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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Without exactly knowing why, the Press has been greatly perturbed by the proposed direct association of the Government with the ownership and management of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. But what is there in it to cause surprise except that the same principle, as we shall see in a moment, can be considerably extended? In the particular instance under notice the reasons given for the first repetition of Disraeli's Suez Canal policy are sufficient. Now that oil is about to take the place of coal as the fuel of the Navy, it is necessary to have security of supply and a defence against private monopoly; and since these can only be guaranteed by ownership or by joint ownership, the State, it follows, is well advised in adopting the second means if it cannot obtain the first. In general, however, the matter is one of degree; for it is obvious that the State is in tacit partnership with capitalists both here and elsewhere. Its main interest, as we have often said, is in the preservation and accumulation of property. Under special conditions, on the other hand, the tacit partnership may become explicit; and this course we may expect to be taken much more often in the future than it has been in the past. Everything, in fact, indicates a large and early extension of the policy just now on the point of being adopted in the case of oil. As Trusts develop internationally the State for its own sake will be driven into nominal competition in the first instance with them, and into open partnership in the second stage.

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This will undoubtedly bring about, unless the movement is checked by the action of Trade Unions, the final triumph of Capitalism, involving the subjection of the proletariat of all lands to the international and State capitalists. At present, it is true, national executives in the various countries are more or less hand in glove with their profiteers; but on occasion the sympathetic alliance may be broken to the advantage of the proletariat as a whole. But such breaches with profiteers must, it is clear, cease almost to be possible when the State itself is the chief profiteer among profiteers. Let us suppose, for example, that the State were to enter into open partnership with the Railway companies or with our present mine-owners. Precisely the same reasons could be given for either policy as for the course about to be taken with the Anglo-Persian Company. But the effects, being near and under our eyes, would soon become manifest in the event, let us say, of a strike; for, as well as its general interest in maintaining transport and the coal supply, the State would have a chief shareholder's particular interest. Under these circumstances we can be pretty sure that the last qualm of conscience against employing the State forces to suppress strikes would disappear; for public and private interest would combine to make suppression appear almost a holy duty. What have the leaders of the proletariat to say to such a prospect? It is hard enough, they find, to oppose private capitalists with only the tacit assistance of the State. But how much harder it would be to oppose capitalists who were merely junior partners of the State!

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However, such is the prospect; and such, we fear, will be the reality unless the Trade Unions can anticipate and prevent it. From the statesman's point of view, policy dictates the closest association with the strongest forces existing at any given time. It is not of much moment to any State what the character of the force upon which it depends is in itself, so long as it is the strongest. The State, in short, is in this respect a bit of a sensible woman: it needs must love the strongest when it sees it. On the other hand, it naturally matters everything to the rejected partners. If, for instance, in the immediate future the State, for good and sufficient reasons of self-preservation, finds itself driven into partnership with large capitalists, nobody will be able to blame the State with any justice, since the choice will have been forced upon it by the circumstances. At the same time, as we have already shown, the Trade Unions must expect to suffer. What, therefore, must they do if they wish to avoid this fate? Is it not clear that they must become as strong as and even stronger than Capital? And the means, fortunately, are now well known: they must organise a monopoly of their labour and thus form a trust of labour against a trust of capital; and, in the second place, they must boldly press their suit of partnership upon either the State or, in the alternative, upon Capital itself. This, we say, is absolutely their only chance of success. Not all the good-will in the world will weigh against the facts of strength, which acts always and everywhere after its own nature. Either Labour must create its own monopoly or the monopoly of Capital will enslave it.

Over against the incident of the Anglo-Persian alliance of private and public capital, pointing clearly to a more general and explicit partnership of Governments with Profiteers, may be set the incident, just reported in connection with the building lock-out (for we refuse to regard it as a strike), of an association for a particular purpose of private employers with a Trade Union directly. This significant arrangement is due, we understand, to the perspicacity of the trustees of the Theosophical Society, who certainly deserve more credit for their intelligence in practical affairs than for their mystical maunderings. By the common-sense device of employing the Trade Union directly, the Theosophical Society, we believe, have not only surmounted the immediate problem of getting their job continued and completed; but they have turned the key in the door of one of the two possible futures of industrial organisation. It is clear, as we have said, what the future must be if Trade Unions succumb to Capital; but it is no less clear what the future may be if the Trade Unions, as in this instance, fight successfully for the responsibility of partnership. For they become at once co-operative societies potentially; and in proportion as they manage the conduct of their labour efficiently they will become in the long run both co-operative societies and monopolists. We, therefore, congratulate both the Society and the Union upon a very good piece of business. As a beginning in the acceptance by a Union of direct contractual responsibility it is worthy to be set over against the Anglo-Persian oil arrangement as the proper reply of Labour to the new advance of Capital.

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It is to be feared, nevertheless, that the moral of both will be lost upon the men who are now planning the greatest strike ever known. At the meeting held last week of the representatives of the parties to the great Triple Alliance of the Railwaymen, Transport Workers and Miners, no word was uttered, we gather, of condemnation or even of criticism of the programme of demands put forward by the Railwaymen. Yet either of the incidents just discussed would, if considered, compel the withdrawal of those demands and the substitution of something more in keeping with the circumstances of our day. Against the explicit association of the State with the Railways, either by nationalisation or by joint partnership between the State and the existing companies, it is obvious that the railwaymen, even though supported by their colleagues in the Alliance, could do nothing. Once and for all let us say that the State can *never* be defeated by Labour; and hence, to the extent that the State is directly involved on the capitalist side, Labour in its fights must stand to lose. But suppose that, instead of forcing the Anglo-Persian policy upon the railway companies and the State, the National Union of Railwaymen were to take a leaf out of the book of the Builders and offer *as a Union* to supply labour to the Companies or the State indifferently, the situation would at once be transformed. For our part, we are convinced that the Companies would accept the offer to share their responsibilities even at the cost of dividing their profits. But if they were too short-sighted for this, the State, we believe, would have no option but to accept the offer in their place. In other words, the Union would as a result find itself in partnership either with the existing Companies or, still better from a public point of view, with the State itself. That consummation is what we have in mind as a possible conclusion of the agitation now on foot; but we repeat that it cannot come as the result of paltry wage and condition demands coupled with the shirking of Union responsibility. The Union has grown to its present strength, no doubt, on the motive of higher wages for its members. Having reached manhood, however, more than wages is expected of it—a demand for responsibility, which itself is the surest guarantee of high wages in future.

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Lord Esher has some difficulty, so he says, in understanding what we mean by "servile labour." Servility, he thinks, is a condition of soul and has nothing to do with the body, for the "thrall in person may be free in soul."(Tennyson !) A similar confusion of terms would equally establish the propositions that no man can really be imprisoned, since stone walls do not a prison make; or made rich or poor, since riches and poverty depend upon psychological and not upon material conditions. But we must take one world at a time, and with each world its own appropriate words. Servile labour is precisely the condition in which a man's soul or will is not engaged, and for the simple reason that its employment is not only not sought, but its utility is ignored and its necessity denied. To employ a man is to employ a will in control of strength and skill; but to employ labour, as our profiteers do, is to employ strength and skill without the will behind them. When Lord Esher pretends that he does not know the meaning of servile labour he confesses to not knowing the difference between engaging a man and engaging a man's labour; the difference, however, is vital. Under the wage-system it is obvious that labour is bought, but the man is ignored. It is, in fact, as if he were thrown into a trance during which the control of his faculties were transferred to his employer. Is not this abnegation of self-direction the very essence of servility? Would Lord Esher commend the adoption of general hypnosis for the proletariat? Yet in the spiritual sense that is what the wage-system imposes upon them. The employment of men's wills (or souls, if Lord Esher prefers the term) would necessitate the abolition of the wage-system, for the will is above all things responsible; and responsibility is incompatible with wagery.

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Mr. Rockefeller's claims to be a public hero defending national rights against his Colorado miners have been examined by Professor Seligman in the New York "Times Annalist." In the first place, says the Professor, of the seven demands put forward by the strikers, five are already guaranteed with penalties by State law. How comes it, then, that the men have had to strike for conditions already solemnly and legally guaranteed them? That is a question the secret sustenation fund of the corrupt State executive could answer if it chose. Secondly, Mr. Rockefeller pretends that the demands of the miners are for the closed shop—that is, the dismissal of non-unionists. But there is not a hint of this in any of the official programmes or appeals advanced by the men. On the contrary, the utmost of their demands in this direction is simple recognition of the Miners' Union. Thirdly, Mr. Rockefeller makes it an excuse that the Union contains only ten per cent. of his staff. But, asks Professor Seligman, how many more than 10 per cent. must be in sympathy with the Union in order to have brought about a complete strike; and, again, what is the use of estimating their strength by their numbers when, in fact, those 10 per cent. have proved strong enough to stop the industry? The article concludes with a denunciation of Mr. Rockefeller as a man obstinately defending a pass over which the main army has long ago passed. Almost everywhere else, he says, both in the United States and abroad, the recognition of Miners' Trade Unions is assumed without question; and no service will be done by Mr. Rockefeller either to America or to Capital by attempting to go back upon it.

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The more closely we examine the political situation the more certain are we that there should be no General Election upon Home Rule, no exclusion of Ulster, either permanently or temporarily, from its operation, and no more delay in setting about the task of persuading English and Ulster public opinion that these courses are wise and necessary. What excuse, other than cowardice or treachery, can be offered by the Government for resignation at this moment? As much as any single issue can be, Home Rule was an issue of the last

General Election and received as good a "mandate" as any measure under the caucus-system is likely to receive. There have been no defections from the Cabinet in consequence of the Bill, the Parliamentary majority, nine times tried, has been remarkably coherent, and no public disapproval of the smallest popular importance has been manifested against it. As Lord Winterton remarked, a crowd of tens of thousands of the populace surrounding Westminster would convince the Government that the Home Rule Bill is unpopular; but no sign of such a crowd is visible even from the offices of the "Pall Mall Gazette." Under these circumstances, it would be folly or worse of the Government to resign; and no man would be found to praise them for it. But neither, we are sure, is the exclusion of Ulster anywhere popularly demanded or expected. In England, it is probable, the exclusion of Ulster would be regarded as tantamount to the defeat of Home Rule and of Parliamentary government with it—the latter a conclusion of no small importance. But even in Ulster, not to say the rest of Ireland, the exclusion would satisfy nobody and settle nothing. In three of the nine counties of Ulster the Protestants have an overwhelming majority; in another three the position is reversed; and in the remaining three the two sects are balanced. Is this a condition of things to encourage anybody to believe that the exclusion of three or six or nine would make for peace? If three, the Home Rule problem would be repeated on a small scale once with Ulster and once with the Nationalists ascendant. If six or nine, what becomes of the sectarian compatriots of the minorities in the rest of Ireland? In either event both parties would be cut off from their main body, for 300,000 Unionists in the event of total exclusion would be separated from Ulster and 400,000 Ulster Catholics would be cut off from Nationalist Ireland. Imagine what the situation would be—each party holding hostages of the other! The prospect is ridiculous, and when it comes to be looked at will appear impossible. Defeated in their Unionism, the Unionists are prepared to become Divisionists; for not satisfied with seeing Ireland cut off from England, they must now insist upon cutting off Ulster from Ireland and in every county of Ulster one party from another. The common sense of Ireland, we hope, will soon have had enough of their scissors and will settle down to manage their affairs for themselves.

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At the same time, we must repeat our warning that this end will not be achieved without public persuasion. Mr. Massingham, we see, is content to deplore the "violence" of the Unionists and the Carsonites; and doubtless thinks the Government can afford to do the same. But passively to resist violence without attempting to reason with it is violence of much the same kind. Assuming, however, that the public is capable of reason and is not (as we believe it is not) prejudiced against Home Rule; assuming further that, in the end, both Ulster and our own Unionists will accept the verdict of public opinion—and what else does their demand for a General Election mean?—it follows that the line of greatest immediate advantage is an appeal to English and Ulster public opinion. We are sorry, in fact, that no Cabinet Minister has thought it his duty, as Mr. Gladstone would have done, to stump both countries during the recess with a view to putting the situation before them. But it is not too late and will not be for some time. The Lords are in no hurry to reject the Bill, and in the meanwhile the penalties of either the defeat of Home Rule or the exclusion of Ulster will become more and more apparent. All the same, this process would be vastly facilitated if the Cabinet would undertake a pilgrimage of persuasion.

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There are many well-meaning people who appear to imagine that there is still hope for the House of Lords, that the peers as a body may yet come to realise their responsibilities and give some attention to the condition of the people of England. This is a hope which has never been expressed in these columns; for it is not shared by any of our contributors. If there are still a few simple-minded people who imagine that a direct appeal to the House of Lords is likely to be productive of good results, let them turn to the debate of Monday last on Lord Willoughby de Broke's Coal Mines (Northumberland) Bill. As the origin of this Bill is obscure—our Press, as we know, attends only to unimportant matters—let us set down a few facts concerning it. The three-shift system for miners, as worked in Northumberland and Durham, has never been liked by the men affected. They complained from the very beginning that it utterly destroyed their home life and prevented them from taking part in such public life as is open to them—i.e., their Trade Union meetings, for example. Husbands, sons, brothers, all work in different shifts; or, at least, they do so in the majority of cases. The women of the household have to prepare three different sets of meals for the men; sleep is impossible—imagine a house with three or four rooms and three batches of men going in and out every eight hours—and, in fine, the miners have been agitating for a couple of years to get the iniquitous system done away with. Now let us see what has happened as a result of their efforts.

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In the first place, the largest mine-owners—and this means, in a word, Lord Joicey—decided that the three-shift system paid them better than the two-shift system. Once that decision had been reached, the cause of the workmen was as good as lost. Every putrid means at the disposal of the capitalists was brought into requisition for crushing the workmen. Fawning newspaper proprietors, half-starved journalists, lick-spittle Labour leaders—of course—hastened to do the bidding of Lord Crœsus Joicey and his friends. The miners could not get a hearing for their grievances. No local Labour leader, no Labour Member, would consider them; no newspaper would publish articles about them. The agitation continued; but the safety-valve was never more effectively sat upon. Then, a few months ago, the men turned to Lord Willoughby de Broke for assistance and advice—having previously asked Lord Joicey for advice and been curtly refused it. Lord Willoughby de Broke, remembering that each individual peer represented, or ought to represent, the whole of England, and not merely the Warwickshire hunting-pack, or some other local interest, went to Newcastle-on-Tyne a few weeks ago, attended a meeting of miners' delegates, and listened to a detailed account of their grievances. So distrustful were the miners of the Press—and they had good reason to be—that no reporters were admitted; but a summary of the proceedings appeared, nevertheless, in the London "Daily Telegraph" of Monday, April 27 last. As a result of what he heard at this meeting—the delegates at which represented practically all the miners in Northumberland affected by the three-shift system—Lord Willoughby de Broke decided to introduce a short Bill into the House of Lords providing for the entire abolition of the system. The second reading of this Bill was taken on Monday, May 25. Lord Willoughby de Broke, we notice, confined his remarks to the moral side of the question, pointed out how the present arrangement interfered with the home and public life of the workmen, and appealed to the "noble Lords opposite" to see that the hours of work in mines should be adjusted in such a way that the workers might have a decent and regular existence. After this Lord Joicey rose to move the rejection of the measure. We hesitate to describe his speech. At no time have we ever heard or read of a more completely abandoned orgy of prevarication. His Lordship suggested that the Bill had no support because no Labour representative in the Commons would bring it in—as if the Labour Members in the Commons would dream of jeopardising their "careers," their easy-going, languid existence, and their present and pro-

spective fat jobs, by doing so daring a thing as supporting a measure to which the capitalistic classes object. Lord Joicey (who added that in the counties of Northumberland and Durham the best possible feeling existed between masters and men) knows this as well as we do, and as well as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald does. The Bill, concluded Lord Joicey, had not the support of the majority of the miners. "There were always a certain number of men who wanted Parliament to intervene between employers and employed, but they were in the main Socialists who would never be satisfied. The Bill was unworkable, and if put into operation would lead to an increase in the price of coal."

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It is not without a good reason that we deliberately characterise this utterance as a pack of lies from beginning to end. When Lord Joicey spoke he must have had in his pocket a resolution which was unanimously passed at the annual meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Council, held at Newcastle on May 19. The terms of this resolution were drawn up by the workmen themselves; and, after they peruse it, we leave our readers to say whether more is to be expected of men such as these than of the miserable and, as a body, uninstructed noblemen. This is the resolution: "That this council meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Association regrets to learn that Lord Joicey is to move the rejection of the Coal Mines (Northumberland) Bill introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Willoughby de Broke, which is intended to prevent the continuance of the three-shift system in this county; and further regrets that a man in the position of Lord Joicey, who has made some hundreds of thousands of pounds out of the sweat and blood of the miners, should yet be unsatisfied, and seek for the sake of more money to hinder the mining community from escaping from a system which is enslaving weary mothers and daughters in a life of drudgery, depraving sons by hindering them from attending means of moral and mental improvement, and preventing fathers from exercising that parental care over their families which it is the duty of every father to exercise. We therefore publicly ask Lord Joicey not to do this thing, and thereby place a record against his name which will for ever blacken his fame, and make his name a byword and reproach among miners." We appeal to that piece of simple, strong English against the lies, slanders, and evasions of Lord Joicey. The feeling between employers and employed is not good; the agitation is unanimous and not confined to dissatisfied Socialists; the three-shift system is loathed. But the three-shift system suits the capitalists, even though the amount produced is, under it, proportionately smaller than the amount produced by the old two-shift system. A reversion to the old system would, of course, raise the price of coal. Let us proceed with this miserable debate. Viscount Allendale could not extend Government support to the measure, "as they were unwilling to disturb the arrangements which had been come to between the employers and the representatives of the men"—that is to say, between the sweaters and the local Labour leaders who, with their eyes on Parliament, are always ready to betray the miners. The Earl of Crawford wondered why, if there were grievances, they had not been brought up by the Labour Members in the Commons. The Marquis of Londonderry, to whom the miners' resolution applies as much as to Lord Joicey, made an even more remarkable contribution to the debate—remarkable, we mean, in its unashamed frankness. He "laid stress on the importance of keeping production cheap and prices low. The Bill would seriously limit output and materially increase the cost of production, with serious results all over the country." The Marquess of Salisbury, like a true modern Cecil, sat on the fence. He approved of the "ventilation" of the grievance but could not support the Bill; he thought they should be satisfied with the debate; he thought Lord Joicey under-estimated, etc. Such minds as that of Lord Salisbury ought not to be in public life at all—we must have either intense convictions or none. If the Cecils persist in attending either House, we suggest the erection, not of cross-benches, but of cross-fences.

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There being no seconder, Lord Willoughby de Broke withdrew his Bill, appealing at the same time to the noble lords concerned to make every possible effort to meet the men. In the case of a few peers, perhaps, such an appeal might be valuable. When, a few months ago, Lord Willoughby de Broke introduced the "Noblesse Oblige Bill"—referred to in these columns at the time—with the object of making the aristocracy assume the responsibility and the burden of national defence, we had to make very nearly the same criticism of the House of Lords as we shall have to make now. The House of Lords has long passed the stage when it was composed of a few ancient families that put their duty to the nation before everything else; and an appeal to it now cannot be based upon tradition, or race, or blood, or faith, or even self-respect. As Lord Joicey and Lord Londonderry made clear, the peers, like the Commons, are now concerned, first and last, with profits; and any proposal that interferes with profits must be dismissed with contempt and resentment. We are acquainted with the wild efforts and desperate intrigues made by the local Labour leaders to prevent the introduction of the Bill providing for the abolition of the three-shift system—intrigues which were, of course, largely instigated by the financial interests involved. If we felt ourselves at liberty to publish all our information on the point, this page in the story of the modern House of Lords would be made even blacker than it is.

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Let us again direct attention to the fact that Lord Willoughby de Broke's Bill was withdrawn because there was no seconder. There was, nevertheless, every reason for a debate. The men's claims had been explained, adequately but moderately; yet a few words, unjustified and evasive, from Lord Joicey closed the mouth of any peer who might have been influenced by the recital of the miners' ill-treatment. What, indeed, has happened with regard to the composition of the House of Lords is now so clear that we are almost ashamed to point it out. Formerly every peer tried to act, more or less effectively, as Burke's ideal representative; as a member for the nation. Now the peers act as the ideal representatives of the capitalistic interests, of the financiers, of the manufacturers; of every man or group that employs wage-earners. The few peers who may hold traditional ideas of responsibility and service are submerged in the crowd of nouveaux-riches, the tuft-hunters, and, above all, the profit-mongers.

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For this state of things, indeed, the peers of ancient family are not blameless. We cannot understand why men like Joicey, Furness, and Northcliffe were ever admitted to the House of Lords without strong protests. There are noblemen's houses in London, there are noblemen's country seats, where such people would not even now be admitted. Why, then, admit them to a venerable Parliamentary institution when there was an opportunity, however remote, of keeping them out? It is well known that Lord Northcliffe is never seen in the House of Lords, just as he is never seen in London society. The "Daily Mail" retainers of the man always spread the report that his Lordship holds society in contempt. The reverse is the case, and the excuse a poor one. But the fact remains that Sir Alfred Harmsworth became Lord Northcliffe without a public protest. So did Sir James Joicey. To write those two sentences, and to know that they are true, is to condemn the House of Lords.

Current Cant.

"I think our sex is growing sensible."—LADY WARWICK.

"Motherhood and Citizenship."—BEATRICE WEBB, in the "New Statesman."

"That born fool, George Borrow."—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

"Restoration of Trusts to the people."—"Daily Chronicle."

"Once more the Labour men have proved that they are fighters to the manner born."—"Daily Citizen."

"Each visit to Burlington House accentuates the charm this exhibition holds for us."—"The Academy."

"Mrs. Humphry Ward has made what is certainly an interesting contribution to the Woman's Suffrage controversy."—"New Statesman."

"If the Labour men had voted on conviction for a policy and programme clearly divergent from those of Liberalism, the result might still have been deplorable."—"The Nation."

"I deplore the growth of Socialism in the postal service."—ROBERT H. BAILEY.

"The day may come when the Nelson Column will be hailed by sculptors and architects as the finest extant work in English monumental art."—"The Times."

"How can we rehouse in decent conditions that portion of the community which has no respect for property and no self-respect, which is utterly careless in the matter of cleanliness, which is thriftless and thoughtless, and which, if left to its own devices in a palace, would in a brief space of time reduce the palace to a pigsty?"—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"No household is complete without the 'Daily Mirror.' A nice genial picture-paper which keeps all the members of the family in a good humour."—"Leeds Mercury."

"With characteristic perversity, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. . . ."—"Daily Herald."

"United Liberalism and Labour are invincible."—"Nottingham Express."

"Empire Day is celebrated every year at Selfridge's."—"Callisthenes."

"The moving picture, like the phonograph, has been a great educator."—THOMAS A. EDISON.

"Socialistic finance has sent onions up by two hundred per cent."—"The Referee."

"Six reels of pictures were shown to the prisoners in the Tombs Prison in New York City recently. The pictures dealt with the drug habit, and is said to have made an impression upon the prisoners."—"The Picture-Goer."

"We hold no brief for the motor-'bus companies."—"Daily Express."

"The working population of this country have never had a more genuine, sympathetic, and capable champion than Mr. Masterman."—LLOYD GEORGE.

"We possess in Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Sir J. M. Barrie (to name but three) writers immeasurably greater than Dickens and Thackeray.—MR. EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

READERS of THE NEW AGE hardly need to be told that the present Government has made a fine art of drafting schemes which are alleged to be "reforms," but which, in practice, turn out to be the old injustice—sometimes worse. The railway conciliation boards may stand as an example. We did this sort of thing, of course, before Liberal Governments came into office; but it is not customary to associate this topsy-turvy hypocrisy with Liberalism. There are still thousands of innocent electors who connote Liberalism with, for example, rigidly just taxation of the capitalists and the uplifting of the poor. More than this, the people of India are in the habit of thinking—God knows why, perhaps because some rag like the "Daily News" makes a fuss now and then over some more or less serious piece of injustice it knows nothing about—that Liberalism means reforms; that they can look with more confidence to a Liberal than to a Conservative Government for redress; that Liberal statesmen are, at least, anxious to do the right thing by them. It is a shock to these people when they realise that this is not so; that the Liberals are hardened political humbugs and no gentlemen. The shock is still greater when Indian deputations come over here and find that they cannot induce editors to give publicity to even the most moderate grievance—that editors will, at best, give just as many particulars as are not likely to offend the India Office.

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The case of Mr. Mohamed Ali and Mr. Wirza Hasan, which I referred to last autumn, was a particularly glaring example; and even if the two gentlemen named were not always tactful the authorities are not thereby excused. A more considerate attitude has been adopted towards the deputation from the Indian National Congress which arrived a few weeks ago. Lord Crewe has seen the five delegates comprising it—it is so influential a deputation that he could not very well have done otherwise. I am not in the confidence of the deputation; and even if I were its members could not tell me what took place at a private interview. It is with the aid of certain official memoranda and reports which I was privileged to see at the India Office that I shall endeavour to explain the visit of yet another Indian deputation.

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The India Council, constituted as an advisory body in the dim and distant nineteenth century, fell into a condition of torpor from which it was not aroused even when Lord Morley added two somnolent Indian members to it in order that he might be kept in touch with Indian opinion. It is better for us not to inquire how long two such Indian members are likely to have been out of India when nominated or what they may be expected to know of Indian public opinion. Let it be stated, simply, that in the summer of 1910 the India Council, which had not been consulted on any matter affecting India for well over a year, suddenly bethought itself of its dignity and dreamt of resigning. Lord Crewe, who does not appear to have known of the existence of the Council, smoothed down its ruffled feathers, arranged for it to be consulted; and, on July 31, 1913, made a speech in the House of Lords in which he spoke of reforming the Council. The Council at that time might consist of a maximum number of fourteen members; actually it consisted of ten. Lord Crewe hinted that the maximum number of members ought to be ten, that the salary paid to them might be increased from £1,000 to £1,200, and that "he thought that membership of the Council would be regarded in future, not as the beginning of an Indian official's retirement, but as the final stage of his actual Indian work." This latter sentence is especially significant.

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Lord Crewe concluded his speech by stating that he was prepared to welcome suggestions and assistance

in reorganising the India Council; and, by way of answer to this invitation, the Indian National Congress, having considered the whole question, sent a deputation to London a few weeks ago to lay certain suggestions before Lord Crewe. This deputation consisted of five well-known Indian public men, both Moslem and Hindu. Its chief spokesman is Mr. Mohamed Ali Jinnah, head of the Bombay Bar and ex-Member of the Viceroy's Council, and certainly one of the most moderate and far-seeing of Indian Statesmen. The deputation saw Lord Crewe early this month; and, from the speeches made at a breakfast given them by Sir William Wedderburn, and an interview given by Mr. Jinnah to the "Daily Telegraph," we are enabled to judge what the suggestions of the Congress are.

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Briefly, the Indian proposals are that the India Council should remain a purely advisory and not an administrative body; that it should consist of nine members, appointed for five years; and that one-third of the Council should be Indians. An important point made by the Congress was that the three Indian members should not be nominated by the Secretary of State for India, but that they should be elected by the members of the local legislative councils in India. This very select electoral body would not number more than about 140 members, and might be relied upon to choose three members for the India Council who would represent Indian opinion better than three members nominated by the Secretary of State. The deputation representing the Indian National Congress further urged that a panel system of selection or nomination should not be employed—that is, that a list of names should not be selected by the members of the local legislative councils from which the Secretary of State might nominate his three members of Council. These views, studiously moderate, were laid before Lord Crewe.

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Not long after the deputation had seen the Secretary of State the text of Lord Crewe's Bill was made public —on May 27, to be precise. It must have come as a disappointment to the five Indian delegates, who may have hoped, reasonably enough, that their views would have been taken into consideration, since they were the views of so vast a proportion of the people of India. It seemed to me strange enough that so many phrases in the Bill should have corresponded closely with Lord Crewe's speech, made so far back as July 31, 1913; and on inquiring in the right quarter, I found out, as I more than half expected, that the Bill had been drafted months ago, and that the visit of the deputation made no difference. The Bill provides that the Council shall consist of a minimum of seven and a maximum number of ten members, who are to receive £1,200 a year, that two are to be Indians, and that the Indian members shall be chosen by a panel system. In other words, the Indians are not to be represented, even on the minimum Council, to the extent of one-third; and the Indian members are not to be elected.

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I wish specially to emphasise two points. The apparent reform of the Council is, like the "reform" of the labour administration on the railways by the conciliation boards, a purely paper reform; but so apparently genuine that the Indian Government can refer unctuously to the fact that Indian members are now "elected" for the Council, by way of proving that there is no further excuse for agitation. If the Bill be passed in its present form, we may be sure that the Indian authorities will adopt this attitude. Secondly, let me again impress upon the reader that the Government's Bill was drawn up before the outside assistance for which Lord Crewe asked could possibly become available, and that the visit of an influential deputation did not alter a comma in the short document of only three clauses. Perhaps the deputation will go back to India thoroughly impressed by the fair play of the British people, the British Government, and the British Press. But I doubt it.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

ENGLISH history is written like English journalism: that is to say, with a view to the exclusion of every particle of reality and truth. We hear of the legends of Arthur and of Charlemagne, and historians have begun already to assure us that there is a legend of Napoleon, by which they appear to mean that what men have told us about these persons is typical not so much of what they were as of what men wanted them to be. What we are taught at school as English history is to be classed among these legends, and the system, though faulty from the standpoint of historical truth, has at any rate the advantage of giving us a good insight into the mentality of historians, and, of course, of the public that is willing to listen to such stuff. Thus when we read Gardiner upon Cromwell, we do not see much of Cromwell, but we do see a great deal of Gardiner, and since of the two Gardiner and his kidney are a couple of hundred years nearer to us, I may be pardoned for imagining a knowledge of Gardiner and Company to be considerably the more important qualification for citizenship.

To-day, however, I intend to talk about Cromwell himself and not about the greasy Nonconformists who have made his legend. There are many things to remember about Cromwell which we are told—that he was an East Anglian, for example, a Puritan, a psalm-singer, a determined person, and so forth. More important, however, is it to remember the things which we are not told—that he was also a soldier and a Welshman. Now with one notable exception—the Prussian staff officer, Fritz Hoenig—the people who have written upon Cromwell have been neither of these things. Carlyle, for example, was anything rather than a soldier. Like Nietzsche, Ruskin, and other fanatical worshippers of strength, his nature was essentially feminine, and there are reasons for supposing all three to have been sexually impotent. A soldier, however, Hoenig was, and an able and successful one. His opinion upon Cromwell is therefore of the first importance, and by the aid of it we may begin to distinguish the real Cromwell showing faintly through the many coatings of Carlylean slobbering and Nonconformist grease.

Hoenig did not realise the importance of Cromwell's Welsh ancestry. He tells us indeed how they wrote upon his tomb, "Oliver Cromwell —— of the House of the Williams of Glamorgan," and how to the end Williams was the Protector's legal name; but, not being an Englishman and having no intimate knowledge of Wales, he fails to realise the importance of the fact. That, however, this has an importance will be seen when we consider that Wales and East Anglia are the two portions of the United Kingdom—perhaps the only two portions—where Puritanism still flourishes and is strong. Cromwell was a Puritan of Welsh extraction living in East Anglia. The fact gives food to thought.

His next Welsh characteristic was his lying. All statesmen lie: to some extent they cannot help it: but of a lying tribe the most shameless and the most conspicuous was Cromwell. It is a fact remarked upon by all his contemporaries, even by those who otherwise admire him. Recent researches give every reason for supposing that he massacred the garrison of Drogheda in cold blood after a promise of quarter. However this may be, there can be found in history no warrant for the conventional picture of the sturdy and truth-loving Englishman, hewing his blunt, fearless way through a crowd of false and lying enemies. The man was a diplomat of diplomats. If Charles I, as his enemies pretend, was beheaded for his untrustworthiness, then Cromwell merited to be burned alive. This is not to say that the man had not, at any rate at the commencement of his career, a genuine regard for right and justice as he knew them. But he was willing to deceive

on all occasions, and usually he succeeded in his deceptions.

Again I think it is not fanciful to discover the Welshman in the cavalry soldier. The genius of the cavalry soldier consists in the capacity for quick decision and fiery and determined attack. These qualities may be detected to this hour in the Welsh attack in Rugby football. Alone they are not sufficient to victory. If so the Orientals would have overrun us, for they say the attack, sweeping everything before it in one irresistible rush, is the tactic of the East; and very formidable it is too. But, at any rate among Easterns, it has this weakness, that if successfully resisted the Oriental is done. His bolt is shot. He will not rally and recharge in what appears to be a losing fight. Now it is Cromwell's enduring military glory that above all other leaders he possessed this very rallying and returning power. He and his men could not only fight, but continue to fight: and it is by this rare combination of what we may call Welsh fire, and what we may perhaps call English staying power, that his extraordinary victories were won.

Extraordinary they were. They have been depreciated on the ground that his opponents were contemptible. But they were not contemptible. Charles I was an able and vigorous commander. Hamilton, the defeated of Preston, was, militarily speaking, a fool: but Lesley was a skilled and resolute soldier, and the Scottish army which was defeated at Dunbar was, by leading and composition, about the best which has ever been raised in Scotland, and would probably have earned the historical reputation which it merited, had it not run up against an even better force. But apart from these questions of the relative merits of his opponents, Cromwell satisfies certain absolute tests. His strategy has a sureness and a swiftness which are not found again until Napoleon—not even in Marlborough or Frederick. With his advent the strategy of the Civil War takes on an appearance which tempts the mind to jump a century and to imagine itself in the *era* of the Revolution. The striking down in swift succession of the Welsh Royalists, the Scots at Preston, and the Irish at the opening of the second Civil War is an extraordinary achievement, considering the state of communications, and the protracted resistance which the various opposing fortresses could usually offer to commanders—though not to Cromwell. His tactical accomplishments were equally remarkable. He turned out in a year cavalry equal or superior to anything that the world has seen—and this apparently from nothing. Cavalry officers will appreciate what this means. As time went on his cavalry learned to fight dismounted on occasion without losing its cavalry spirit—an effect after which the modern professional soldier strives in vain. The thing is almost inexplicable. Again, how to explain the question of age? Not only were Cromwell's victories won, but his military career was started at a time when few men learn—and least of all the complicated and specialised business of a cavalry general. Riding he may have learned in perfection, as also horsemastership: but riding is not the whole art of the cavalry man. You say he may have read? True, but reading without experience helps little. There were a dozen theories about cavalry trotting the round of Europe then, as now. How did Cromwell choose the right one, and choose it straight off? The man must have had an intuitional perception which surpasses anything we can conceive. It seemed common at that period. Blake and Monk, land soldiers, board ships at an advanced age, apparently make themselves masters of the complicated technique of seamanship in a month or two, and defeat the Dutch, the best sailors and most dogged fighters in the world! Either, as I personally think, the religious force which was in these men gave them a grip upon the common basis of things which enabled them to make themselves masters of the details of any profession at once, or all our ideas on specialisation need revising.

Towards National Guilds.

THE greatest circumspection should be exercised before coming to conclusions on the relative qualities of the education of rich and poor children respectively. Pity particularly is a dangerous guide in this field. For it is wrong to suppose that the education of the rich is less severe or more indulgent than that of the poor. The very reverse is the case. The children of the poor (especially of the lower middle classes), if they were suddenly transferred into one of the public schools of the wealthy, would cry to be sent home; and probably their parents would go and fetch them! The effect, however, of the two systems answers to the cause in each case. The rich grow up self-confident, manly (in the conventional sense), responsible and capable of solitude; the poor grow up dependent, servile, irresponsible and herdlike in habit. That these effects are intentional in both instances must be presumed according to the legal principle. And there is evidence that at one time in history, at any rate, the ruling classes deliberately adopted both methods. When, for instance, the aristocratic government of Sparta found that democratically elected Ephori were to be forced into government with themselves, they arranged, under the colour of a special favour to the people, that the class of the Ephori should be exempted from the discipline imposed on the members of the ruling class. Alone among this class the Ephori were permitted to drink and debauch themselves to excess without incurring censure. Aristotle, it is true, condemned the regulation as contrary to the spirit of the laws of Lycurgus. But Aristotle did not know everything; and Machiavelli would certainly not have agreed with him. For the effect of the special privilege was, of course, to weaken the morale of the people's representatives and consequently to reduce their prestige and power. To-day all our proletariat are potentially Ephori. Hence, said Lowe to the aristocrats of his day, we must educate our new masters. But how and with what object? By bringing them up in schools where they may never think or do anything for themselves; and with the object that they may never be able to do either.

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It is strange how the simplest and most essential facts of the economic situation are universally ignored. Take these, for example, and try to recall when you were last reminded of them: (1) Wealth is increasing much faster than population; hence *somebody* is becoming wealthier.

(2) Income is increasing much faster than the cost of living; hence *somebody* is saving more to-day than before.

(3) Wages, however, are not only not increasing with the increase of wealth over population; but they are not keeping pace with the rising cost of living; hence the poor are growing poorer while the rich are growing richer.

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Both Mr. G. D. H. Cole in his "World of Labour" and Messrs. Cole and Mellor recently in the "Daily Herald" have nominated the General Federation of Trade Unions as the proper nucleus of a central Trade Union control in place of *our* suggestion—namely, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. The reasons for our choice are as follows: the Congress is already established in popular opinion as the annual parliament of Labour: its membership is already nearly exhaustive of the existing Trade Unions; all public questions are discussed at it; and already the Parliamentary Committee, annually elected by the Congress, is in intermittent session throughout the year and needs only a slight change of instruction to become continuous. Finally, the Committee, being directly and democratically elected by the Congress, seems to us to be marked out for future executive power. Messrs. Cole and Mellor's reasons for the recommendation of the

General Federation we confess we have never heard; nor have we seen any objections they may have raised to our choice of the Parliamentary Committee. Surely, however, it is their duty to enlighten us—or to become enlightened.

* * *

There is something in Mr. Rowland Kenney's idea that National Guilds are more congenial with the temperament of the Scandinavian peoples than either Collectivism or Syndicalism. The Guild is, in fact, an English creation and tends naturally to reappear as the English character, so long eclipsed under other influences, re-emerges. Another observation made by Mr. Kenney while in Norway confirms our impression that England is still the acknowledged centre of the Labour world for men, at any rate, of the same race. The Scandinavians, he says, are only waiting for England to adopt the propaganda of National Guilds to adopt it themselves in the place of Syndicalism. We should like our readers to realise that they are under observation!

* * *

In the "English Review" for May Mr. L. March Philips has an excessively guarded article on the relation between Art, Labour and Liberty. His conclusion is unmistakably in favour of the restoration of the Guild principles, and he makes the point that freedom of citizenship is contingent upon the freedom of Labour. He appeals to both Liberals and Conservatives to enfranchise work by restoring to Labour its creative right as the only means of "nipping the democratic peril in the bud." We are not clear what Mr. Philips means by the "democratic peril," but we are quite clear that neither of the two political parties will enfranchise Labour until Labour is ready to enfranchise itself.

* * *

"History," says President Wilson, "is strewn all along its course with wrecks of Governments that tried to be humane, tried to carry out humane programmes through the instrumentality of those who controlled the material fortunes of the rest of their fellow citizens. . . If you will point me to the least promise of disinterestedness on the part of the masters of our lives, then I will concede some ray of hope; but only upon this hypothesis, only upon this conjecture: That the history of the world is going to be reversed, and that the men who have the power to oppress us will be kind to us, and will promote our interests, whether our interests jump with theirs or not."

* * *

A good deal nowadays is said about the need of strikers to have public opinion behind them. We do not undervalue public opinion, but it is very easy to over-estimate its strength. Public opinion has undoubtedly been opposed to numbers of acts and measures of Government even in our own day; but these acts were carried out and these measures passed nevertheless. In fact, it is claimed as a virtue by many statesmen that they do not yield to public opinion—or, as they call it when they do not agree with it, popular clamour. But if it is right for statesmen, and also safe, to defy public opinion, it is no less right for Trade Unions to do the same. If it be replied that statesmen act in the public interest if not in obedience to public opinion, the Unions can retort that they are doing the same, for certainly the abolition of the wage-system would be a national blessing. But even if they cannot rise to this conception, they can still point to the success of Sir Edward Carson as an example of public opinion first opposing and then submitting. And what, after all, *is* public opinion? A good three-quarters of it is newspaper; and a good part of the remaining quarter is the opinion of City men in evening trains. Public opinion, in short, is the stage Tory, hectoring and bullying or blubbering and sighing at what is weak, and crawling to what is strong. The Trade Unions should treat it accordingly.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Obsolete Economy.

Before we quote Professor Marshall as a type of the modern economist, it may be well briefly to repeat our main contention in regard to the economic position of labour. We have asserted that, contrary to the prevailing authorities, labour ought not to be a commodity; that it is not one of the instruments of production, on a parity with land and capital. We have further asserted that wages is the price paid for labour as a commodity, and that this price is irrevocably fixed by the subsistence level, subject (a) to some slight variations caused by the mitigation of competition for employment by associated effort; and (b) such increase in real wages as will induce greater efficiency. As to the first point, we have shown that the competitive wage rate can finally be maintained by any necessary increase in automatic machinery. It therefore follows in respect of efficiency wages that they too must be based upon the subsistence level. Wages, in short, being the competitive price paid for labour and finally ascertained by the cost of the subsistence necessary to the industry concerned (not forgetting the reproduction of labour), may be truly said not to have risen since the Flood. And inasmuch as the fund available for rent, interest, and profits can only be found in the difference between the total commodity cost of labour and the selling price of the finished product, it follows inevitably that, if labour declines to enter into the cost as a commodity, the whole superstructure of rent, interest, and profit collapses.

This point—obviously vital to modern industry—has never been considered by the economists, and therefore opens up a new era in wealth-production and in economic science. Mill had a glimpse of it: "There is no law of Nature making it inherently impossible for wages to rise to the point of absorbing not only the funds which he (the employer) had intended to devote to carrying on his business, but the whole of what he allows for his private expenses beyond the necessaries of life. The real limit to the rise is the practical consideration how much would ruin him, or drive him to abandon his business, not the inexorable limits of the wages fund." But even here he predicated the continuance of the employer, the continuance of rent and interest (with a curtailment of profits), and the continuance of wagery.

Now for Marshall's conception of labour. He first distinguishes wagery from slavery: "The first point to which we have to direct our attention is the fact that human agents of production are not bought and sold as machinery and other material agents of production are. The worker sells his work, but he himself remains his own property; those who bear the expenses of rearing and educating him receive but little of the price that is paid for his services in later years." The last clause is cryptic; so Professor Marshall gives it an illuminating footnote: "This is consistent with the well-known fact that slave-labour is not economical, as Adam Smith remarked long ago that 'The fund destined for replacing or repairing, if I may say so, the wear and tear of the slave is commonly managed by a negligent master or careless overseer. That destined for performing the same office for the free man is managed by the free man himself . . . with strict frugality and parsimonious attention.'" Here follows a quaint argument that the investment of capital in the free man is limited by the means, the forethought and the unselfishness of his parents. Yes; really!

But our professor is a little puzzled as to the human agents of production selling their labour but not their bodies: "The next of those characteristics of the action of demand and supply peculiar to labour, which we have to study, lies in the fact that, when a person sells his

services, he has to present himself where they are delivered. It matters nothing to the seller of bricks whether they are to be used in building a palace or a sewer; but it matters a great deal to the seller of labour, who undertakes to perform a task of given difficulty, whether or not the place in which it is to be done is a wholesome and a pleasant one and whether or not his associates will be such as he cares to have. In those yearly hirings which still remain in some parts of England, the labourer inquires what sort of a temper his new employer has, quite as carefully as what rate of wages he pays."

What could be plainer? Capitalist economy denounces chattel-slavery as uneconomic—and therefore immoral, look you—and proclaims that the free man sells his labour but not his body. Then it casually remarks that where the labour goes, there the body must go too. Down with chattel-slavery!

Professor Marshall next ponders the economic effect of the worker's body following its labour into disagreeable conditions: "The more disagreeable the incidents of an occupation, the higher, of course, are the wages required to attract people into it; but whether these incidents do lasting and wide-spreading harm depends on whether they are such as to undermine men's physical health and strength or to lower their character." For the purposes of this particular argument, our economist assumes that "of course" the more disagreeable the occupation the higher the wages. But a few pages earlier we read: "Lastly, the disagreeableness of work seems to have very little effect in raising wages, if it is of such a kind that it can be done by those whose industrial abilities are of a very low order." And yet again we read: "And from this arises the strange and paradoxical result that the dirtiness of some occupations is a cause of the lowness of wages earned in them. For employers find that this dirtiness adds much to the wages they would have to pay to get the work done by skilled men of high character working with improved appliances; and so they often adhere to old methods which require only unskilled workers of but indifferent character and who can be hired for low (time) wages, because they are not worth much to any employer." There is, "of course," no theoretical inconsistency; but in practical affairs it seems doubtful whether disagreeable occupations "of course" involve higher wages!

But we are concerned with labour as a commodity. It appears that, economically considered, the necessity of the labourer's body being present with his labour is a confounded nuisance. In fact, it detracts from that mobility of labour so dear to the heart of Mr. Chiozza Money: "Since, however, no one can deliver his labour in a market in which he is not himself present, it follows that the mobility of labour and the mobility of the labourer are convertible terms; and the unwillingness to quit home, and to leave old associations, including perhaps some loved cottage and burial-ground, will often turn the scale against a proposal to seek better wages in a new place. And when the different members of a family are engaged in different trades, and a migration, which would be advantageous to one member, would be injurious to others, the inseparability of the worker from his work hinders the adjustment of the supply of labour to the demand for it." In this respect, it is to be feared, wagery is not so convenient as slavery. Still, the difficulty is not insuperable. A little steady application of starvation, and another article in the "New Statesman" by Mr. Chiozza Money, emphasising the sanctity of "mobility" and pouring scorn on that burial-ground, ought to stir the labourer into proper respect for "mobility."

Finally, Professor Marshall remembers that "many vendible commodities are perishable." Ruminating sadly on this, he remembers that "labour is often sold under special disadvantages arising from the closely connected group of facts that labour power is perishable, that the sellers of it are commonly poor and have no reserve fund, and that they cannot easily withhold it from the market. Perishableness is an attribute common to the labour of all grades. . . ."

The outstanding fact, then, of political economy is that labour is a commodity; that it is bought and sold as something in the human body but not of it, but from which the body cannot be conveniently separated. This theory is undoubtedly common to all the economists. Some write of the iron law of wages, others of the wage-fund, others of the economy of high wages, and others vary their theories between these three conceptions; but, unanimously and without any kind of dissent or reservation, they agree that wagery is inherent in our economic system. Nor is there one word of condemnation of wagery as a system.

And now as for the price paid for the labour commodity. Here again, although the truth is invariably wrapped up in endless variations of themes on thrift and character and efficiency, the subsistence level is the basis of every dissertation on wages. Marshall and all of them would indignantly deny it. But what was in the mind of this humanitarian don when he wrote this?: "Some detailed study of the necessaries for efficiency of different classes of workers will have to be made when we come to inquire into the causes that determine the supply of efficient labour. But it will serve to give some definiteness to our ideas if we consider here what are the necessaries for the efficiency of an ordinary agricultural or of an unskilled town labourer and his family, in England, in this generation. They may be said to consist of a well-drained dwelling with several rooms, warm clothing, with some changes of underclothing, pure water, a plentiful supply of cereal food, with a moderate allowance of meat and milk, and a little tea, etc., some education and some recreation, and lastly, sufficient freedom for his wife from other work to enable her to perform properly her maternal and her household duties. If in any district unskilled labour is deprived of any of these things, its efficiency will suffer in the same way as that of a horse that is not properly tended, or a steam-engine that has an inadequate supply of coals. All consumption up to this limit is strictly productive consumption: any stinting of this consumption is not economical but wasteful."

This is by no means a stray observation by our gentle professor, or otherwise we might remind him that he had accidentally omitted any reference to port wine. Later on, he returns to the subject, with all the enthusiasm of Mr. Eustace Miles: "As regards muscular work in particular, there is a close connection between the supply of food that a man has and his available strength. If the work is intermittent, as that of some dock labourers, a cheap but nutritious grain diet is sufficient. But for very heavy continuous strain, such as is involved in puddlers' and the hardest navvies' work, food is required which can be digested and assimilated even when the body is tired." Professor Marshall, or his disciples, may contradict us when we affirm that these paragraphs are clearly the basis of a calculation as to what constitutes the subsistence level; it is certain that the subject intrigued him. If any doubt remained, another observation clinches it: "Thus, in the South of England population has increased during the present century at a fair rate, allowance being made for migration. But the efficiency of labour, which in the earlier times was as high as that in the North of England, has sunk relatively to the North; so that the low-waged labour of the South is often dearer than the more highly paid labour of the North. . . . They have had the bare necessaries for existence and the increase of numbers, but apparently they have not had the necessaries for efficiency."

Can any student, in touch with the new ideas that are now germinating in the minds of the workers of Great Britain, entertain the slightest doubt that, a few years hence, all this body of economic doctrine, now accepted in the schools, will be regarded as hopelessly obsolete and brutal to boot? Probably it will be rejected by everybody, with the exception of the political Socialists and Labourists.

Wealth and Life.

Labour—II.

By Stephen Reynolds.

FOILED in politics, or at least very sick with hopes deferred, the worker turns back to industrial action, that is to say, to strikes. But there he soon comes into conflict with the forces which have been derisively nicknamed "Loranorder." There, again, he is fighting at an initial disadvantage, fists against knuckle-dusters, one lung racing against two. With limited funds, laboriously collected out of wages, he sets out to fight the possessors of wealth and of nine points of the law. He stands at best to inconvenience them or to diminish their profits: himself and his folk, they stand to starve. The two sides have not equivalent reserves. However long the strike lasts, no employer's wife will be chopping up a kitchen chair to boil the kettle, nor will she hear her children crying for bread or sugar when there is none left. One of the principal promoters of the £50,000,000 Employers' Defence Fund gave it as his opinion (not in print, of course), when he was soliciting guarantees from fellow-employers, rich like himself, that the only way to bring the working classes to their senses was to starve 'em. In a sense, he was right, but the fund was largely disavowed; it was too public, too dangerous. That, however, in no wise alters the feeling which prompted it. Working-class suspicions were confirmed. "They're all in Co. together, they employers, same as they blame us for being, only, worse luck, we bain't not yet."

Should a strike meet with fair success, arbitration or a conciliation board follows. Still the worker is at a disadvantage. Not only has he neither the tradition, the training, nor the habit which constitutes the adept in such proceedings; not only are the most adroit advocates to be found where the money and their living is; not only from the point of view of the weekly wage-earner are the proceedings enormously expensive and dilatory; but the very basic assumptions of the arbitration are against him. It is not, in effect, a balancing of similars—wealth and wealth, or life and life, but a balancing of wealth *versus* life. It is taken for granted, to begin with, that wealth must first have its minimum wage, its market-rate percentage. Labour's minimum is to gain, if possible, and no contrary compulsion is brought to bear on successful capital to confine it to reasonable dividends. When Mr. Asquith intervened in the coal strike, nobody doubted his acumen and straightforwardness, his ability to hold the balance level, and adjust the weights to a nicety. What they did not see, what probably, he did not see himself, and the worker felt rather than saw clearly, was, that the beam of the balance was loaded to begin with by the initial assumption that life is for wealth rather than wealth for life; that the coal-owner had anyhow to have a fair return for his capital and its risk, whether or no it was further possible for the miner to have a fair return for his toil and risk to life. Railway safety, both for men and passengers, is postponed on behalf of dividends, and it was, indeed, Mr. Asquith's Government which forced through a reluctant House the impudent demand of the railway companies that, as a set-off against the half-settlement of the railway strike, they should be empowered to mulct the public with higher rates, in order to continue paying their dividends on their real and watered capital alike. The loaded beam, moreover, extends itself into daily life, for strike prices scarcely ever come down to their former level, and though a rise, say, of two shillings a ton on coal is the same for everybody, it hits far harder the worker and his pound or so a week. It is undeniable that something—in nominal wages, at all events—has been gained by strikes, but it may well be doubted whether every settlement which has been arrived at has done other than confirm against the worker the vicious principle that life must subserve wealth, that capital must have its meal, and work and life the leavings. The worker is constantly accused of breaking arrangements and agreements made on that basis, and certainly, at first sight, the facts look bad against him, and sound worse. But in law a contract under force majeure is void. Yet in arbitration and conciliation following on a stubborn strike the subsequent agreement practically always amounts to a contract made, on the workers' part, under the force majeure of starvation. Such contracts, therefore, are vitiated both by basis and by method, and it is scarcely surprising that the cry "To hell with contracts!" called forth a much wider re-echo among the rank and file of Labour than from the leaders who help draw contracts up, and have, as it were, a fatherly interest in them.

Like it or not, the logical outcome of sporadic strikes, only partially successful, is the general strike. As working men so often say; "The only thing for our sort to do is to stick together, and bring the country to a standstill." (Whether the general strike, successful as such, would not achieve ruin, instead of the end desired, is another matter.) Equally, the logical outcome of law and order, on a basis of life for wealth, is the use of military and naval force against insurgent workers. And it does, in fact, almost always occur, though each time it is regarded merely as an untoward incident. As long as the State is capitalistic, and is run by the wealthy, as long as its statecraft is founded on the assumption, tacit or open, that Labour is for capital, life and its energies for wealth—so long is a revolt against the status quo bound to be, in the upshot, an offence against the State. The Government of the day, though it will have expressed its extreme desire to better the condition of the working classes, and its alert concern lest the wicked Opposition should prevent it doing so, must confine itself to keeping the ring, to bringing pressure to bear, or to instituting arbitration on the aforementioned false basis, the moment the working classes try to better their condition by other than the political method of having a depreciating threepenny bit put into one pocket ("political bribe!"), and three pennies taken out of the other ("economic law!"). Property, too, must be preserved, though life be lost in doing it, and it is life itself the worker is struggling for. Nor is it on the workers' behalf that the ring is kept. In a country where thousands lack sufficient food and employment, blacklegs and scabs (men forced by poverty to any shift for bread, and humorlessly called "free labour") can easily be found. If conflicts do not occur they can be provoked. And then, if the civilian police appear unable to cope with the disturbance, along come the military. The strikers are compelled to watch somebody else supplying the labour they have withdrawn. Their strike is whittled away to a mere inconvenience, their sole legal weapon blunted in their hands. Law and order is preserved—and is against them.

But a strike, to succeed, must be more than an inconvenience. Either it must be sudden and complete—the "lightning strike"—or else it must seriously affect public necessities. So complex, however, is modern commerce, that no branch of it can be held up without affecting other branches and non-combatants generally. Especially is that true of the transport trades. Hence the Government has to say that the public services must at all costs be maintained, that the business of the country must be carried on, and that non-combatants must be protected. Military help is given to blackleg Labour, and soldiers and sailors are even ordered to do the work. (Did not the French Government call up the railwaymen to their conscript colours? Are not British soldiers now being taught how to work railways—for military transport, of course, till required otherwise?) Thus again the strike is reduced to a mere inconvenience, under which the strikers suffer most, and, justifiably or not, the Navy and Army have come to be widely regarded—and not by one side only—as strike-

breakers and as wealth's reserve of force against the workers.

It is, perhaps, the most ominous by-product of Labour strife. Moreover, the Army and Navy—especially the more intelligent Navy—are themselves becoming unrestful, and permeated with class-consciousness. They have their own restricted Trades Unionism; an outspoken Radicalism or Socialism is not now taboo on the mess-decks, though it exists there with strange political bedfellows, and rather as an expression of discontent than as a political theory. Service men will mostly become working men after their time is up. They know that when they come to look for civil employment in the naval ports and elsewhere, they are made to show their pension papers, and the wages offered them are reduced accordingly to something which, with their pension, they can just live on. Thus, as they are gaining the savvy to see, the pensions they have earned are, in effect, paid by the State to the employers. During a dock strike, when warships were dispatched to the port, a bluejacket's father—a member of a big naval family, whose chiefest pride is in his son—burst out passionately, "If I was on strike for better wages, so as to be able to live proper, like a fellow should; an' p'raps did riot, being drove to it; would 'em order my Jack to shoot down me? My Jack 'd see 'em in hell first! I'd rather the boy was dead, an' I'd never reared 'en! The King's Navy, they calls it. . . . . By God, who is the King—who is 'er at all—for to set men shooting down their own kin, what's only trying to better what didn't ought to be?" No doubt he should have thought of that before allowing the boy to enter the Navy, but none the less he was expressing a true and genuine feeling which will show itself increasingly as men see clearer and farther. No system, no social structure, can be bolstered up indefinitely by calling on men to violate those good fundamental instincts which are the substructure of society. Kings, as the figurehead of State, arose from clans, which arose, in turn, from families. Loyalty and patriotism—they, too, begin at home.

The sources, however, of Labour unrest are by no means restricted to the main issues of politics and wages. So far as industrial workers are concerned, many other things hit harder and nearer home, thus producing a vast chaotic mass of dissatisfaction, suspicion, and suppressed enmity. Scarcely one but complains of some injustice or other, if not of several; injustices local and personal which fill the individual mind almost to the exclusion of the main issues. English law—that remarkable uncodified hotchpotch of legislation, judgments, technicalities and legal fictions—has incurred the hostility of the more intellectual classes, and on the workers' part a deep mistrust, not to say hatred. It looks backwards to antiquated statutes and previous decisions: the worker looks forward towards more justice. It professes to administer justice as between man and man without fear or favour, and no doubt does so within limits, on points and precedents. But the worker insists that justice is what is fair as between man and man, taking into account not merely the law as it happens to stand, but all their respective circumstances. To him, motive comes first, to the law, it comes second; he distinguishes very sharply between what a man does and what "he's drove to." If money, he asks, gives no advantage in law, then why do those who have the money pay enormous fees to big lawyers. Money, as he soon finds, is essential even to go to law for his rights, or to be defended against false witness. Lawyers have hectored and mizmazed witnesses who had not the education to stand up to them, till the working classes take it for granted that the function of a lawyer is not to deduce the truth, but to trick the truthful into telling lies; and if you're in the wrong—well, hire a lawyer to get you off!

The Englishman is reputed to say: "It's a fine day, let's go out and kill something!" So the upper and middle-class social reformer says, in effect: "National life is wrong; let's prohibit something the poor do!" (Much the same impulse, be it observed.) Laws bearing almost exclusively on the worker, not evil in intention, but framed in ignorance of working-class life—its daily troubles, its standards and its ideals—come tumbling down from above on the worker's head, prohibiting, for ever prohibiting rather than encouraging, so that he has come to speak not of *our* laws, the nation's laws, but of *their* laws, the laws of the people up topsides, enacted according to their own ideas and for their own benefit. "What be 'em going to put on us next?" is the question. The worker resents such legislation, just as the inshore fishermen resented, and still resent, the by-laws which, after 1888, without any concurrence or approval on their part, were placed on the shores and territorial waters that were theirs by right of user, by intimate knowledge and lifelong labour thereupon. And the law is further brought into disrepute among the workers by the fact that a now considerable body of legislation, in its itch to penetrate people's private lives and its recklessness in creating new crimes, altogether outruns the power of proper enforcement. Consequently, instead of punishment following and fitting the crime, it follows only on the ill-luck of being caught, and then is excessive. Policemen, very naturally, prefer to prosecute in cases where the defendant cannot afford a smart solicitor to rag and tatter their rather laborious evidence, but they, too, the well-fed police, grumble at the amount of prying work which is foisted upon them by social reformers who would be more careful over their prohibitory laws if they had to do their own dirty work. From time to time, even the police murmur of striking. In the more honest and sturdy working-class circles a man is rather honoured than disgraced because "*they* have stuck 'en in gaol" for an offence of which his people do not disapprove.

Obscurer, but not less powerful, causes of discontent are usually overlooked. The wane of religion, combined with the health teaching of the doctors, has shifted many sorts of blame from God to man. In cases of misfortune, misery and death, what used to be God's will, useless or impious to struggle against, is now somebody's fault. Children die, not because God takes them, not because they are too good to live, but because they are shamefully housed at high rents, because they can't be well fed, because they have never had a chance. Working people are notoriously careless of precautions in dangerous trades, but the man who has lost wife or child, and knows why—because he could not afford them health—and knows who has had the profits of his labour and distress—he does not forget. At the back of his mind, a desire to lash out smoulders on . . . . As is so often said in every dialect: "They've a-got 'ee all ways, *they* have, for to keep 'ee down under." The worker feels cornered.

A book could be filled with examples which come under one's single notice, and which properly need tracking down to where and how they hit. Labour unrest has two sides, namely, discontent and aspiration. There exists much more of the latter than is credited, but so far I have been dwelling on the former, and from the standpoint underneath. I do not say that the worker is always right, and everybody else wrong, though seeing how the best educated people differ on political subjects, and seeing also that the worker actually bears the brunt of these things, he is at least likely to be more right than wrong. Certainly, he is maddening to do business either with or for. To live with him is to be continually in an argument. One may win the argument—on logic—and be reckoned a sort of lawyer for one's pains—but by and by it dawns upon one that there were two points of view concerned; that one's worker opponent's, if the less practical, the less logical, the less business-like, was at the same time the larger and the more consonant with life; that he was wrong in immediate practice, but right in ultimate principle.

Unedited Opinions.

New Dogmas for Old?

YOU concluded a discussion the other day by laying down the three articles of a new creed—in what respect do they differ from the articles of the old creeds?

You remember, of course, what they were?

Oh, yes, they were personal immortality, personal liberty and universal justice.

Well, several differences are, I think, immediately obvious; but the greatest difference lies in their range.

What do you mean?

That the new articles are vastly more comprehensive than the old.

But you would admit, then, that they are dogmas?

Certainly.

And only claim for them that they are more inclusive?

Why *only*? You appear to think that either we can eliminate dogma altogether or that the character of dogma is not changed when its content is enlarged.

Well, I did rather think so.

On the contrary, dogma is inevitable and can never be eliminated; while at the same time its character is changed with every fresh definition.

May I hear some evidence for this?

Yes, but I must warn you that the subject is most subtle and the reasoning most delicate.

Try me, if you please.

With pleasure, and to the best of my ability. And we will begin by defining a dogma as essentially a working hypothesis—have you any objection to that?

It is something we hold tentatively to be true, but which we are ready to abandon when it proves false?

Yes, that is correct.

But is it a dogma if doubt enters into it? Dogma appears to me to exclude doubt.

Does it? Then may I ask what other criterion of truth there is than that it excludes doubt? Is not the truth simply that which *cannot* be doubted?

Plainly.

Then dogma and truth, on your assumption, are one and the same, for the nature of both is that they exclude the possibility of doubt?

I see that I must change my opinion and allow that dogma does admit of doubt. Otherwise, as you say, it is indistinguishable from truth. At the same time, it appears paradoxical.

Well, I warned you that we were tracking a difficult quarry. But we must not despair into an unresolved paradox too soon. To admit of a dogma that it *may* be doubted is not to admit that it *is* doubted. On the other hand, so soon as a dogma *is* doubted, I admit that it must cease to be held—but only because it no longer serves its purpose of working hypothesis. While it works it is not in fact doubted. At the same time, since we are not certain that it will always work we must reserve the right of future doubt about it.

I'm sorry, but I fail to follow. How have you resolved the paradox—the paradox that dogma both does and does not admit of doubt?

By the discrimination of time. Of a dogma we can say that it does not in present time admit of doubt, but that it *does* as regards future time.

And how is it to be distinguished from truth?

The difference between dogma and truth is this: dogma is certain of to-day but not of to-morrow; while truth is certain both of to-day and of to-morrow.

But are there in fact any such truths?

You mean to ask whether we can ever be certain of the future? I think we can; only we must undestand what we mean by certainty.

How would you define it?

As the absence of any impediment in thought about a thing. Provided that as far forward in time as my thought can travel it encounters no obstacle to its easy flow, the resultant state is psychologically one of certainty. If, on the other hand, the flow experiences difficulties in its futurity, though it may for the moment be free, its future is doubtful. We have, in short, distinguished truth from dogma once more.

May not the mind, however, be deluded in respect of both, sometimes taking a truth for a dogma and at others taking a dogma for a truth?

You are merely introducing the element of doubt again, which we have already discussed. To entertain the notion with regard to any affirmation that we may be deluded in holding it is to class that affirmation among the dogmas—among statements, that is, of which we are at present, but not for ever, certain. Only an affirmation that excludes the notion of self-delusion can give the sense of certainty that distinguishes a truth. I should say that the matter may be settled practically. Doubt, by all means, if you possibly can. Never cease from attempting to doubt. What from experience you find you *can* doubt, class among the dogmas if they are temporarily useful, and among superstitions if they have ceased to be useful. But what you find in constant experience you *cannot* doubt, try as you may, class among truths.

Again I ask whether there are any such truths?

I must remind you again that you are merely asking whether, in fact, we ever experience the sensation of certainty. If we never experience certainty, we plainly never encounter a truth; for certainty is the characteristic of truth; certainty and truth are related as cause and effect. If, therefore, we *do* experience certainty, we are entitled to conclude that we are in contact with truth.

But may we not prove to be wrong? May not the sensation of certainty prove evanescent and therewith the truth of the affirmation that produced it?

What a memory one should have in a discussion of this kind!

I'm sorry—what have I forgotten now?

Why, that we have already discriminated present and future certainty in discriminating between dogma and truth. A dogma is a present certainty accompanied by a future doubt; a truth gives us certainty both in its present and in its future. We see no reason to doubt either for the moment; but in the case of the dogma we feel a doubt about its future, while in the case of a truth we feel no such doubt.

I venture a third time to ask if there are any affirmations about which we feel no doubt.

And for a third time I reply that it is a question of whether we do or do not experience a sense of certainty both of the present and of the future. I think we do.

And would you class your three articles of faith among them: personal immortality, personal responsibility, and universal justice?

Ah, now we are coming home! If I say I do you will remind me that I admitted at the outset that they are dogmas, not truths. If, on the other hand, I say I do not, you will contrive to ask for truths corresponding to the certainty I admit we can feel. A pretty dilemma, is it not?

Well, you have entangled yourself and you must extricate yourself.

But will you know whether I succeed or not?

I am very doubtful; but you must make the attempt.

Note carefully then. I distinguished these three affirmations from their predecessors by their *range;* and claimed for them that they were more inclusive and hence less dogmatic. And I have indicated that they are less dogmatic because, as well as being presently certain, they feel to me to be certain for the future. Relatively, therefore, to the dogmas of the past, they are truths; for they stand the strain of scepticism better. BUT doubt still claims its right, and though baffled in respect of these affirmations in respect of their present and of their future as far as my mind can feel, immortal doubt lies still in wait upon immortal truth in hope of proving it to be a dogma. Have I escaped, do you think?

Readers and Writers.

DURING the last few years one or two attempts have been made to translate modern German poetry into English. I recall Miss Broicher's little volume, and Mr. Bithell's very unequal selections in the Canterbury series. Now we have "Flowers from the Fatherland, Transplanted into English Soil by A. M. Everest" (Erskine Macdonald, 3s. 6d.), and if the Germans were ever to make this experiment in gardening a pretext for hostilities, I for one could not blame them. The translator (this word must make shift for the nonce) remarks blandly in a warning note: "German scholars will recognise many of their old favourites in a new garb." Well, I doubt it. In many cases the garb is so very new that the oldest of old favourites could masquerade in it with little risk of being found out. Heine's familiar "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten" is disguised thus:

A legend of old doth haunt me,
A tale of the days of yore,
Which still with its weird enchantment
Comes back to me o'er and o'er.

Mark Twain, it may be remembered, quoted a version of this very poem, which, as he put it, hung round the original like a mustard-plaster. This rendering certainly does no such thing, but it would be better if it did.

* * *

I will be sparing with the German text; but a few specimens I must give, if only as verbal curiosities. Let us take Uhland's ballad, "Des Sängers Fluch," which is found in most reading-books for higher daughters and the riper youth in general; the second verse runs thus:

Dort sass ein stolzer König, an Land und Siegen reich,
Er sass auf seinem Throne so finster und so bleich;
Denn was er sann ist Schrecken, und was er blickt ist Wut,
Und was er spricht ist Geissel, und was er schreibt ist Blut.

This blossom in its new flower-pot appears thus:

A mighty king ruled o'er that land, of aspect fierce and stern (!)
Instant submission to his will must all his subjects learn (!!)
His thoughts are dread, his glance is cruel and causes dire dismay (!)
A tyrant he whom all did fear, so ruthless was his sway (!!)

* * *

Now, for my own part, I am no devoted admirer of Uhland and his Swabian cronies; but now and then he does achieve a few lines that march in good style, as the second half of this stanza will show. But what in the name of Otto's German Grammar is to be said to the English version? I connive at the change of rhythm; that is a mere peccadillo compared with the translation itself. Translation? Well, the word covers a multitude of sins, but it simply refuses to approach the transgressions of A. M. Everest, who, in another place, takes this line:

Sein Bart war nicht von Flachse, er ist von Feuerglut,

and, apparently in all sobriety, offers this:

His beard is not of flaxen, it gleams with fiery dye.

The hand that wrote that line is capable of anything.

* * *

I would be prepared to judge this book more leniently if it offered something unattempted before. It is ungracious to be too critical of the pioneer's workmanship. Mr. Bithell, for instance, wrote many lines that made me wince, but he did give us samples of Dehmel and Liliencron, to say no more. But here are pieces that Coleridge translated; here are threadbare ballads that generations of schoolboys have yawned over; lyrical small-change that the sleepiest of readers would refuse to pass. Of the pieces with any claim to merit whatsoever, there is not one that would stand the test of publication to-day, except, just possibly, if the rendering happened to be of superlative excellence. And this is something of which A. M. Everest does not obtain even a Pisgah sight. To add to a sensitive reader's other tribulations, the arrangement of the book reaches a standard of muddle which is unique in my experience of these painful matters. It is certainly neither alphabetical nor chronological; neither style nor tendency nor anything else except sheer unmitigated chaos can have been in the compiler's mind when he pitched the contents out. The printer, too, has brought his mite to add pleasantly to the confusion by spelling the names of the poets at his own sweet will. Clearly he does not approve of the stupid contrivance of modified vowels, and thus we are introduced to such bards as Ruckert, W. Muller, Grun, Korner, etc. Now and then he varies this with such a commonplace, old-fashioned error as Bodensteht. Still, in his own way, he has adapted himself thoroughly to his surroundings.

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It is a pity that books of this sort are published, for they only serve to bring into disrepute the worthy art of verse-translation, which is sniffed at quite enough as it is. I have been at it ever since the time when I ought to have been doing my impositions, and I still continue to regard it as necessary, creditable, and therefore to be encouraged. But if I have retained such heresies, this I have learnt—that the number of poems capable and worthy of translation is comparatively small; and consequently I now no longer rush in where angels fear to tread. On this occasion I do not intend to discuss the qualifications of such poems; indeed, given a translator diligent in his business and possessed of more than usual good taste, I think that the problem solves itself. But, as the German commentator said of the Greek verb, this is rare.

* * *

"Contemporary Russian Novelists," by Serge Persky (Frank Palmer, 3s. 6d.), is a type of book which we can very well do with. The worst that can be said against it is that it turns out to be an American translation from the French; but a reader who has reconciled himself to this will probably keep the book in a handy spot. In these notes of last March I wrote: "I vainly look for competent criticism of modern Russian writers. . . ." It is not often that I find my needs attended to so promptly, although I do not pretend that I have got precisely what I wanted. Still, it will do to go on with. The first forty pages contain a useful and necessary outline of Russian literature in general; seven chapters deal singly with seven leading writers, while the last chapter, headed "Writers in Vogue," has useful jottings on the later and latest tendencies in Russian fiction. Too much importance seems to have been attached to Kuprin, who has a chapter to himself. It would have been quite liberal to let him share a page or two in the last section with such kindred spirits as Artsibashev and Kusmin. Potapenko, a novelist who deserves honourable mention, gets none at all; nor does Boborykin. An index and some sort of bibliography would increase the value of a book whose chapters on Tchekhov, Gorki, and Korolenko counterbalance the defects I have indicated.

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While all the deafening clack about Brieux was going on, I took down Dr. Max Nordau's "Zeitgenössische Franzosen," which was published about thirteen years ago. These critical studies of contemporary French writers form a volume of much greater value than the better-known and, accordingly, worse-written "Degeneration." Indeed, some of the dramatic essays, put into English, might be taken for the work of John Francis Hope. Hear, then, this characteristic of Brieux: "He is an athlete who lifts huge iron weights, but these weights are of cardboard, and so flimsily are they pasted together that the paper inside can be seen through the gaping edges." Apply this judgment to "Damaged Goods," let us say, and then turn to Mr.

Shaw's noisy clap-trap on the same subject. If we continue to regard Brieux as a circus athlete, Mr. Shaw will be found to discharge the duties of a less dignified member of the troupe. Nordau, by the way, concludes his criticism with this remark: "If Brieux does not very seen become a member of the Academy, truly there is no justice upon earth." A prophetic sentence, which inclines the reader to turn with confidence and respect to Dr. Nordau's unorthodox views on other French dramatists, novelists and poets. P. SELVER.

* * *

AMERICAN NOTES.

He would be rash, or cynical, who would venture to put a limit to the "literary" activities of American professors. Are they not responsible for those strange phenomena, the "South Atlantic Quarterly," the "Sewanee Review," and the various quarterlies to which I referred some weeks ago? With these before me, as a testimony to the possibilities of the indiscriminate, I was not surprised to learn that Mr. Alonzo Smith, of the University of Virginia, had been announced as the biographer of . . . O. Henry! Lest this name be as unfamiliar to my readers as it deserves to be, I may add that it was the pseudonym of Mr. William Sidney Porter, deceased, known to the initiated as "the Y.M.C.A. Boccaccio." This designation, being neither humorous nor sarcastic, is sufficient, I think, to sum up both the author and his admirers. The latter, however, are numerous, and have hailed O. Henry as the rival of Bret Harte. Last year the "Bookman" devoted a series of articles to the master, and in the current number of the "Sewanee Review" the inevitable professor has come forward to assign to O. Henry his place among the immortals.

* * *

I do not pretend to have engaged with each of the twelve volumes of his work, but those that I have tried to read defeated me. So far from being either the rival or successor of Bret Harte, O. Henry is a feeble imitator of that not first-class storyteller. A great deal of his material is drawn from the same sources, and it has no longer any novelty. Bret Harte's scenes had a touch of actuality, but those of O. Henry have the reality of the scenario of the American picture-play. The film companies who exploit the primitive mining camp vein seem familiar with his backgrounds—perhaps back-cloths would be more accurate.

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As O. Henry's sentiment is Bret Harte and more water, so his humour, of which one hears so much, is a compound of Mark Twain at his worst and Bill Nye. His posthumous book, "Rolling Stones," will serve as an example. This volume contains reproductions of portions of Henry's periodical, "The Rolling Stone," and a great deal of his early journalistic work, which is described as "brimming over with typical O. Henry humour." This consists, for instance, of printing a page of an imaginary newspaper in which every conceivable typographical error is perpetrated, wrong spacing, letters reversed, etc., etc. Outside of this, most of his effects are secured by the use of slang. Even the "Sewanee" professor is obliged to admit that O. Henry's slang detracts from the permanent value of his work, and he regrets that the author should have died before he could write the slangless stories which he had planned. His admirers, however, deny that his slang is a defect, and actually put forward the plea that slang and dialect are the same. If a writer like Scott has survived in spite of his use of dialect, O. Henry will live when the slang in which he wrote is forgotten! This reasoning is here accepted, and O. Henry is being promoted to the rank of a classic. His books are now offered in those "sets"—obviously for furnishing purposes—so dear to the American public. "Twelve handsome volumes" may be purchased, like the Encyclopædia Britannica, on the instalment system: one shilling weekly, with six volumes of Kipling *pour encourager les autres*. O. Henry, this is fame!

Meanwhile, I search for any sign of a general appreciation of Ambrose Bierce, a short-story writer of merit. Bierce seems as far away from recognition as when he was trying in vain to secure a publisher who would pay for the printing of his work. Like Poe, he will doubtless have to wait until Europe teaches the Americans what they should think about him. Even now I doubt if Poe stands anywhere near O. Henry in the estimate of most Americans. The neglected gravestone which is his sole monument in his native city of Baltimore indicates precisely to what extent Poe is appreciated. A poor stone in the ugliest corner of the most hideous churchyard I have ever seen is the only sign that a great writer lived and died in Baltimore. Search in the city will not reveal the slightest token that he is remembered. That Poe should have been born in this country, and that Baltimore, of all places, should be left to cherish his memory, is, I think, an instance of the folly of Providence in casting pearls before Americans.

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To the last number of the "Yale Review" Mr. Robert Herrick contributes a readable article on "The American Novel." The depths to which one must descend in order to find the American novel may be measured by the fact that Mr. Herrick can point to none of his contemporaries as being even in the same class as Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy. Without sharing his enthusiasm for Joseph Conrad, William De Morgan, and the rest, I am quite in agreement with him as to their comparative value when placed beside the Booth Larkingtons, Owen Wisters, and Thomas Nelson Pages of this country. Mr. Herrick, being the Professor of English Literature in Chicago University, is inevitably promiscuous in his tastes, and seems unaware of any incongruity in coupling the names of Arnold Bennett and Joseph Conrad, or William Locke and H. G. Wells. Granted, however, this trans-Atlantic catholicity, his criticism of the American novelist is sound.

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American literature, as he rightly says, is suffering from four vital weaknesses: it is sentimental, irreligious, prudish, and snobbish. In saying that it is irreligious, I am somewhat more precise than Mr. Herrick, who merely says, "Our novels are weak religiously," which is hardly the correct expression. American literature is full of religiosity, but of religion not a trace. There is no attempt to define the attitude of man to the universe; there is no philosophy of life, consequently there can be no literature. As for the prudery and snobbishness, these are the necessary accompaniments of an uneducated, sentimental appeal to women, who constitute the vast majority of the so-called "literary" public in the United States. Here, in addition to exerting the normal influence upon the circulating libraries, the women are enabled to do still more mischief, owing to the fact that all uncommercial activities are their perquisites. They are exalted upon the pedestal of sex-worship and given the power of life and death over artistic production. These are the ladies to whom we owe the discovery of the inestimable Mrs. Florence Barclay, of "Rosary" fame. It is little wonder that, with such arbiters, American literature should be flaccid.

* * *

Mr. Herrick has been widely attacked for having dared to make such reflections upon the literature of his country, and, above all, for suggesting that woman-idolatry plays so large a part in this matter. All the circulationists have had their say, defending their heroines and patronesses. I am waiting to hear the "critics" in their defence, for Mr. Herrick has well described them when he says: "Our literary criticism remains a haphazard affair of personal taste, enormously laudatory, cocksure, and ignorant of all but the season's grist of books." These adjectives sum up a great deal more in this country than its literary criticism.

E. A. B.

Business, Or a Study in Group Consciousness.

By Charles Brookfarmer.

OPENING of the new Carlyle Club, Piccadilly, May 25. The guests, nearly all reporters, among them Student, are assembled in the Buccaneer Smoking-room (Carlyle and Buccaneers?). Enter F. E. Smith from the House of Commons Home Rule debate.

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, may I claim your indulgence . . explain to you the purpose of the club . . . to be a pied-à-terre at the very core of the hub of the universe!! Combine the atmosphere of the sixteenth century with the conveniences of modern civilisation . . . call upon the Right Honourable F. E. Smith.

F. E. SMITH (rises, large of chin, coarse of voice): Gentlemen, I-er come here with-er great-pleasure to-day in order to-er discharge-the-duty to-day which . . . I do not intend to-er deliver-a-dissertation upon-er Carlyle as-er historian and-er philosopher . . . other clubs to which I have-the-misfortune-to-belong. . . . In-a-narrower-sense . . . the novel-conception-that-has-animated those who have banded-themselves-together . . . quite impossible to generalise . . . remarkable-features of London life . . . the ordinary-run of clubs . . . shown over this club just now, I was shown a room which they told me was a room for ladies, or rather they said, a room for members' wives. I do not know if the accent was meant to be so-pointedly-laid. . . .

AUDIENCE: Ha! ha! ha!

F. E. S.: The House of Commons, before my time, used to be the best alibi in London—(Ha! ha!)—but the newspapers have an inconvenient habit nowadays of reporting the times at which divisions take place . . . certainly-possesses-a-great-advantage. . . . We want a club where members may not meet their wives, but a wife may meet members —(Ha! ha!) This club, leading out of the noted thoroughfare that all of us have so-frequent-occasion under-various-circumstances to use—(Ha! ha!)

While waiters hand round champagne, a manager of the club speaks. He is sensible-of-the-high honour Mr. Smith has done us, etc. He gives a list of the honorary vice-presidents. "Literature," he says, "is represented by Sir George Parker, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, Mr. Garvin, and Mr. G. R. Sims!!!!"

F. E. S. rises again: Gentlemen, I rise to discharge-a-duty even more agreeable. . . I call upon those who are already primed and those who are not already primed to prime and to drink with me to the Carlyle Club. May it . . . long-and-prosperous . . . formation of new friendships and cementing and consolidation of many old ones. Gentlemen, I call upon you to drink—The Carlyle Club!

AUDIENCE: Carly' Club. Gug, gug, gug. (CHAIR. now requests Mr. Herbert Casson, the advertiser, to speak.)

Mr. CASSON (a clean-shaven, spectacled Amurican; he refers, in his bull-voice, to F. E. S.'s political affairs): Where those tomahawks are exchanged for the pipe of peace, how fine! So great a leader as Mr. Smith and so great a wielder of the tomahawk as he . . . and more useless tomahawking I never saw! . . . Offer up incense to the god of friendship and conciliation. In most clubs, business is taboo. O, no! we never speak of her, now! Here you are not afraid to mention business! The one thing we're all thinking of is business! The one thing the whole country exists for is business! This empire of business! (Laughs, "Hahng, hahng.")

AUDIENCE: Hahng, hahng.

Mr. CASSON: We built the Panama Canal for you; hahng, hahng. (Hahng, hahng.) For in the United States we do not act so much for money as for the fun of it, hahng, hahng. (Hahng, hahng.) Business, the great game! You know how it's done. First we establish a Sunlight soap factory in China, then we make them wear Manchester linen, then we make them wash it, and then we own them entirely—hahng, hahng. (Hahng, hahng.) Now it's all right; I said that, not you. Whatever I say can't hurt anyones; I'm 3,000 miles from a client, so I'm not afraid to lose business by it. . . . The new knight errantry, the new chivalry of business! Business! Business! This is the golden age of Commerce. Business! Everything costs money; from the roof above your heads, to the boards (stamps) below. . . . The aim and object . . . and so to put the whole grand world in our hands. I thank you, gen'lemen. (Loud applause. Sits down and converses with F. E. S. STUD. reconnoitres buffet and exit.)

Stamps.

"THIS must be the third wet Friday we've had." The fluffy-haired girl tore a long strip of penny stamps in two with a pretty gesture of annoyance. "Miserable weather," remarked a middle-aged woman with grey hair, who was weighing parcels. "Very miserable weather. I suppose you're going straight home at eight o'clock?" The fluffy-haired girl nodded. "You bet," she answered; "I'm broke till to-morrow—no pictures to-night." The grey-haired woman dropped the last parcel into the sack she was filling for the postman who waited at the counter. "It's just a night for the pictures," he remarked, with a good-natured grin; "it ain't arf raining—look at my cap." The grey-haired woman ignored the postman's advice and dragged over to her companion. "I wanted to see the 'Pearl Robbery' so badly," she exclaimed in a lifeless voice; "they say it's wonderful. Winnie saw it last night. I'll stand you in. I hate going alone; don't worry about sixpence." She looked appealingly at the fluffy-haired girl. "All right," she answered, "I'll come—you can lend me sixpence till to-morrow." The grey-haired woman smiled. "You're a dear soul," she said.

For a minute they worked in silence. The ticking of the post office clock became audible. Suddenly the fluffy-haired girl looked up. "Have you seen Miss Richards' new ring?" she remarked mysteriously. "No. dear," replied the grey-haired woman; "I didn't know Miss Richards had a new one. Is it a nice one?" The fluffy-haired girl became enthusiastic. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "it's a beauty. Two diamonds and a real ruby. She's engaged, you know." The grey-haired woman looked over her pince-nez. "You don't say so? Fancy Miss Richards being engaged. Is she to be married soon?" The fluffy-haired girl nodded. "July," she exclaimed brightly. "What's his name?" inquired the grey-haired woman; "have you seen him?" The fluffy-haired girl served a customer and then turned to her friend. "Edgar Liner, that's his name; he's a junior clerk at Millway's, opposite. You ought to know him. You've served him with Insurance stamps a good many times; he always comes in on Friday nights for Saturday's stamps." The grey-haired woman pressed her fingers to her eyes. "There are so many," she said, "one can't recall any particular face." The fluffy-haired girl leaned back upon the counter. "He's got quite a good job; not much money, but prospects of getting on. They're very fond of each other." The grey-haired woman smiled sadly. "Is he very young?" she asked. "Twenty-three," replied the fluffy-haired girl; "Miss Richards is just twenty-one; they say it's always best for the man to be older than the woman." She took a novel out of her bag and sat down in the corner. "Have you read anything nice lately?" asked the grey-haired woman, looking up; "I simply loved that last book you lent me: the end was very beautiful. What are you reading now?" The fluffy-haired girl adjusted

a book-mark. "You shall have this when I've finished it. I'm sure you'll enjoy it, it's glorious; all about a young artist who falls in love with his model—it's sweet." She turned a few pages. "Does he marry her?" inquired the grey-haired woman. "Ra—ther," exclaimed the fluffy-haired girl; "I've just peeped at the last chapter. They elope and get married in a motor-car going at sixty miles an hour! It's awful exciting." The grey-haired woman nodded sympathetically. "I once saw a picture like that," she said; "it was very good." The fluffy-haired girl resumed her reading. The grey-haired woman sat staring at the clock without seeing it, and drummed her fingers impatiently upon the counter. "Has Miss Richards finished her tea?" The fluffy-haired girl looked up. "I think she's doing an alteration to her new blouse. She's very clever like that. She'll be in presently. I told her we weren't a bit busy." Almost immediately the inner door opened and Miss Richards came through into the shop. There was an immediate change for the better in the atmosphere of the post office. Her face was radiant; her eyes, unlike those of the other two who sat in the shop, possessed a vitality and joyous brightness which betrayed a healthy soul. She danced up to the grey-haired woman and kissed her boisterously. The fluffy-haired girl put her book back into her bag and joined them. "Show Miss Vickers your new ring, Annie," she exclaimed excitedly; "I told her all about it." Miss Richards smiled. "Of course, I meant to show her to-night; it's no use keeping a secret." She removed the ring and deposited it in Miss Vickers' hand; "isn't it a beauty?" The grey-haired woman touched it very tenderly and then handed it back. "I hope you'll be very happy," she said quietly; "I'm afraid I haven't much faith in these modern young men." She resumed her work, and Miss Richards went out again into the inner room.

. . . . . .

At seven o'clock the little post office was crowded with impatient customers. Miss Richards, Miss Vickers and the fluffy-haired girl were very busy.

At the back of the crowd stood Edgar Liner, straining his spectacled eyes to catch a glimpse of Miss Richards. His face was a dull, leaden-white colour, and he was painfully thin. It was pouring with rain outside and his umbrella leaked a pool upon the post office floor. Suddenly a fit of coughing seized him and he went outside, returning a moment later with a handkerchief to his mouth. He edged his way up to the counter. "It's Edgar," whispered the fluffy-haired girl. Miss Richards blushed and then crossed over to him. "Just finished?" she inquired softly. He shook his head. "Not till nine. Been going since eight this morning. I feel done up—it's a bit thick—but I'm glad in a way—this overtime will help us a bit. They say we've another three weeks certain: that means about four pounds ten in my pocket, extra." The girl regarded him tenderly. "What do you want to-night, Edgar? We mustn't stand talking at the counter or I shall get the sack." Edgar made a grimace. "Same as usual," he replied, laying six sovereigns upon the counter. "Same old firm! God bless Lloyd George—I don't think!" The grey-haired woman craned her neck and stared at him. "Health stamps?" she inquired. "This side, please." ARTHUR F. THORN.

Rebel Angels.*

Sceptics au dedans d'eux-mêmes, ils considèrent la religion comme un moyen de gouvernment.

Mieux vaut la liberté dans les enfers que l'esclavage dans les cieux.

La guerre engendre la guerre et la victoire, la défaite.

FLIPPANT satire is the motive-force in the new novel of Anatole France. The need for being satirical about the muddle into which the twentieth century has drifted is the excuse for writing such a novel; but many readers, if they are honest, will confess that even so generous a dose of satire as is incorporated in "La Révolte des Anges" is not excuse enough. It obeys no rules. Except the satire, there is nothing consistent in it. It is not even consistently flippant; for the irony is occasionally pathetic and tragic; for instance, in the Zephyrine incident—one of the few scenes that are thrown in with a gesture of seriousness. But it has no direct connection with the plot of the angels, except that their revolt helped to turn the brain of an old librarian to become a murderer.

This modern "Paradise Lost" is not even consistently without a plot. There is a quite picturesque human story, as well as a plot so big that it embraces the universe. But this, as a plot, can be taken no more seriously than could, say, a "Pilgrim's Progress" by W. S. Gilbert. Fancy John Milton bringing Sylvestre Bonnard into the story of the fall of the angels and giving the plot a Gilbertian twist; then imagine the author of "Magic" writing "Prometheus Unbound" and Nietzsche contributing some Sherlock Holmes adventures in the style of the "Arabian Nights," bearing in mind that the actual author loves history and is a student of dates, and that he, like most French writers, treats the sex habits of modern men and women with a flippant frankness which is not considered proper in England—visualise such a medley, and a suggestion of the general tone of "La Révolte des Anges" may be had.

The whole atmosphere and outlook are continually changing, except that on nearly every page is at least one sentence of satire. Fantastic myths are related like truths, and ugly truths are given the glamour of flippant romance. Almost general is the flippancy of tone (a contrast to the gloom running through "Les Dieux ont Soif"), and yet, while reading "La Révolte des Anges," I have had an impression that it is in the occasional lapses from flippancy that the true mood of the author is shown; that it is to prevent himself from becoming overwhelmingly bitter that he treats with flippancy the futile ugliness of the life and thought of the twentieth century. Or is this giving M. France too much credit?

There is, unmistakably, a general purpose—to kill superstition by ridicule; but even that unity of purpose seems to take holiday at times, when there is a suggestion that it is for the sheer love of the exercise that the author ridicules heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth.

At the start, it is the twentieth century remnants of French aristocracy that the author tears to pieces. Here is the way the young "nut" (a devout Parisian aristocrat and Catholic), who is protagonist among the human beings of the story, is introduced:

> From the tenderest age this son of the house made it his duty to avoid study, and it was by staying a stranger to the education of the school that he had become Doctor of Laws and Advocate at the Court of Appeal. He neither pleaded nor practised. He had no knowledge and wanted none, suiting himself in this to the bent of his mind, whose amiable pettiness he did not overload, and his instinct for happiness counselled him to comprehend little rather than to comprehend ill. . . . His faith remained intact because it was untouched. He had never examined a single point of it. . . . He remained a perfect, honest man, which he could not have done had he meditated on the basis of morals. He was irritable and choleric, and believed in honour, the sense of which he cultivated with care.

I have tried, without success, to think of a popular idea or some reverenced institution which is not satirised in this book. It is, therefore, not worth while to try to enumerate those which are; but it is easy to point to what is satirised most. No Christian admirer of Anatole France (supposing there be any) can take the quibbling comfort of pretending it is false Christianity that is attacked; the truth is that there is no keener satire, none that approaches more nearly to serious bitterness, than that directed against the fundamental principles

* "La Révolte des Anges," by Anatole France.

of original Christianity. Take this start of Chapter XX:

The new superstition spread first in Syria and Africa; it won the seaports where a dirty population swarms, and penetrated Italy, infecting first courtesans and slaves.

Plainly, the book is strictly blasphemous as well as indecent and unpatriotic; and in England it would be condemned on these three grounds.

Indirectly, the author often satirises himself. When he wants to do it directly he uses chapter headings. Of Chapter X, for instance, he says, "Which far surpasses in audacity the imaginations of Dante and of Milton." And the following is, word for word, the heading of Chapter XXIII:

Où l'on voit le caractère admirable de Bouchotte qui résiste à la violence et cède à l'amour. Et qu'on ne dise plus après cela que l'auteur est misogyne.

On reading the chapter it is found that there is satire in almost every word of that—especially the central "amour."

Here is a hit for bookworms and writers: The guardian angel of the "nut" has become a rebel by visiting a famous library; but he confesses:

As to the sort of truth that is found in books, it is a truth that reveals sometimes how things are not, without ever making us discover how they are.

There are many parts which please without the direct seduction of satiric humour, yet never apart from it altogether. There is quite a moving chapter in which a rebel angel charms his visitors, through the whole night, with his flute. But even in being affectible by music, man may not claim superiority; the mastiff, too, is fascinated, the cat and the mice, and—

the spiders, far from their webs, their feet trembling, assemble on the ceiling, a charmed troop. A little grey lizard, having glided to the doorstep, stayed there fascinated, and in the loft there could have been seen the bat, hanging head downwards by a claw, half waking now from its winter sleep, and swinging to the rhythm of the wonder flute.

His men have the feelings of creeping things, and his angels the vices of men; but that does not mean that his angels are unlovable, or that reptiles and insects are despicable.

Satan, as in "Paradise Lost," is the one heroically admirable character; and in the end, even *his* active heroism is overwhelmed by thought—by his humanitarian philosophy. All the other rebel angels were ready to storm heaven; but Satan has a dream in which he foresees himself corrupted by Power. So he tells his followers that the only profitable victory is within each individual Spirit.

And that is the conclusion; and I take it that the chief moral of the book is there.

It would be easy to write a critique larger than the book. Courage! I shall not. But forgive me a note on the morals of the story. They are three. First, in satirising guardian angels, Anatole France plainly tells us it is time to do our own guarding; secondly, his satire on Revolt hints (as in "Les Dieux ont Soif") that, by itself, it leads only to revolt; and thirdly, the irony against Satan and himself implies that Time cannot turn back.

The author loves Satan—for he tells us he was on earth adored as Dionysos—and so he may, perhaps, have sympathy with that dangerous type of "rebel" teachers (a really formidable number just now) which is trying to persuade Labour that, to be saved, it must go back to the days of chivalry and crusades—an age which at least is not so far back as his own pet period of Greek culture and Pagan joy of life. But the honesty and good sense of Anatole France weigh more than his dreams; and he satirises himself for looking back as though the problems of the future could be solved by the mellow magic of the classics any more than by mediæval miracles.

LEONARD J. SIMONS.

Views and Reviews.*

A Nobler Conception of Marriage.

IN noticing this cheap reprint of a Feminist tract, I need waste no time in referring to its shortcomings as an historical work. The author says plainly in his preface: "It was not my intention to give a complete history of conjugal relations among civilised and uncivilised races from the creation of the world down to the present time and beyond"; and he certainly has not done so. Mr. Schuster is not an historian, he is a propagandist of "a nobler conception of marriage." "The position which the commonly received views allocate to woman is one which does injustice to her powers, and which, while it deprives public affairs of a useful and almost necessary element, causes many human lives to be wasted in frivolous and degrading pursuits. This is the doctrine which I have attempted to develop in these pages." The point of view is not novel, for Byron reported the saying of a certain John Stickles, to the effect that there were "no hopes for them as laughs." But Mr. Schuster is a lawyer, "a practising lawyer," as he says in his preface, and marriage is a legal contract; and it is worth while trying to discover how what he means by marriage is related to the marriage contract.

First, let us inquire into this "nobler conception of marriage." "No person endowed with imagination and sympathy can read the history [of the wife] without a feeling of depression and shame," he says, the feminine instinct prompting him to put all his opponents in the wrong by denying their imagination and sympathy; but this trick of fence is easily countered by quoting someone whose imagination and sympathy cannot be denied. Emerson was at least as Feminist as Mr. Schuster, and he said in his "English Traits": "England produces under favourable conditions of ease and culture the finest women in the world. And as the men are affectionate and true-hearted, the women inspire and refine them. Nothing can be more delicate without being fantastical, nothing more firm and based in nature and sentiment, than the courtship and mutual carriage of the sexes. The song of 1596 says: 'The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.' The sentiment of Imogen in Cymbeline is copied from English nature; and not less the Portia of Brutus, the Kate Percy, and the Desdemona. The romance does not exceed the height of noble passion in Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, or in Lady Russell, or even as one discerns through the plain prose of Pepy's Diary, the sacred habit of an English wife. Sir Samuel Romilly could not bear the death of his wife. Every class has its noble and tender examples." One would have to be a confirmed bachelor or a fanatical free-lover to be ashamed of or depressed by such a record. There is no denying Emerson's imagination, or his feminist sympathy; and so far as England is concerned, his testimony counters effectively the lugubrious assertions of Mr. Schuster. Emerson, of course, did not rise to the height of Mr. Schuster's "nobler conception of marriage." Emerson would probably have regarded the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs as a quite satisfactory statement of the virtues and accomplishments of the married woman; to Mr. Schuster it appears to be "nothing more than a panegyric on the household virtues." The "nobler conception of marriage" takes little account of the household virtues; Ischomachus is denounced as "a self-satisfied prig" because he instructs his young wife in her duties. "Full as his words are of kindness and amiability, and loud as he prates of partnership and mutual support, it is as a housekeeper and possible mother of his children that he regards his wife, and not as the companion of all his thoughts and strivings." But what has this to do with the legal contract of marriage?

* "The Wife in Ancient and Modern Times." By E. J. Schuster. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. net.)

The answer becomes plain at the end of the book; "it is indeed a deplorable fact," says Mr. Schuster, "that the English divorce law gives an undue preponderance to the physiological facts of marriage and takes too little heed of its higher aims. Where marriage means increased loneliness to both spouses, where it furnishes no 'solace and satisfaction of the mind' to either of them, it fails in its object and there ought to be some possibility of dissolving it." The "nobler conception of marriage" demands a greater facility of divorce, for the women, of course; for we are told that "the wife in England of to-day would enjoy a better position than in any other country were it not that the conditions of former days are still recalled by an inequitable and irrational law of divorce."

In support of the statement of the privileged legal position of the English wife, I may quote a barrister who is not a Feminist. In "The Fraud of Feminism," Mr. Belfort Bax says: "According to the law of England, the right to maintenance accrues solely to the woman. Formerly this privilege was made dependent on her co-habitation with the man and generally decent behaviour to him. Now even these limitations cease to be operative, while the man is liable to imprisonment and confiscation of any property he may have. A wife is now at full liberty to leave her husband, while she retains her right to get her husband sent to gaol if he refuses to maintain her—to put the matter shortly, the law imposes upon the wife no legally enforceable duties whatever towards her husband. The one thing which it will enforce with iron rigour is the wife's right of maintenance against her husband. In the case of a man of the well-to-do classes, the man's property is confiscated by the law in favour of his wife. In the case of a working man, the law compels her husband to do corvée for her, as the feudal serf had to do for his lord. The wife, on the other hand, however wealthy, is not compelled to give a farthing towards the support of her husband, even though disabled by sickness or by accident; the single exception in the latter case being should he become chargeable to the parish, in which case the wife would have to pay the authorities a pauper's rate for his maintenance. In a word, a wife has complete possession and control over any property she may possess, as well as over her earnings; the husband, on the other hand, is liable to confiscation of capitalised property or earnings at the behest of the law courts in favour of his wife." There can be no doubt that the wife in England to-day does "enjoy a better position than in any other country"; and the fact doubtless has its effect on the marriage-rate. The Registrar-General says in his report for 1911: "Owing to the fall in the birth-rate, persons over fifteen years of age form a larger proportion of the total population now than formerly. Hence, 1,000 persons of all ages include more of age to marry at the present time, and a rise in the number amongst those who marry in a year is not inconsistent with a fall in the number married out of 1,000 marriageable persons. On the latter basis of reckoning, Table 6 shows that a lower marriage-rate than that of 1911 has been recorded for only three previous years, the three immediately preceding."

It would seem impossible to improve the legal status of married women, and the facts that I have quoted are worth remembering when the taxation of bachelors is proposed. But the suggestion is that the legal status of married women may be improved by granting them more facility of divorce; and it is worth while noticing how this affects the husband. I quote Mr. Bax again: "In cases where a wife proceeds to file a petition for divorce, the way is once more smoothed for her by the law, at the husband's expense. He has to advance her money to enable her to fight him. Should the case come on for hearing, the husband finds the scale still more weighted against him; every slander of his wife is assumed to be true until he has proved its falsity, the slightest act or a word during a moment of irritation, even a long time back, being twisted into what is termed 'legal cruelty,' even though such has been provoked by a long course of ill-treatment and neglect on the part of the wife. Not the grossest allegation on the part of the wife against the husband, even though proved in court to be false, is sufficient ground for the husband to refuse to take her back again, or for preventing the court from confiscating his property if he resists doing so. A point should here be mentioned as regards the action of a husband for damages against the seducer of his wife. Such damages obviously belong to the husband as compensation for his destroyed home life. Now these damages our modern judges in their feminist zeal have converted into a fund for endowing the adulteress, depriving the husband of any compensation whatever for the wrong done him. He may not touch the income derived from the money awarded by the jury, which is handed over by the court to his divorced wife." It would seem, then, that any extension of the facilities of divorce now possessed by wives can only add to the penalties of husbands; and the "nobler conception of marriage" simply means the compulsory endowment of women by men without any corresponding consideration passing. Feminism means that women want money for nothing, and that some men are fools enough to give it to them.

A. E. R.

The New English Art Club.

IN an article that I wrote some years ago on the New English Art Club, I ventured to urge the critics to occupy themselves solely with the work of the younger men, and to leave the older reputations to take care of themselves. A welcome symptom that this view is gaining ground in influential quarters is the article by Mr. Laurence Housman in the "Manchester Guardian" on the exhibition that has just opened in Suffolk Street. The spirit that has dictated to Mr. Marsh the publication of this anthology of Georgian poets is gaining ground in art criticism. That anthology is, I learn, to be followed in the region of pictorial art by an anthology of reproductions from the work of the younger generation of painters. It is natural and fitting that the New English Art Club, piloted as it has mainly been by teachers of painting from the Slade school (Professor Brown, Mr. Steer, Mr. Tonks, Mr. Russell, Mr. Lees) from the County Council Institutes (Mr. Walter Bayes, Spencer Frederick Gore, Mr. Gilman), by Mr. Orpen from Dublin, and by teachers from general schools (Mr. George Thomson, from Bedford College), Miss Hogarth, Miss Gosse (from High Wycombe), and from private studios (Mr. Augustus John, Mr. Bate, Mr. Bellingham Smith, Mr. Rich, Mr. and Mrs. McEvoy), should show a parental concern for the careers of the students for whom it has been responsible, and from whose fees the senior members have largely derived their incomes. Such concern is not only a duty and a debt, but has also probably reacted on the talents of the teachers in the most favourable manner. You cannot flatter the more decent kind of dowager more than by showing your appreciation of the débutantes who are more or less her granddaughters.

All this teaching has certainly produced a higher level of accomplishment, and a suffusion of clearer and loftier aim in Suffolk Street than can be found at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy as a whole. We have in Suffolk Street a tableland from which an occasional peak can be seen to rise in unquestioned eminence. The Spring Exhibition of 1914 may perhaps fairly be said to belong to Mr. Henry Lamb and to Mr. Gertler; and both painters are, I think, to be placed to the credit, Mr. Gertler directly, and Mr. Lamb indirectly, through Augustus John, of the Slade School, University College, London. We have only to glance at "The Fortune-Teller," by Mr. Tonks, who seems to have been startled, in the last two years, by the rumbling menace of nihilistic revolution, into a second and joyous

puberty, to see that here is a debt, a debt of clear thinking and faultless execution that the younger generation will only too gladly acknowledge.

Mr. Lamb is not only a great talent, but a great talent under the guidance of a clear and educated brain. He has never been, for a moment, the dupe of technical pedantries. He knows, for instance, that it is a trivial thing to spend a life-time in an effort after intrinsic brightness of paint. He knows that the brightest colours will fade. He knows that there is a strict limit to the advantages of impasto. He knows that, firstly, excessive impasto is not even durable. He knows that impasto is not in itself a sign of virility. He knows even that it is, when practised as an aim in itself, only another subterfuge. Intentional and rugged impasto, from the fact that each touch receives a light and throws a shadow, so far from producing brilliancy, covers a picture with a grey reticulation and so throws dust in the eyes of the spectator, and serves, to some extent, to veil exaggerations of colour or coarseness of drawing. It is a manner of shouting and gesticulating and does not make for expressiveness or lucidity.

Mr. Lamb also knows that, in a picture, design is the only thing that matters, and that its lucid expression is the whole of pictorial art. I wish I could remember to whom is to be attributed what is probably the best definition of style in literature. "Style," it has been said, "is economy of the reader's attention." Mr. Lamb composes academic pictures, but he draws his matter, his figures, his gestures, his landscape, from the inexhaustible well of nature. His people are individuals, each one unique. They are *somewhere*, and they are *doing something*. They are behaving naturally, even if they are only sulking or thinking, like the Sussex yokel, of "maistly nowt." In his Donegal picture the lads are truculent, shy and self-conscious, the men morose, dreamy or observant, and the girls have an added histrionic emphasis in their knitting colloquy due to the presence of the tongue-tied males.

In countless compositions influenced by Augustus John, if you ask what the people are about, it is difficult to find any other answer than to say that they are *behaving æsthetically*, and we cannot long be interested in people who claim our attention on the ground that they are *behaving æsthetically*.

It is possible that this charge may be brought against Mr. Gertler's "Fruit-sorters." But here the picture is justified by a sort of intensity and raciness that practically repels the charge. The picture is important also because it is a masterly piece of painting in well-supported and consistent illumination, and the work of a colourist at the same time rich and sober. The Contemporary Art Society have made an excellent choice in buying a work which painters will agree to consider exemplary. Painters cannot but continue to deplore that this is a country in which, at present, patrons are disinclined to buy such works to put on their own walls, and so, by backing their fancy, to increase their own estate. We deplore that you can only just summon up courage enough to buy, with other people's money, and then only such pictures as you believe to be elevating for the masses. Our reformers would close the clubs of the poor, and offer them, instead of ale, my portrait of George Moore and Mr. Duncan Grant's inverted Adam! Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, the people will be more grateful if you would leave them their ale, and hang our æsthetic essays up in your own dining-rooms, and send us your own multi-coloured and engraved cheques if only for variety's sake, as a change from the official ones of Mr. Cyril Butler.

I am not given to scolding, but is it not a scandal that the painter of "The Nursery Landing" and the decorative panel numbered 225 can, in this wealthy country, find no spaces on the walls to cover? With all this insincere talk of encouragement to art, might we not encourage the artist to the extent of putting the walls of some of our houses into the hands of Walter Bayes?

WALTER SICKERT.

Pastiche.

IMPRESSIONS DE PARIS.—III.

I was nearly killed to-day. At least I wasn't, but only because accidents cannot happen near me. I am a mascot for persons to escape with a bruise or a fright from what looks like certain death. To-day was an affair of a tram, a taxi, and me turning away with the smile of honesty from a conductor who had forgotten to take my fare, and who was altering the points on the line. It would be unrealistic to hurry over the narrative, for the thing took hours. I wondered which was my shriek and which the people's in the tram and on the pavement. I put out my hand to push back the engine of the car, which was now sheer cool death. Then I wanted to jump on the engine. Something advised me—"That is useless—you must clear the wheel—swing round from the car and jump outwards." I saw then that I was not quite before the centre of the car. This meant life, but miserably broken legs as I should fall half outside. I jumped round in the Russian dancer's fashion, and cleared the wheel, coming down on my feet level with the occupant of the taxi who was half out of the window. The tram-conductor embraced me! The crowd rushed up with smelling salts, and I sobbed, shaking from head to foot in front of the Dome, until the taxi-man asked me to exonerate him, which I did—though he did *not* blow his horn, but was evidently reckoning to slip past me. An amount of nerve poison which I had been carrying about for weeks, evaporated with my howls, and I felt no need of the car which the passenger offered me. The London County Council, or the Boy Scouts or somebody, might do worse than give instruction in this inspired three-quarter swing and jump which left the engine some inches behind, and gave the brakes a chance. A mere jump aside without the swing would have met the wheel.

A French crowd all carries smelling-salts, and so shall I in future. I always supposed them rather nonsense.

The French army blasted us. It tried to find a seat with its wife and child in the Rotonde which was full inside on account of the sudden cold. The fair and pure English bourgeoise came with a bodyguard to see life. She was satisfied when she saw me wake up from a sulk to be very glad with the bad garçon of a sculptor. He has mislaid the last thread of that nutty rig he had recently, and is entirely back in cap, scarf, and corduroy. Rose-Bud was quite shook on the pale and ravishing villain. All the world seems entirely excited about a grand bal next Saturday at which everyone is going to perform something, and I shall be the sole spectator. Ah! I saw a wedding this morning, poor things. She looked charmingly cross. I popped into Our Lady in the Fields with a devotional impulse, and was astonished to hear Wagner. The church was just going to empty of the wedding. An old hooded creature crept up and asked me who it was. I said the youngest daughter of the Comte de Sévigné, whereat she remarked in raptures that they were both young! They certainly were a handsome lot, papa and mamma, and everybody. I came home and played in B flat for two hours, which is the only key I can also sing in. In the Napolitaine, where one can hear oneself speak, we heard about Leopold of Belgium's introduction to asparagus. He nipped off the end of the first bit and threw the bothering stalk over his shoulder. Another roi politely followed his host's example, and as Leopold continued to disembarrass himself, presently tout le monde was chucking asparagus. I don't know why I thought that so awfully funny last night. On Tuesday the great poets assemble in the Closerie de Lilus. I'm becoming a perfect guide upon my soul. But I can't give any impressions this week to speak of because a peintre is making profane love to me, and it takes me all my time to learn up serviceable frigidities. Non! isn't the least use. However, it isn't time wasted, because I pick up the coin on the reverse side as often as not, and besides, that complicates things in a way to advance my French something amazing! All this being so, let me guide. For a meal which won't completely starve you go to the Restaurant Boudet, two hundred something Boulevard Raspail. For rendez-vous comme il faut but where a word missed in the noise may change your whole career, there is Café Soufflet, 30, Boulevard St. Michel. For cigarettes—nowhere—smuggle in your own. But one reveals oneself in being a guide! It is clear that mine is a calculating and materialistic soul. However, I am going to all the uplifting things next week. I've found someone willing to desert the cafés.

ALICE MORNING.

THE CUBIST STUDY.

Fixing upon some human figures, we
  Proceed to study in a novel way.
By patient, slow, and sure perversity,
  We mask the sun and dim the light of day.
A trouser-leg becomes a cylinder;
  A head, a rhomboid or a polygon;
Until the human form (as you infer)
  Is something very strange to look upon.

This thing you see was once a human leg.
  Behold a wondrous metamorphosis!
'Tis now become a wooden stake or peg,
  By abstract art of many subleties.
Perhaps you cannot recognise a face
  Where, possibly, you think a face should be.
Ah, no; but we can point you out the place,
  Though now, of course, there is no face to see.

Here you may find a hint of human fingers;
  A sign of carnal weakness, we admit;
And proving that in Cubist art there lingers
  Some taint of man, whose spirit fashioned it.
But do not take these weaknesses too ill;
  A few months hence and you will never find
Aught human in our art, but human will,
  And tortuosities of Cubist mind.

VECTIS.

DON PERALTA'S GALLEON.

(Captain Searles, one of Henry Morgan's buccaneers, carouses on the Island of Taboga, while his quarry, an easy prey, sails by "very richly laden with all the King's Plate and great quantity of riches of gold, pearl, jewels, and other most precious goods.")

The ship that broke the pirate's heart
Was Don Peralta's galleon:
The brawny pirate, bold and smart,
Was dwindled to a skeleton.

He toasted in a frothing brew
Old Don Peralta's galleon:
He promised all his roaring crew
The riches of King Solomon.

Glutted with gems and deep with gold,
Came Don Peralta's galleon:
The dark seas whitened as she rolled;
She made a gasping to be gone.

And golden visions, dreams of pearls
In Don Peralta's galleon—
Yea, em'rald dreams had Captain Searles,
Stretched on the wine-floor, drowsing on.

* * * * *

He wakes, and rubs his bleary sight:
A ghost fleck on the sea-line shone,
A pearl that waned in spectral light—
Don Peralta's galleon!

E. H. VISIAK.

A SONG FOR DECADENTS.

In our early days of pain,
When no one dares assume us,
We cry out with might and main—
Nos habebit Hulmus!

But when we're the talk o' the town,
From lundi jusqu'à lundi,
The avengers come to hurl us down—
Sickert transit gloria mundi!

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

MORE CONTEMPTORARIES.

By C. E. BECHHÖFER.

(2) "Everyman."

HISTORY IN THE FAKING.

"Notes of the Week."

The news that a general strike among the railwaymen may, it seems, take place in September will come as no surprise to readers of "Everyman," who are so ever keen in political matters. But it is from one point of view perhaps a terrible indictment of our social system, and it seems time, high time, that a remedy might be found for this lamentable state of affairs. Rightly or wrongly, for good or evil, and even so, it would seem to be urged from all accounts that the men are discontented, while, on the other hand, it is suggested by the companies themselves that grass is likely to grow on the tracks in the possible event of a stoppage of traffic. On the whole, while admitting the truth of the arguments on all sides, we are glad to say that some way out of the difficulty might possibly be found which will satisfy both parties and leave them in what will be, or ought to be, relatively better positions than before the present discontent. So far, so good. It seems perhaps more than probable, or at least virtually so, that in course of time readers of "Everyman" will be pretty certain, whatever happens, to find our predictions more or less fully borne out.

LITERARY NOTES [!!!]

Messrs. Wrongend (whose excellent publications are so well known to readers of "Everyman") make the welcome announcement that they will shortly publish another of their magnificent little handbooks in the "Ends of the Earth" series, which has attracted so much attention from readers of "Everyman." It has been written by Mr. John Jakes (whose name needs no introduction in the columns of "Every——") and should be found immensely interesting. The price will be 1s.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

"Cuddling in Arcady," by Mrs. S. Emolina, deals with an amusing subject in a charming and pleasing way, though to be sure there is added to her charming, bright, fresh style a certain melodramatic crudeness which takes away from the rest of a charming story. John Doodle falls in love with Mary Ethelstone, who is already married to Henry Ethelstone. Here are the makings of a charming and unconventional story, but Mrs. Emolina goes out of her way to provoke the sensibilities of decency among her readers and to produce a depressent effect. However, those who enjoy this sort of book will like this book. The illustrations are plentiful and charmingly done.

HAPPY WASHING DAYS.

It is well known among kindred spirits that a great cause of uneasiness to our readers is that washing-day at home is nothing but an unmitigated nuisance, contributing in no small degree to the fits of depression to which even the most typical of us is subject. To avert these troubles we have commenced a new feature which, we are sure, will be appreciated by our readers. It is that they send their washing to us every week to be cleaned at the fees appended on the form below, which must be filled up, and the conditions printed on it carefully read, and sent to

Dr. Sarolea,
Editor of "Everyman,"
Edinburgh.

Particulars of "Everyman's" Creche Scheme will be announced shortly.

"EVERYMAN'S" FRENCH IDIOM AND ENGLISH CLICHE

[See any elementary text-book.]

"EVERYMAN'S" READING CIRCLES.

The Tottenham Tube Station branch discussed at their last meeting, "The Influence of Milton upon Shakespeare." An interesting paper was read by the secretary and afterwards an animated discussion took place in which winners of "Everyman" Literary Competition prizes and orders of merit were especially prominent. The subject for next week is, "Prof. Ernest Rhys as a Living Force," and for the week after, "Earwigs in Scotland."

Another favourite feature in next week's "Everyman" will be an "Open Letter to the Galatians," by St. Paul, whose name is familiar to every reader of "Everyman."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MINERS, MANAGERS, AND PEERS.

A review of the events which have taken place in the Northern coalfield is of more than passing interest to those of us who are unfortunate enough to feel bound to take part in the abolition of the wage system. A few incidents, briefly described, will show that in the Northern coalfield—and, probably, in the national coalfield—there is a splendid opportunity of giving the miners a lead—in place of leaders.

At Benwell Colliery recently, the management interfered with the method in which the hewers "won" the coal. It is not necessary to enter into a description as to how the miners loosened the coal, but the management thought they had a better way. The result was a strike, the men actually insisting upon working the coal in the way their practical experience had taught them was best. They won. They have not the slightest idea of what striking for status means, but they did it.

The affair at a colliery near South Shields was a particularly interesting study. It may be that the colliery company played a game of bluff, but no matter, they established a dangerous precedent—for colliery owners' interests. The men employed at the colliery were given notice to cease work, as the pit was not paying, or so it was alleged. It was intimated, however, that it might pay if some different methods were introduced. Ultimately, the notices were extended, and the representatives of the men met the agents of the company to discuss jointly how the pit might be worked to "mutual advantage." The notices were withdrawn altogether after several such conferences and the colliery is working. True, the men may have suffered through the alterations, or it might, as suggested previously, be a big bluff, but the men did discuss the method of working the pit. Had they heard of National Guilds, or, better still, understood them, the colliery company would have found some very funny men at those conferences.

Leaving the common or garden miner for a while we will deal with the persons who have described themselves as "the cream of the mining industry"—the under-managers and minor officials. They have formed an Association which they are never tired of declaring is not a trade union. They only seek to better their conditions and raise the status of the official. They, through a very energetic secretary, tell us the masters are their friends, but yet they have found it necessary to organise to raise their status whilst in the employ of these masters. It is quite true that they are the "cream of the pit" so far as mining knowledge goes, too. A unique feature about their association is that at their branch meetings the members give addresses on—not how to capture the political machine—but how best to work the coal mining industry. Of course, it is regrettable that they should discuss how best to work it for the masters instead of themselves. That may come. They have been so interested in the study of the industry that they have forgotten their position in it for some time.

Climbing higher still in the mining world we come to the colliery managers and agents. These gentlemen met at Newcastle last week, and a highly intelligent body of men they are—so far as industry is concerned. The speech of their President, Mr. Samuel Hare, of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan and Co., was an admirable attack upon the present amateurish meddling and dangerous interference of politicians in industry. We can surely agree with Mr. Hare when he protests against the members of the House of Commons, presumably there to control communal interests, telling men of practical experience how to do their work. No one believes, however, that the mines are at present as safe as they should and could be, but no one who knows anything of the matter believes that the safety of the mines will be guaranteed by the enactments of Parliament. So long as wage-slaves work pits, those who employ them will carry the pits on as they jolly well like. Even Mr. Martin could not have stopped them. Mr. Hare talked quite a long time about the important part the managers played in the coal industry. Indeed, he left no shadow of doubt that the most important men in the coal trade were those who hewed the coal and those who directed the hewing. However, he apparently was not aware that he had made out such a good case for himself and the rest of mine-workers, for he bleated at the finish, "If the coalowners refuse to work the mines at a loss we shall be out of work." Good Lord! Fancy Lord Joicey working a mine! Mr. Hare concluded that they, as colliery managers, should stick to the coalowners. A study of the National Guilds is badly needed at the next colliery managers' conference. They might discover they would be better advised to stick to the men. No doubt their prostitution is not so disgusting as that of a coal-hewer, but that does not excuse them.

We won't go any higher in the coal trade as that would land us amongst the coalowners. If THE NEW AGE must die, let it die without having got into such company. We might, however, mention Lord Willoughby de Broke and his little Bill. He intends to abolish the three-shift system in Northumberland. Well, it may be that Lord Willoughby has read the appeal for the aristocracy to dissociate themselves from Lord Joicey and his oily crew which was made in "Notes of the Week" some time ago, or it may be that Lord Joicey is right when he says his fellow lord is out for votes—though what the devil he wants with votes is not clear. The lesson of Lord Willoughby's "butt in" has been found in the reception his Bill received from the miners' leaders. Not daring to openly attack his intrusion when they found the miners welcoming it they have given it a sort of half-hearted welcome which can easily be turned into a sneer or applause, as things eventually turn out.

Meanwhile, Northern hoardings are covered with posters informing all and sundry that "Liberal Reform means better wages and busier shops." W. L.

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INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—I will not question Mr. Verdad's remarks about the "ringleaders" of Indian terrorism—for what use of discussing the unknown? But I must protest against his praise of Mrs. Naidu. She, I may say, is merely a Mrs. Webb—very voluble and entirely ineffective.

C. E. BECHHÖFER.

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S. VERDAD AND "CATHOLICISM."

Sir,—It were useless to continue controversy with S. Verdad upon the main point between us—the question of whether the Jewish or the Catholic nature is more alien to Englishmen—because a man who can seriously say that Disraeli is as English in spirit as Dr. Johnson can have no conception of what is implied by the term Englishman. But a just conception of this term is obviously indispensable to persons arguing about England.

With regard to one or two side issues; our position in India argues, and must argue, some great military and political inferiority on the part of the races we call "Indian." Something may be attributed, as S. Verdad, to the use which we are able to make of the dissensions between Sikhs and Mahrattas, Moslems and Hindus, but not all, nor even the greater part. If S. Verdad will not allow that, then let him consider whether by making use of the fierce dissensions between France and Germany, Catholic and Protestant, a Indian ruler could "successfully administer" Europe with 30,000 Sikhs. The difference between Europe and Asia may be stated in a word. All Asiatic peoples have a good knowledge—in the case of the Chinese, an appallingly effective knowledge—of the weakness of human nature. Europe alone is conscious of its strength. In other words, Europe alone knows how to avoid despair.

The fact that Dr. Johnson would not have liked being called Catholic-minded by no means proves that he was not so. It is a characteristic of men in Protestant countries to be more frightened of words than things. I leave Mr. Drinkwater to reply to S. Verdad's criticism of the Encyclical. I will only remark that S. Verdad and THE NEW AGE in general misunderstand the Church's attitude in these matters, because it is too simple for them. The Church is, and knows itself to be, an institution for all time. It, therefore, confines itself in its directions to the things which are eternal. Economics are not among those things. The practical directions of the economists vary, and must vary, according to the changes in human knowledge and human aims. Their knowledge is empiric, and the most they can do is to show us the nearest way to any economic arrangement which we may desire at the moment—provided that we know what we desire, and are agreed on it. As far as possible, therefore, the Church lets them alone. She confines herself, as far as may be, to regulating the root of the whole business—the thoughts and actions of the individual man—remarking with perfect truth that if those are just, there will be no bother about regulations, either political or economic. That they will not ever be perfect she is aware, and, therefore, recognises a thing called authority, whose object it is to ensure not perfection, but a working arrangement among men. The details of that working arrangement must and will alter in

sympathy with the ever-varying needs and desires of the societies it is devised for. The Church, which is concerned with eternals, does not attempt to regulate them, except where they are outrageously opposed to her precepts. She contents herself in the main with stating that those who follow her precepts as men will also hit upon the best solution as citizens. When S. Verdad looks out upon Europe, and sees how preferable is the situation of the poor man in those lands which have remained, however imperfectly, Catholic, to his situation in those other countries which have arrived at the industrial state via the Protestant, he will perhaps allow that there is something to be said for the solution. E. COWLEY.

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PANEL QUACKS.

Sir,—Perhaps you will allow me a little more space for news about the Insurance Act. To begin with, it may interest your readers to know that I have been intimidated through my employers by a semi-official person of my Approved Society. When my card is filled with stamps I am to post it to this Society. I told them that they could have same either by fetching it or sending me the postage; they replied by sending a person to my business address—you know, the place where I spend the most of my life for the privilege of existing! In no weak language I told them what I thought about this action—after they had returned my precious card and book with a printed leaflet containing the secretary's thanks and compliments for same. I am now striving to join that noble body of disinterested Englishmen the Prudential Assurance Co., and I will, if you are not dead in the meantime, let you know the name of the next abomination I join. I might say that the poor Prudential Canvasser looked at me rather suspiciously when he handed to me a transfer form. The questions to be answered are too funny for words—where were you born, where were you married, and where do you work—or rather, as my commercial friends say, where is your place of business? All these, of course, were left unanswered, and I await developments.

Another matter which may interest you is this: I have sent my medical (?) card back to the commissioners with the remark that I absolutely refuse to select a panel-man. The commissioners have sent it to me again with a *printed* enclosure which reads as follows:—

"Dear Sir (or Madam) (note this, ye women with all labour as your province!)— "Form R 63.

"Your medical card has been received at this office apparently without any reason for its return.

"Should it have been returned in consequence of the omission from page 1 of the name of the doctor who has accepted you for treatment, will you please state on the other side of this card the name of the doctor concerned and return the medical card securely pinned to your reply.

"If, however, it is incomplete in any other respect, will you please state in what respect the card requires completion or correction."

This is a *printed* card and illustrates the smooth working of the Act. What does expense matter so long as the slave drivers of the present Government can get the machinery of the Act to work? I agree with you when you say that no decent person would be seen in the company of a panel doctor. 'Tis true, status, prestige, respect, all gone for a few pounds a year, and, furthermore, these creatures, whether they know it or not, are bringing about a state of things worse than that of slavery. Panel doctors, forsooth! not even on the same level as the Sarsaparilla sellers at a penny a glass. I know a doctor, a *real* doctor, who has had a brass tablet placed on his door. It simply bears the words "non-panel." CHRISTOPHER GAY.

* * *

A MEDICAL GUILD.

Sir,—As a humble student of the National Guild system, I should like to congratulate you on the very practicable proposals made in your paper for getting some order out of the present state of affairs.

It has been said in THE NEW AGE that the organisation of the Church resembles that of a Guild. But if the Church does this, so also do the doctors, in spite of the Insurance Act. After all, if the Insurance Act were to be broken up soon, no tremendous harm (to the doctors) would have been done in so short a time. If the Act proves to be long-lasting, all that will happen will be that there will be two classes of medical men—doctors, and those who are willing to work on the panel. Those not on a panel will obviously be the most skilful men in the profession; and so, when the idea of Guilds has begun to spread widely, these men will have the organisation of doctors in their hands. They will hold high positions in hospitals, in the services and elsewhere. What could be simpler for them than to start the nucleus of a Guild? Indeed, for that matter, this nucleus is present now in every hospital in London. It may seem a fanciful comparison, but, really, the modern hospital is very like a mediæval monastery. It depends far more on voluntary contributions than the monasteries did, but, as far as organisation is concerned, it is a thing compact in itself, even as a monastery was. The surgeons and physicians make their living by private practice, and treat cases at their hospitals for a nominal payment. The dressing, clerking and other such work is done by apprentices, the students, who pay yearly fees for the support of the medical school that is attached to large hospitals, and the whole thing is under the management of a medical council.

What is now needed is a combination of all hospitals, great and small, into one guild. When this is done, medical men, if they wish for it, can take charge of the country to an even greater extent than the Catholic Church did not long ago. If the Church were sensible, it would form an amalgamation with the doctors.

STUDENT.

* * *

NOT GUILTY.

Sir,—Don't let that fierce Mr. Molony call me a Fabian! I never done it. GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH.

* * *

ART AND ARISTOCRACY.

Sir,—Will Mr. Penty make an effort to illuminate his dark and mysterious letter of last week? Why are the "people" incapable of dealing with the problem of the Arts, and where, oh, where, are these reformers "from above" with "fine æsthetic perceptions"? Are they to be found amongst the aristocracy, the readers of the "Times," manufacturers, writers, painters, sculptors, architects, or craftsmen? Are there many of them, and, if so, how comes it about that such a journal as THE NEW AGE does not receive their support? The best advice Mr. Penty can give us is that we must not meddle with the problem of the Arts—it is good of him to tell us, but, personally, I do not believe that the meddlers or muddlers "from above" have any more regard for the Arts than the people. Every trade and craft will have to be revolutionised by its own members: the reform in taste must come from within and not from "above": there is no alternative. Even were it possible for Mr. Penty to materialise for us his mysterious, esoteric body of leaders of super-art advisers—delicate handlers of the problem, etc., etc., it would be of no avail. The Arts and Crafts Society tried to reform taste in the crafts, and now where is it? its influence is dead, and all that survives are a few fine pieces of furniture, a few houses, a few cranky architects, a few middle-class craftsmen who can hardly make a living, a few more of them teach, and goodness knows how many have gone under in the struggle to improve taste. I say, Sir, most emphatically that if we are unable to solve this problem of how to bring back beauty into our work, those few "above" with "fine æsthetic perceptions" will not be able to do it for us.

One other point: if Mr. Penty can imagine himself back in the Middle Ages, and, as an outsider, advising guild members what they could do and what they could not, he can, perhaps, also imagine the result. He would be either disembowelled, his eyes gouged out, or some other equally interesting and appropriate method would be used to bring him to his senses.

In the forefront of his book, "The Restoration of the Guild System," Mr. Penty says, "trust thyself," and now proceeds to tell us we must not meddle, etc., etc., but allow ourselves to be guided by those possessed of "fine æsthetic perceptions." JAMES NORTON.

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LIBERTY AND ART.

Sir,—Mr. Mackey, it appears, is still unsatisfied with my explanation of the dictum that reform in the arts must come from above. But I think that we have got at the fundamental issue at last. It all turns ultimately on the meaning of liberty. Mr. Mackey's standard of art is not finally æsthetic but ethical. He says "the standards by which a confessed Mediævalist should judge work are surely based on the expression of the actual workman in his work—not on the actual result of conditions forced upon him from above. Like Ruskin, the Mediævalist must condemn or praise more on ethical than æsthetic principles—else, why Mediævalist instead of Greek?"

Now, as Mr. Mackey has taken up this position, I must seek to justify my position on ethical grounds, for I am assured that he has alike misinterpreted Mediævalist

ethics and Ruskin's position. The Mediævalist certainly believed in liberty of expression, but not in the sense in which such liberty is interpreted to-day, for, I imagine, he would have considered the modern conception of liberty in expression as little less than playing the fool. The Mediævalist believed as firmly in the principle of mastership as in liberty. This is shown by the regulations of the Guilds which forbade any but skilled craftsmen to set up in business. He believed, moreover, in the need of discipline. The whole atmosphere of Mediæval society was pervaded by this idea. It had its foundation in Christianity, with its insistence before everything else on the need of personal discipline.

Now, the difference between Greek and Mediæval architecture is not that one accepted the principle of discipline and the other did not, but that in Greek architecture only the architect needed to exercise this discipline, whereas in the Middle Ages it was exercised by the craftsmen. Men are capable of liberty just in proportion as they can impose a discipline upon themselves. The way, therefore, to increase liberty is not to let every raw person do what he likes. They would, on such terms, soon destroy their own liberty. They must be persuaded to exercise a discipline over themselves. In case of their refusal, it would need to be imposed from without, and not because Mr. Mackey, or I, or anybody else, wanted to be authoritative. It would simply be imposed in one way or another, because there will be no other way of getting things done. Men can only co-operate on the assumption that they can work in harmony with each other, and it is impossible for them to work in harmony unless they recognise certain common truths. They must suppress personal whims if they are to attain to the higher or communal consciousness, or, in other words, they must accept a discipline.

And now we come to a fundamental difference between the position of the Mediæval and modern workman. The Mediæval workman found it easy to accept this discipline, because there was then in existence something which tended to promote it—a tradition. Now, a tradition bears the same relation to art as the command of language does to speech. Without a language it would be possible for a man to make noises, but words are necessary to enable him to express himself, and he must command a good vocabulary if he wishes to convey his ideas and to make his meaning clear to others. And so in respect to a tradition of art, without such a tradition it is simply impossible for any man to design or express himself intelligently. Before a man can express himself in any way, he must have control of a medium of expression.

Now, it is the problem of modern art to recover such a medium for the use of all. The tradition or language of design has in these days become involved in a most hopeless confusion. That is why only the greatest artists to-day can express themselves at all. They set to work to bring order out of this chaos, to create for themselves a language of design. That is their primary aim; incidentally, they achieve self-expression as well. Lesser men aim directly at self-expression, and they fail. They find that, somehow or other, they do not succeed in doing what they intended doing. And they will never be able to, until we can recover a tradition of design. It would be a comparatively easy matter to do this, if only we could get rid of this nonsense about self-expression, which makes every minor artist think it a point of honour to be different from everybody else. The great artists have no such aim. They aim not at being different from others, but at being like the best. It is this that gives their work distinction. If the minor artists followed their lead, they would produce creditable work, as did the average Mediæval craftsmen. But they never will, until we can get rid of all this talk about originality and self-expression, because they would be accused of plagiarism, and minor artists are afraid of that.

In these circumstances, if we want to restore Mediæval conditions of art, we shall have no option for some time to come but to impose design from above. But we shall differ from the Renaissance architects in this, that we shall encourage the craftsman wherever we find one who ought to be encouraged—that is, one who accepts a discipline. But those whose only idea is self-expression we shall treat differently. They will be required to work to instructions.

Finally, I must controvert the statement of Mr. Mackey that "the failure of the Gothic revival of mid-Victorian times was by no means due to a lack of skill or æsthetic knowledge, but to the conditions of wage slavery obtaining amongst the labour employed." This is not the case. The Gothic revival architects lacked æsthetic knowledge. They did not understand the relation of design to material and technique. They had no idea, for instance, that a design which looked well if executed in oak might be ugly if executed in mahogany, and that the art of design is finally the art of bringing out the qualities of particular materials. It was the discovery of this truth which the Renaissance had obscured that gave rise to the Arts and Crafts movement. And, knowing this, several architects to-day have succeeded in producing very good Gothic work, in spite of the wage system. It underlies, moreover, the success which has attended the revival of the English vernacular domestic architecture, which is Gothic in spirit if not in form. For the Gothic spirit survived in our vernacular architecture until the end of the eighteenth century. It is true that economics and art are related, but not in the particular way which Mr. Mackey supposes.

A. J. PENTY.

* * *

"ANOTHER TREACLY JAP."

Sir,—With these words a gentleman drew my attention to the prattling of Mr. Yone Noguchi in a recent issue of the "Daily News." The article is entitled "Things that are Most English," and professes to describe the things that impressed that gentleman most during his visit to this country. I am not very much concerned with Mr. Noguchi's travesty of the English language. Take for instance, this: "I have seen, I am happy to say, many best typical English at Oxford. What beauty, what romance at Oxford! There's no question about the most typical existence of Oxford as a town." It has neither rhythm, grammar nor sense, but it comes quite naturally from the "Daily News," and is, on the whole, not much below its usual style. But, then, the "Daily News" journalists—the Daily Newsances, so to speak—are a class by themselves, and one is quite justified in examining Mr. Noguchi, who is only an occasional contributor, as a phenomenon apart. First, is it certain whether his childish prattle is a pose or not? For the Japanese have no credit nowadays—neither for æsthetic health—have we not suffered under Yoshio Markino?—nor for physical health—nor even for commercial honesty. I can remember, when cruising in the Inland Sea, we opened a packet of matches purporting to have been made and sealed in Sweden, and sold to us by a Japanese shopkeeper. The top boxes were perfectly good, but as we got lower down, we began to discover strange things—the matches did not light and the wood was dirty and rotten. We examined the labels of the various boxes and found that the middle boxes bore a label in every way similar to the genuine label, except that the printing was slightly uneven and rather smudgy. By this difference, we sorted out the genuine from the false and discovered that in our simple little packet of two dozen boxes, more than half were Japanese imitations with forged labels, packed into parcels which had been tampered with and then re-sealed with a forged seal. This is a trivial instance of Japanese commercial methods, but it applies to their treatment of everything they deal in, from needles to liners. But can we give them credit for good sense? We have only to look at their indecent snatching-up of the lowest phases of our western life to deny them it. Observe a diminutive student in Tokio with his black silk kimono, his clattering wooden clogs—and his top hat! Observe the scandals in the Japanese Admiralty! No, there is certainly no credit in Japan to-day; we must not take anything on trust. Well, then, Mr. Noguchi's dotage may be, as I say, a blind; but, whether it be or not, we have certainly to object to the "Daily News" publishing in all seriousness his infantilism. In any case, he is harder upon himself than a man of spirit would care to be. For he says, "In truth, my mind wasn't given a moment in the last five months to arrange what I had seen, what I had heard here; it was in such a state of confusion—delightful, of course, as if I was seeing a great revue." And I don't know whether to believe him. Could any mind, even the smallest, call its own confusion delightful, unless it really were confused? Is Mr. Noguchi indeed intoxicated with pretty-pretties like a little child at its first pantomime? "Oh! what a surprising, wonderful, beautiful revue I had seen here at a premier variety theatre called England. . . . [At Oxford] Oh, what an atmosphere! Who is able to depict its charm and beauty!"

Well, Sir, I give it up here. There may be an intention behind this trash, but, as for the impressions themselves, as for the English they are indecently exposed in—well! you should hear my four-year-old nephew talk about his last party!

B.

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