that reports news as well as interested views began to publish evidence which went to show that Mr. Lloyd George had failed again. So far from all the doctors, or even the majority of doctors being satisfied, it began to appear that only a small minority was disposed to accept the new terms. Nobody, it is true, is in a position to say confidently what the doctors as a body will ultimately decide. The British Medical Association has no leaders in the usual sense of the word, and no caucus. Since Mr. Smith Whitaker left them under such discreditable circumstances the doctors have maintained a strict democratic control over their Executive, with the result, so honourable to them, that until the

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opinion of the members is taken by the usual device of discussion and vote nobody is able to commit the Association either to acceptance or rejection of the new terms. As some weeks must pass before this democratic decision can be arrived at, it would be premature at this moment to anticipate the result. All we can say is that, for reasons we are about to give, we hope the doctors will reject Mr. Lloyd George's offer, but in such a fashion that the onus of the failure of his Insurance Act may be cast upon its author and not upon the medical profession.

* * *

We cannot congratulate Mr. Lloyd George on either the tone or the matter of his speech to the Advisory Committee on Thursday. A Minister who had hitherto made no errors of taste and judgment in dealing with the doctors might have been permitted to adopt his tone of somewhat injured innocence, but for a Minister whose progress has been one long offensive blunder the assumption of rectitude correcting recalcitrancy is ridiculous. As everybody knows, Mr. Lloyd George made the initial error of refusing to recognise (in the technical trade-union meaning) the British Medical Association. Like other employers without a sense of communal values, he was under the impression that the doctors, like the dockers, could be treated individually; they could be safely anticipated to fetch and carry for him without the intervention of their union. It was only within some three months of the date of introducing his Bill into Parliament that, on the advice, we believe, of Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Lloyd George was persuaded to consult the British Medical Association at all. And of that consultation he attempted to make on Thursday a personal merit. But neither the doctors nor the public will fail to remember that the Bill was actually under consideration for three years, not three months, before it was introduced into Parliament. Of that long period of incubation, too, Mr. Lloyd George on other occasions has made merit. But during that formative period by his own admission no medical union and no representative doctors were taken into his counsels. His ambition—the contrary of the ambition of a democratic statesman—was to evolve the entire Bill by himself out of his inner consciousness. It is no merit on his part to have been compelled in the end to accept assistance which for over two and a half years he had declined to invite; nor was it unnatural that the doctors thus called in to the death-bed of the Bill should complain that they had not been called in before.

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If in spite of his refusal of preliminary co-operation the Bill had turned out to be generally acceptable, doubtless no further objection to his method of pro-

ducing it would have been made. But not only was the Bill, as introduced, not acceptable to the doctors (or to anybody else), but under their criticisms changes have had to be made in it which might just as easily and with much less fuss have been made before the Bill saw daylight. Of these changes we need not now enumerate the multitude of minor alterations which leave the principles of the Bill untouched; for there is one change, as yet unmade, which Mr. Lloyd George suggested on Thursday, of so far-reaching and fundamental a character that we do not hesitate to say the Act should be repealed to admit of it. It is clear from Mr. Lloyd George's speech to the Advisory Committee that not only we, the doctors and the public generally, are profoundly dissatisfied with the Insurance Act, but he, its only author and begetter, is dissatisfied too; and not upon some minor difficulty which a small amendment may smooth, but upon one of the main and integral features of the Act. We refer to Mr. Lloyd George's expressed preference for a State Medical Service over the contract system as embodied and perpetuated in his Bill. What are we to think of a Minister who first, without consultation with anybody, introduces a Bill, then forces it in the teeth of universal criticism into an Act, and, finally, on the eve of its administration admits that it is not the Act he would himself have framed had he known more when he was drafting it? Parliamentary Bills presumably are not drawn up as school exercises in statesmanship for elementary politicians. Still less seemly is it that such trial Bills should be enforced as Acts merely to save the face of the Minister who acknowledges his experiment to have been a blunder. Yet all that Mr. Lloyd George could say on Thursday in defence of his Act as it stands was that it is an Act of Parliament, a bad Act, an Act which he himself with his acquired knowledge could better, but an Act still, and therefore as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

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With such a confession to make, practically admitting the failure of his Bill even in his own eyes, a statesman of any modesty, not to say honesty, would have refrained from accompanying it with any attempts at further subterfuge and concealment. Yet, such is Mr. Lloyd George's incorrigible Welsh habit of naive deception that within a minute or two of his admission that the Act was rotten he was doing all he could to persuade, not the doctors, but the public, that it deserved to be worked. We make a distinction between the doctors and the public because it is obvious that in his carefully reported speeches Mr. Lloyd George was more concerned to put himself right with the unthinking public than to satisfy the claims of the medical profession. His object, in fact, is to throw upon the doctors the onus of the break-down of the Act and to pose with the public as a martyr of public incorruptibility. With what adroitness to this end did he seize on Thursday on the figures associated in the public mind with the doctors' minimum demands. By familiarity the public has learned to believe that the doctors' demands were crystallised in the form of a capitation fee of 8s. 6d. per insured person. That this sum was independent of drugs and mileage was never at any time quite grasped by the public; and Mr. Lloyd George has instinctively taken advantage of the confusion. Eight and six, he says in effect, is the sum at which the doctors have offered themselves. Eight and six, eight and six—going at eight and six! And then with a sort of wink to the public he offers seven and six. The difference, he would have them think, is trifling, a shilling per head, simply. Will the doctors be so greedy as to stand out for a shilling; will they insist on the last ounce of their pound of flesh; screw from the widows and the orphans their hoarded mites? Our readers will see the calculated drift of such an attitude, adopted on the most public of platforms and under circumstances of crisis commanding universal attention. The object, we repeat, is to throw the blame for the break-down of the Act upon the doctors, to discredit them as a profession and to hold them up to public scorn as men who attempted to drive too hard

a bargain with the guardian of the nation. Who dines with the Devil needs a long spoon. We confess we are apprehensive lest the doctors, clever as they are, may lose in their duel with Mr. Lloyd George much more than they gain.

* * *

The dilemma in which the doctors are placed is obvious; it is the kind of dilemma into which Mr. Lloyd George has the vulgar knack of placing everybody who disagrees with him. Incapable himself of estimating or even of recognising motives which are not wholly partisan or mercenary, he translates every form of opposition, when it is not political, into terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. Thus, in either event, whether the doctors accept or reject his latest offer, they will be made to appear as having been, or as still being, influenced exclusively by mercenary motives. If, for example, they should accept the new terms, how easy it will be for Mr. Lloyd George to claim that his original view is confirmed—namely, that the doctors had no moral or honourable objection to the Act, but were merely standing out for a higher price. And we are bound to say that, if the doctors accept the terms, his claim will not easily be disposed of. It has been our lament, indeed, that with individual exceptions, the doctors have presented their opposition to the Bill in the least favourable public light. Making all allowance for the natural distaste of professional men for idealist protestations, and the futility of any such considerations in dealing with Mr. Lloyd George, the fact remains that the public has been shown little in the doctors' agitation to lead them to conclude that the motives of it are very exalted. We ourselves believe that, mingled with the mercenary motives, and to a large extent concealed so far by them, are motives and ideals of a public-spirited character; but if these do not appear very plainly and very soon, and the terms of the new offer are accepted, the public will have no choice but to agree with Mr. Lloyd George. In other words, the prestige of the profession will be permanently lowered to an incalculable degree. The same result, however, under certain conditions, is likely to arise if the doctors, instead of accepting, reject the terms. Mr. Lloyd George has succeeded in placing the responsibility for the successful administration of the Act on the doctors alone. Every other interest, he gives the public to understand, has been willing to compromise its extreme claims with the just claims of the public and the State; the doctors alone have refused to join their companion interests, and, in consequence, will be the wreckers of the Act. This conclusion, we fear, is inevitable on a bare rejection by the doctors of the latest terms. To reject them without full public explanation and without positive alternative will certainly be to incur a loss of prestige the equal of the loss sustainable by their acceptance.

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With foreknowledge of the risks of infinite loss to which their professional prestige is exposed, as much from rejection as from acceptance of Mr. Lloyd George's latest and final offer, it is nevertheless, in our opinion, the duty of doctors to reject, and not to accept, the terms. But it is equally their business to reject them with such amplitude of justification and such abundance of constructive alternative suggestions that at the same time that they kill the Insurance Act they give promise of a scheme of medical service more honourable to themselves and more acceptable to the public than the scheme they reject. The grounds for rejecting the present terms, as we conceive them, are three. That the Act is unpopular, and ought by any means to be made a dead letter is less exclusively the doctors' concern than the concern of the insured themselves. The doctors may, however, be certain that, if their rejection of the terms should kill the Act, the public in general will not be sorry. The second reason for rejecting the terms is that they are a long way short of the Minimum demands unanimously formulated by the British Medical Association. Now, either those terms (we say nothing of their abstract merits) were actually minimum terms, or, as Mr. Lloyd George supposed, they contained a margin for subsequent "bar-

gaining," negotiation and compromise. But if a margin was originally allowed in them, and the doctors are now prepared to compromise on it, the conclusion is irresistible that the profession has been engaged in squeezing the public purse. If, on the other hand, it was not our money alone they wanted, the acceptance of less than their Minimum demands argues a defect of the doctors' judgment. They must have committed themselves to a Minimum without really meaning or intending that it should be a Minimum. The effect in either case on their prestige is disastrous. But the third reason for rejecting the terms is in our view decisive. It is that acceptance means the perpetuation of the system of contract practice which not only the doctors have denounced, but to which there is now, on Mr. Lloyd George's own admission, a better alternative. Allow for the moment that this better alternative—namely, a State Medical Service—requires consideration before it is accepted; allow, even, that it may not be a better alternative at all (we do not think it is); the fact remains that an alternative to the contract system *can* be conceived whose nature is at least hopeful, while the contract system embodied in the Act is universally declared to be bad. Will a system claimed and admitted to be bad be any the better for the doctors being more liberally paid? It is not, we understand, the sole professional complaint against the contract system that it has hitherto been badly paid. The main complaint, so we are led to conclude, is that the contract system, as a system, involves superficial diagnoses, lightning prescriptions, and, in general, a low order of professional conduct. We really do not see that the doubling of the fees of contract doctors will double either their time or the efforts they can put forward to save themselves from quack dispensing. If the system itself is bad—and we have their assurance that it is—money alone will not improve it much. The doctors owe it to the public to abolish a system which their best professional experience has damned on its merits, apart altogether from its profits. The rejection of the terms of Mr. Lloyd George's offer may well be grounded on the considered refusal of the doctors to perpetuate a bad and condemned system.

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The foregoing being the consequences of accepting the new terms, let us see what would be involved in their rejection. It may be assumed that the terms now offered are final. It was, we believe, with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Lloyd George persuaded the Cabinet to impose for his beautiful eyes an additional one and a half millions on our annual national expenditure. The last shot in his locker may therefore, we conclude, be taken as fired. But the alternative suggested by him to the panel and contract system which the doctors by their rejection of the terms may destroy, is equally with it on the knees of the medical profession itself. A State Medical Service can no more be set up without the consent and co-operation of the doctors than the panel and contract system can be maintained if they object to it. The notion entertained by the Government Press that the suggestions of a State Medical Service must act as a threat upon the doctors is therefore absurd. Unless State Service can be made less objectionable in its conditions than the contract system of the Act has proved to be, the doctors have the same means of refusing to work it and the same probability of effective refusal that they have employed in the latter case. Six thousand doctors at least would be required to work the State Medical Service, and probably many more as time went on. It is not conceivable that so many doctors could be found to defeat their present agitation by supplying this Service to oblige Mr. Lloyd George—cutting off their nose to spite their face. It must needs be therefore on its superior merits as a system that the alternative of State Medical Service to the panel system must be adopted if it is to be adopted. As a means merely of getting the Insurance Act to work by hook or by crook, it promises, without the doctors' support, no advantage over the panel system. The scheme must be discussed on its merits *ab initio* and quite apart from any imperious necessity—the existence of which we

naturally do not admit—of maintaining the illusion that Mr. Lloyd George's Act can and must be worked.

* * *

But while considering the abstract merits of a State Medical Service it will be well if politicians and reformers avoid the error of Mr. Lloyd George and take account of the views on this subject held by the medical trade union. The British Medical Association, unlike most other trade unions, has proved its right to be consulted before and not after a national scheme requiring its co-operation is launched. We may be quite certain, therefore, that if a State Service is devised which is obnoxious to the British Medical Association it will suffer the same fate to which, we hope, Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is about to succumb. On the subject of the constructive proposals—if they have any—of the B.M.A., however, we confess that we have little detailed knowledge. We have heard that Dr. Rentoul of Liverpool has in reserve for the break-down of Mr. Lloyd George's Act a scheme of national as distinct from State medical organisation to which many doctors have subscribed. We hope that this is true and we hope that no delay in producing the scheme will now be made. But, scheme or no scheme, it is clear to us from the constitution, standing and nature both of the medical profession and of its Association, that certain principles must be accepted as determinant, whether of a national or of a State scheme. It is not usually realised that the medical profession is in the accepted sense of the word a guild, having privileges peculiar to itself and corresponding responsibilities. The conclusion to draw from this is that the profession is entitled, and not only entitled but morally bound, to shoulder its responsibilities as well as to pocket its privileges. And, so far as human nature allows, the doctors have hitherto been no more remiss in the one than in the other. The question now arises under the Insurance Act, or any similar scheme, whether they are to accept a delegated and contractual responsibility under local committees or under the State for services which have hitherto been offered on their own direct and professional responsibility. Is the State, failing the Insurance Commissioners, to undertake medical service on its own responsibility, employing doctors as inferior and irresponsible servants; or are the doctors prepared, acting on their privileges, to insist on fulfilling directly and representatively their allotted national obligations? We put the choice before the medical profession in this form because in substance we see no difference between a contract system entered into with the State and a contract system entered into with Insurance Committees or friendly societies. The essence of the obligation in both instances is contract and contract based on payments roughly proportioned to services rendered. But it is precisely in this respect that the medical profession is distinguished from an ordinary trade; its services, when they are professionally honourable, can no more be paid proportionately to their value than can be the services of artists, thinkers, soldiers, statesmen, and all the nobler sorts of professions. To admit therefore that the medical profession is susceptible of contract services, can be prevailed upon to measure out its work by piece and time rates, saving this life, neglecting that, according to the sum contracted for with the State or any society, is immeasurably to lower its rank immediately. The opposition which we believe the doctors will raise to the establishment of State service no less than to the panel and contract system may therefore be with this high professional ideal in view quite as much, if not more than in view of the mercenary ends immediately achievable.

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Our readers, at any rate, will not imagine that we are inventing an issue of no practical importance; for the truth is that in the decision of the doctors between a State Medical Service with delegated responsibility to the profession, and sole supreme responsibility to the State, and what we have called a national service undertaken by the doctors collectively in their association in partnership with the State, the whole issue of

Collectivism as against Guild-Socialism is raised. The British Medical Association has, so far, shown itself a master of the arts of trade unionism. At a single push they have done what not the most powerful and necessary workman's union has ever had brains or courage to do. They have thus set the workmen's unions an example which these may imitate with profit. But this further question of the medical union may now be asked: Are they prepared, having established their negative and resisting power, to claim a positive, constructive, and responsible power? From a trade union fighting for its rights are they willing to become a Guild fighting for its responsibilities? The British Medical Association has many qualifications for undertaking the pioneering of the next and coming social reorganisation. It has prestige, the service its members offer is honourable and necessary, it has privileges already to its name, and its sense of national as well as professional responsibility is admitted to be high. With all these advantages, it appears to us that the Association is offered as its duty as well as privilege the task of laying the first brick of the society of the future. Insisting on its rights as an autonomous Guild professionally responsible to its own chiefs and hierarchy, it should at the same time insist on discharging directly, not subordinately but co-ordinately with the State, its national obligations and responsibilities.

* * *

But if, as we believe, the opposition of the medical profession to Mr. Lloyd George's Act is not so mercenary as both he and the doctors themselves have made it appear, the moment for the doctors to prove it is now. They have shown us they can hold up the panel scheme embodied in the Insurance Act; and we can easily surmise that they can and will hold up and prevent the establishment of a State Medical Service. With so much power, the duty of taking the next step devolves upon them and not upon Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George can make no further offer than he has made or will have made when State Service has been offered or rejected. The opportunity will then arise—indeed, it is here—for the doctors themselves to do what they have rightly prevented the State from doing—namely, to organise the medical service of the nation on a basis both honourable and profitable to themselves and to society. We have, unfortunately, not the knowledge necessary to enable us to forecast a scheme of national medical organisation which the medical profession in co-operation with the State may in its wisdom create; but the main objects of the profession, and the means of discharging its obligations, both to its own members and to the public, are obvious. It is required, in the first place, that medical attention shall be placed freely at the disposal of every individual, poor and rich alike, in the whole nation. Whether by payments made through insurance societies, through the State, through municipalities, or through private persons, access to the best medical advice should be open to everybody. We do not say that this is immediately practicable. Probably twice the existing number of doctors would be necessary to ensure a well-attended nation. But it is by this ultimate responsible national service as its ideal that the medical profession will be wise to steer its policy. The obligation to its members is no less clearly defined by their necessities: to guarantee to every qualified member of the profession opportunity of service and certainty of a minimum payment, well or ill, with patients or without them, engaged in research or engaged in practice. This undoubtedly would necessitate a limitation of membership, but the doctors' guild has already this right in effect. What they have so far neglected is the corresponding duty of making that right substantial and real to each of their members. But with the double object here sketched in view, and with the will to accomplish them, the British Medical Association may safely reject panel and contract and State service, but only to erect on their own responsibility a national guild service instead.

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[Next week's issue of THE NEW AGE will contain the Index of the volume here closing.]

Current Cant.

"Any foe of the State is the friend of the Radical Socialist; on the other hand, every friend of the State is the friend of the Unionist Party."—F. E. SMITH.

"Mr. F. E. Smith is something more than the dashing controversialist, he has ideas and a policy. . . . The essence of Unionism is union—union of the nation, union of the Empire, union of its component parts."—"The Standard."

"Unsoured, unsoiled and erect, Ramsay MacDonald has emerged through it all, and stands forth notable in mien, one of the foremost Socialist thinkers, orators and Parliamentarians of our day."—"Daily Citizen."

"How illuminating are Sir H. Tree's opinions . . . ; he is not inclined to talk for the sake of talking; he has always something illuminating to say."—"The Globe."

"There are many kinds of snobbery—(I am bound to say that, so far as my observation goes, the class which is the least tainted with this failing is the aristocracy)."—Sir HERBERT TREE.

"Bonar Law shows signs of being able to develop A man of force, a man of courage, and a man of ideas."—"The World's Work."

"The Bermondsey division is worm-eaten with Socialism of the most virulent character. . . . Socialism here is rampant. Still the Unionist flag is flying, and there is every hope of victory over all forces of disorder."—"The Standard."

"London was never so well governed as at present."—R. A. ROBINSON at the Caxton Hall.

"Never was any artist—and 'Linesman' is an artist—so passionate a lover of truth."—"Daily Mail."

"The fact that Everybody's drinking Sadow's cocoa has inspired the world-famous caricaturist, Mr. C. Harrison. . . ."—"Daily Mirror."

"I wish a few people who disapprove of the Insurance Act were here. It would soon change their minds. All we can say at present is, 'Three cheers for Lloyd George.'"—J. H. HUDSON at the King Edward Sanatorium.

"To borrow an expression from Nietzsche, Maurice Maeterlinck comes nearer to the 'Apollonian' than the Dionysian type."—"Everyman."

"Novel-reading has become an established English habit. That is a very hopeful sign."—W. B. MAXWELL.

"The essence of the demagogues' teaching is that Jack is as good as his Master—a principle which, if once successfully driven home, precludes all possibility of the successful military organisation of the country."—"The Commentator."

"Vorwärts!—Cheer, boys, cheer, and hip hooray! Four days' work and seven days' pay. Hip hooray and three times three! Food and rent and washing free."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"Socialism is a one-sided philosophy. Business men know full well that combination does not always mean profit."—PRESIDENT TAFT in the "Century."

"Great joy in Worship Street. How nice to be a prophet; and a true one. . . . For 'my-soul-bless-my-soul.' I am of the order of true prophets, and time has proven it."—WINIFRID BLATCHFORD.

"Ten years ago it was not right for a respectable girl to walk along Regent Street in the evening on account of the sights she was bound to see. Now all this is changed."—A LONDON POLICEMAN in the "Evening News."

"The financial position of the Church is not a sound one, and is not such as would be commended by any business man."—The BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

IT is a rule of THE NEW AGE, though apparently of no other paper in England, that no contributor to it shall write on a subject unless he or she is competent to do so; and one of our ideals is to have this rule applied in every department of journalism and literature. We do not, for example, ask Mr. Wells to write on social reform, simply because Mr. Wells knows nothing about it; but we shall not be satisfied until other journals adopt the same attitude. We are willing, in a word, to listen to views from competent critics only.

This being our rule, then, it becomes necessary to administer two rebukes this week, one to Mr. Masterman and one to Mr. Garvin. There is little to choose between the cases, but that of Mr. Masterman is, if anything, the more glaring. He made a speech several days ago in Bethnal Green, in the course of which he said, referring to the Balkan struggle: "I want you to take a sympathetic view towards the people who are fighting what I believe is the cause of liberty and progress. I hope we shall be able to give them [the Balkan Allies] some aid . . . and I hope, if, at the end of this struggle, there comes another opportunity for interference, we shall not do what we did in 1878—put our money on the wrong horse."

Taxed with such a breach of tact, Mr. Masterman explained his conduct in the House of Commons by saying that he had been misreported, although the versions of the only papers which gave space to the speech differed in no essential particular and contained nothing about Mr. Masterman's alleged reference to neutrality. The Minister, when cornered, apparently tried to excuse his indiscretion by laying the blame on the reporters.

I hope it is not necessary for me to insist on the gravity of Mr. Masterman's offence. He is not now a private member, giving expression merely to his own views; he is a member of the Government, and, as such, ought to mind his tongue. Any statement such as this, no matter from how unimportant a member of the Government it may come, is a serious breach of our neutrality.

This, however, is not the only point I wish to make, and not a particularly important one compared with that which I do wish to make. I maintain that a person like Mr. Masterman has no right whatever to raise his voice either on behalf of Turkey or on behalf of the Balkan States, since he can obviously know little of the questions in dispute. When a man mentions the cause of "liberty and progress" in connection with the Balkan States, he proves thereby that his knowledge and intelligence are both minus quantities. What has Turkey not done that Mr. Masterman's school of thought has not asked her to do? I say "thought," although I realise that I am degrading the word by using it in this connection. She cast out Abdul Hamid and got the Constitution put into force; she organised a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate and made the new Sultan a mere figurehead; she made equal laws and regulations for Moslems and Christians, and so on and so forth. What has happened? She lost first of all Bosnia and Herzegovina; then she lost Tripoli; and now she is in danger of losing Macedonia. What are the Liberals grumbling about, then? Can Turkey be blamed if she now looks with suspicion on Liberal principles? I think not. In any case, Mr. Masterman's knowledge of the subject is obviously limited. He would be carrying out his purpose in life much better if he spent his time in practising the proper intonation of "Here endeth the First Lesson." When he criticises the Balkan struggle he betrays his incompetence in every sentence.

In the absence of our regular military correspondent, who is now in the Balkans, I propose to administer a rebuke to Mr. Garvin. As my military experience and studies make me very much the superior of the editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," readers of THE NEW AGE will, I am sure, understand that I have a

right to be heard when I express views on the military situation anywhere; but Mr. Garvin has not. His incompetence, too, is shown in nearly everything he has written on the Balkan situation; but it is beyond a joke when, in addition to leading articles, we are confronted every evening with a special series of "War Notes," signed "J. L. Garvin" at the beginning and initialed "J. L. G." at the end, so that, presumably, there shall be no mistake about the authorship. I take the following from the "Pall Mall Gazette" of October 21:—

"At this moment matters are not going well for the Sultan's armies; and in Constantinople there is evident alarm. The real danger for the Turks is that they have been seriously under-estimating their opponents, and were full last week of over-confidence. . . . There is nothing improbable, then, in the reported fall of Kirk Kilisse. . . . We were not wrong in pointing out last week that the grim silence of Sofia was a more serious symptom than the proclamations of the inevitable triumph issued beforehand from Stamboul."

The facts are these: in Constantinople there has never been any alarm. The fatalistic Turk is the last man in the world to exhibit alarm even if he felt it. At Sofia the newspaper correspondents simply had to send whatever the Government chose to give out to them, and less has all along been known about the war in Sofia than in London, where we can get our news from several different sources. The Turkish plan to oppose an invasion by the Balkan States—as I happened to learn definitely more than a year ago, and as any man of military knowledge might in any case have guessed—is to let the enemy penetrate fairly well into the country. This will give the Turks time to prepare their own forces, will draw the Bulgarians, the Greeks, and the Servians farther from their bases, thus necessitating more men to guard the lines of communication, and leaving fewer for the work of fighting, and will incidentally make flight difficult in the event of a Bulgarian or Greek defeat. Of course, as the small Turkish forces now in the field, or in the field at first, fall back before the invaders, there will be a great deal of desultory fighting; but although the Turks fall back it does not follow that they are necessarily defeated. They must keep in touch with the enemy in order to know what he is doing.

Again, Mr. Garvin is quite wrong when he speaks of the "fall" of Kirk Kilisse. No experienced military critic would speak of the "fall" of an unfortified position. Such a position may be said to be captured or taken, but it cannot "fall." In view of Mr. Garvin's elementary notions of military criticism, therefore, there is no need for him to chide his colleagues, or to speak of the "Pall Mall Gazette" as holding the balance between the extremists, and so on. The average reader will simply be deceived and misled; but there are sufficient numbers of military men and students of military affairs scattered throughout the London clubs for the "Pall Mall Gazette" to be made ridiculous as the result of this incompetent criticism. Surely Mr. Astor does not stint his staff in such a way that his editor cannot afford to engage an efficient military critic.

Provided that no international complications ensue, Turkey will win in the long run. She has more fighting energy, more men, and more money than the Balkan States. The greatest danger for Turkey does not lie with the Balkan States at all, but with Russia and Vienna. Strenuous efforts are being made by the war party in St. Petersburg to dislodge M. Sazonoff, the Foreign Minister, but I may say that they are not likely to succeed in the meantime. Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister, is not the ardent, enthusiastic, keen patriot he is generally assumed to be. He is rather slothful and blasé, and has, I believe, never been known to hurry. Military critics should inquire why Russia is showing so much activity in Poland.

Guild Socialism.

IV.—A Working Model.

HAVING sketched the outline of a guild, let us examine how it applies in practice. Hitherto we have discussed the manufacturing or productive industries. It would have been easy to have taken one of them for a working model, but it will, we think, prove more interesting to widen our survey and to examine the transport industry. Transport is obviously an integral part of production, involving the movement of raw or semi-raw materials in the first stage and the distribution of the finished product as the third stage. Economical transport, under capitalistic competition, is obviously of the highest importance. In all the industrial countries a fierce fight has waged between the manufacturing and the transport interests. This has been particularly the case in America, where the great railway systems have concerned themselves with the development of virgin territories and have levied excessive tribute. American politics have largely raged round transport. The great American railway systems have dominated Western politics for two or three generations and afford ample proof of our contention that economic precedes and determines political power. The novels of the late Frank Norris, particularly the first of his trilogy—"The Octopus"—accurately describe the tremendous power held by the railway interests. Even in the Eastern States this power is still exerted although counterbalanced to a large extent by the manufacturing interests. Roughly, American railway policy has been to charge the heaviest possible freight rates that the industries can bear. Their rates have steadily advanced with the increasing prosperity of the territory in which they operate. In Great Britain, the railway companies have not exercised quite the same sovereign powers. In the nature of the case they could not do so because they arrived on the scene after the manufacturing interests had established themselves. Nevertheless, the British railways have contrived to do remarkably well; their capital has been "watered" and dividends are to-day paid upon inflated capital values. The movement for the nationalisation of railways has by no means been confined to Socialists, many Chambers of Commerce having declared in its favour. But capitalist solidarity has asserted itself. The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, some years ago, was on the point of passing a resolution in favour of nationalisation, when Mr. Arthur Chamberlain intervened. "Gentlemen," said he, "shall dog eat dog?" Many manufacturers, smarting under railway exactions, would gladly see the railways nationalised, but they realise that nationalisation might not stop at railways. So they bear the evils they know rather than fly to those they know not. The German nationalised railways have in many ways subserved the interests of German industries, especially in the way of through freights from German manufacturing centres—Solingen, for example—to oversea ports. There are a thousand anomalies that have arisen in England in consequence. A Birmingham hardware manufacturer, some years ago, found it cheaper to ship his goods first to Solingen and thereafter to South Africa. By this means he evaded the depredations of the shipping rings.

But the wage system presses as harshly on the French and German nationalised railways as on the capitalistic English lines. From the wage slave's point of view, the one is as bad as the other. Indeed, strangely enough, the privately managed British companies pay better wages and give better conditions than the German and French national systems. The nationalised French lines are to-day seething with discontent.

The reason is not far to seek. The nationalised railway has to pay interest on the purchase money precisely as do the private companies, whilst it has been abundantly proved that bureaucracy, in the accepted meaning of the word, is more incompetent than the Board of Directors with their more elastic methods.

The wage slave, therefore, in passing from a capitalistic to a nationalised railway system merely exchanges King Stork for King Log.

From these facts we deduce two conclusions:—

(1) So long as the investor has a first charge upon the assets or the profits, wage slavery must continue.

(2) Bureaucracy being incompetent and private capitalism oppressive, it follows that the only way out is the adoption of industrial democracy, as expressed in the guild.

Let us then see how a transport guild would grow out of the disorganisation, chaos and wage slavery of existing arrangements.

According to the Census of 1901, there were engaged in the "conveyance of men, goods and messages (excluding merchant seamen abroad)" 1,497,629 employees. The 1911 Census will doubtless show an increase commensurate with the general increase of population, but the figures are not yet available. Roughly, then, the Transport Guild must comprehend a membership of 1,500,000. How far towards this total do the transport unions go? We shall quote the names of the various transport unions together with their membership at the end of 1910. It would be simpler to quote the sum total, but mention of the various unions gives an excellent bird's-eye view of the sub-divisions possible in the Guild, as also of the practical complexities of organisation:—

Amalgamated Railway Servants	75,153
Belfast and Dublin Drivers and Firemen ...	386
Associated Locomotive Engineers and Firemen	19,800
United Pointsmen and Signalmen	3,790
General Railway Workers	7,284
Railway Clerks of Great Britain and Ireland	9,476
Edinburgh and Leith Cab Drivers	212
London Carmen	5,690
National Amalgamated Coal Porters	1,535
Amalgamated Tramway and Vehicle Workers	17,076
Amalgamated Carters, Lorrymen and Motor-	
men	3,995
United Carters of England	2,839
Wigan and District Carters and Lorrymen ...	146
Halifax and District Carters	359
Newcastle Tramway Workers	388
Limerick Carmen and Storemen	890
South Shields Steam-Tug Boatmen	205
Wear Steam Packet Trade Society	90
Tyne Steam Packet Prov. Society	638
Hull Seamen and Marine Firemen	511
Monkwearmouth Steam-Tug Prov. Society ...	51
National Sailors and Firemen	12,000
Marine Engineers	7,000
Tyne Steam Packet Prov. Society (Newcastle)	153
Tyne Fogboatmen	105
National Ships' Stewards, Cooks, Butchers	
and Bakers	3,624
Tyne Watermen	387
Watermen, Lightermen and Watchmen of the	
River Thames	2,324
Weaver Watermen	328
Amalgamated Foremen Lightermen (Thames)	248
Upper Mersey Watermen and Porters	1,200
Mersey River and Canals Watermen	181
Manchester Ship Canal Pilots	34
Greenock and Port Glasgow Rafters	36
Amalgamated Stevedores	4,225
Greenock General Porters' Labourers	218
Montrose Shore Labourers	20
Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Workers	18,240
Cardiff, Penarth and Barry Coal Trimmers and	
Tippers	1,450
Mersey Quay and Railway Carters	5,083
National Dock Labourers	14,253
Labour Protection League	2,500
Great Grimsby Coal Workers	80
Grimsby General Workers	516
Limerick Harbour Employees	40
Greenock Dock Labourers	162
North of England Trimmers and Teemers ...	1,684
Dunstan Trimmers	176
Irish Transport and General Workers... ..	5,011

Altogether in 1910 there were 59 Transport Unions, with 1,947 branches and a membership of 242,270. That is to say rather less than one in six of the transport employees was enrolled in the unions.

At the first glance it would appear that this list of transport unions is a tedious narration; but those who possess imagination will understand the importance of thoroughly realising the romantic panorama of human effort involved in the "conveyance of men, goods and messages," and the work necessary to the formation of the guild. First and foremost is the work of unification. These fifty-nine unions have each their official staff—their president, treasurer, organiser, secretary, branch secretaries, each according to its numerical strength and territory covered. Many of these unions are kept isolated by the self-interested intrigues of these vested officials. Moreover, special agreements with employees play a not inconsiderable part in the conscious or unconscious policy of the employers who connive at the multiplication of unions on the principle of divide and conquer. But the growing enlightenment amongst the rank and file, coupled with an increasing appreciation of the united interests of the transport workers as a whole, will undoubtedly produce consolidation in the near future. This process, indeed, proceeds apace. Since 1907 four transport unions have been amalgamated with larger ones, whilst twelve unions have dissolved, their members joining other unions. The recent railway and dock strikes have taught the lesson of inter-union solidarity.

Now let us attempt to visualise the whole transport army enrolled in one organisation and controlling the national "conveyance of men, goods and messages." Here we have the guild ready to start operations. What will it do?

It must do two things concurrently:—(1) It must undertake the transport duties demanded by the nation (that is, by the other guilds) and do the work at least as efficiently and economically as it is done to-day; (2) It must maintain and protect every member it has enrolled.

It is the maintenance and protection of the guild members that really constitute the social revolution now rendered urgent by the failure of the present industrial system to maintain and protect its wage slaves. Here then we reach the practical issue of the abolition of the wage system. The fundamental distinction between guild control and private capitalism is that, whereas the latter merely buys labour power as a commodity, and at a price (known as wages) which will yield the maximum rent and interest, the guilds co-operatively apply the human energy of their members, render themselves and their members independent of capitalist charges, and distribute the proceeds of their members' labour amongst their members without regard to rent or interest. Competitive wages, in fact, are abolished and, in consequence, there is no surplus value or fund available for the private capitalist. No wages to yield surplus value, no rent; no wages, no interest; no wages, no profits.

Once a member of his guild, no man need again fear the rigours of unemployment or the slow starvation of a competitive wage. Thus, every transport worker, providing he honestly completes the task assigned him, will be entitled to maintenance—a maintenance equal to his present wage, plus the amount now lost by unemployment, plus a proportion of existing surplus value—that is, plus his present individual contribution to rent and interest; and, finally, plus whatever savings are effected by more efficient organisation. He will not, therefore, receive wages (as we now know them) because he will receive something much greater—possibly three times greater—than the existing wage standard.

After all, maintenance is not the only consideration in life. There is a protective influence emanating from powerful organisations very precious to the individual and to society. The Chinese guilds understand this. Some of them are so powerful that they will redress their members' grievances even to the ends of the earth. Nothing could be further from our thoughts than any

melo-dramatic interpretation of such a simple proposition, even though we can easily foresee a rich field for future novelists in the application of this principle. But in sickness and old age the transport worker must be protected by his guild; in distress he will look to his comrades for succour, probably to the guild itself. In short, the guild must be a fellowship as well as an economic organisation. Just as the German student belongs to his corps, looking to it for social help and companionship, so the transport worker will belong to his guild, drawing out of it not only maintenance, but fellowship. This is what we meant in our last article when we remarked that the guilds would make themselves responsible for old age pensions, insurance and sick benefit, and *much else*.

In its proper place, we shall discuss the actual economic working of the guilds, how they will arrange their work and how distribute the wealth they have created. It is reasonable and just, however, to assert that the guild members in return for moral and material benefits so infinitely in advance of existing conditions must put all their brain, muscle and heart into their work. Work! To-day the transport worker does not work, he toils—and toil is the most wasteful process known to modern civilisation.

We have, then, 1,500,000 workers engaged in the transportation of men and merchandise, and banded together to ensure a corporate return of their share of the national wealth. Observe, please, that it is not a question of making work; it already exists, waiting to be done. Assuming the entire willingness of the members to undertake their several tasks, the most important problem is efficiency. That means discipline, and discipline involves a hierarchy. From this set of conditions there can be no other conclusion. Democracy is not anarchy; and industrial democracy implies democratic control of industry. This means, therefore, the democratic appointment of the hierarchy. The present general managers of the railways are appointed by shareholders in the interests of the shareholders; the future general managers must be appointed by the guild in the interests of the guild. Inasmuch as the guilds are public institutions and not profiteering corporations, it follows that these appointments are also in public interest. Nor need we shrink from the further conclusion that the appointment of a hierarchy involves a suitable form of graduated pay. As, *ex hypothesi*, there is now unity of interest, the managers, sub-managers, foremen, and whatever other grades there may be, have no interest to serve save those of the members who have appointed them. In this connection, we pin our faith to the democratic idea without reserve. We believe the workman is the shrewdest judge of good work and of the competent manager. Undistracted by irrelevant political notions, his mind centred upon the practical affairs of his trade, the workman may be trusted to elect to higher grades the best men available. In the appointment of their checkweighmen, for example, the miners almost never make a mistake. Doubtless injustices will from time to time be perpetrated; but they will be few compared with the million injustices done to-day to capable men who are habitually ignored in the interests of capitalist cadets. Our Transport Guild will probably, in the first place, continue in office all those who are there now, providing, of course, that they join the guild.

Next to be considered is the distribution of the work. Experience and estimate will indicate that during the next quarter, so many million passengers and so many million tons will have to be carried. To that end, there are available so many ships, so many carts and lorries, so many tramcars and 'buses, and so many railway cars and trucks. At the outset there will be obvious economies. Competing ships, competing cars, competing railways will all be regularised so that every available pound of energy will be turned to the most fruitful use.

The estimate as to the value of transport as an integral part of production will be then comparatively simple. The guilds will necessarily start on the assumption that the standard of life of all the workers must be practically the same, although, in the first

instance, there may be some graduation of standard as between guild and guild. But assuming some approximation of life standard, probably the easiest way of arriving at value will be by estimating the number employed plus the cost in human labour of the machinery utilised. When this stage is reached, we shall learn the truth of a previous remark of ours that there will be an extraordinary transvaluation of the meaning both of labour and wealth.

In our last chapter we differentiated ourselves from the Syndicalists by admitting the right of the State to co-management with the guilds. In the most formal manner, now, we assert that the material of all the guilds ought to be vested in the State; the monopoly of the guilds is their organised labour power. Over their labour power the guilds must have complete control; but the State will be rightly and equitably entitled to a substitute for economic rent. A substitute, we say, not economic rent itself; for economic rent is a product of competitive private ownership. Adam Smith was the first to point out, and Thorold Rogers the first to prove, that rent was originally what we conceive it will be again under Guild Socialism, namely, a tax in return for a charter or licence. It was only when capitalism arose that the tax called rent was raised by successive stages to the competitive rack-rent it is to-day. But how will the tax payable by the Guilds to the State be computed if not by competition? By the needs of the State and the proportionate means of the Guilds. Assume that the estimated national Budget for any following year is £250,000,000. This sum will require to be found by the citizens in their individual or in their collective capacity. But for those individuals who are organised in Guilds it will, we imagine, be most convenient to tax them collectively, that is, through their Guilds. Thus the Guild would, in each instance, be required to levy on itself on behalf of the State an amount proportionate to the numbers of its members.

Herein we have endeavoured to indicate the structure of the Guild in its main outlines. We are not so foolish as to fill in details, for, with the growth of trade union organisation, practically every detail will change in comparative value and significance. But we are confident that we have stated the case for the Guild with sufficient clearness to warrant our claim that we have pointed the way to economic emancipation and squared the conflicting interests of a State bureaucracy (very rightly the bugbear of every serious democracy) with industrial democracy.

The Calling of the Rooks.

By C. H. Norman.

IN modern diplomacy no principle is more unquestioned than the maxim that no State should assume critical functions in regard to the internal affairs of other States. In practice this maxim is limited in its application. Only those States which have the reserve power to resist critical intervention in their internal administration, however bad that may be, can avail themselves of this maxim of diplomacy. The nation that cannot assert its right to be governed badly will soon lose its independence. China, Morocco, Persia and Turkey have not received much assistance from diplomatic theory against the clamour of ambition seeking an excuse for its crimes.

On this view of foreign policy, Englishmen have no ground of complaint against the Russian Government for not establishing a decent Government in Russia. But England has prided herself, with some justice and a good deal of hypocrisy, on a generous measure of personal liberty as the right of each citizen. Though Englishmen cannot expect Russia to adopt similar ideals of government, Sir Edward Grey, as the guiding hand in England's foreign relations, owed to the reputation of England a duty not to assist the Russian Government in ruling Russia by methods which every high-minded Englishman must regard with horror and reprobation. The case against the Anglo-Russian understanding, looked at purely from the standpoint of

relative civilised ideals, is, that by rendering financial aid to the Russian bureaucracy, a policy has been initiated by Sir E. Grey which is injurious to that progression in civilisation which all patriotic Englishmen must believe to be represented by English institutions. That is the spiritual objection to the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey. England's honour is being tarnished by this Anglo-Russian entanglement. Personal honour and national honour have differing standards. What no individual in a crowd would attempt, a crowd may often shamelessly carry out. Amid many bloody hands, none is caught red-handed. That is a commonplace of psychology. But Sir Edward Grey has committed Englishmen to the toleration not only of what no English individual would sanction, but what no English crowd would do. The atrocities in Persia, not perpetrated by Englishmen, but connived at and defended by Russians, have attached their murderous discredit to Sir Edward Grey. He can bear that burden lightly, as he has not troubled to wash his hands clean of the Denshawai murders; yet he has involved the honour and integrity of England. As the best Englishmen repudiated the Denshawai horror, so the best Englishmen are agitating against the Persian slaughter. Neglectful though he is of his own honour, a neglect which has been the feature of Sir Edward Grey's conduct since he was caught manipulating public documents in 1907, the Foreign Secretary is still the custodian of the honour of England. No Minister has the right to degrade his fellow-countrymen. Sir Edward Grey has dragged English civilisation down to the Russian level. No graver crime has been committed against England since the treason of Charles II. History will judge whether Secretary Grey has not strayed into the devious paths trodden by that monarch in his negotiations with France.

English statesmen have hitherto endeavoured to direct the foreign policy of England in such a sense that the best ports or coaling stations on the great trade routes should be either in the power of England or in the territory of some weak neutral Power. Under Sir Edward Grey an incomprehensible change has taken place in this respect, the more remarkable as it has never been justified, the more sinister as it cannot be explained. Morocco, with its fair harbours and valuable trade, has been presented, with English consent, to France and Spain. The Union des Mines, which so actively resisted the legitimate developments of English trade in Morocco, counted among its shareholders Mr. Bonar Law, M.P., and Mr. Walter Harris, the Tangier correspondent of the "Times." The latter paper has been the trumpet of the Foreign Office since Sir Edward Grey assumed the conducting of the orchestra at the Foreign Office. The promoters of the Union des Mines were wise to enlist two such potent influences against the Mediterranean power of England. It is idle to speculate upon the peculiar patriotism evinced in these proceedings; there is no patriotism in business. England has not yet demanded an account from the traitors who well-nigh ruined the Empire in the South African war. The governing oligarchy, which has its grip on the windpipe of the Empire, will probably throttle it when there is nothing left in its pockets. One cannot forget that the French emigrants in the Revolution period tried to subjugate the French Republic by foreign troops. The alliance with the Russian bureaucracy is not so casual a matter as it may appear on the surface.

Italy has the reversion of the Tripolitan sea-coast, while France was offered the rule of the Mediterranean. How could Egypt have been protected under this arrangement? The silence of Secretary Grey is the best answer to this plain interrogation. The incomprehensible in foreign policy is only introduced to hide a crime or to conceal a blunder; Sir Edward Grey can take his choice. His mind is naturally hostile to all social and national idealism; but, even so, he should pray for judgment on nobler principles than his own.

A second line of English foreign policy has been to protect India and the countries bordering on the Indian frontier from the machinations of Russian agents.

Barely nine years have passed by since the Empire embarked upon an expedition against the Tibetans because Russian envoys had been intriguing at Lhasa. What a transformation in that short space of time! These sudden affections in world politics are dangerous maladies. On the balance of gain, which is the sole test, since no one would accuse Sir Edward Grey of dabbling in altruism, one can understand and sympathise with Russian friendliness for England; but why England should have consented to Russia becoming her *souteneur* is inexplicable.

Russian foreign policy has for generations aimed at the absorption of Persia, so that a line of advance may be opened up against the defences of India. The outline of Russian policy, known as the testament of Peter the Great to his successors, is a demonstration of this fact. Clause VIII reads: "Bear in mind that the commerce of India is the commerce of the world, and that he who can exclusively command it is dictator of Europe. No occasion, therefore, should be lost to provoke war with Persia to hasten its decay, to advance on the Persian Gulf, and then to endeavour to re-establish the ancient trade of the Levant through Syria." With what object is England in close relationship with a Power whose policy has thus been disclosed? Assuming the existing commercial partition of Persia were developed into a political partition, as is not improbable, Russia would be possessed of the rich province of Khorassan, in which to marshal her forces. Her base would be hundreds of miles nearer India. But if an independent Persia were interposed, as is the case now, between Russian and the Indian frontier defences, the invasion of India would be impossible. Sir Edward Grey, by signing the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1907, turned an impregnable position into a most vulnerable one. What was his motive?

It is said that Russia is England's friend. Tut! Who would not purchase friendship at such a price? Russia is like the persuasive bankrupt who induces those whom he has swindled to lend him more in order that he may cheat others and pay the former creditors with the proceeds of his second fraud. Russia had everything to win on this diplomatic cast and nothing to imperil. The Russian diplomats would have been superhuman to have refused the key of the Indian defences: even though it were as costly as the subsidies of Louis XIV. Under the rule of Sir E. Grey the public law of Europe is so lightly held that Englishmen can place but little reliance on Russian pledges. Once the pacification and occupation of Northern Persia were completed, Russia might repudiate her engagements. Nothing can hold an unwilling and powerful nation to the obligations of her treaties. What would be the situation then? With a partitioned Persia, Russia would be a thousand miles nearer her avowed goal of "commanding the commerce of India"; while England would have secured nothing to counterbalance this gigantic sacrifice. The Marquess of Dufferin, so recently as 1889, for thirteen years is a short space in the realm of diplomacy and the lives of nations, warned England in specific terms of the dangers of this policy: "Any further approach of a great foreign military Power towards the confines of India would entail upon the latter country such an intolerable amount of expense in the shape of additional fortifications and other measures of defence as would become absolutely intolerable, and would be less preferable than any other alternative, however serious." Why is that weighty observation of the Marquess of Dufferin no longer well-founded? Again, one may repeat, where is the clue to the enigma of Sir E. Grey's foreign policy?

The answer which may occur to many minds is the hostility of Germany. Sir Edward Grey has here followed a singular tack. If these figures, extracted from the non-party Naval Annual of 1912, be accurate, Sir Edward Grey has misled the House of Commons with regard to the relative strength of the German and English Navies. "Effective Fighting Ships, Built and Building," is the heading of the table. "Battleships, Great Britain 72; Germany 43; cruisers, England 117; Germany 53; Destroyers, Great Britain, 210; Ger-

many, 129; Torpedo-boats, Great Britain, 58; Germany, 47; Submarine-boats, Great Britain, 79; Germany 28." On these statistics, what reason was there for the odious and contemptible anti-German panic of 1909-1912? In the times of Napoleon, Englishmen boasted that one British seaman could smash three Frenchies. Germans are now regarded as such prodigies that seemingly two English ships are needed to beat one German ship. The arrogance of the taunt against Frenchmen was regrettable; but it was healthier than the arrant cowardice of the anti-German alarmists.

What is the cause of this continued misrepresentation of the true strength of the British Navy? One idea is to inflame public opinion against Germany, for there is nothing more inflammatory than terror, so that the financial interests in armaments (and in the Russian industrial concerns, which have had a deflecting effect upon Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy) can reap a rich harvest at the expense of the English nation. There is a salutary rule in municipal politics which forbids members of municipal councils being pecuniarily interested in the contracts allotted by those bodies. That principle should be applied in Parliament. The exactly opposite view is taken at present. When a railway Bill or gas Bill or water Bill is down for discussion in the House of Commons, or the House of Lords, all the members connected with these interests attend in full force. What is an evil when committed by a petty tradesman becomes a virtue when perpetrated by Sir Frederick Banbury! That is an absurdity. Equally, members who own shares in armament companies (they represent a considerable number of influential members on all sides of the House) have only themselves to blame if their strenuous efforts to exasperate public feeling against Germany are misinterpreted by independent observers. Some of the most pronounced alarmists in both Houses are financially advantaged by swollen naval estimates. The least suspicious mind, in view of the overwhelming odds against Germany, must question these members' disinterestedness; and must wonder whether their public duty is not coloured by their private interest. The capital represented by the armament companies is enormous. These are the capitals of the four chief concerns:—Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., £5,710,000; Vickers, Sons and Maxim, £7,347,000; Guest, Keen and Nettlefolds, £4,535,000; Cammell Laird and Co., £4,122,895. Mr. Winston Churchill's appointment to the Admiralty, looked at merely from this financial aspect, was one open to the gravest objection. There are other substantial companies, but the above-named are a sample of the vested interests in enormous armaments. The odd thing is that the British skill and capital welded together in these corporations are also used in the construction of vessels and armaments for foreign Powers.

Nor has this vast expenditure improved the prospects of peace, or maintained the prestige of the Empire. Since England entered the arena of Continental politics the political unrest in Europe has been increasing. The approach of war has rarely been so near in modern times, nor the chances of war so frequent. France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Germany and Russia have all inserted something on the credit side of their national accounts; but Sir Edward Grey cannot pretend to have added a shilling to Britain's national assets. England has lost ground with several far-reaching organisations which sway the underground movements which swing nations here and there. In Europe there are four such organisations, namely, the Grand Orient of France, the Nihilists, the Society of Jesus, and the International Socialist Bureau. The first and third of these societies have never been renowned for Anglo-philism. Yet the Grand Orient of France exercised its influence against Colonel Marchand's supporters in the Fashoda affair. The Nihilists and the International Socialist Bureau were generally pro-English, and sometimes strongly so, until the Russian entente was begun. Not the least ominous consequence of the Anglo-Russian entente has been that those who govern these widespread organisations have become disaffected towards

England; as it is the attitude of friendliness assumed by England towards Russia which has stemmed the revolutionary tide in Russia by enabling the bureaucracy to prop itself upon British money. That is one heavy penalty that England must pay for the policy of Sir Edward Grey. Those who know something of the undercurrents which disturb and becalm the sea of international politics must weigh the injury this defection may do England in the moment of need.

These are the alternatives. (1) A return to the principle of isolation, under which the Empire was constructed and has been developed, combined with a general support of the integrity of the smaller communities. (2) An understanding or alliance with Germany. The present conflict of armaments with Germany is throwing the whole burden of European rivalries on the British taxpayer, while Russia and France practically escape any special expenditure.

If the hour be approaching when England must go the way of Rome and Carthage, as the alien alarmists of the Blumenfeld and Garvin type are always assuring us, let her die honourably, struggling to uphold the nobilities of freedom and liberty, rather than fall upon the battlefield in the association of the assassins who describe themselves with grim irony as the Government of Russia.

"And the Lord God Planted a Garden Eastward in Eden."

By M. B. Oxon.

It is easy enough to be amused at the folly of modern scientists when, like the fly on the wheel, they complacently admire their success in turning the universe. But this amusement is mixed with irritation if we believe that they might really be able to do it if they only believed they could. Whether it will then be worth their while, viewed from the standpoint of cosmic economics, to make protoplasm, for example, when an amoeba who knows no differential calculus and lives on .0002d. a month can do it quite nicely, is another question. But it may be hoped that the experience would open their eyes to many things which are now long forgotten. No doubt at first it would only magnify still more their present complacency. But when the fly had found out that, although he was not really turning the wheel, yet he did produce a measurable effect, according as he ran to one side or the other, the idea might suddenly strike him, if he were a clever fly, that there were lots of things he could advantageously do, though wheel-turning was not one of them. He might, for instance, go away and lay an egg, or any other useful thing flies do do.

But, to be serious, science is within a measurable, though not very short, distance of its Great Achievement which has nothing to do with wireless telegraphy or the knowledge of sunspots or the fertilisation of an ovum with salt water. The idea may be laughed at, but the real object of science, which it is approaching unawares, is the proof of the Reality of Religion.

All the Scriptures of the world are treatises on Cosmic Physics in which the paragraphs on the material world are so short and insignificant as to count for very little. Until the days of Aristotle, Cosmic Physics was the only physics considered of any importance, but men by that time had begun to believe that it was really mundane physics and to try to make it fit the material world, though with no great success. They were inclined to fudge their facts to fit their beliefs. But though, by Aristotle's day, the belief in the exactness of Cosmic Physics was dying out, time was when it was otherwise, and as recipes for dynamite are not desirable things for everyone to get hold of the Scriptures were made even more puzzling than they really are by mixing up the chapters and altering the words here and there.

Since Aristotle's day the conditions have been reversed. Cosmic Physics in the sense in which I am

using the words, is quite forgotten, and any chance recollections of it are now called "superstitions" (which, kindly remember, means "remains"). The material world is the only part of Cosmos now recognised, with the addition in late years of that fringe of the force-world which is closely connected with it. Thus, whereas in old times the facts of the material world were fudged to fit beliefs, now we fudge our beliefs to fit the material world. But science is tunneling in the same mountain in which the old wise-aces worked and some day we shall break into the old workings and when we get out the other side we shall discover that the mountain does not go on for ever, but that on the other side there is a land, not an uncharted wilderness, but containing good roads to which all the Scriptures, if we can understand them, are very comprehensive guides. If we can understand them! For, as I have said, since they are not intended to teach us to start off at once and make protoplasm—that being only taught in the amoeba class of the lower school, so that it is quite forgotten by the time we reach the sixth standard—some of the directions are rather difficult to understand till we get acclimatised and accustomed to the ways of the country, not to mention that some of the words have got changed. One of the methods of confusion adopted has been deliberately to change words into partial synonyms, or to blot words out as we find done in Egyptian inscriptions, which I think are not really such senseless things as the Egyptologists are inclined to make them. With the limited knowledge at our disposal it would be hard, no doubt, to prove either of these accusations in a court of law, but it is, at any rate, curious how we find long inscriptions in which one or two words have been, apparently capriciously, deleted. Some Egyptian 'Arry may have been the censor, but—also he may not.

Another interesting method was to encourage simplified spelling, of which an example is our own Bible. I am no Hebrew scholar, but I will venture to offer what I think is a good sample of this method. Even if it should offend the Hebraists it may at the same time give them a moment's amusement, in exchange.

To make the position clear we must remember that Hebrew is written only with consonants, above or below which small "vowel points" are added, much as a shorthand writer adds his vowels. At what period the vowel points were introduced is open to question, but they were, no doubt, the work of some simplified spellers who wished to make reading easier for the young. There are, of course, many cases of words of very diverse meaning which, but for their vowel points, are identical, but the vowel points once having been allotted to them no one seems to recognise their fundamental identity. A very good example is the word which we have transliterated Eden. As pointed it is connected with a word meaning "pleasure," but this is clearly a secondary meaning, for differently pointed it conveys a more primitive idea of "softness," "looseness"; in fact, almost corresponding to the Latin "mobile."

It is an interesting word. Its initial letter (Ain) is one about the sound of which there is some question—also a very interesting subject but away from our path just now—but it is, generally at any rate, a vowel, and its shape is clearly the same as the Greek Y. If we write YAN we find we have written one of the forms of the root which means, in Greek, "Water" YAP. The same sound meant "water" in Sanskrit, "ud"; in Welsh, "dwr"; and in old Cornish, "dour." I do not know why it was decided to translate the word next it as "eastward," for it means "by, with, or from KDM," and KDM means "that which was before."*

And what did "the Lord" do? He made in the mobile, "with that which was before" a garden, or rather a fenced enclosure, GN. This is the root from

* It has been observed that this word resembles KaDMos who founded Thebes, and invented letters, but I think many do not know that Noah's Ark was also called "Thebes."

which comes our word generate, and all such words in all languages; *γενος, γυνη*; sanskrit, jani, a wife; and even English, jenny-wren. And in this GN He placed the "Adam which he had made."

Now if there is any sense in this, and that it should all be a string of coincidences seems very improbable, it of course proves nothing, but it gives food for thought. If the story were merely the simple "phallic" invention of "primitive" man, why did it get hidden under all the vowel points? The only explanations I can offer are, either that this was due to a sense of impropriety, which seems very unlikely, or that it is the beginning of a history of The Genesis which was at one time not so incomprehensible but that it might have been understood by the laity. In these days it would be a waste of time and trouble to disguise it, for we all know that Methuselah couldn't have lived 969 years, and so the whole story must be nonsense.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

IX.

OUR manners and morals differ (thank God, they do differ!) from those of the English. And this is because our ethic has a different basis, and because our conventions have a different origin.

Let me confess that I know hardly any England save London, and my friends say that I really know nothing of the English because I meet only the few hyper-civilised people who are interested in the arts. From what I have seen, however, I should say that English conventions and manners are a system of defence, evolved with great skill and wisdom, born of the sort of necessity that presses upon people living close together.

One must maintain a certain amount of freedom. One cannot, in a city, know the people next door too intimately. They might be bores, and waste too much of one's time.

Everyone in London knows all the people he wants to know. He or she knows all the people he or she has time to know. One has known so many people of all sorts that there is no sort of person about whom one retains any curiosity.

A new acquaintance is an experiment, a new friend a peril. The acquisition of either means a derangement of one's system of life. It means rearranging one's time to admit the intruder.

This state of things has pertained in London for some centuries, and has bred a form of procedure.

These people have clubs, so that they can sample you and inspect you without inviting you to their houses. They have "tea," so that they can extend to you some sort of hospitality without inviting you to a meal.

They have luncheons, so that you can meet them without meeting their husbands.

And all these things are arranged with such sanity and neatness, and so conduce to the general convenience of a rather anæmic sort of life, that the patient foreigner can do little save admire the technique of the system.

The impatient foreigner, the impatient American, who has expected to treat the English precisely as he treated human beings "at home," is apt to "get in wrong," to get very disgusted with what seems selfishness and snobbery, and depart in a huff, convinced that "God's own country is west of the Atlantic."

The traveller should, until he has carefully observed their customs, treat the inhabitants of any strange country, in which he expects to stay more than one week, very much as he would treat mysterious and possibly dangerous insects.

This English procedure is rational, and very well suited to the metropolis of a fog-enshrouded island. Our procedure is wholly different, because its basis is different. We have another set of unconscious pre-occupations.

Our convention dates, not from an era of sedan-chairs and lackeys, but from a time when people lived at least ten miles apart, when you were friendly with

your next neighbour because you wanted his help against savages.

No American ever knows all the interesting people he wants to know. We lack "centralisation." The American is constantly rushing into intimacies, in the hope that each new person may be the person for whom he is looking; the person with whom he can talk about this or that subject that no one of his acquaintance cares about.

He is dropping people with the same rapidity because he finds only a few of his discoveries worth retaining.

When people live far apart, each visitor brings news. He is fed as a matter of course. He stays to lunch. He stays on to dinner. Quite probably he spends the night, and stays to lunch the next day.

City life has not yet wholly obliterated these customs among us. It has, I think, not in the least changed our feelings about hospitality, about the details of it, about the things we take for granted.

Our servants are not shocked if we depart from the established ritual of the day. I hear that we have no "servants" in the English sense. Yet the following tale of Vermont illustrates an extreme, not an average.

Mrs. J., of New York, spending her summer in the Green Mountain State, managed with difficulty to get a girl from a neighbouring farm to assist in the housework. The girl's mother is heard in the post-office of the village to this effect: "An' there's that woman a-settin' at the head of her table, with her children about her, an' she'll go ringin' a little bell fer my Annie to come in out er the kitchen an' pass her somethin' off the dresser!"

Of course, the question of manner is referable not only to the conditions of life, from which it sprang, but also to our ethic.

So far as I can make out, there is no morality in England which is not in one way or another a manifestation of the sense of property.

A thing is right if it tends to conserve an estate, or to maintain a succession, no matter what servitude or oppression this inflict.

In America our presumption is that those things are right which give the greatest freedom, the greatest opportunity for individual development to the individual, of whatever age or sex or condition.

We are, I believe, the most generous people in the world, or, at least, the most catholic in our generosity.

William Blake has written: "The only evils are cruelties and repressions."

There is in the "Book of the Dead," in the negative confession a clause: "I have not repulsed God in his manifestations."

I think we, in America, hold by these elements—whether consciously or unconsciously.

It is certain that we "get the horrors" when we first come to know certain phases of English life and to understand them. They seem sordid and animal, and in the worst sense "mediæval."

To return to America is like going through some very invigorating, very cleansing sort of bath. At least, we feel it so. There may be evil in the country, but the odour of the rottenness is not continually obtruded upon one. You meet so many people who are innocent and unconscious of its existence—so many naïve grown children who miss a double entente.

I believe we are more like the French in believing that certain things cannot be taken seriously. The French morale starts with the belief in the familial unit. "If the family holds, the nation holds," and other details may be considered as frivolous.

We in America are horrified at the French matriarchate, at the tyranny of family, but hardly so much, I think, as at the English "chattel" system.

If we take sex more lightly, it is because we think that there are things of more importance.

The French take it lightly. They know, on an average, more about it, and more about its divergencies, as one can see from even their casual books.

But in England people take it seriously. If any man be abnormal or impotent, or very keen on that of which he has been able to get but little, or if he be in one of a number of known ways pathological, he sets to writing books on the matter and to founding cults and

collecting proselytes. And he seems to expect society to reform itself according to his idiosyncrasies.

As for women, the Greek Pantheon represented the general types as well as any later writers have been able to do: Ceres, the mother, mother by nature, mother to anything that comes along, type recognised by the Eugenic Society.

Juno, the British matron type, propriety and social position to be maintained, no one's comfort considered. Women of this type have been always, and, thank God, always will be, deceived by their husbands.

Aphrodite—enough said. Pallas Athene, the much pitied intellectual. And Artemis.

There has been a deal of Artemis pose, and no one has taken much count of her in studying psychology.

Yet among us, perhaps because we are a young and inexperienced people, there remains a belief in this type—a type by no means simple—and likewise a belief in affection; in a sort, intimate sympathy which is not sexual.

Our family bond is so slight that we collect another family, not bound to us by blood, but by temperament. And I think it is very hard for Europeans to understand our process of doing this.

The "Representative."

By Reginald J. Dingle.

I've got the key of the door,
Never been twenty-one before.
Father says I can do as I like,
So shout "hip-hip-hooray,"
I'm a jolly good fellow—
Twenty-one to-day.

As a reputation for sedulous veracity is our most cherished possession and an absolute necessity, as is well known, to any sort of success in journalism, we hasten to assure you that the above lines must "not be took literal, as 'tis wrote," as an old Methodist "local" of our acquaintance continually disturbs the faithful by declaring of certain passages of Holy Writ. They have been ringing in our ears since a little convivial gathering we attended a few evenings ago. It was a smoking concert, held in a Liberal club, and although it is now over, and the last notes of its music have died away, and the huge cloud of smoke which composed its atmosphere has been dissipated, yet—as the advertisement of a well-known breakfast food so beautifully puts it—"the memory lingers."

The function was one of those delightful gatherings that do so much to humanise our politics, and which give us cause for thankfulness that our politicians, despite the compelling earnestness which makes them devote their lives and energies to the service of their fellows, can yet unbend on occasion and ease the pace for a while. An added glory attached to this smoker through the presence of the senior Liberal candidate for the borough, who had graciously consented to preside. He arrived half an hour late, and when he entered the room was full.

There was a round of applause and clinking of tumblers when, through a cloud of smoke, the figure of the senior candidate, preceded by a smiling agent, was observed at the door. The stout gentleman who was singing "The Veteran's Song" paused in communicating the pathetic intelligence that "There hain't no flowers at the winder," to allow applause to subside, and the senior candidate to proceed to his seat. This ceremony safely over, we shouted, "Long live the King; don't you hear them cheering?" vigorously encored the fat man, and had the last verse over again.

Meanwhile the senior candidate was engaged in that most pathetic of attempts, enforced by a thousand photographers and nursemaids, to "look pleasant." Immaculately attired, with "correctness" writ large all over his face, he had managed to twist his features into something resembling a smile, and was evidently using all his reserves of nervous energy lest the expression should vanish, leaving him unable to reproduce it. The senior candidate is a Nonconformist and a keen believer in the uplifting of the masses in spite of themselves. A worldly-minded agent had impressed upon

him that it really was necessary to attend smoking concerts, and he was doing his best. In his mouth he had dutifully placed a cigar, and it made his eyes water—one of the sincerest sacrifices ever made on behalf of the democracy. At the conclusion of the song he discreetly clapped his hands three times, and on one occasion he even ventured to say "Bravo," whereupon his face became expressive of the mingled feelings consequent upon the consciousness that he was getting quite rakish.

Meanwhile the smoking concert proceeded apace. Glasses had been filled and refilled many times. From the patriotic stage we had passed to the sentimental. "Queen of the Earth" was encored twice, and the absence of any lady who could sing "Thora" was a positive calamity. There was a look of deep benevolence on all faces, and only the chairman looked supremely uncomfortable. A colour-sergeant, with massive features, with a general instability about them, sang us an affecting little ditty, "The old school bell went ding-ding-dong." We clinked our glasses in imitation of the old school-bell, and slowly chanted the chronicle of the things that happened, until the last line which expressed our simple faith in the perennial happiness to be found "In the little rustic cot where I was born." This we all did, except the chairman, who had no glass to clink, and who, not having been born in a little rustic cot, would not so far have contravened the ethical code of Wesleyan Methodism as to declare that he had been. Grouped along the top of the wall were pictures of the good and great, from William Ewart Gladstone to David Lloyd George, but they were enveloped in tobacco smoke. They could be descried through the haze, but, strange to relate, Gladstone appeared to be leering at us, and Lloyd George seemed to be joining in the spirit of the thing. Only the chairman seemed out of touch with the proceedings. When we looked his way he seemed to freeze us, and we instinctively turned away.

Half way through the proceedings the chairman was to address us, and in preparation for his task he had ordered the waiter to bring him some refreshment. And what, think you, was his refreshment? As I am a living man, it was a glass of warm milk! The waiter carefully brought it in on a tray and placed it before him. A bath bun, or an acidulated drop, one felt, was needed to make the scene artistically complete.

Then we had the speech. It was all about the necessity of having visions and maintaining the spirit of Liberalism. An emotional "hear, hear" greeted the speaker periodically, and when he seemed particularly in earnest, his auditors clinked their glasses, a form of approbation he did not appear to relish. He told them all about national and local rating, and gave them the opinions of "the great German thinker, Goethe," whose name he kindly spelt to the reporter afterwards. There were five and twenty minutes of this, and then the senior candidate sat down and the concert proceeded.

It went from strength to strength. The colour-sergeant sang us a song of his own composition about a soldier who fought with the proprietor of a fried fish shop, and we all joined in the beautiful and pathetic words of the chorus:—

"He shed his blood
For fish and spuds,
Like a soldier and a man."

So we proceeded until closing time, when, having sung "Auld Lang Syne" in divers keys, the company separated. The chairman, with an air of relief, left the hall with the proud consciousness of having sacrificed himself upon the altar of duty.

All that remains to be said is that at the next General Election the members of that little company, each and all of them, are pledged to use every legitimate means to return the chairman to Westminster as their representative. For you must understand that in this country the people rule. Since, however, it is not possible for all the people to gather together and vote on all questions, they select from among themselves "representatives," who express their opinions and their outlook. This is called the theory of representative government.

A Visit to the Catacombs.

By Horace Horsnell.

IN earlier days journeys to and from the Catacombs were made on foot, under cover of darkness, with the fear of death in the heart and the ardour which makes for martyrdom in the soul. Nowadays one goes to them in warm Roman sunlight, apathetic, perhaps, or with something even of surfeit in the soul, and with the lust for life keener than usual by reason of the joy which Rome, alone among cities, affords.

Rome is essentially a city of wonders. Do not its walls enclose one of the acknowledged seven wonders of the world? And, in addition to this, each hour may reveal to the enterprising pilgrim the actual and authentic vehicle of the fundamental miracles of history, visible to the eye, and tangible, too, by the hands of those to whom sacrilege and curiosity are synonymous terms.

I had been shown the chains which bound St. Peter and Paul in prison; the finger of the sceptical St. Thomas; the pillar to which Christ was bound for the scourging; portions of the true cross; two thorns from the Crown of Thorns; part of the inscription in Hebrew and Greek and Latin above the cross, and one of the nails. I had stood and gazed upon all these in the company of devout priests and urgent-voiced Americans, and had felt the habitual lawlessness of my perceptions stiffen with prejudice. I had discussed with Aunt Julia the significance of the Scala Santa, whose ascent is made by the pious on their knees every Friday; had assisted her in a laborious and not too serious rehearsal upon the hotel stairs before she herself essayed the perilous ascent, and had been alternately attracted and repelled by the services in half a hundred churches. But this visit to the Catacombs was different. They offered no contemporary challenge; and were, therefore, practically unique among a host of experiences whose chief significance was a religious one. All that was definite about them was blurred by the passing of centuries, and one's insularity was tempered by a long historical perspective. There remained only a poignant sense of tragedy.

We drove along the Appian way, past the great baths of Caracalla, whose rosy ruins invoke so many classic memories; past the tombs of the Cæsars and the romantic vestiges of the great aqueduct; through squalid hamlets where beautiful Italian peasants smiled friendly greeting; edified by the simple commentary of our toothless old driver, whose attitude towards us and his horse covered the whole range of human expression.

The entrance to the Catacombs was guarded by two smiling, aged persons in brown habits, one of whom lazily took us in charge, gave us each a taper, and invited us to follow him into the earth. After a careful descent of rock-hewn stairs and narrow passages, we came to a primitive chapel hung about with roses. The darkness was intensified by the presence of little sanctuary lamps which glimmered amid the floral festoons before a simple altar. Below the altar lay the beautiful white figure of a girl whose head was bound in a napkin. It was the chapel, the tomb, and the day of Saint Cecilia, to whose fragrant memory these roses were dedicated. All about us in the darkness were silent immobile people, whose quiet breathing alone betrayed them, and who solicited, in this remote place, the prayers of its martyred virgin.

When we left the chapel our guide told us in his baffling unaccented speech the story of Saint Cecilia, of the finding of her body, after many centuries, in the pose and position of the present statue, miraculously preserved and smelling divinely sweet.

Apart from this one definite anecdote, he made no single illuminating remark, and never either rose or lapsed from his attitude of parrot-like docility. He seemed impervious to comment and inquiry alike, and his English was so diluted with Italian that the original flavour of both was lost.

The labyrinthine passages of that underground world were lined with the graves of innumerable martyrs. There were little shallow shelves scooped out in the face of the rock where the bodies of children had rested, each of which bore a rough inscription of the name of the occupant. Some were accompanied by crudely scratched drawings of fishes and anchors and more elaborate scenes from the Passion. To his unintelligible tale of each drawing our placid guide added the formula, "All symbolical, all symbolical," and this became a sort of monotonous chorus which, added to Aunt Julia's concern for her taper's life and her hostility towards melted tallow, drove one at times perilously near to hysterics. Apart from these trivialities, this wholesale mausoleum made a profound impression. It was a vast honeycomb of intersecting passages, all as black as pitch, crowded with the dusty remains of the dead, and soundless and still.

At intervals the passage broadened out into little vaulted chapels, with three or four altars in them erected over the bodies of several martyrs all buried in one grave. Some of their remains were mummified and visible through glass screens, pathetic little groupings of discoloured rags and bones, but of most of them nothing survived save the crude inscriptions which recorded their deaths.

These catacombs are excavated in three stories, each inviolably intricate and crowded with the Christian victims of Roman persecution. Their bodies were recovered at night by stealth from the refuse pits of the Coliseum and similar places, conveyed to these caves and mourned and rejoiced over by their pitiful friends. One's imagination recoiled from the evidences of these surreptitious and awful celebrations, from the picture of the lives led by those entombed refugees, from the waste and horror which went to the building of these subterranean sanctuaries; and one emerged again into the warm sunlight inexpressibly relieved, with the refrain of the old guide still echoing in one's ears: "All symbolical, all symbolical," which to him seemed to mean so little and yet explained so much.

Who Are the County Court?

THE chief note of our County Court is its dustiness. The room is well lighted by tall windows upon each of two sides and its contents have thus always the appearance of a second-hand dealer's stock brought out by some mischance into the light of day. Humanity in this atmosphere takes upon it a stuffed, moth-eaten look.

His honour sits beneath a canopy, in decenter obscurity than everyone else. He takes snuff and pushes back his wig and adjusts his pince-nez. His face is as brown as his snuff, and lined and shrunken. I believe that snuff must be one of the spices used by the scientific undertakers of Old Nile, and that its devotees are slowly embalming their mortal bodies.

The wig below is a white one and suits exactly the face of the nodding Clerk. His eyes are always cast down at the book before him. His features do not change, but remain impassively sheeplike.

To the Clerk's left are a man and a boy. The boy spreads his elbows over a book, which he scratches occasionally with a pen. The butt-end of the pen is used anon to scratch his head. The man writes industriously, sometimes lifting his face open-mouthed to a witness, or inclining his head to one side while the boy whispers into his left ear, the boy's pen laid against one side of his mouth to make the motion of secrecy.

For the rest, there are a boxful of reporters, two ushers, three bare-headed policemen about the door, a few sitting solicitors, a group of Jews, and the public.

If all is going well the Hebrew group is a merry one. They are admirable litigants. They waste no time. So soon as one of their cases is called the man concerned hops into the witness-box, gabbles out his statement in clear, though broken, English, and steps down without a word the moment that the decision is given.

The members of the public are not so concise or business-like. Sometimes the decision is arrived at before the sorrowing figure of one of them reaches the witness-box, and the usher transmits it. "One-and-six a week?" He says. She nods resignedly and shuffles back to the rear of the court.

When they do get to the witness-box, the public are not collected and intelligible. The Jew says smartly: "Her husband earns twenty shillings a week, your honour." She does not deny it, but talks at length about "lost time," and six children, and other irrelevancies.

But the long list of judgment summonses is usually got through with the utmost celerity. Aided by the efficient applicants, the judge can make orders at the rate of one per minute with fair regularity.

The judgment summonses over, the Jews usually make holiday for the rest of the day and remain acute interested spectators of the legal game. They forecast the results of the cases among themselves with amazing accuracy; exchange swift judgments of solicitors, witnesses and judge; chuckle over the villainy that is not revealed and appreciate each nice point of tactics and distortion of truth.

I believe that they are the County Court; the other figures merely serve to gather the dust.

NICOL BAIN.

Views and Reviews.*

I SUPPOSE that there are people who, like the publisher of this book, regard Sir Oliver Lodge as "one of the most eminent and courageous of modern thinkers"; otherwise, it is difficult to understand why the various organisations to whom these addresses were delivered should have invited the ordeal. In almost every instance, he was talking to people who could give a Roland for his Oliver. He talked to the Foresters about thrift, to the C.O.S. about Charity Organisation, he wrote in "The Economic Review" about the functions of money, and lectured the Society of Authors on the Responsibility of Authors. In none of these cases could he speak as an expert: they had cast their bread upon the waters many days before, and Sir Oliver could only offer them a mouldy fragment of it. Thus, he could only tell the C.O.S. that their work was the organisation of charity, that they existed to distribute alms more efficiently than could be done by private generosity, that, unlike the Poor Law, their purpose was the prevention of destitution and the restoration of the temporarily distressed to the ranks of the self-supporting, that it was no part of their business to diminish the self-respect of the poor, and the rest of the lies that the C.O.S. tells itself and the public. When he wrote of "The Position of Woman in the State," he rendered very feebly some quotations from suffragist polemics: when he wrote of the reform of the Poor Law, we heard the proposals of Sidney Webb, mumbled in what the "Times" aptly called "the pulpit manner." In his statement of "Modern Problems," he was the tenth dilution of Huxley, Ruskin, Morris, G. B. S., and H. G. Wells; and when he tried to trumpet "Tennyson," the only sound was "SOL."

Birmingham, of course, is an awful place to live in, and Sir Oliver Lodge may find some mental nourishment in the authors that he quotes. He may even imagine that the rest of England needs instruction in these matters, instruction that the authors themselves are incapable of giving. Whatever his imagining, there is no doubt that he is prepared to lecture anybody, either on their ignorance or their knowledge; but I shall confine myself to his lecture to authors on authorship. It is possible, by a stretch of the imagination so extensive as to reach to paradox, to regard Sir Oliver Lodge as an author; and I will try to make this effort, and regard him as a brother of the craft.

At the time that he lectured, a library censorship was

being proposed. Certain authors had only just succeeded in out-running the constable, and as the law of sanctuary does not apply, the librarians were alarmed at the disreputable presence of these writers. They insisted that the authors should submit to an examination, and that those who were not fit for mixed company should be excluded. The authors, of course, insisted on free entry; no one should be excluded, however dirty and delectable was the bone he carried. At this point, Sir Oliver intervened. He began with a most unscientific statement: "a work of literature is a real work of creation." It is, of course, not necessarily anything of the kind; it may be a work of reporting, of advertisement, of mere bestial indulgence, of a variety of things. All that can be scientifically predicated of a work of literature is that it is a piece of writing. But the statement is significant of its author, for he proceeded to argue that "characters had a will of their own, they would not always do what was expected of them, they took the bit between their teeth sometimes, they were not puppets." Therefore, it was wrong for them to be coerced by their creator to a predestined end; indeed, he formulated his contention as an axiom, and said that "coercion to a predestined end is bad art."

In other words, Sir Oliver Lodge is a literary decadent, and I take the opportunity of quoting an author that he never mentions. Nietzsche says: "What is the characteristic of all literary decadence? It is that the life no longer resides in the whole. The word gets the upper hand, and jumps out of the sentence, the sentence stretches too far and obscures the meaning of the page, the page acquires life at the expense of the whole—the whole is no longer a whole. But that is the simile for every style of decadence: always anarchy of the atoms, disgregation of will, in the language of morality, 'liberty of the individual'—widened to a political theory, 'equal rights for all.' Life, equal vitality, vibration and exuberance of life pushed back into the most minute structures, the others poor in life. Everywhere paralysis, distress, and torpor, or hostility and chaos, always becoming more striking, as one ascends to ever higher forms of organisation. The whole has ceased to live altogether; it is composite, summed up, artificial, an unnatural product." We should doubt the musical ability of a man who could not play a chord because notes "had a will of their own, they would not always do what was expected, they took the bit between their teeth sometimes, they were not puppets." An author whose characters behave in this way is one lacking the first condition of art, vision. If he cannot see the end from the beginning, he does not know what effect he wants to produce, he does not know what effect he will produce. His work may be literature (Nietzsche used "literature" as a term of abuse), but it will not be art, nor will it be creation. Creation is an act of the will, a fiat against which there can be no rebellion. If God had said: "Let there be light": and the vibrations had refused to vibrate, the dust to reflect, the ether to be ethereal, and the rest of the necessary conditions had been rebellious, that would have been good art, according to Sir Oliver Lodge, but a mighty poor creation in the opinion of everybody else.

But it is doubtful whether Sir Oliver Lodge really means that characters should be free to develop themselves, just as it is doubtful whether he really means anything that he says. Anyhow, he proceeds to argue that authors should be free from censorship, subject to "free criticism" and the action of the police; and he is unwise enough to state for what purpose they should be free. "The artists of the pen," he says, "represent the truth of the present age to itself and to the future; and not only do they represent it, they also prepare the way and to some extent determine what the future shall be." It is doubtful, of course, whether they do; Arnold Bennett, for example, wrote "What the Public Wants," but the public did not want it. The future, in the absence of other information, will misconceive the present if it takes this play too seriously; and all these "free" authors who are

* "Modern Problems." By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

free only to specialise can only misrepresent the truth of this age. Ex hypothesi, they are incapable of producing a comprehensive effect; even their characters know more about themselves than their authors know of them; how, then, can authors represent the truth of the present age?

It is quite certain that, in the sense in which Sir Oliver Lodge uses the term, they ought not to represent the truth of the age. If they have a "message" to deliver, they are prophets or messenger-boys, according to their manner of delivery. But when they tell us only of the works of the flesh, and ignore those fruits of the Spirit "against which there is no law," who would bother about the trammels that might be put about them? We have a literature and drama of exposure, not of revelation, that pretends to instruct us not in health, but in hygiene. We ask for a book, and the authors show us a brothel, and tell us that it is for the good of our souls or society. Incapable of artistic construction, they are incapable of artistic selection; and it is for these, on whose lips the word "Art" is a blasphemy, that freedom is claimed. Sir Oliver Lodge might well lecture them on responsibility, but as he assumed and stated that they really were endowed with superior faculties, and were capable of choice, he did not. He only told them what they have been telling the world for years, and that fact measures the height of the "eminence" and the quality of the "courage" of this "modern thinker."

A. E. R.

The State Railway Muddle in Australia.

By Grant Hervey.

(President Foreign Affairs Section, Young Australia Movement.)

THE writer of this self-satisfied little volume* describes himself upon the title page as the author of (1) "A History of Inland Transport and Communication in England," (2) "Railways and Nationalisation," (3) "Irish Railways," (4) "German v. British Railways," (5) "Railways and their Rates," and (6) "The Organisation of Agriculture," etc. If all of the deliverances of the Prophet Pratt are set forth in the same style of dogmatic self-assertion, and are written with the same scanty knowledge of the facts, then the opinions of this gentleman, with regard to the organisation of agriculture, to say nothing of British, Irish, and German railways, should be received with courtesy, but not necessarily with complete acceptance.

Frankly, there is something humorous about the effrontery of an expert—we will presume that Mr. Pratt is an expert—who sits down in London, without even visiting our Commonwealth, and, aided only by a heap of newspapers—some of them very obscure and insignificant newspapers—essays to pass judgment upon the working of the principle of public ownership in Australia. Any over-seas Britisher who wrote in the same way, and with the same lack of close contact with his subject, whether that subject were the operation of Mr. Lloyd George's Compulsory Insurance Act, or Mr. Birrell's administration of Ireland, would be received with smiles of uneasy tolerance. It is in such a spirit that we receive the views of Mr. Edwin A. Pratt upon the State railway muddle in Australia. We do not deny the existence of the muddle—we not only admit its existence, but we denounce it at every opportunity in the Press and upon the platform. What we do deny is the competence of Mr. Pratt to lay down the law upon a subject of which he quite evidently knows very little. His book, which will doubtless find some acceptance in England, is a typical machine-made oracle. Any one of fifty journalists in Fleet Street, if given the assignment, could produce as authoritative a volume. With the best intentions in the world, Mr. Pratt has simply succeeded—from an Australian point

of view—in making himself appear ridiculous. Steamship fares from London to this Commonwealth of ours are cheap enough. Had the Prophet Pratt but bought a ticket and spent at least a year in examining the local conditions, he might have produced a work that would have been of material aid in the solution of our railway muddle.

Mr. Pratt sets out with the remark that Mr. Asquith's intimation to the trade union deputation, which waited upon him on May 20, 1912, to urge the Government to take up at an early date the question of the nationalisation of railways, should invest his "little work" with additional interest and importance. We fail to see what the intimations of Mr. Asquith have got to do with the importance or non-importance of the subject. The desire to tag every so-called serious book on to the coat-tails of some politician in office, or who expects to get into office, seems, nowadays, to pervade the literary workshops of England. And when Mr. Asquith is known to hold a certain opinion, which opinion the industrious monographist sets out to buttress and support with all sorts of evidence, good, bad, or indifferent, then the intelligent reader knows exactly what to think about the whole production; since it does not flatter Mr. Asquith in the least to assure him in 164 pp. that he is right, perfectly right; and still less, of course, does it make a certainty of a comfortable and well-paid position upon the Commission of Inquiry which looms quite obviously in the distance.

The major portion of Mr. Pratt's Asquith-genuflecting volume is devoted to a criticism of the State-owned railways of New South Wales—a State which contains but one out of the seven State and Federal railway systems of Australia. His principal authorities are (a) the Sydney "Morning Herald," (b) the Sydney "Daily Telegraph," and (c) the "Pastoralists Review." Of the last-named it may be said that it is peculiarly the organ of the wool-growing squattocracy; of the element, in short, which has done most to retard the agricultural development of Australia, and whose voice in politics is ever on the side of stagnation. As for the Sydney "Morning Herald" and "Daily Telegraph," by bull-doing a whole series of State governments, these two newspaper proprietaries succeeded for years in having their papers carried free over every railway and into every railway town in New South Wales; thereby building up their own great fortunes and simultaneously annihilating the competition of the provincial Press, which vainly struggles for a living in the interior. Papers such as these, which have battened and grown fat upon the principle of State ownership, such papers, when it is borne in mind that the same journals are in their leading columns the fiercest opponents of Socialism and State ownership, scarcely make the safest guides for simple Mr. Pratt in London. The very fact that Mr. Pratt is prepared to quote—and does quote—these newspapers by the yard, taking all their assertions as gospel, shows that this prophet knows nothing authentic about Australia; has no knowledge, in short, of the working of our railways, or of the reasons for their muddlement, save such as can only have reached him at a great distance and by the most unsatisfactory channels.

No English critic who takes the daily papers of Sydney or Melbourne as his guide will ever understand the State railway muddle in Australia. Why? Because the great majority of these papers, while with tongue in cheek they profess to condemn the existing systems, are most bitterly opposed to any alteration. Their business is to build up their own position, to increase their political power and commercial prestige. That growth of power and prestige, which is their first desire and interest, is ensured by the existing railway systems. Why, therefore, should they seek to bring about an alteration? The faster the population of Sydney moves from the 600,000 mark towards one million, the greater will be the profits and the political authority of the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Morning Herald." All the railways of New South Wales are at present operated, and since their very beginning

* "The State Railway Muddle in Australia." By Edwin A. Pratt. 164 pp. (John Murray, 1912. 3s.)

always have been operated, upon a plan which ensures the rapid and continuous growth of Sydney. Not one other solitary port in the whole State of New South Wales—and that State is greater in extent by a hundred thousand square miles than the whole German Empire—has a direct line of railway into the interior. Sydney monopolises the lot. Good potential harbours the State has in plenty, but they are left to moulder, without railways and without industries, whilst the over-bloated city of Sydney becomes jammed with trade, traffic and population.

Who is responsible for this condition of affairs? The present Labour-Socialist Government, which administers the affairs of New South Wales? Not any more than THE NEW AGE is responsible for the provisions of Mr. Lloyd George's Compulsory Insurance Act. These railways were built, these ports were closed up, this insane railway muddlement was brought about, not by any Labour or Socialist Government, but by the whole series of anti-Labour and anti-Socialist administrations that have gone before. Theirs is the handiwork and the responsibility, but the majority of their members are either politically or physically dead and buried, whilst the infamous railway system that they created still lives on to strangle progress and reduce its present-day administrators to despair.

Not one word in the whole 164 pp. of Mr. Pratt will be found to envisage the above predominant features of the New South Wales railway situation. This London expert turns over his files of the Sydney "Morning Herald" and "Daily Telegraph," and discovers article after article denouncing the existing Government for the current condition of the railways. Straightway he takes paste and scissors and makes a book; unconscious of the fact that, were an anti-Labour and anti-Socialist State Government in power, not one solitary line in condemnation of the system would be published. Any stick will do to beat a dog, but it is doubtful if cynical journalistic audacity could go further. To take all the railway blunders committed by all the stupidly Conservative Governments of the past, and heap them upon the shoulders of an unoffending Labour-Socialist Government, at present obnoxiously in office—this represents the dead finish of political hypocrisy on the part of the miserably small-minded and anti-national Sydney daily Press.

It should here be pointed out that the present writer is in no sense a supporter of the present Labour-Socialist administration of New South Wales. The chief fault of Australian Socialists is that they know nothing whatever about Socialism, and the present government of New South Wales is almost exclusively composed of that sort of Socialist. Socialism, as understood in Australia, is really Chartism; identical in almost every particular with the movement that flickered out in England more than half a century ago. But common intellectual honesty compels an exposure of the utter worthlessness of the sources from which Mr. Pratt has drawn the greater part of the material for his book.

The Sydney newspapers from which he scissors and quotes with such pathetic confidence, have been themselves the aiders and abettors of the State Governments that have brought about the condition of unspeakable railway muddlement in New South Wales. They have backed up every administration that has concentrated fresh railway lines from the interior upon Sydney. They have fought every proposal for the development of backward portions of the State by means of lines to other ports. They have bitterly opposed every suggestion for the connection of lines that now end in the Riverina district of New South Wales with other lines that now finish in the Riverina portions of Victoria. It is one of the greatest scandals in the world that the newspapers of Sydney have winked at the strangulation of the State of New South Wales for half a century; but to the present writer it seems an even greater scandal that a book should go forth so stupidly misleading—a book whose evidence is tainted, whose facts are seen in a wrong perspective; and which fails to give even the

faintest glimmering as to the real causes of the State railway muddle in Australia.

For what applies to the State of New South Wales applies in a great degree to all the States. Thanks to the subservience of the non-Socialist Governments of the past, six out of the seven railway systems serve merely as so many economic feeders for the sole benefit of the State capital. The solitary exception is that of the new Federal system, insignificant at present in extent, but destined in a few years far to outstrip any one State system in point of mileage. The other systems—if they may be called such, for there is not one trans-Continental line amongst them—are operated primarily for the benefit of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart. Victoria is in the same position as New South Wales. Apart from Melbourne it possesses at least half a dozen excellent ports, but all have been carefully shut-off from their natural trading areas. Forty-five per cent. of the population of the State, as a direct consequence, is concentrated in Melbourne, where land values are steadily rising as a further inevitable consequence. Herein lies the secret of the sway of Press over Parliament and Parliament over the rights of the people. Every speculator who owns or purchases land in Sydney or Melbourne desires to draw heavy rents therefrom. Therefore, the greater the concentration of trade and traffic upon a given centre, the greater the demand for shop, factory and office space, and the more rapid and continuous the rise in rents and land values. Naturally, the class that is making fortunes out of the operation of such a traffic system is most unlikely to denounce such an arrangement; and as a final consequence there is a conspiracy of silence, whereby Press and Parliament—I mean, the non-Socialist element in Parliament—mutually agree to say nothing and do nothing that would interfere, either in Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, or New South Wales, with the efficacious working of this profitable system.

As for the Socialist and labour elements in the State Parliaments of Australia, they are for the greater part composed of men of the Chartist type. They are all sincere and honest to a most commendable degree; but where highly technical questions such as the science of rail management are concerned, they are all, or nearly all, as helpless as babes. In fact, the State Labour Parties of Australia fail precisely on account of this technical weakness. The Labour Government of the State of New South Wales—in point of population the most important in the Commonwealth—has for its Premier a typical Nonconformist boilermaker, a gentleman who teaches Sunday-school, and comports himself precisely in the same dull, pious, ultra-respectable manner as the Labour politician of similar type comports himself in England, but who has never made one solitary statesmanlike utterance, either on the question of railways or on anything else, in his life. The leader of the State Labour Party in Victoria, the State next in populative importance, is as dull and as decorously impracticable as the boilermaker Premier of New South Wales. All Australian Labour leaders are alike. Even Mr. Andrew Fisher, the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth, is in many respects a leader of the same description. Sincere, honest, manly, straightforward, Mr. Fisher commands respect as a citizen and a politician; but a statesman he is not; and no speech that Mr. Fisher has ever delivered has indicated that the present Prime Minister of our Commonwealth even remotely understands the railway problem that confronts Australia.

It is because of this deplorable weakness in technical leadership that newspapers like the Sydney "Morning Herald" and "Daily Telegraph" are allowed, on one side of the River Murray, to dominate the State of New South Wales. For the same reason the Melbourne "Age" and "Argus"—papers quoted glibly enough by Mr. Pratt—are able to dictate terms and conditions upon the Victorian side of the Australian Nile. How complete a dictatorship is enjoyed by such newspapers the events of but yesterday will sufficiently indicate. A Mr. Billson, Minister for Railways in Victoria, gave

offence to the Protectionist Melbourne "Age" by permitting certain contracts for locomotive parts to be given to the firm of Krupp, in Germany. The "Age" promptly demanded the deposition of the Minister—one of the few Victorian Ministers, by the way, possessed of genuine executive ability. At once a complaisant Government assented. The "Age" in a few days had the pleasure of announcing that Mr. Billson had ceased to hold the portfolio of Minister of Railways, and that Mr. Somebodyelse had been promoted to that position. Political cowardice of this kind, and upon the part of obsequious non-Labour Ministries, is rampant in Australia. A strong Minister is invariably deserted by his colleagues, in whom the fear of the Press is omnipresent; consequently—and all for the want of first-class technical leadership in the State divisions of the Labour Party—the railway muddle in this Commonwealth of Australia goes from bad to worse.

REVIEWS.

What Germany Wants. By W. N. Willis. (Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. net.)

The least we can say about this book is that it is a deliberate insult to every intelligent man. The author is a fussy Australian with the mental outlook of a stockbreeder and the style of a bushman, and he jumps to conclusions like a kangaroo. The volume seems to have been both written and produced in a hurry; for it is full of misprints, and the two cartoons between pages 94 and 95 have been stuck in upside down—one of them, according to the index, should apparently have gone somewhere else. Mr. Willis is either extremely ignorant or extremely careless. The name of M. Delcassé appears twice (pp. 33 and 34) with the wrong accent over the last letter; the well-known French ex-Premier is spelt "Briant" instead of "Briand," and there are such atrocities as "strategal" (p. 33), "Beiberstein" (p. 42), and "Sr. T. Miller Maguire" (p. 61). "Sr." may simply be a misprint for "Dr.," or perhaps Mr. Willis, who appears to be capable of thinking anything, thinks that the well-known military critic is a Spaniard, in which case we may read "Sr." as the customary abbreviation of "Señor."

But the misprints, split infinitives, and superfluous commas with which the book is so plentifully besprinkled are not the only things that make it unreadable as well as useless. Mr. Willis had a conversation—at Port Said, of all places in the world—with "a gentleman who is one of the best-known living authorities on international politics." He must have been living, of course, otherwise he could not have spoken to our charming author, but that is a detail. This gentleman seems to us to be simply undiluted Willis: at all events, he frames his sentences and splits his infinitives in exactly the same way, and he seems to be equally ill informed about every subject he deals with. For example, this famous page 33 of the book, which I have already referred to as containing two misprints, contains a wild statement about the German army: "By the spring of 1913 Germany will be able to cast a force of 800,000 well-trained and well-conditioned troops against the French frontier defences, without at all appealing to her reserves." What utter balderdash! Germany is even now engaged in the attempt to form two new army corps, bringing her peace strength, i.e., the army without appealing to her reserves, to about 550,000 men. The exact figures are not known even to the German War Office. If, therefore, Germany wished to "cast" 800,000 men against the French frontier defences she would have to use the whole of her peace army, including the raw recruits in the two new corps, together with 250,000 men, at least, who would not be in training.

There is more fun to come, however. "Against this great invading host of splendid troops France might manage, by pinching and paring, to array 500,000 men—a big proportion of whom would be almost raw recruits—and her more seasoned troops would be placed

in strategical (sic) positions to check the German march on Paris."

Let us fan ourselves. A knowledge of military affairs is, apparently, not one of the strong points of Mr. Willis's friend, nor yet of himself. "But this policy would be a mistaken one. The first twenty-four hours of the war would almost decide the fate of France. All the best troops of France should protect the frontier—France's eastern frontier is its weakest."

These words, mind you, are taken from a professedly serious book, issued by a responsible publishing house, and sold to the public in exchange for money. One would have thought that Mr. Willis might have taken the trouble, if not to survey the eastern frontier of France, at all events to have ascertained what the French authorities had done towards guarding it. The fact is, France has but two frontiers, as a glance at any map will show, and one of them is efficiently guarded by the Pyrenees. The whole military genius of France ever since 1871 has been directed towards the proper guarding of the eastern frontier, and the result is not merely a chain of the strongest fortresses in existence, but a chain of barracks and camps and the best-trained infantry, cavalry, and artillery in all the army.

Mr. Willis, however, or Mr. Willis's friend, is responsible for statements which are even more humorous than those already quoted. In view of the strength of the German army, it is recommended that Great Britain should seek the aid of her native Indian troops and France the aid of her coloured troops in Northern Africa. France had already arranged to do this two years ago, but that does not prevent Mr. Willis or his friend from advising her to do so again. But the suggestion concerning our Indian troops is wonderful. "Why should Great Britain hesitate to employ for home defences, say, 200,000 of picked Indian troops? The efficiency, discipline, and valour of these troops are unsurpassed anywhere, and from a financial point of view their employment would mean a big saving." We answer this profound question by referring the questioner to the Army Lists. There, in cold, soulless figures, we are told that the Indian Army consists of 163,000 regular troops and about 25,000 reserves—at the most favourable grouping, that is, 188,000 in all. We leave to Mr. Willis the task of "picking" 200,000 men out of 188,000, and we shall be interested to see how he does it.

We proceed to page 41. "The defeat of Germany would be a tremendous blow to Germans all the world over, for on beating her at war both France and Britain could lay hands on the property and funds of every German within their dominions. What a prize this confiscated property would be!" This, presumably, is the suggestion of some untutored sheep-farmer. There are manuals, some of them elementary, on international and common law. Has Mr. Willis ever looked into one of them?

The reader need not be wearied with such vulgarisms as "John Bull and Sons, Unlimited" (p. 70) or "John Bull and Co., Unlimited" (p. 74). We prefer to say that the truth hardly ever appears in these pages, and when it does it is distorted. We think, too, that Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. cannot rid themselves of a certain amount of responsibility in connection with Mr. Willis's blunders and misunderstandings. They print in the book itself, after the title-page, a special "publishers' note," in which they refer to Mr. Willis's experience as a legislator, a writer, and a thinker, to his travels in the East, to his keen perception, and to his years of training in politics in his own country (Australia), all which, we are informed, "enables him to see things as they are and set down a fair statement of fact for the public benefit." The result is seen, not in any fair statement of fact or opinion, but in 158 pages of inaccuracy, carelessness, and misunderstanding. We speak in all seriousness when we say that such a misleading volume ought to be withdrawn from circulation at the earliest possible moment, in justice to Mr. Willis, to the publishers, and to the general public.

Secret Diplomacy. By George Eller, Ph.D. (Stephen Swift and Co., Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

The title of this volume raises a thrill which it is to be feared will be considerably damped down by a perusal of the contents. Dr. Eller gives us a convenient summary of international affairs, chiefly from 1870 onwards; but he is necessarily scrappy in the space at his disposal; and for ourselves we should prefer the convenient summaries of "Hazell's Annual" or the "Daily Mail" Year Book." The author's chapters on "Diplomacy and the Press," "Diplomacy and Finance," "Diplomacy and Corruption," and "The Business Methods of Diplomacy" are sound enough as far as they go; but their value is no higher than that of the leaders on international affairs in any front-rank newspaper.

Nor does Dr. Eller's style commend him to us. If he is a German, his English is remarkably good, but there are one or two peculiarities that make us wonder why his work has not been gone over more carefully. We have such phrases, for example, as "peace-at-all-price apostles" (p. 73); on page 81 we find that Sir Edward Grey "gave vent to a desire"; and on page 91 it is laid down that "in our days international politics cannot be conducted off-handed by any sovereign without the consent of his Ministers." There are, too, certain stylistic traits in the book which remind one of the last generation of German professors: Latin tags like "tempora mutantur," Italian tags like "se non è vero è ben trovato," French tags like "retournons à nos moutons," as well as oddly-built-up sentences such as that on page 75, where the unfortunate Queen Draga is described as "an ambitious woman of the generally not very kind-hearted type of half-Oriental races." Apart from these specimens, there are idiomatic mistakes, such as that on page 195, where Bismarck draws the line "on" a loan, instead of "at"; and that on page 130, where we learn that "all these informations are insufficient," etc. And who but some Professor von Machtnichts could have written of Napoleon III that he "was hardly anything better than an adventurer wearing under the Talmi-gold embroidery of an emperor's cloak, the Nessus shirt of a superstitious dreamer"? This, besides being an example of the German tendency to drag in irrelevant classical allusions, is wrong in substance. Napoleon III was a very clever man at the council table, and as a diplomatist would have made his mark, pace Dr. Eller; but he made a mess of the war with Germany, not because he was stupid, but because he was utterly misled by his trusted advisers, and because, too, he was in exceedingly poor health before and during the campaign. Frankly, there is only one thing in Dr. Eller's book which we can commend, and that is the comparison between Gladstone and Bismarck on page 70.

The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of England in Wales. Preface by Sir David Brynmor Jones. (Central Committee. 6d. net.)

As an example of legal lucidity, this exhaustive handbook on the subject of Welsh Disestablishment is admirable. With the most complete and careful analysis, the facts of the case for and against the retention of the Establishment in Wales are recounted and balanced one against the other. Presented in this way, the case for Welsh Disestablishment is overwhelming. Of facts that can support an argument addressed to reason alone the Church in Wales has not enough to cover its nakedness. On the other hand, as usual in legal trials, no attempt whatever is made in this forensic handbook to examine or to weigh what may be called the psychological and spiritual factors of the problem. The Church, for example, is examined solely as it may be statistically compared with the chapels of Wales. But both the theory of the establishment in Wales and its rights as derived from its duties are completely ignored. From a statesman's point of view, the Church in Wales was established (or grew into establishment) as a Higher Civil Service of the English nation. It was entrusted, both privately and publicly,

with the maintenance in Wales of certain standards of religion, doctrine, and morals: not, emphatically not, as representing and reflecting those of the Welsh people, but as representing those of the English governing classes. From this point of view, it is no more an argument against the Church to contrast its few members with the many of the Welsh chapels than it would be to withdraw a foreign mission because the natives had not yet been converted. The more the chapelites spread, in fact, in Wales, the more need, ex hypothesi, is there for the English Church to remain and to remain in authority. We do not say that the English Church, either in Wales or in England, deserves this position, or that, like other foreign missions following conquests, it is likely to do what it sets out to do. But the theory, we are certain, is valid and true psychologically, if not historically: and, in consequence of it, the claim of the secular Welsh nation to two-thirds of the Church's endowments falls to the ground. Undoubtedly these endowments were made for the ultimate benefit of the Welsh people; but not for their own spending. They were supposed to remain in spiritual tutelage to the English Church, and to accept services for which the English Church paid. It is not, therefore, justice to appropriate the funds of the English mission. As for the working of the mission, we do not suppose that the English Church is more (or less) successful in Wales than in England; but we gather that the need for it is greater in Wales. In England the majority of ex-Churchmen become super-Churchmen—that is, reverent agnostics. In Wales the ex-Churchmen sink to the superstitions of the chapels.

The Anatole France Calendar, The George Moore Calendar, The J. M. Barrie Calendar. (Frank Palmer. 1s. net. each.)

There are aphorisms and aphorisms. The majority of the quotations here given from the three authors mentioned are not aphorisms at all, nor are they, in two instances at least, necessarily personal confessions of the writers. Among the quotations chosen from the works of M. Anatole France, for example, two-thirds or more are taken from the speeches of his imaginary characters, in whose mouths they may be characteristic, but not of M. France himself. The reader who should meditate on them day by day, according to the calendar, would find at the end of the year that his estimate of M. Anatole France was difficult to express. Few quotations are without their contraries, and even the syzygies do not make paradoxes. Mr. George Moore, to judge by the selection here given, is a paradoxist at any price—usually at the price of wit, humour, and truth. His ambition seems to have been to shock country schoolgirls, and even in this he would fail. The "J. M. Barrie" selection, however, is the worst of the three. It consists of a string of platitudes: a prose Tupper trying to be cheerful. The booklets are well produced, and invite the dipper.

Art.

A Dialogue Overheard at a Picture Gallery.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Characters:—Sir Wilfred West, A.R.A., etc., and Leonard Blind, a well-known art critic on the "Daily Monocle." Time: Present day. Scene: The central room of a picture gallery not a hundred miles from the Haymarket Theatre.

LEONARD BLIND (pirouetting ecstatically about the room, to the discomfiture of the crowd, and followed by Sir Wilfred West, begging him to be calm): Oh, let me be, let me be, Sir Wilfred! My joy knows no bounds. I am dithyrambic! You cannot imagine how happy I am! Think of it! This gallery alone can account for over 300 brand new pictures—all of them songs, hymns of praise and epics! We are too rich, literally too healthy, Sir Wilfred, and too happy. Who can say that England is going down, or that anything is wrong with the world, when this Society alone, dear Sir

Wilfred, of which you, as president, are the proudest ornament, can give the public over 300 brand new pictures at its autumn show? All works of love, all gifts, for which one should be grateful, heartily grateful! Why, I declare there's such a crowd of them that they have scarcely known how to hang them all! Callooh! Callay! I chortle in my joy!

SIR WILFRED WEST (examining his own large canvas with pride): Ah, Blind, if only all art critics had your wonderful powers of appreciation, how much more smoothly the world of art would revolve.

L. B. (now standing besides Sir Wilfred in front of Sir W.'s picture): But tell me, Sir Wilfred, isn't it absurd of these pessimists to grouse and grouse, for two columns sometimes, in their respective papers, when every autumn not one, but one dozen London picture galleries can cover their walls with hundreds of brand new pictures! What I say is this: If we, as a nation, were not on the right road, such a thing would be utterly impossible. And look at these creations! I won't exactly say they are all works of deep passion—

SIR W.: No, no! I see what you mean, of course not!

L. B.: One can't always be flaunting one's passion before the public, even when one does happen to possess one.

SIR W.: Certainly not. It would simply be jolly bad form, and there's an end of it!

L. B.: Besides, it is obvious that we could never get this quantity of pictures every autumn, if we insisted upon all the works being really worth while—

SIR W. B.: I beg your pardon?—

L. B.: If we insisted upon all the pictures being outside-edgers, so to speak—

SIR W.: I still don't quite see your point.

L. B.: I mean—well, you know! If every artist waited for his top wave, as you might say. You follow? If every painter painted from his surplus strength, as some fools would have him paint—

SIR W.: Oh, ah! Ridiculous idea! Why I alone have painted Heaven knows how many pictures; I've literally lost count of the number. But d'you suppose that I should have been able to do that if, in a selfish desire to surpass myself, I had so forgotten my duty to my fellow creatures as to stop painting for half a year?

L. B.: Of course not. The idea is preposterous. But understand me, Sir Wilfred, I'm here to appreciate, to be grateful, in fact, to listen to all your songs. Don't think I'm critical. I'm not. You can love what you like and paint what you like; it doesn't trouble me; provided, of course, it is an expression of your own personality. That NEW AGE fellow—what's his name?—suggests that we critics should be pathologists nowadays!

SIR W.: I know, isn't it rot?

L. B.: He thinks that pictures are the blooms of life.

SIR W.: Blooming nonsense!

L. B.: He says that it is futile to correct art alone, we must correct life; because life is the root of art! Ha, ha!

SIR W. (splitting with laughter): Have you ever heard the like of it!

L. B.: D'you know the sort of thing he would say about that picture?

SIR W. (with some embarrassment): Which?

L. B.: Why, your picture of autumn trees.

SIR W.: Mine! Well, anyway, I believe he can be excessively rude.

L. B.: He'd say: "Sir Wilfred West has missed his vocation; he would have been better employed

painting posters for the railways, or illustrations for an auctioneer's catalogue."

SIR W.: Well, such remarks are beneath contempt.

L. B.: He'd say that it showed bad taste on the part of an artist-painter to paint a tree from top to toe, as it were, with French mustard; that the artist of taste and power sees variety in unity as well as unity in variety, and if there is French mustard on the lower parts of the tree, then every law of taste would condemn its being plastered all over the tree. Because good taste never overdoes an effect, never over-charges an expression, and though French mustard may be excellent in the corner of one's plate, it doesn't follow that it should be spread over the whole surface!

SIR W. (contemplating L. B. with suspicion): Has he actually written that?

L. B.: No, don't mistake me. I am not aware that he has written that. But he is quite capable of doing so.

SIR W.: Dear me! What are we coming to? Is England on the down grade—eh! What? But let's move on!

L. B.: No, please, Sir Wilfred! Just one minute longer! It has occurred to me that the NEW AGE critic might say something more about your canvas.

SIR W. (with some irritation): Well, anyhow, I don't want to hear it.

L. B.: But it's amusing. Listen!

SIR W.: Well, hurry up.

L. B.: He might point out that this sort of work is pure transcriptism.

SIR W.: What on earth's that?

L. B.: You know—not creative, not a gift in any way; in fact, that only mediocre power and mediocre life are behind it. He might even go so far as to say that it constitutes a superfluous bloom.

SIR W.: Oh, but that's where you would come in, Blind. Without you I don't know what we artists would do with all these new rages. It would then be your duty to write one of those profound and illuminating little articles of yours in defence of me.

L. B.: Of course, of course! I could point out, for instance, that all you do is to describe what you see and love, and that it is not at all necessary for us to love precisely what you love. If you show a predilection in favour of French mustard, for example, there is no need for us to love it too; although it is necessary to accept it from you with gratitude.

SIR W.: Splendid!

L. B.: I might also show that the love of French mustard, in itself, is a symptom neither of disease nor of health; but simply of a personality—

SIR W.: Excellent!

L. B.: And that if an artist's personality is revealed through his love even of things as absolutely meaningless as the force lines of the Futurists, we must accept it all as a symptom of personality.

SIR W.: Oh, that's a pity! Couldn't you choose another example? You see, I am opposed to these Futurists and Post-Impressionist people. I have even spoken against the latter in public.

L. B.: But surely you would admit that their work is only personality after all! You see, if we begin drawing odious distinctions between the respective worths of personalities, we simply fling ourselves into the clutches of our enemies who do nothing else but draw these odious distinctions the whole of the livelong day.

SIR W.: My dear Blind, it is clear that you are beginning to think too hard about art. Now you

know that's quite wrong. One ought only to feel about art.

L. B. : Yes ! True enough ! But these new people tell us that our very feelings may be wrong from the start.

SIR W. : Blind, pull yourself together ! You are becoming obsessed by these new people. Where in all conscience, my dear fellow, do they write their beastly things about life, and blooms, and art, and bunkum ?

L. B. : IN THE NEW AGE.

SIR W. : THE NEW AGE ? Heavens ! Why didn't you tell me that before ?

L. B. : I did.

SIR W. : What reader of THE NEW AGE, then, do you suppose would buy one of my pictures ?

L. B. : I really couldn't say.

SIR W. : Well, my dear Blind, what's all the fuss about ?

Music and Musicians.

ALL right-minded people may congratulate the Queen's Hall Orchestra upon the financial success of the Promenade Concerts during the season now finished. But all right-minded people may not congratulate the Queen's Hall Orchestra upon their use of the balance in hand. More violins, we are told, are to be added to the permanent orchestra, bringing the total number of instrumentalists up to—I think my memory is correct—100. It is not necessary to blame Richard Strauss for this, or Mr. Joseph Holbrook, or any other stormy petrel that from time to time disturbs the calm of our cloistered life. The blame must rest on the directors' shoulders. It is sheer megalomania. There is no artistic necessity for an increase in strings, and there is a decided artistic necessity for an improvement in the playing of wind instruments, both wood and brass. Let any amateur who knows his pot-hooks listen carefully next time Sir Henry Wood is conducting, say, the "Pastoral" Symphony, or "L'Après midi d'un Faune," and he'll understand what I am driving at.

* * *

Thomas Beecham, the indispensable, has recognised the poverty of wind-instrument playing in British orchestras, and has taken the only practical step possible—and incidentally a very expensive one—by creating a band entirely of wind instruments. For a time this band—first of all described as the London Civic Band, then the London Civil Band (a very unfortunate title) and finally as the Beecham Wind Orchestra—will be unpopular among a certain class of fastidious musicians. Strictly speaking, there is no repertoire ready for them. They have got to fall back on "Grand Selections," "Arrangements," and other hybrid excitements, but Mr. Beecham has given out that he wants music at once, and as there are a good many intelligent young men out of a job at present, of course, he'll get it. The point, however, is not so much the music as the playing. In the constitution of his wind orchestra, Mr. Beecham has put the balance into the wood instruments, so that it bears only a distant likeness to a military band, and is capable of an infinitely greater variety of what we call "tone-colour"; its technique, too, is much wider. Such an orchestra was wanted badly. No one knows better than Mr. Beecham how difficult it is to attempt a first-rate modern work from very lack of good wind-instrument players. How many clarionets are there ? How many oboes ? How many flutes ? You can count the good players of those instruments on the fingers of one hand—and leave two or three fingers over.

* * *

The new orchestra has not found its sea-legs yet, but a few more arduous weeks of rehearsal and they should be quite presentable. Even in their present state, however, they can make a brave show, and at their début in the Alhambra the other Sunday evening they played Järnefelt's delicious "Præludium" most creditably.

The performance of a "Grand Selection" from "Die Walküre" was amazing merely as an example of how much can really be done without strings.

* * *

To return to the Promenades, however. The season just ended has been rich in little but box-office receipts and applause. For a season extending so long comparatively few works of importance have been heard for the "first time." There have been several interesting additions to the repertory, such as Maurice Ravel's "Mother Goose" suite, Roger Quilter's suite from "Where the Rainbow Ends," Percy Grainger's lively "Mock Morris," Elgar's "Crown of India" music, and—if a piano concerto may be included—the beautiful work of Delius. (This last is surely the finest thing of its kind since Schumann; in its revised version it was divinely played by Théodor Szantó, himself a most individual "French" composer.) Of the works actually performed for the first time far and away the most interesting and most important was Arnold Schönberg's "Five Orchestral Pieces." No one who was present on that memorable September evening is likely to forget the storm of hissing and applause which followed the final chord. It was, for a few exquisite moments, a delicious sensation. My own heart was rejoiced that an English audience had at last hissed a work of art. One expects that sort of thing in Milan—but the Queen's Hall ! When the hub-hub was over it was impossible to decide whether the "Ayes" or the "Noes" had it, but the orchestra had the bad manners to laugh.

* * *

Analogies have been drawn between the work of Schönberg and the Futurist painters; indeed, Schönberg is by way of being a Futurist painter himself. How far the analogies may be applied I don't know, and I don't think it matters much. Speaking for myself, I take his work as seriously as I take Bach, or the Atlantic Ocean, or the Revival of Gaelic. Schönberg has repudiated tonality, although he finds he can't get along without rhythm. Richard Strauss is mildly academic by comparison, a canonical harmonist, sweetly formal and dignified, with the discreetest sense of colour. The "Street entering a house" ? This is like the street entering your soul.

* * *

Beside the "Five Orchestral Pieces" the other new things of the promenade season pale into comparative insignificance. Mr. Frank Bridge's "Sea," for example, seems absurdly pretentious; the subject, too, has been so much better done by other people. One shining exception to the insignificance of the other things is the work of young Erich Korngold. This amazing boy is without any shadow of doubt the greatest musical prodigy since Mozart. I forget who it was that exclaimed on a famous occasion, "Hats off, gentleman; a genius !" but the same may be said to-day of Korngold. His age at the present moment is somewhere under sixteen years, but the boy was born into an intensely musical atmosphere, and every musical faculty he possesses has been encouraged and nourished so that there is practically nothing in the technique of orchestration he doesn't know to-day. The "Schauspiel-Ouverture," played the other evening in the Queen's Hall, is an extraordinary testament of what one must call premature maturity. It is charming to listen to, showing some influences clearly enough, but not without a certain individuality. Of contrapuntal interest there is practically none, for the boy has been content to express his glowing temperament in direct and simple terms, freely and inevitably, and the result is a work that more than holds its own with that of several of his distinguished teachers.

* * *

Everybody will be glad to know that Mr. Balfour Gardiner proposes to give another series of orchestral concerts, chiefly of new British music, next spring. Also that Mr. Thomas Beecham, the indispensable, has commandeered the Russian Ballet for a season either at the London Opera House or Drury Lane, and that Claude Debussy and Richard Strauss are both hard at

work on new ballets especially for that event . . . Mr. Beecham is, I hear, resigning his place in the Syndicate of the Royal Opera. A good deal of "paper" has been observed in Covent Garden during the past season or two. Whereby hangs a suggestive tale.

JOHN PLAYFORD.

Pastiche.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

XXVII.—"THE NEW AGE."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As we have many times observed, there are as good red herrings in the political sea as ever came out of it. The latest device for side-tracking the campaign for the abolition of the wage system is to be found in the proposal, supported, of course, by the pro-consular intellect of the Labour party, Mr. J. R. MacDonald, for closing cinematograph theatres on Sundays. Let us say at once that if these booths of pictorial vice are closed for every day of the week we shall be undisturbed. What are these gladiatorial shadow-shows to us and to our splendid little handful of select readers—(we do not count the rotters)? But, on the other hand, if they are to be open at all, why not upon Sunday? To begin with, Sunday is no longer the sacred day it was before wage-slavery was established. It differs in our age from other days only in providing the wage-slave with a few hours in which to reflect on his ungodly weekly state—and precious little he does reflect on it. Again, we undoubtedly owe the agitation against Sunday peepshows to the envious contumacy of the Scotch and Welsh Methodist fanatics; they hate us English and all our ways, but not more than we hate them, the leek and thistle-pated pups. Finally, we are to suppose that the freedom of Sunday is in the interests of the proletariat. Never! It was not designed with that view, it will not be retained with that view. As surely as we are alive, the compulsory Sunday closing of cinemas will be followed by the raising of prices on every other day of the week, and a consequent fall in the already falling real wages; and the striped zebras of the Labour party know it, for we have told them.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Telegrams to hand from my correspondents in Jupiter confirm my information of some weeks ago that the border forays of Martians upon the moon are recommencing. Over a cigar of the best Havana make and a liqueur of Cointreaux, I was discussing the subject with his Excellency—never mind who. "Verdad, my boy," he said, "why do you not keep your English press in order? Your Massinghams and Ponsonbys—(here, I regret to say, he spat, and I spat too)—are the canaille of Europe, with their pacifism and their toad-in-the-hole tactics." I replied, as best I could, in the words of Gambinus, the famous Hindu Aristotle. "Midges," I said, and his Excellency winked. . . . But these forays are no laughing matter. Blood is being shed. But what is blood? Doubtless Mr. Massingham is ignorant of its existence. The Martians are made in a more heroic mould. I am off from Fleet Street to their canals, from whence my next dispatches will be dated. The Martians are strong. Consequently, my friends of Fleet Street, right is on their side. I continue to puff my cigar.

PAGES FROM A BOOK OF SWELLS.

By T. H. S. Escott.

With an ivory pince-nez dangling from the third finger of her snowy left hand, and "How dare you, sir"—(this to an intruder)—visibly uttered by her blue eyes, the lady of the ducal house of Swimthorpe, baroness in her own right, youngest daughter on the father-in-law's side of the estated family of Blotshire. . . .

UNEDITED OPINIONS.

And you really believe that force has obligations?

Nothing more emphatically. The existence of force in itself implies the existence of weakness. Where there is a plenum there must needs be a vacuum. The flow of force from the former to the latter is a law of which obligation in the moral sphere is a psychic parallel and interpretation.

How interesting!

How what? Never, after R.M.'s memorable reflections, say that word to me.

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

We have very nearly cleared the present-day literary field of circulationists. A few of them still flutter near us; but we are stern. "Go, then, man of Gath!" we command. "There is nothing to be had here. What doest thou, seeking food for leeches upon a mountain pasture? Down to Philistia!" If anyone remains in doubt of our triumph, let him consider these pages, clear of any defiling name, and let him look thence below to behold Mr. Bennett tied by gilded apron-strings to Mrs. Humphry Ward's public, or Mr. Shaw competing with Pinero, or Mr. Masefield publicly wearing the bib of Yeats's arrested childhood, and himself would have given a peep at the pension in his pocket to keep his own bib; but sorra the day, he has dribbled himself out! But enough. . . . everybody knows! Let us refresh our minds by a little study of the poet whom Matthew Arnold delighted to honour—John Keats. The occasion to do so has been made by Professor Leonard's incomparably maladroit remarks upon Arnold's incomparable criticism. That character is style was an axiom with Sainte-Beuve, Arnold's acknowledged master, and we, also, in a faint and far-off way, . . .

PAGES FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

By Beatrice Hastings.

But now I found myself in a totally new region. Gone were all the daisies, gone the streams and the little stars in my pinafore. Here were nothing but trains and trams and Satans in disguise. Once I started up on the track of an angel that dropped a feather on the ground, where I lay looking for the glamour. Alas! on a sudden I realised that the feather was my own. I had plucked another quill from the Golden Goose. . . . But his voice was irresistible, and very soon there I was down in the area again!

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

If biography is the food of love, play on; but the aphorism, even as adapted, has been reversed. Love is now the food of biographers. Carlyle once said that fools were made for wise men to avoid. Mr. Gewgaw has not taken the advice seriously. He has written a work of 986 pages on George IV. and his mistresses. Of silly Polly Piecrust, George's last mistress, he says nothing; of George's seventeenth, the saintly little baggage, named Sally Alley, he contributes nothing to our information. But in a work like this we expect everything, or we get nothing. Supererogation otherwise galls our kibe.

A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

"MY HOUR AND A-HALF." By James Pieplant.

"The lovers kissed till the moonlight rang again."

"BY HOOK OR BY CROOK." By Ada Still Owen.

Usual triangle. Good for nothing wife thinks husband too stupid for her. He, on the contrary, thinks her too good for him. Connives at providing her with a lover. Lover suspects husband of wishing to marry again. Grows cool as wife grows hot. Scenes. Lover bolts. Husband comes in nick of time to dash bottle of poison to the floor. Reconciliation. Jejeune!

ART.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Nietzsche has declared that art is for the yea-sayers of life. But what can be yea-said to the pictures at the Splosh Gallery? I turned my back on them to examine them more closely, only to learn that Bergson's view is correct: it is still more life we want. . . .

FREE ADVERTISEMENT.

Lord Northcliffe personally recommends the following simple adjuncts to the toilet table. Any honourable firm—Taylor's, Lewis, and Burrows, whatnot and etc.—will supply them:—

For superfluous hair:—1 oz. very best dynamite. If after second application . . .

For your poor feet:—1 bottle tintactum. Keep bottle well sealed.

For pale lips:—A small plaster of carrotine applied nightly.

For freckles:—1 lb. radium will cure this cheaply and forever.

For Pedes Olidi:—Daily application of H₂O.

For baldness:—Mix 1 oz. vaseline with ½ oz. of hearth-rug; rub well in.

For the bust:—Chew mustard-seed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GUILD SOCIALISM AND SYNDICALISM.

Sir,—I have been a reader of THE NEW AGE for several years, but this is the first time I have accorded myself the privilege and pleasure of addressing you.

As a victim of the system of industrial serfdom I thank you most sincerely for the fight you are waging against capitalism, and for the inspiration given to us of the rank and file to fight this battle to a finish.

It was THE NEW AGE that showed the way to the unification of the militant Socialists in Great Britain, and articulated their political discontent, which led to the formation of the various Socialist Representation Committees—in which I was the prime mover—and the establishment of the British Socialist Party.

Long and close study of Parliamentary action, and inaction, has proved that it is useless to expect emancipation from politics or politicians, and that every single political party, so far as effectiveness is concerned, is as dead as the proverbial kippered herring.

As you well put it: "The day of the political obscurantists on the make has almost closed in its appropriate darkness."

"Socialism is an economic scheme," and only can be brought about by the wage-slaves ourselves on the industrial field, and by Syndicalist methods.

Parliament is the machine by which the plutocrats enslave us, and it is, therefore, useless as a means of emancipating the proletariat.

In the last paragraph of your third article on Guild Socialism you say: "We look confidently for the rise of a young group of trade unionists who will understand the necessities of the case, and forswear a political career, or, indeed, any career outside their unions. . . . Certain it is that these young men are now all that stands between the existing wage-system and its crystallisation into hopeless permanence."

You do not look in vain, sir. This young group is already an accomplished fact, and is growing in numbers and enthusiasm by leaps and bounds, in spite of the ostrich-like attitude of our ultra-political Socialist friends, who simply will not admit facts.

The political ideas of the I.L.P. and of the B.S.P. (the old S.D.P. under a new name), are as antiquated, compared with modern ideas, as is the old velocipede to the modern safety bicycle, and should be relegated to the Madame Tussaud's of the intellectual world.

The rising group of revolutionary trade unionists look to THE NEW AGE for a continuance of that help and inspiration, based upon modern science, which will lead ultimately to the abolition of this accursed system of wage-slavery.

In conclusion, I would say that I am to-day resigning my official position as treasurer of the B.S.P.

GEORGE SIMPSON,
(Treasurer, British Socialist Party;
Member of the late Provisional Executive Committee, British Socialist Party; late hon. secretary, Manchester District Council of the B.S.P.).

THE LECTURES OF GUILLAUME RAPPARD.

Monsieur,—Je me permets de vous signaler, à vous à vos lecteurs, le livre de Guillaume Rappard: "Le facteur économique de l'avènement de la démocratie moderne en Suisse"; parce que l'auteur s'inspire directement du méthode de l'interprétation économique de l'histoire. Faisant de ce méthode application à la Suisse, M. Rappard montre clairement que l'évolution politique a été déterminé par l'évolution économique et que les transformations d'ordre politique n'ont été que l'aboutissement des transformations techniques d'ordre agricole, industriel et commerciale—donc votre thèse, que vous défendez si intelligemment. Le premier volume n'a rapport qu'à l'étude de l'agriculture suisse à la fin de l'ancien régime.

D. M. UEBELHOR-NOVILLE.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON THE MARCONI AFFAIR.

Sir,—The object of this Committee is to investigate into all the circumstances connected with the making of the contract, and the remarkable share transactions which took place upon the publication of the contract. The gravest charges have been brought against many prominent Englishmen. These allegations are not confined to the Members sitting upon one side of the House. The recent publication of the lists of transfers in the "Financial News" shows that the dealings have been through nominees. Why should these persons be hiding behind the names of nominees? The only people who had any duty or who were in a fiduciary relationship to the public

were the political ring. No other section of the community had any interest to conceal participation in this share gambling. The politicians clearly had a vital interest to interpose the names of nominees, as they were running serious risks in this gambling.

Two members of the Committee appointed to search out the truth are Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Harold Smith. Lord Robert Cecil has seemingly already formed his judgment with regard to Sir Rufus Isaacs' conduct, because he stated in the House of Commons: "I believe I speak for every Member of this house when I say we have complete confidence in the right, hon. and learned gentleman. Indeed, it is almost an impertinence to say that we have complete confidence in his integrity." Holding this opinion, it was a shocking thing for Lord Robert Cecil to accept a seat upon this Committee, which has the task of inquiring whether Sir Rufus Isaacs is a man of integrity.

The appearance of Mr. Harold Smith on the Committee I can only characterise as amazing. Is Mr. Harold Smith unaware that the name of Mr. F. E. Smith is involved in this business—true, not so prominently, as not being in office, he owed no duty to anyone. Mr. Harold Smith is the brother of Mr. F. E. Smith. Let us hope he will play the part of a certain King of Macedon; yet, is not his error of judgment even graver than that of Lord Robert Cecil?

"OBSERVER."

* * * THE TEACHING OF MORALITY.

Sir,—With Sir Francis Vane's criticisms of the Biblical morality teaching of our children I readily agree; but the evil of modern instruction lies deeper than in printed texts. Though Sir Francis himself should draw up the lessons, the teaching actually given would be the *character of the teachers*. I am amazed that, in this age of individualism, the last thing whose value is realised is individuality. It must needs be a false, and not a true, egoism from which our modern self-assertors suffer. Not better books, therefore, but better men must be the watchword for the new education. I am told that the organisation of Peace Scouts, whose head is Sir Francis Vane, is more particular about the character of its officers than about the syllabus of its activities. I am glad to hear it. But what a criticism of our national schools is afforded by the growth outside them of two such "schools" as Sir Francis Vane's and Sir Baden Powell's. Surely, every responsible education authority should be ashamed to have so neglected his duty as to have made imperative a real training outside the school walls. By the way, Plato's method of teaching the young to reverence their elders ought to be remembered: "A sensible legislator," he says, "will rather exhort the elders to reverence the younger." Paradoxy. JOHN FULLER.

* * * CRIMINALS IN THE MAKING.

Sir,—The following dialogue recently took place between country visitor and village child, beginning with a bolt from the blue:—

Child: Our Will's going to the picture palace to-night again.

Visitor: O-oh?

Child: He goes every Saturday night.

V.: O-oh?

C.: And then he's bad on Sundays.

V. (suspects drink): Oh; how old is Will?

C.: Fifteen. . . My dad says they ain't fit for children.

V.: They are not, he's quite right.

C.: My dad says they ain't fit for our Will, neither. He's always bad, and screams; an' I went once; I ain't going no more. They was killing a man—(V.: Dear, dear!)—they was; they was hanging him up. . . I don't like them things.

V.: Why doesn't your Will stop away?

C.: I durno. . . He says he can't. . . He don't come home till 'leven o'clock sometimes, and my dad can't get to sleep, he can't.

O. S. E.

* * * ARTHUR SAMAIN.

Sir,—I suppose that your contributor, Mr. Richard Buxton, does not write ex cathedra. The page is of Esau, but the pen is the pen of Jacob. How strange his opening sentence sounds after vigorous writings! "There are few studies more fascinating than that of the part played by disease in literary inspiration." One feels inclined to say, "Pshaw!" and have done with it. Who is thus fascinated? Mr. Buxton speaks of the "violent cerebral activity" of certain artists who eventually went insane, and he mentions three of most diverse character—Nietzsche, Schumann and Maupassant. What a jumble is there! If he intends by "violence" to mean energy of the chaotic sort, how does he account for the fact that

every one of these men produced artistic work? If he means merely extraordinary cerebral activity, how does he account for the fact that artists who never went insane, from Aristophanes to Shakespeare and to Goethe, produced work of a bulk and temper not, to say the least, annihilated by comparison with his three? One always supposed that no foreign critic should aspire to be quite so decisive in his judgments of the detail of a literature as Mr. Buxton presents himself. "The music of words as allied to the sense can go no further than this," he says of Samain's verse. It is a note one would be willing enough to take from an acknowledged French critic! Mr. Buxton alleges Samain to have been lacking in vital ideas, and proceeds: "There is no other way of describing him than as a perfect artist." What, then, of superlative adjectives, may one keep for artists—who do not exist without vital ideas—Shakespeare, again, Goethe and Aristophanes? Mr. Buxton's language also, sounds curiously in this gallery. Your readers are not used to hear such pretty terms as "vague tenderness, yearning for something our senses cannot grasp, bursts of longing, great passionate soul," etc.; to say nothing of the clichés we are all so keen now to detect. May I offer an opinion that the whole article—style, form, and matter is cliché-ical? I believe I could maintain this opinion, even in analysis of the matter, which is simply a repetition of the now over-familiar snivellings about suffering literary men, more especially if these happen to die worthlessly and beneath envy.

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SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

Sir,—Professor Walter Rippmann may possibly need to be taught how to pronounce the word "young." Anything is believable after the revelations of the new spellers; but he cannot, if he would, pronounce the letter *l* without sending it upward on his tongue to the roof of the mouth; he may only touch the arch at a slightly lower point than the trained elocutionist does. I notice that no actor is on the list of new spellers. Why does not Professor Rippmann get an actor to show him the quality of the doubled *l* in "travelling"? It "carries" the word. A ranter would "swallow" this letter.

When Professor Rippmann tries to lure me towards philology, I feel reluctant to follow him where I may very well find nothing but a beating in store. But he clumsily challenges my assertion that our learned ancestors studied words, and, as it happens, I am so lucky as to be acquainted with both the Cambridge autograph manuscript and the 1645 printed edition of Milton's minor poems, which the poet himself saw through the press. Without intending to argue for a moment whether Milton's corrected spelling was divinely inspired, I offer merely the proof that the great purist, one of our "learned and poetical ancestors," contributed, at least, a mite to those countless hours which I said had been devoted to establishing the language in days when, as Professor Rippmann knows very well, every educated man kept a word-book. 'Tis tedious, indeed, to be obliged to repeat such commonplaces.

Milton wrote "farewel"; he also wrote "well," "fell," "befall," "fully." He, a poet, experimented, and the great poets who came after him experimented. Our spelling is the result. While there are still reforms to be made, we are not likely to alter a single word on the advice of persons who confess to pronunciations which are the stock-in-trade of the low comedian. People who pronounce "heard" as *hurd*, "is" as *iz*, "mind" as *miend*, and so on, are not, as a rule, very fine company.

Sainte-Beuve, discussing a certain French word, wrote that it was "a term large and of floating outline, coming into constant use, and made to include the most beautiful meanings." Into what region of poetical comprehension are we not lifted by such a criticism of but one word? There are more things in heaven and earth, Professor, than are dreamed of in your philology!

THE WRITER OF "PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM."

* * *

RHYTHMIC GYMNASTICS.

Sir,—Will you allow me to call your readers' attention to an interesting demonstration shortly to be made on several dates and in several halls in London, of the exercises in Rhythmic Gymnastics, invented and taught by M. Jacques-Dalcroze, late of the Geneva Conservatoire. If rhythm is ever to come again into our national lives it must be taught and practised as an art from early youth, as Plato required of his Republic. M. Jacques-Dalcroze has, I believe, made the first steps possible. Information concerning the lecture-demonstrations may be obtained by writing to P. B. Ingham, Esq., Merchant Taylors' School, E.C.

PAUL FISHER.

"GRACE IN THE 'DAILY MAIL.'"

Sir,—Here are a few of the simple ingredients Miss St. Aubyn recommends:—

Cleminite, for a face lotion—1 oz. tin, 2s. 6d.

Phemlinol, for a hair remover—1 oz. pot, 4s.

Jettaline, for cleaning the skin—1 tube (about 1 oz.), 3s. 6d.

Colliandum, for a face tint—1 oz. tin, 2s. 6d.

Tennaline, for the eyelashes—1 tube (about ½ oz.), 4s.

Of course, Miss St. Aubyn does not state the price, and, of course, she does not tell the simple folk that these simple lines are proprietary articles.

D. N. FULLERTON.

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THE WHITE SLAVE BILL.

Sir,—May I point out to the writer of "Notes of the Week" that evidence of previous convictions against a prisoner *may* be given before verdict in the cases provided for under the following Acts of Parliament:—

i. Previous Conviction Act, 1836.

ii. Prevention of Crimes Act, 1871 (Section 19).

iii. Larceny Act, 1861 (Section 116).

iv. Coinage Act, 1861 (Section 37). J. F. HEDLEY.

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WOMEN AND FLOGGING.

Sir,—May I add the following cutting from a South African newspaper to your indictment of the fair but somewhat ferocious sex? As you are no doubt aware, the judiciary in this country have taken their stand against vindictive treatment of natives who have run amok. But apparently the ladies would have cut this black savage in minute pieces! OOM BOOMSLANG.

FRANKFORT ASSAULT CASE.

Bloemfontein. Sept. 17.

In connection with the sentence of six years and twenty-four lashes passed by Sir Andries Maasdorp, Chief Justice, in the Frankfort assault case, a public indignation meeting, called at short notice, has been held there to enter a dignified protest against the sentence on the native Mateke.

The meeting was called by men at the instigation of the white women of the town and district. Speakers pointed out that the particular offence was one of the most revolting and outrageous crimes that could be imagined. Protest was made in the strongest terms, and it was declared that the punishment should have been much more severe even if the crime had been committed by a white man. The opinion was expressed by men present that their wives and daughters could not be safe for one moment unless severe punishment was meted out in such cases.

It was unanimously decided to draw up a strong protest for signature in the town and district, to be sent to the Attorney-General. A sum of £15 was collected on the spot to defray expenses.—Reuter S.A. Agency.

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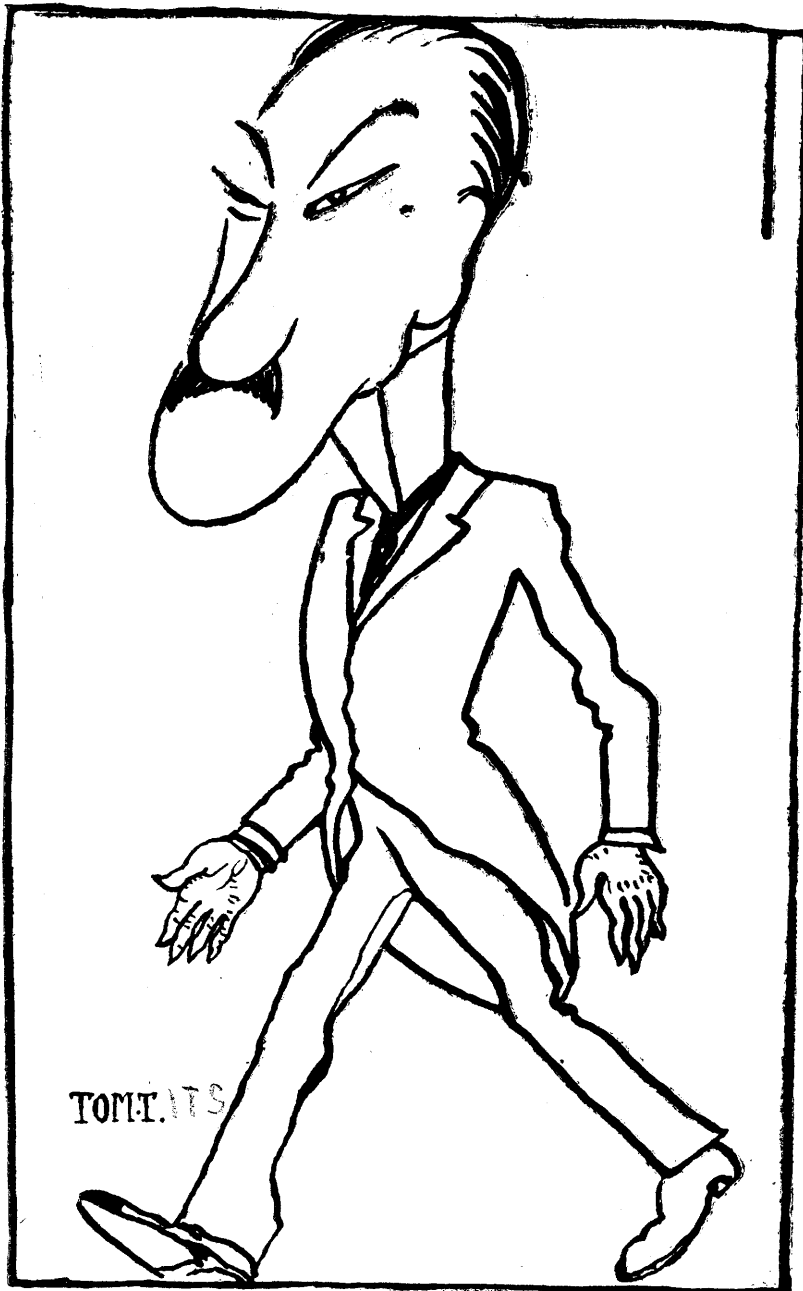
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