NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We gave some reasons last week for hoping that the Government's Minimum Wage Bill would fail to be acceptable. Writing on Sunday, and while its fate is still somewhat in suspense, we can nevertheless feel certain that in any event the Bill is doomed. It is just still somewhat in suspense, we can nevertheless feel certain that in any event the Bill is doomed. It is just now to be discussed are of infinitely greater importance than a Bill from which any definite figures are excluded. Speaking of the Bill itself, we are disposed to regard it as an elaborate but veiled insult to every miner who were prepared to starve peacefully and their leaders best he could have adopted, short of a single alternative, were prepared to starve peaceably and their leaders were indisposed to demand not only a minimum wage, but the only conditions that would guarantee a mini- mum wage, so long was Mr. Asquith, as the spokesman of the employing classes (for, of course, it is nonsense for example, would quite possibly have to adopt towards scales the invincible sword of time. From all we can see and foresee at this moment the men have lost, and their loss is less to their discredit than to the discredit of the Government that has been the instrument of their defeat.

It has been remarked by many observers that of the three parties to the present dispute not one of them really desired to force matters to an Act of Parliament. In each of the three cases good grounds, we may well believe, existed for this disinclination. The common ground, however, on which all parties stood has not yet been made sufficiently clear, and the brief remark by Lord Robert Cecil, to the effect that the wage-system itself is fundamentally wrong, has not been generally appreciated. Lord Robert Cecil, it is true, himself contrived to obscure his momentary vision of the real ethics of the question by riding his new hobby-horse of profit-sharing at a furious rate over the parlia- mentary benches. This toy—for it is no more—was taken up by several speakers, including Mr. Lloyd George, who promised to inquire into its mechanism per se was forgotten. Nevertheless, as this and not that was the common ground on which the three parties, without knowing it, really stood, a supplement to our remarks of last week on the inherent and ineradicable immorality of the wage-system may now be made.

But, first, let us realise why the Bill as presented to Parliament on Tuesday last offered even less than the appearance of satisfaction to any of the three parties implicated. From the Government point of view it is clear that the submission to legislation under duress is bad in itself, and the insertion in an Act of Parliament of actual figures of wages would be an invitation to still more duress and duress often repeated. Doubtless a Government, such as the present, representing, as it does, the interests of the employing classes rather than the interests of the nation, has less right than a national government to plead public grounds for its refusal to legislate particular wages; but the fact remains that the argument against legislation under duress would be stronger and not weaker if a better government were in power. A Socialist government, for example, would quite possibly have to adopt towards
avoid it. For the Government there was always open
an alternative to forcing on the employers and on the
employers-the same attitude taken by Mr. Asquith.

But in striking to attract the attention and to enforce
the judgment of the public on the case the miners
had no intention of appealing directly to the Govern-
ment or of demanding a Bill. It is well understood by
miners, as by other Trade Unionists, that in the long
run Government intervention is bound to be against
them. This objection has nothing to do with nation-
alisation, for Government employees, whether in the
higher or lower Civil Service, make no bones of
petitioning their employers, the State, for legalised
minimum wages. Trade Unionists, on the other hand,
are and recognise themselves to be, for the present,
employees of private employers, and as such their
quarrel is primarily with these and not with the Govern-
ment. Unless therefore the public, through the Govern-
ment, abolishes private employment and releases the
men from their enforced relations with private
owners, the public really can do little more than per-
suade by the weight of their approval or disapproval all
employers to provide conditions of a reasonably humane
level. In the meantime we do not deny that the rise of
public opinion has been with the men; nor do we
doubt that, given a sufficient time in which to have
allowed this opinion to manifest itself, the employers
would finally have been compelled to give way.

Unfortunately, however, the public was too slow to
realise the only means it had of assuming them; and in the meantime
the Government stepped in, uninvited and unexpected
by both men and masters, and with a superficial scheme
proceeded to damp down the strike long before the
rights and wrongs of the question were cleared up and
to the enormous prejudice of a final settlement.

In reviewing the men's case against legislation, we
need hardly say that they have done their level best to
avoid it. For the Government there was always open
an alternative to forcing on the employers and on the
men a Minimum Wage, for they could, as we have said,
nationalise the mines; but the men had and have no
other alternative but, first, to negotiate with their em-
ployers and, secondly, to appeal by means of a strike
to the general public. We are doing our critics the
justice of considering their case on its merits, and we
hope that they will in return consider the men's case
as if they were themselves the men. When, after
months of discussion, the miners had failed to persuade
their employers that, owing to the rise in prices, the
wages paid were no longer sufficient to maintain a
decent life; when, further, they believed from their own
knowledge that the margin of profits and royalties
accruing to the owners was amply sufficient to justify
an increase of wages; and when, finally, they found
themselves for the first time in their history organised
and unanimous in a single demand; the obligation
lay their case before the public became imperative.

Parliament, moreover, had egregiously neglected even
so much as to interest itself in the phenomenon that
pressed heavily upon all wage-earners. The steady rise
in prices as compared with wages had been operating
not only without let or hindrance from Parliament but
without parliamentary notice or discussion. Within a
week or two of the opening of the strike Parliament had
superciliously declared that the economic tragedy of our
day was beneath its notice, engaged up to the eyes as
that was with Home Rule and Welsh disestablishment.
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The invitation, provocation, and even the obligation to
strike for the attention of the public was therefore
irresistible. It would have been no credit to the men
if they had not struck when and as they did. What-
ever may be the immediate effects of the strike, we
are certain that its moral effect is all to the good. The
economic issue has been reopened, and not for some
years will political issues resume their absurd pre-
dominance.

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are and recognise themselves to be, for the present,
amounted to Voltaire's satire. Such mines, he said, as could not pay a living wage would have to be worked by miners for less than a living wage. What tragic bathos! The theoretical conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Chamberlain's statement is this: the importance than men, and the practical conclusion (which we should like to hear him draw in public) is that if English miners cannot work our mines on less than an English living wage, Chinese laborers, should be imported, or our own labourers should decline in their standard of living to the Chinese level. As nobody but an idiot would maintain any such solution of our industrial difficulties, we may assume that the major demand of our miners for a living wage is, even if it is now within the system of private ownership, just and reasonable.

But this, it must be repeated, is within a penny-piece what the miners are demanding—this and no more. It may please our degraded Press to tout for public coppers by representing the strikers as selfish wolves preying on society, or as Dick Turpins holding public coppers by representing the strikers as selfish and avaricious. Whatever we may assume, we will continue to demand, simply a living wage. The mere fact that, under the system of private ownership, a living wage for every worker is an impossibility does not alter in the least the justice of the demand. To reply that society is so organised that a living wage for all is impossible is no answer to the demand. It is no answer to prove that society is badly organised. As Mr. Lansbury courageously said in the House of Commons on Friday, it is the duty of the wage-earners to revolt, revolt, revolt. They add, the defence of intelligent persons to encourage them to do so. We abate not one jot of our conviction that the men's demand is just before God, and that nothing but disaster must befall a society so organised that it cannot grant it. * * *

But if, by the men's route, we arrive at the conclusion that society must be fundamentally re-organised, no one arrives at the same goal by way both of the employers and of the Government. We have seen that the justice of the employers' case rests on the admission by society that the carrying on of employed industry is legitimate. Who admits the end must also in common fairness admit the necessary means. Disputes may arise concerning what becomes certain means to be necessary. It may, as we have said, be a miscalculation on the part even of a majority of employers; a majority of employers is no less certainly do we arrive at the same end—it is, we will add, the duty of intelligent persons to encourage them to do so. We abate not one jot of our conviction that the men's demand is just before God, and that nothing but disaster must befall a society so organised that it cannot grant it. * * *

We have now to see that a Government, representing society as a whole, must necessarily be driven to the same conclusion from the same assumptions. In examining the course Mr. Asquith has taken during this momentous struggle, we were the first to point out that he was deliberately gaining time in which to "damp down" the strike. Much to our regret, the men's leaders were quite ready to play into his hands, and under the pressure of Mr. Asquith's threat to lead precisely nowhere, they have wasted three whole weeks of their funds and a large part of the funds of their fellow Trade Unionists. We shall have a good deal to say when the strike is over concerning both the common assumption of the justice of the men's demand and the policy of Mr. Asquith in general. The present fasco—or nearly so—has not changed our opinion that the power to strike is a valuable weapon; but we are already convinced that a national strike of one trade only is as great a mistake as the old sectional strike. A host of lessons are to be learned from the events of the last four weeks, and we shall do our best both to learn and to teach them. Meanwhile, it is necessary to realise that Mr. Asquith not only believed himself justified, but just and accurate, in maintaining that he had held the scales evenly between the men and the masters during the present dispute. So, we make bold to say, he has, when once the common assumption of the justice of the men's demand is admitted. That this assumption is radically in favour of private owners accounts at the same time for the appearance of Mr. Asquith's partiality for their side. An impartial judge has no option to give the case against the stronger party; that party is the stronger. Confusing himself to matters of fact his business is to adjudicate on the issue before him and to reserve all other and more fundamental matters for another occasion. In weighing the respective merits of the claims and counterclaims of the men and of the masters, Mr. Asquith avowedly, and like the lawyer that he is, confused himself to the immediate facts in hand. He distinguishes between the owners and the workers. We may perhaps reply in view of our experience of what is or is not a necessary means; but the assumption is in favour of the employers when a large majority conceives certain means to be necessary. It may, as we have said, be a miscalculation on the part even of a majority of employers; a majority of employers is no more certainly right than any other majority. But the onus of proof of enforcing the end is upon the party who enforces. We have stated the facts on which we rest our belief that the mining industry in particular is well able to afford a minimum wage to all its employees. Both the "Times" and the "Daily Mail" have stated these facts over and over again; but it appears that not only are the public and the Government still unconvinced, but a majority of the employers have demonstrated their sincerity—it may be the sincerity of their ignorance—by threatening to close their mines if higher wages are enforced on them. Lies, lies, we may perhaps reply in view of our experience of similar and often-repeated threats that were never carried out; but the risk of employing these as a threat, for fear of the action of the public and Parliament, their industry no longer returns a profit. As it happens (and writing, be it remembered, before the strike is over), the superior force has been on the masters' side. Had the men had—we will not say—on one side, dying quietly by inches. In all the cases referred to in our previous articles, the case, it is barely possible that they might have demonstrated their sincerity of their ignorance by threatening to close their mines if higher wages are enforced on them. Lies, lies, sometimes cried in earnest. We should feel disposed to speak, down tools; and declare that, as society is, it is barely possible that they might have demonstrated their sincerity of their ignorance-by threatening to close their mines if higher wages are enforced on them. Lies, lies, sometimes cried in earnest.
in pluck and spirit the middle and upper classes infinitely doubt where the superiority lay. His decision was indeed the natural result of holding the scales evenly. Force was many and the other few, Mr. Asquith had no surpass the working classes; and thus it comes about made great; nor by such tameness will the working statesmen, still less of Liberal statesmen. On the con-

Asquith played the part of judge, he completely failed to play the part of a statesman. For a statesman is not of the office it was created to fulfil, the duty and the privilege outgrown its need and begins to fail to discharge the adaptation society again to the pressing life within it. We

of the sport; nor is he a mere custodian of society as it is. Lord Salisbury used to say that it was the business of Conservatives to keep society very much as it is. But that is not the duty of even Conservative statesmen, still less of Liberal statesmen. On the con-

try, so soon as any social institution has manifestly outgrown its need and begins to fail to discharge the office it was created to fulfil, the duty and the privilege of statesmen is to mould it anew, to rebuild and to adapt society to the present. We have that the demand of wage-earners for a living wage is just; it is more, if that be possible, it is divine. No institution susceptible to change by man himself has the right to balk the satisfaction of this just demand even for so long as a day. The fact that society as now organised not only baulks this demand, but must necessarily do so for an increasing number of its citizens, condemns the forms of society as no longer answering their original human purpose. Between the two forces of human demand and the man-made and man-makeable forms of society one of the two must give way. Is it conceivable that of the two the creator of both must yield? It is unfortunately conceivable, and many a time in history this result has taken place;

man has been sacrificed to society. Rome died not of the Goths from without but of the landlords and capitalists with their inflexible institution of private property from within. England, likewise, will follow Rome's example if the forms of law are to prevail, as Rome's example if the forms of law are to prevail, as they were not re-examine in the conflagration of the present strike, with its natural but incompatible de-

In refusing to re-examine in the conflagration of the present strike, with its natural but incompatible demands the bases of our industrial society Mr. Asquith has proved his soul; and we now know it to be the soul of a lawyer. Statesman he is not, even Liberal he is not; he is a mere legal pedant, and as such, in his high office, a danger to the English nation.

In consequence of this judgment, however, undeni-
ably justified and tragically shocking as it is, we will not fall into the natural and even generous error of demanding an instant revolution. There are forces already at work—and we rejoice in them even if we would not add to them—which threaten to turn society upside down in the attempt to adjust a single institution. That, from our point of view, is unwise, even though from the point of view it is legitimate. People do not quarrel with institutions that fit them, and the sage Confucius recommended when the people were discontented the hanging of a few of their rulers. Our rulers, on the other hand, are rarely so patient in an attempt to win a few of the people, with the only result so far that they are preparing a Nemesis for themselves. To those who imagine that great strikes can be damped down with impunity and that the treatment of them cannot be safely added to the lesson, we would address a simple question: Is England likely to be better or worse off for the transformation of some millions of her workmen from passive to active discontent? Over half a million railwaymen are still sore from their handling by Mr. Lloyd George last August; and now Mr. Asquith has reinforced their numbers by over a million miners. Our governing classes may go very far in provoking our wage-earners to revolt, but even a worm will turn. We deliberately pronounce the new temper of our working-men to be both the point of view and the present. One or two more "commissions" and the devil will be loose in England and the whole world will have to pay for it.

But the question which we started was of the limits of re-construction in society immediately desirable. Let it be agreed, for the present, that only where the victims cry out does the shoe of private ownership pinch. At what points does it pinch? Within the last twelve months we have had two large-earnings strikes in this country. One or two men in strike crying that the shoe pinched there. The railwaymen in August informed the public that one in six of their number was unable to earn a living wage. The railway directors, on the other hand, replied that higher wages would mean an end to profits. It is no matter whether this reply was a lie; the point is that it was offered and accepted. But the practical, the states-

manlike, the human, the intelligent conclusion was for society to say: "Very well, we accept your word. We recognise that men must live, but we also recognise that it would be unfair to them let live at your expense. Since you find it impossible to provide your servants a living wage, we, the State, will assume your office, and having control of the industry, we will see that the piper is paid." That, we say, would have been the practical statesmanship demanded by the situa-

tion. A form of society had confessedly broken down; it was to no longer a means to life, but a parasite on the lives of at least a hundred thousand citizens; it should have been swept away and replaced by a new and a better form. The same argument may be applied to the mining industry, another of the places at which the social shoe pinches to the crying-out point. Owners, we shall not force you to pay what you say you cannot afford. Nor, on the other hand, can we expect a million men to live on air. We will abolish the insti-

tution of private profit which incommodes you both and replace it by the State-ownership and control of the mines.

Writing as Socialists we affirm that these steps, had they been taken, would have satisfied us for a very long time, and would have more than satisfied for still longer most of the Socialists with whom it is the ambition of Socialists, no more than other people, are not Utopians in the blue; they do not desire change merely for the sake of change, or a brand new society every day of the year. The "arguments" against Railway and Mine Nationalisation are usually, however, based on the assumption that the State appropriation of the rings on a woman's finger and the bells on her toes. Who is responsible for this attitude we will not attempt to decide, but certainly the paid Press and the employers' bullies must fall under suspicion. The point, however, to observe, is that the practical immediate demands of the political parties are comparatively few. When both the instances herein given they spring as naturally from a manifest need of social change as any political measure ever introduced into the House of Commons. That Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet and the whole Press, with King George himself thrown in, have failed to read the signs of the times and to set our house in order in the only way in which it can be set in order augurs badly for the twentieth century. The railwaymen have failed, the miners have failed, perchance each Union in turn and all together will fail; but not until England has been shaken off her foundations. We conclude, as we began, by deploring the astute stupidity of Mr. Asquith, and promising that the cowardly and ignorant public shall not escape the censure and, in time, the public shall not escape the censure and, in time, the
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Sudden jumps on the St. Petersberg, Berlin, and Paris Bourses last week formed a pretty good guide to the state of international politics. On Saturday everything connected with finance in these capitals appeared to have become normal again, which again is an indication that we cannot afford to overlook. Let us see what actually happened.

Two main factors influenced foreign affairs last week. One was the speech delivered by Mr. Winston Churchill on the Naval Estimates; the other was the sudden military preparations begun by Russia, apropos of what actually happened.

For several weeks dissension has been evident in the German Cabinet over three points: the navy, the raising of new taxes, and the franchise. With the last we need not concern ourselves just now. The two former are closely connected. The Germans want a big navy: that may be taken for granted, whether we have in mind the Court or the village labourer. But, as I have already pointed out, opinions vary when it comes to finding the money. So varied were the views of the members of the Cabinet, indeed, that the Financial Secretary, Herr Wermuth, felt it incumbent upon him to resign. He wanted to tax the Junkers, I may remark.

As for the Chancellor, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, he is also in a difficult position. His views are in many instances opposed to those of the Kaiser, and in the usual course of things he would have had his marching orders long ago for having treated the Imperial with less reverence than it generally receives. No likely successor, however, can be found, so he is permitted to remain. It is his emphatic belief, more than once expressed to the War-Lord, that it would be entirely to Germany's advantage to come to an agreement with Great Britain on naval affairs, as, if this were done, Germany would be relieved of a very great financial strain in the first place and left free to develop her army in the second. The two statements are not so contradictory as they may appear. Two millions a year, let us say, would show but a small and unimportant result if spent on the German Navy: but two millions a year spent on the German Army would mean a great deal.

This view did not appeal to the Kaiser, who has an eye for the picturesque and the romantic. Whether Germany's future lies upon the water may or may not be true; the Kaiser wishes his Ministers and his people to act and think as if it did. So Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg was overruled, and we now see that Germany is once again starting on a naval and army campaign which threatens to absorb all her available funds. The fact that Berlin has been borrowing heavily from New York and Paris at 7 per cent. will give us some idea of the financial situation that led Herr Wermuth to resign.

If Mr. Churchill meant what he said in his speech, it is useless for Germany to go on building ships, for we shall always maintain a sufficient margin of superiority. But did he mean it? The German Court thinks not; and on this supposition and on the assumption that we are bound to be caught unprepared some day, Germany goes ahead. Personally I support the view held by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg of a small but well-armed navy; he may yet force his Imperial master to recognise it.

On the other hand, if a strong Conservative statesman could be found to take the present Chancellor's place, Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg would go; and the possibility of some unexpected appointment by the Kaiser complicates the situation. Another Minister who cannot be regarded as quite safe is Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the German Foreign Secretary, whom the Kaiser has never quite forgiven for France's diplomatic victory over Morocco.

This unsettled feeling was responsible for the alterations in the plans of two Ministers. The Kaiser's southward journey was delayed for a few days, and King George's visits to foreign countries were put off indefinitely. In the latter instance, of course, the strike was given as an excuse; and the King and Queen, unwilling to endure further fatigues of travelling this year, were glad of almost any excuse for not going abroad again. I hear, however, that this decision is not to be taken as quite definite and final.

It may not be out of place to direct attention to the new German Army programme. It is by no means a light task to add 30,000 men to the peace strength of the forces, and yet this is what is being done. There are plenty of men, of course; but money and organisation are also important factors. France, aware of the indirect threat, and feeling it was coming, had already prepared for it, and answered it in advance, so to speak, by raising a national subscription for the building of some 50 aeroplanes—a highly significant action in view of the importance of the aeroplane in future wars. Frenchmen have always been patriotic; and the recent displays of enthusiasm for the army are merely additional signs that the old spirit is still there; nobody expected that it had disappeared. The recent cackle in sections of the English Press about the "New France" is unworthy of discussion. France has always been "new" in this sense.

At the Racconigi meeting between the Tsar and the King of Italy last year an arrangement was reached whereby, in certain contingencies, the two Powers pledged themselves to joint action in the Balkans. "Balkans," in these cases, is often a euphonious way of referring to Turkey. What, in fact, Russia and Italy agreed to do was simply to divide Turkey in so far as they were able. Russia, particularly irritated by the advance of the Turkish troops into Persia, has made a definite move last week by calling on Italy to abide by her part of the compact, and by making ready for an advance into Turkish territory. We were then treated to inspired statements regarding a possible Italian dash on Saloniki or the Dardanelles, it being overlooked that the Italian warships would meet a very warm reception at either place.

It was, I think, chiefly the Russian move that led to the Bourse fluctuations. Turkish Unifedists are held largely in Paris; Germany is greatly interested in Turkish finance, and the Secretary of State of the Russian Government's plans worried the St. Petersburg exchange. It would naturally be going much too far to suggest that the Russian Government expected to gain any territory in Turkey; it was true. Peto, Frenchman and Italian, made a definite move last week by calling on Italy to abide by her part of the compact, and by making ready for an advance into Turkish territory. We were then treated to inspired statements regarding a possible Italian dash on Saloniki or the Dardanelles, it being overlooked that the Italian warships would meet a very warm reception at either place.

If any military coup on a small, certain scale had been attempted, Russia's prestige would undoubtedly have risen. Turkey would have been cowed, and Germany and Austria would have been, to say the least, impressed. But the plan was given up on urgent representations being made from Paris. It was pointed out that the international situation, already sufficiently tense, would become unbearable if Russia entered into the Turco-Italian dispute by armed force, that there would be a great element of risk in such a venture, and that, in short, both countries had too much to lose if the proposed manoeuvre were attempted. M. Sazonoff allowed himself to be persuaded. Still, the general diplomatic knowledge of Russia that is ready for the offensive will do no harm in those places where the mighty ones of the political world assemble and meet together to discuss the future of humanity and make new concessions and enjoyments for the over-burdened working man.
Mr. Balfour’s Scheme of Life.

Mr. Balfour’s return to active politics was not only dramatic but appropriate. It would be affectation to pretend that Mr. Bonar Law’s leadership of his party has been successful. The reasons for this lack of success are but vaguely realised, and it required Mr. Balfour’s intervention on Thursday last to accentuate the ings, and in consequence is, and must always be, essentially a vulgarian. He has won his position in life by means of commerce, by buying and selling iron. Having acquired a competency, he entered politics lending his aid to the Scottish feudalists, who were ready to exploit his services but who would never recognise his social equality with them. This doubtless would not affect Mr. Law, whose dream is to transform Toryism into commercial Conservatism. But Mr. Law and his life can never understand that the power of Toryism is to be found in an indefinable note of authority based, not only on superior culture, but on those social amenities understood in the phrase “noblesse oblige.” The commercial régime favoured by Mr. Law knows nothing of this, whilst, being at the same time deprived of such idealism as is the heritage of the parties of the left, its function is the vulgar task of protecting the merely material interests of the property of the classes, involving the dethronement of the aristocracy.

At the first blush, it would seem more appropriate for Mr. Bonar Law than for Mr. Balfour to lead his party on such a measure as the Minimum Wage Bill. Mr. Law is a commercial man, and therefore he is the man to discuss such a problem as wages and the output of coal. But a moment’s deeper thinking dissipates any such notion, because Mr. Bonar Law is obviously out of court on his own showing. He is where he is because he contrived to sell his iron and steel at a handsome profit. When, therefore, the coal miner, in his own small way, proposes to sell his labour at a better profit, what objection can Mr. Law offer? Labour is a commodity like iron and steel. Mr. Law can only grumble like an old maid in a shop complaining of the high prices. Not so, however, Mr. Balfour. He is in the apostolic succession to those leaders of the past who built up the British social and economic system upon the principles of county families (the political expression of feudalism) and paternal consideration for the wage-earner. Through all the political and social permutations inevitable in the transition from the small to the large industry, the Balfour type has never abated.

To the pure Balfourian, the doctrines preached by Mr. Bonar Law are in their way as subversive of law and order as those advocated by the Trade Unions. Mr. Law stands for the dominance of the commercial classes, involving the dethronement of the aristocracy.
An Australian View of Imperial and Foreign Affairs.

By Grant Hervey.

(President of Foreign Affairs Section Young Australian Movement.)

[Author's Note.—This short series of articles is a serious attempt to visualise Australian opinion in the mass with regard to Imperial and foreign relations. Articles written in part from newspapers, the series was laid aside for a time in order to see whether the events of the next few years—1909-1911—would bear out the writer's views. Those events and more particularly, the occurrences during the latter part of 1911—have intensified the general Australian conviction that these over-sea dominions, and more particularly the Australian Commonwealth, must assume greater and more responsible Imperial duties; and, at the same time, and as a constitutional quid pro quo, must insist upon playing a more authoritative part in the shaping of Anglo-Saxon policy in the domain of foreign affairs.]

I.

"It has been calculated," says Professor Hans Delbruck, "that during the last four years England, Austria, Italy, Russia, France, Germany, and the United States of America have spent on their seven respective fleets the sum of two hundred million pounds."

To the thoughtful Australian such statements as these—and Professor Delbruck is a competent authority—are charged with a special meaning. There is no maudlin sentiment about our view. We do not hold up our hands in self-complacent humanitarian horror and with our own entire approval, is similarly spending millions upon military and naval armaments. But this we do ask: How long are the White Powers of Christendom going to vie with one another, and with America, in the piling-up of mutually offensive land and sea forces? How much longer will it be, before Australia awakens to the reality of its own position—a position only explicable on the theory that the statesmen of Europe, and more especially of England, for the greater part of the Commonwealth Government, with our own entire approval, are similarly spending millions upon military and naval armaments. But this we do ask: How long are the White Powers of Christendom to continue to make the Atlantic Ocean, and the shores of the Southern seas, the scene of a fearful race for armament, and an endless pose of potential and fearfully expensive enmity, with France and Russia as nominal weighten on the one side, and Australia and Italy on the other?—a race which the Pitts and the Pan-Germans and the Brown and the White Man and the White—may we not observe the operation of mutual exhaustion and mutual weariness, which, by compelling the integration of State with State—as witness the organisation of Europe in two great groups of nations—gives hope that one day all Europe, to employ the terminology of the company promoter, may be floated as the Great Ginnery?

There are two particular sets of arguments that buttress the case for International Reorganisation. One set has to do with Europe's interest in escaping the present tremendous burdens of warlike expenditure; the other set is that of interest, as transplanted Europeans, in having a consolidated Europe on the White Man's side. No statesman could have a worthier task than the dissemination of these categories of reasons; no Australian leader seems worthy of the name who does not grasp every opportunity to force the facts of the real world-position on Britain's attention. For it is but a truism to say that the British Empire itself must stand as far as the Powers of Europe move towards or away from a centre of common, co-operative action. It is not a question any more of England's or Germany's leadership. No progress is possible for the White Race in Australia—to be specific—all unless the White Race has got into the head of the public—"What is Australian-ness?"—that Australia needs a Man, with ability enough and energy enough to study and explain such matters, far more than she needs the run of politicians. I mean that in our debates in Parliament (and out of it) we get far too much claptrap about the unessential—the two-penny-halfpenny question of legislation—and not half enough instruction about the great affairs of the world. Dominating minds and leaders lack the ability, I wonder, even to see the need?

We live in a federative and aggregative age. Unificative influences, more or less complex, are almost everywhere visible. The whole course of the last century is illuminated by instances of co-operative action, and almost everywhere the forces of aggression have triumphed over those of disintegration. The consolidation, in the sixties, of Canada; the formation a little later of the German Empire; the failure of Jefferson Davis's policy of Secession states; in more recent years the Federation of the Australian Colonies; followed up—not without due observation of Australian errors—by the Unification of South Africa; all these, to take merely European examples, are instances of the marvellous growth and efficacy of the synthetic movement. And the evidences of that movement or tendency are to be discovered not merely in the lands inhabited by the White race. The Pan-Indian League finds its ethnic parallel in the Pan-Moslem league; whilst the policy of Imperial Federation, which makes headway in spite of all the unspeakable latter-day "Imperial" conferences, is balanced by the Asiatic hegemony assumed by Japan. Movement begets movement. To use the language of science, there is a synthetic force which impels political cells to enter into a kind of biological relation with each other; and so, too, in the international arena, there are not observed the principles which, by compelling the integration of State with State—as witness the organisation of Europe in two great groups of nations—gives hope that one day all Europe, to employ the terminology of the company promoter, may be floated as the Great Ginnery?

As things are, all of our successive Australian Governments are weakest and least satisfactory in precisely this department of foreign or external affairs. The public receives no guidance from men in political position, and still less—with the one honourable exception of the "Bulletin"—from the Press. Cricket gets daily columns with international matters get inches; and the public—the quiet, thoughtful Australian public, whose intelligence the daily Press has never properly measured—the public would welcome above all things the rise of a statesman who, putting the petty and minor issues of politics more into the background, would raise the national exponent of the tangled international issues which constitute foreign affairs. I mean that Australia needs a Man with ability enough and energy enough to study and explain such matters, far more than she needs the run of politicians. I mean that in our debates in Parliament (and out of it) we get far too much claptrap about the unessential—the two-penny-halfpenny question of legislation—and not half enough instruction about the great affairs of the world. Dominating minds and leaders lack the ability, I wonder, even to see the need?

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in the total accounts only for some 60,000,000—and of these, two-thirds crowded together in the British Isles—quite another. And, again, while the area of the Empire comprises 13,000,000 square miles, or more than a quarter of the entire land area of the globe, who gives sufficient thought to the fact that Canada and Australia, with their integral area of nearly seven million square miles, contain a lesser population than Spain? As to the problem of filling up these great lands with great over-sea States, each of which is measured in the principles and practices of civilisation—as for that problem, statesmen in Europe seem to think but very little about it. And yet these are the lands in which the world’s fate is to be decided. These are the lands that, if rightly held, shall give to humanity a guerdon beyond Europe’s dreams—or else stand as a dark and sombre monument to Europe’s madness!

The first, last, and abiding need of Australia, to say nothing of Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand, is Men. White Men to till the virgin fields, artisans for nothing of Canada, South Africa, and New Zealand, with their integral area of nearly seven million square miles, contain a lesser population than Spain? As to the problem of filling up these great lands with great over-sea States, each of which is measured in the principles and practices of civilisation—as for that problem, statesmen in Europe seem to think but very little about it. And yet these are the lands in which the world’s fate is to be decided. These are the lands that, if rightly held, shall give to humanity a guerdon beyond Europe’s dreams—or else stand as a dark and sombre monument to Europe’s madness!

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The only favourable aspect of British legal procedure in civil cases is to be discovered in the fact that it is equally fair to both parties. There is no prejudice and no bias, as is proven by the obvious deduction that the law sets commonsense at defiance in the affairs of both litigants with unquestionable impartiality. In each case that reaches the Courts two clients have consulted two lawyers, and each has been informed that he has every prospect of winning. If British law were intelligible, and British lawyers competent, no one would go to law; for all cases could be settled out of court. If British law were intelligible, and that fifty per cent. of our lawyers are incompetent to understand them.

In order, apparently, to cloud finally and completely distort, obscure and confuse the issue, to befog and befuddle all human beings, in a manner that is in order to render the one indistinguishable from the other, a system of trial by jury has been introduced. To treat this system parabolically, twelve good men and true, amongst whom is to be found a genuine number of fat-heads to the dozen inhabitants prevailing in the British Isles, are placed in charge of a Dreadnought fitted with the most complicated machinery the mind can conceive. None of them has ever been to sea before in his life. Steam is raised, the anchor weighed, and the ponderous
mass travels forward with increasing speed in a crowded
seaway. It is now, for the first time, that these twelve
good men have faced their direction. One expert, whose	head is decorated with a fearsome and mysterious
horsehair wig, the mere appearance of which leads the
minds of the jury by a subtle, psychological process into the
mythic realms of pantomime, dives into the tangled
skein of the case to get a start.

"See! worthy and intelligent gentlemen, he pro-
claims, "here we have our law—the same colour and
texture as my client’s thread. This means that you
must show the plaintiff to start with a neat little brass
knob number five from the right. To gentle-
men of your discernment I need say no more. The rest
is merely formality. I leave you to follow my client’s
opinion in this case with perfect confidence in your
judgment and my client’s will.

Enter expert number two.

"Gentlemen," he affirms, "my duty is clear, and,
even if painful, I scorn to shrink from it. The advice
of my learned friend is, not to put too fine a point upon
it, arrant nonsense. Similar advice as to starboard and
to which their degraded minds are susceptible, but are
evil instincts because criminality offers the only pleasure
indisputable algebraic equation that four is equal to five;
whereas it follows, to put the matter with that plainness
and clarity which the importance
of the case demands, that the witnesses for the other side are not only
unmitigated liars and degenerates who pander to their evil instincts because criminality offers the only pleasure
to which their degraded minds are susceptible, but are
all actually in the pay of the other side, and have been
promised a share in the plunder hoped for as a result
of their unscrupulous, blackguardly, and detestable pre-
varications. The wheel must go to starb’d.

The first expert hereupon rises to his feet to perform
another painful duty—which is to prove by a simple and
indisputable algebraic equation that four is equal to five;
whence it follows, to put the matter with that plainness
and clarity which the importance
of the case demands, that the witnesses for the other side are not only
unmitigated liars and degenerates who pander to their evil instincts because criminality offers the only pleasure
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of their unscrupulous, blackguardly, and detestable pre-
varications. The wheel must go to starb’d.

Expert number two thereupon claims the attention
of the Court, and with cold, calm, and dignified delibera-
tion concludes, with a slight courtesy, the rabid impetu-
sity of his learned friend; who has not scrupled to take
advantage of a mere technical slip, or lapsus
linguae, by one of the witnesses to heap loathsome and quite un-
merited abuse upon an honest man. The slip in question
was so hurtful and so plain to the understanding, that the
defense attorney, counsel, advocate, or other member of the
class of learned men who is, of course, a matter of
pure chance. They eventually manage to settle another
dispute arising out of a game of shove-ha’penny for
drinks between two of their number, and decide to steer
a verdict in law merely because his claim is just and his
defense has no merit whatever.

By this means of administering the law the lawyers
engaged eventually acquire sufficient experience to
quote cases which have a true bearing upon the point
at issue five times out of ten. They are then raised to
the bench and for the future act as judges.

It is a well-recognised axiom that the courts should not find fault
(unless he happen to be a member of the clergy) without
offering a remedy. The remedy for our intricate and
speculative jurisprudence is so obvious that one marvels
at the survival of a code so befuddled and confused.

We have a building which stands alone in the de-
lightful beauty of its architecture. The value of its
site is enormous. The building to which I refer is the
Law Courts. This building should be set aside for
some useful purpose. The Government should then
purchase the business of the Aerated Bread Company
Limited, and station a judge at each of their shops.

Litigants could take their cases to one of these
depôts, obtain the judge’s ruling, and pay at the desk.
If still dissatisfied they could, at this stage, come to
an agreement to abide by the decision of, say, five judges
out of seven, or two out of three; in accordance with
their means, determination or pig-headedness.

By means of this procedure a disputant would be at far less
expense and confusion than by attempting (to obtain)
a verdict in law merely because his claim is just and his
opponent is a rogue.

Lawyers aspiring to become judges should have free
access to these shops and support themselves meantime
by doing useful work at a salary sufficient to
secure a record of judgments at a remuneration of so much
per thousand words.

Failing this, the Government might appoint a com-
mmission to determine a workable legal code built upon
the experience of the past.

By this means we might possibly acquire a defined
code of laws which, if not intelligible to the layman,
would, at least, be within the comprehension of lawyers.

In order to reach this ideal state of affairs the busi-
ness community should introduce a safeguard against
waste by collectively refusing to pay, tender, defray,
satisfy, liquidate, settle or otherwise discharge any bill,
account, reckoning or other instrument purporting to be
a legal demand for ‘costs’ to any solicitor, solic-
ting attorney, counsel, advocate, or other member of the
legal profession, or his heirs, administrators, executors
or assigns, in the event of that lawyer losing a case by
reason of his inability to understand the law. He would
then want to alter the law so that he could
understand it. Once render the law clear and intelligible, and
there would, of course, be no more civil litigation. The judges
at present engaged thereupon could then apply their
unquestionable and immensely valuable talents to some
useful end; such, for instance, as delivering the country
from the ravages of that evervancing disease, ‘party
politics.’
Unedited Opinions.

What is Society?

You have heard a great deal lately of the rights of the nation. Birrell first used the phrase in connection with the coal strike, and it was taken up by Lord Robert Cecil. It was a good handle against the miners. The railwaymen were induced to submit last August to the tune of “Rule Britannia.” Then it was the national rights against Germany. But during the mining strike it was the nation’s rights against its own members.

Yes, it occurred to me that the phrase would have been just as well if posterity were substituted for the nation. The rights of posterity may one day be used to support Eugenics. But tell me, what is your view of the nation?

There are so many fanciful explanations of the rise of a community that I hesitate to add possibly to their number. A talk with Stephen Reynolds the other day, however, encourages me to state my views. You will find them indicated in various places in his “Seems So.” To begin with, you accept the common opinion that the individual and the State into a mutual relation: in other words, the unit of the State is the citizen?

One objection occurs to me. It is the King’s famous hexameter: the what-do-you-call-it what’s its name is set in the homes of the people. The King’s conception of the unit is the family; and many people agree with him.

They do, but the facts are against them. With the development of society the natural and artificial bonds between individuals become loosened. An individual can now safely live alone without fear of injustice. He no longer needs to belong to a pack. A family was merely a pack held together by a common interest. It is the same now; but my point is that the State no longer consists exclusively of packs. There are now almost as many independent self-subsisting individuals as there are families. These latter, indeed, count civilly and politically no more than a single person. A single man has a vote and a single family has a vote. I call the family merely a colonial personality, a sort of multiple individual.

Then your unit is the individual either single or as a group in a family?

Precisely. Now the question is: what further advantage does the individual derive from association with other units; and conversely, what service in return does he render to the sum of units we call society or the State? It is clear that his intention is to derive from society more than he contributes. If he fails the State is not only no advantage to him, it is a drain on his resources. But whence does the State derive the resources wherewith to return to each individual more than he gives?

Surely it is enough if the individual exchanges at par his personal services with State services?

Oh, no, for an equal exchange involves no duty on either side, and I am disposed to assert a duty both from the State to the individual and the individual to the State. The fact is that the State becomes possessed by its very nature of values of which no individual nor even the sum of individuals can claim the credit. The familiar illustration of two men working together producing more than the same two working separately works out, on the large scale of the nation, to a gigantic argument for society. If two men become two men plus a new power by association, millions of men by association become millions of men and an immeasurable amount of new power. Now, to which of the two men does the added power, over and above their individual exertions, belong? They share it, you say. But by so doing each draws from the common product more than he put in. You will see that the bank of society is quite capable of giving to each individual more than each individual contributes.

Your argument for society, then, is that it pays handsomely to belong to it.

Wait a bit. Let us call the value produced by association, as distinct from individual production, surplus value. I know the term is used by Marxians in another sense, but no matter. Suppose, then, that this surplus value—the work of society—is unequally divided; suppose it to be appropriated in large masses by a comparative few—will not the remaining individuals be liable to draw out from the bank no more than they put in?

Certainly, there is that risk; and judging by the amenities enjoyed by the few and the miseries experienced by the many it is more than a risk.

Tell me what bond is stronger than self-interest? None, of course. And self-interest maintains a relation when the self finds advantage therein, and the greater the advantage the greater the tie, and the less the advantage the less the tie.

Yes, that seems to me to follow—of course, allowing advantage to include Kruger’s categories of disadvantage, material, intellectual, and moral?

Of course. Then we may say a State is strongest when all its citizens receive their fair share of surplus value. And, when the surplus value is no longer fairly divided, the attachment to society will be less in those who receive less and greater in those who receive more. And the weak attraction of the dispossessed constitutes a weakness in the bonds of the State.

Clearly. You can almost guess, then, how really weak our nation is by examining the distribution among its individuals of surplus value. It being contrary to human nature to remain satisfied in a society that returns no more for one’s labour than one would receive working for oneself, the bonds of the State wear thin whenever the surplus value ceases to be fairly divided. In short, a society of this kind is disintegrating; the mortar between the stones of the edifice is being removed.

Yes, I’m afraid that this is happening in England to-day.

Worse, my friend, worse. Bad as it is to receive from society no more than you put in, how much worse is it to receive less?

Why, in that case, the attachment must be turned to hatred if our previous argument was sound. But who are these unfortunates who create a surplus value in which they have no share?

Slaves they were once called; wage-earners they are called to-day. All individuals out of whom a private profit is extracted are giving more than they receive.

But surely for even these society offers advantages that could not be obtained by solitary work? Otherwise, why, except under compulsion, should they remain in society?

Except under compulsion, softened by a score of emollients, they do not. For them society is one great sponge to which nevertheless they are attached. But note that the attachment is one-sided. I mean that the State needs them more than they need the State. Consequently the bond is force on its side, but not love on the side of the individual. You can imagine what that servitude will end in?

Anarchy, I should say.

Yes. The picture of society to-day is of an assembly of units, the majority of whom are bound to the State only by force, a large minority are bound by an almost exact balance between advantage and disadvantage, and the remaining few are bound by enormous returns for small expenditures. Reckon the whole in terms of life and the matter becomes clear. The State consists of individual lives plus its own peculiar additional life. From this pool, fed by these two springs, each citizen draws and to it each citizen contributes. The dual flow backwards and forwards is a living bond. But stop the flow from the reservoir and heart of society to its members and their vital relation with the community is broken; they wither away like limbs whose flow of blood has been stopped. Paralysis is creeping on us.
produces harmonies of greens, green-golds, rich browns, blues and blue-blacks, with the general scheme; there is the appearance of one soul blues and blue-blacks, with the landscape, beautiful even in March. The shifty lighting arched haze, the newly sprung grasses, the cool green vistas, the buds opening on bare branches, the mounded whites circling past the nodding fir-tree tops, all these mists that hover in light and shade, the long-drawn erected and embellished by other rhythmical minds working in unison. We could then have pointed to it as a model of what ought to be, whereas now it is an example of what ought not to be. In the former case it would have been a pleasure to invite its architect to select some of the newly-fledged mural painters to try their skill on its wall-spaces (of which there are several) in the belief that he would choose artists fully equipped to understand and work according to his rhythmic design. But as it is, one lives in horrid terror of seeing the wretched building pounced upon by the strange new artists. It involves, in fact, the whole question of the relation of architecture to the art-craftsman. It was recklessly referred to it as a model and then - "a scheme which must (if realised) command the candid approval of every lover of the Fine Arts." I received, on top of the "Art News," the circular from which it had drawn its particulars. The circular comes from Crosby Hall, and it outlines a proposal which would not command the candid approval even of an idiot.

The scheme is being promoted by Messrs. D. S. Macgregor and Charles A. W. Clowes, members of the Municipal Art School, New English Art Club, the Chenil and other exhibition galleries, as well as by a crowd of sterilised officials, art masters and irresponsible journalists. In order to organise the scheme into being an exhibition is being arranged at Crosby Hall. The committee which reveals the usual names. It consists of a number of pedants, educationists, schoolmasters, teachers, inspectors, sociologists, secretaries, a few self-advertising painters, some critics and curators, a mayor and a millionaire. In short, it is an undesirable hybrid combining every element but the right one. Rightly considered, the committee should consist entirely of artists-architects. Architects must come first in the movement. Next must come the assistant whose the architects will select. Then must come public support. This is the only reasonable order. The Crosby Hall order is merely idiotic.

Let us examine with a scalpel the polyphonous pamphlet which sets out to aid and abet the abuse of wall spaces, and to encourage a revival of an old method of laying on paint purely in the interest of the revivalists and their pupils. For the forthcoming exhibition three divisions are being prepared, which may be termed the past, present and imperfect. Division I will be retrospective and display samples of bygone mural work. Division II will deal with contemporary work, but Division III is black-lettered to promise the exhibition of sketches for the future.

The object of the exhibition may be put this way. We want more scope for artists, and the wall is the thing. Of course, the idea of walls for students is not new; it is as old as mural painting itself. The game of sticking adventitious paint on adventitious walls was tried at Manchester, and was a dismal failure. Having got the walls, we must all be Slade students, members of the N.E.A.C., with in the Chenil, Carfax, and so on; know nothing about our own job and practi-cally stand for nothing. The wall spaces will be generously provided by the public, and the costs expenses in materials and scaffolding will be met by the authorities of the buildings where the painting takes place. Beyond this, sums are being collected, a commission or two has been handed out to Immuralists, and one lopsided person has subscribed, which there is an opportunity for other lopsided persons to flabbergast London by subscribing even more wildly sensational funds. In this way paid officials are to be enabled to play pranks on other people’s property while making it the playground for their own students.

Coming to the conditions of competition, we learn that “much of the work done in the beginning will be of an experimental character; and in the case of work judged, after a reasonable period of probation, to be unsuccessful, the authorities will reserve the right to ob-literate it, and make further trial.” Apparently the public is not to be faced with the failure of school methods; there is to be no chance of a failure. The student, if he can set his work up on a wall, and quite possibly have it scrubbed out; and the delighted householder, even while gazing at the marvellous daub, will see it vanish with the velocity of a Futurist painting at the sound of the teacher’s voice: “Next please!”

A list of wall-spaces available for which no subscribing is forthcoming I do not notice a home for imbeciles or the Zoo. With regard to the choice of subjects, we are told that “for East-End children the picture of a whole family sitting down together to a daintily-served meal would be something novel and inspiring.” I suggest that for country children with contempt for the working-man’s painting, the ladling of syrup into copper cauldrons, and the shipping into barges of boxes and crates.” One of the things we might see, if the Futurist is employed, is the exciting effect of the smell of the pickles on the gasometer. The scheme, as described in the "Art News," which据我所知是被一个艺术教师制定的，显然被看作任何一个都肯定是不合适的 cured up by art teachers. No one could possibly paint according to these instructions.

Beyond this there is the selection of the work of competitors. The jury is to be packed with a body of teachers quite unknown to have any authority to teach mural painting, but being selected a field for their students. Such persons are not only incompetent to judge mural decoration, but incompetent to found an English school.

Setting aside for the moment the economic question of how the artist who works for a living is to compete with the subsidised student under Professor Slade School’s wing, let us ask, what is to be said of this wild scheme for making a house look like a Christmas tree? Why, that it is putting the cart before the horse—a familiar error. When a tree has fallen it seems natural to try to raise it by lifting the canvas fold by fold; but it does not stay up. The right method is to raise the tent-pole. Mural painting, I expect, will only fit into its place when its place has been prepared for it. Unless a place has been prepared you might as well hang flowers on a pine tree and expect them to grow there. The only person to prepare a place for mural painting is the architect; and his future is in the hands of the movables. Only the public decide the actual and taste to choose the right man, he will orchestrate the arts and crafts and bring them into harmony with his architectonic rhythm. Let them make a start with, say, Lethaby and Penty.
SUPERB STUPIDITY.
The Success of Large Organisations.

By Emil Davies

In three most interesting articles entitled "The Peril of Large Organisations," which appeared recently in THE NEW AGE, Mr. Arthur J. Penty gave expression to a variety of views, with some of which many of us find ourselves in full agreement. Some of his conclusions, however, appear to be unwarranted by facts, and with these I propose to deal.

If I understand Mr. Penty correctly, the large organisation is doomed, banking being the only business which can be managed successfully by limited liability companies. Large organisations invariably grow up around one dominating personality, and when that individual disappears the organisation decays. Slackness and indifference set in, and the technical skill of the workers and the quality of the goods produced deteriorate. Similar evils exist in Government departments; red-tape or corruption ensues. These evils being inherent to large organisations, Collectivism is doomed to be a failure; the end of the system is approaching. In organisations where be

Many a large concern has indeed been built up by one dominant personality, just as many a small concern has been ruined by a too dominant personality. The adoption of the limited liability principle has, however, rendered possible a continuity of good management which is seldom possible in the case of the small man working on his own. The small manufacturer or producer passes on his business to his son, who does not necessarily inherit any special aptitude for the task; hence control accompanies ownership. In a generation or two, at most, in the majority of cases, the small business has ceased to exist, and the experience that, under a continuous good management, would have resulted in improved production, is dissipated. In the large organisation, which can tap a much greater field of ability, a continuity of good management can be secured, and in bringing about the divorce between actual management and the mere possession of capital arising from the accident of birth,—by the abolition of the hereditary principle, in business,—the limited liability company has contributed largely to that continuity of management whereby the experience and superior technical skill which in the course of years is made full use of. If Mr. Penty is correct, there can be few instances in the world of large organisations of more than a few years' existence which are still working as successfully as in the days of their founders. If, however, we look round the world, we find that most of the giant and apparently most successful and best conducted organisations are not, as one might think from Mr. Penty's articles, of recent origin, but date a good way back. One thinks instinctively of Krupp, which is probably the largest industrial organisation in the world. This great company was established exactly one hundred and two years ago, it having started in the year 1810. Since that time there have been three generations of company owners. At the present time the male line of the dynasty has become extinct, and the principal shareholder is a woman. By this time, the technical skill to which I have referred, until at the present time it had recourse to the technical skill and ability of the English subsidiary of this company. In the United Kingdom the electrical industry is divided up into much smaller units, there being none approaching the German ones in this direction.

It is the same with the great German chemical concerns, which are also the largest of their kind in the world, and which is significant that just in Germany, where we have these vast organisations, the highest degree of technical skill in the chemical, engineering and similar trades. Is it not in the fact that these large concerns can afford to employ a staff of trained specialists, draw the best men from the universities and train their own experts, that we find the explanation of the supremacy of the Germans in these branches? It is only large concerns of this sort that can employ a staff of skilled chemists for years on research work only.

There is no need, however, to take the case of Germany alone. In connection with this whole question of technical ability and quality, the one being naturally dependent upon the other, can it be seriously maintained that the growth of the large unit in industry tends to deterioration? It is of no use advancing theories in this way without giving facts in support. If the theory of the superiority of the small man is correct, we should get better soap from a number of small soap boilers spread up and down the country than we do in the present day from those large organisations, Pears Soap Co., which somehow or other appears to have outlived the original Soaper who started the business in 1789), and of Lever Brothers; we could get better bread from the numerous small bakers than we do from the enormous, and incidentally cleanly, bakeries of the co-operative societies, J. Lyons and Co., and the numerous model municipal bakeries of the Continent, e.g., Buda Pesth, Verona.

Let us take another example, that of cameras. Can it be alleged that the photographic apparatus turned out by the Eastman Kodak Co. is inferior to that made by small concerns? If so, how is the enormous growth and increasing success of the Eastman Kodak Co. to be accounted for? It is not that their products are cheap. Mr. Penty is right, there should by now be some indications of this great growth breaking up and the trade going into the hands of a number of smaller manufacturers. But exactly the contrary is the case; and it must be admitted that the workmanship and quality of the Kodak cameras are continually improving, as, indeed, is but natural in the case of a large concern, the continuity of which, not being dependent on the life of any one individual, means that the technical skill of the workers remains unimpaired, and that inventors all the world over immediately offer improvements or new inventions to this same concern.

Thus far I have dealt merely with the quality of goods and manufactures. As regards articles calling for taste, the case against large organisation must be stronger, although even here it would be easy to produce instances to the contrary. There are few branches, one

and in one of its own garden suburbs there are no less than eight thousand six hundred houses for the married men; Krupp's, large organisations are not the monopoly of Germany, for what has been said of the works of one individual, means that the technical skill of the workers remains unimpaired, and that inventors all the world over immediately offer improvements or new inventions to this same concern.

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would think, in which a limited liability company would be less successful than that of the milliner; yet what is probably the leading house in this line is that known to many Londoners under the name of Madame Louise, a limited company having branches in London, Paris, Monte Carlo, Biarritz, etc.; and Paquins, Limited, are the leading hat makers.

As to the disintegration of the large organisation, what signs are there of this happy consummation? The only instance adduced in the series of articles referred to is that of the Thames Ironworks—surely a most unhappy illustration of the pitiful engineering concern is due principally to two causes: first, that shipbuilding is leaving the Thames, and, second, that it finds it absolutely impossible to hold its own against such giant competitors as Armstrong, Whitworth and Vickers. The true weakness of many large organisations is, as was recently pointed out by the writer of "Notes of the Week," over-capitalisation. In this respect the United States Steel Trust, which was constituted about twenty years ago, has been the greatest offender, its capital having been watered to an extraordinary degree. In spite of this, however, the United States Steel Trust is prospering to such an extent that it has, to use the elegant American expression, "a good deal of the water." If this is so, and if this, the weakest among the giants, ever disintegrates, it looks as though it would have to occur by legislation, and not by the operation of any of the causes which Mr. Penty alludes. It is, I have to admit, inherent to all large organisations, for without it chaos and corruption result, just as we find chaos and corruption in most things which are left in the hands of a number of small and usually ignorant units. But in the order is this conformity in the conduct of the world life, a bad thing? If by means of standardising the necessities of life we can reduce labour to a minimum and set free the masses to develop their individuality in their own time, surely this uniformity is not wholly a bad thing. It will not hurt the community if bureaucracy ordains that the bread made at the municipal bakery shall be made in three standard shapes only. It is vastly more important that the bread should be good and pure, and that the people engaged in the manufacture and handling of this necessity should be adequately paid and work short hours. As gradually industrial units become larger and larger, the powerful either absorbing or crushing out the smaller and thereby doing, what I term, the dirty work of Collectivism, as they eliminate the weak without compensation, and as gradually the State takes over these great organisations (a development which, to me, appears inevitable, and which we shall dare), we shall doubtless have to set against the improvement in the quality of products a less degree of elasticity. Doubtless we shall, in a certain measure, suffer from red tape as we follow the German model the better, and then perhaps we English will cease to be utterly ashamed of our public buildings—our Post Offices, our railway stations, and the like. We shall, perhaps, visit Germany for a time and if we are to judge by the standard of architecture in each country, I venture to say that the sooner we follow the German model the better, and then perhaps we English will cease to be utterly ashamed of our public buildings—our Post Offices, our railway stations, and the like.

In conclusion, it is my contention that the whole trend of production, transport and distribution is towards larger units. These, in their turn, for a variety of reasons, too lengthy to be gone into here, but with which I propose to deal freely on another occasion, tend to be taken over by the State, the municipality, or by joint stock companies in which the State or municipality is interested. And that is perhaps not the worst thing that can occur.
Present-Day Criticism.

The current number of the magazine called "Rhythm" contains an announcement whose text may make severe criticism of that paper in these columns seem ungrateful. In addition to its former matter, "Rhythm" is to introduce some "new features," among these, "a series of criticisms by younger men of their seniors in the Art of Letters," owing to the fact that Elsevier's "Art of the Theatre, and caricatures of the principal contributors." Could any suggestions, even without the last, appear more dutifully imitative of the newest "New Age"? We ourselves might have received the announcement without a shudder, though we know the usual effect of disciples, had we not seen a copy of "Rhythm." The cover raised a slight feeling that all was not right there, which feeling became definite at the end of the volume; and we were left applying a certain sentence of Sainte-Beuve, and reflecting that heroic ideas, broken up, sometimes produce some strange forms, not to say some strange monstrosities!

From the crude female outside we came within first upon an article by Mr. Laurence Binyon, entitled "The Return to Poetry." Many studies of various great critics have left us helpless to make very much of Mr. Binyon's contribution. We do not intend here to trespass upon an article, though we perhaps should perhaps be permitted scarcely avoidable brief comments upon the occasion provokes. So we shall not enter into Mr. Binyon's argument that beside the art of the Orientals-Western Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Turner—seems so rough behind to工作岗位 at. "Prose accepts," says Mr. Binyon; "poetry rebels. Prose observes, poetry divines." Mr. Binyon professes that he intends the word in no technical sense, but he "could not find a word more convincing." Now that is all very well, but a man of letters would reply: "Then why do you rush into print with your mind in such a state that you can find no word for your meaning? If you only want to say that the art of Da Vinci is so turbid beside the Oriental—why there it is said. If you want to say, as indeed you do say, that in the prose view of the world all is fixed and in the poetic view all is change—why, there is that said, although it is quite meaningless, and although artists who use words will tell you that you may not juggle them as you please in your apoplexy of expression. Read a little more, my friend, and do not write; read your Plato, read your Heraclitus, for there you will find two opposite views of the world clearly expressed, and your unorthodox, paralytic agony may abide.

Following Mr. Binyon's effort is a drawing, by Anne Estelle Rice, of some nudes holding up, with the rhythmic movement of toe-dancing Atlases, a small basket of fruit. Happening to cover the coarse trunk of a young seal lying on the shore, and called on her to dance with me. Half-daft, I took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before the rise of the moon, half-daft, taking me to dance with me. And it seemed scarcely strange when she stood up before me suddenly.

The frenzy of it probably accounts for the calm of those clichés: at the rising of the moon, half-daft, took my stand before a young seal lying on the shore, and called on her to dance with me. And it seemed scarcely strange when she stood up before me suddenly.

From the crude female outside we came within first upon an article by Mr. Laurence Binyon, entitled "The Return to Poetry." Many studies of various great critics have left us helpless to make very much of Mr. Binyon's contribution. We do not intend here to trespass upon an article, though we perhaps should perhaps be permitted scarcely avoidable brief comments upon the occasion provokes. So we shall not enter into Mr. Binyon's argument that beside the art of the Orientals-Western Da Vinci, Michelangelo, Turner—seems so rough behind to工作岗位 at. "Prose accepts," says Mr. Binyon; "poetry rebels. Prose observes, poetry divines." Mr. Binyon professes that he intends the word in no technical sense, but he "could not find a word more convincing." Now that is all very well, but a man of letters would reply: "Then why do you rush into print with your mind in such a state that you can find no word for your meaning? If you only want to say that the art of Da Vinci is so turbid beside the Oriental—why there it is said. If you want to say, as indeed you do say, that in the prose view of the world all is fixed and in the poetic view all is change—why, there is that said, although it is quite meaningless, and although artists who use words will tell you that you may not juggle them as you please in your apoplexy of expression. Read a little more, my friend, and do not write; read your Plato, read your Heraclitus, for there you will find two opposite views of the world clearly expressed, and your unorthodox, paralytic agony may abide.

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disgusted the knights and the free-born who will not endure the work with patience or reward the poet, however much the buyers of roast chick-peas and walnuts may approve. Horace: Ars Poetica.

When the New Day, a living Horace, with all his knowledge, practice and amiable manner, could deter a modern Piso from rashly publishing, we may doubt. The sons of Piso are legion and strong in conceit, and their fear of authority easily bursts into dull hatred. They, true Pisoists, avoid all ghostly or books that might force them to examine themselves. How interfering, how insulting, would they not find these precepts which great poets have studied and applied ever since they were set down?—to consider well our powers before we write; to guard against all extremes; to restrain description; to refrain from pose; to observe that all men, nearly, would be poets, and, if necessary, to judge oneself as an insufferable mediocrity; to use the experience of time that neglects even genius united to art and study! And what would these people reply to one who bade them avoid flatterers, or keep out of the way of a mad, posing poet who refuses to be helped? But if one among them is able to profit by instructions, all is well; in this age with this epistle that Piso that has been the companion of so many great poets and critics and scholars.

Arthur Wing Pinero: Explorer of the Obvious.

By B. Russell Herts.

NEapolitan, although the most varied, is the least imaginative of ices; the drama, most complex of the arts, is also the most capable of exact evaluation. Scarcely any angle of attitude can be assumed which does not find its application in the theatre. It depends upon our individual fancy whether we relish the inspired pugnacity of Shaw; the idealistic harmonies of Hauptmann; the soft, sweet mysteries of the early plays of Maeterlinck or the perpervid power of his later ones; the Titanic rapture of Ibsen's poetic dramas or the vigorous soul twisting and twirling and tormenting of his social works.

Something within us establishes inclinations, and our responses to art are fixed by them. There are still those who enjoy Pinero; they pretend to admire him: his creations, they say; they talk of him as a sublime technician or struggle to regard him as the moulder of profound human destinies. This, they say, is art; not propaganda, radicalism, problem presentation, or any other of the so-called plays which the naive superficialities that delight them. Such folk like Sudermann. For this there is, of course, the excuse that these two writers are of our time. The "Zeitgeist" grips them and us, that is true of every situation. He speaks before us, not to us. Each snatch from life must be judged by the individuality of its own conditions—and it is never exactly as he is picturing. Ibsen's lessons are special and yet dominantly universal. Their theatrical conditions are non-essential. "A Doll's House" is a piece for every wife and every husband; "Little Eyolf" is a play for the mothers and fathers of the world. Before we are ready for judgment of a Pinero play we must recollect the country and caste which he casts. This intellectualises our interest, and we come to view his dramas, not to live them.

What does it matter that Pinero's latest plays are well-knit in the kind of construction we admire to-day? The early ones, even as far up as "Iris," are weak even of the commonplace are as definite as folk songs. They are never at a loss for a word; their customary form of address is the epigram. Of course, in the farces, to achieve an easy laugh, they halt, but with calculation and accuracy. Is wit, our wondrous heritage from the most serious immortals, merely this forced product of the trained-up mind or this equally forced comedic repartee? When Pinero is not clever he is dull. Once in a while he is saved by the looming of a possible climax; then comes the conscious craftsmanship again, killing the chance of vigorous, sincere, plain dealing.

As for the folk, a certain clamminess clings even to their liveliest moments. Shaw's Mrs. Warren defends her past; poor Mrs. Tanqueray reforms and is sorry for her past; poor Mrs. Ebbsmith that history again, killing the chance of sustaining tragedy. Mrs. Ebbsmith flashes into the range of the really interesting and is backed down to the Pinero level by the astounding introduction of the mechanical religious motive. Nero burned Rome to achieve a theatrical effect. Pinero merely kills the cadence of a character.

With the help of the thoughtless and visionless Iris, Pinero has created his most perfect—and perfectly useless—play. Snatched from the drawing-room, Pinero people embody the most disgusting attributes of those with "advantages" in actual life. Each year gives us a new play, each with an advance in reality and distastefulness. Finally, in "Mid-Channel" and "The Thunderbolt," conventionality has become so even conventionally unattractive one wonders why such husbands and wives should ever have had the slightest desire to possess each other.

What is the depth of distress in these "tragedies"? Where is the feeling of the conflict that drives the sitters and strengthens? Over-eating at an unvaried meal gives the same mild distaste. One need not go to the theatre. Of course the characters are "real." That is why they are not stirring. They conform to our conventional conceptions of what they are actually; they are conventional; they are commonplace, uncreative. Ibsen's people transcend the like. They are all personalities. In their veins courses a super-vital fluid. They are not obvious, but true. In Pinero we feel the actuality, and therefore the particularity, by instinct. That is why he does not influence us. That is true of every situation. He speaks before us, not to us. Each snatch from life must be judged by the individuality of its own conditions—and it is never exactly as he is picturing... Ibsen's lessons are special and yet dominantly universal. Their theatrical conditions are non-essential. "A Doll's House" is a piece for every wife and every husband; "Little Eyolf" is a play for the mothers and fathers of the world. Before we are ready for judgment of a Pinero play we must recollect the country and caste which he casts. This intellectualises our interest, and we come to view his plays, not to live them.

What does it matter that Pinero's latest plays are well-knit in the kind of construction we admire to-day? The early ones, even as far up as "Iris," are weak even in this. "The Gay Lord Quex" is talked of as the perfect comedy, and is really not particularly comical. It would be a drama were it not for lack of significance and weak, indistinctly drawn characters.

To ruin the idea of "Mid-Channel" by developing it in a plot that is not inevitable; by means of characters that are meaningless and uninspiring, and some of them unnecessary; to distribute almost no dramatic material through two acts and then crowd the remaining part seems scarcely less shameful than Mrs. Ebbsmith's Bible-snatching at the close of the best two acts Pinero ever wrote. But if one must have characters whose only concern in life is love-making, ideas, of course, must be tossed on the scrap-heap.

Pinero is the Franz Liszt of drama. His keen exposition of the commonplace are as definite as folk songs. However urgent, amplified, commonplace, they remain believable demonstrations. We never doubt their correctness. But their truth—that is another matter. To be true, one must have an idea, a message, a religion. One cannot simply peck at experience.

Mr. Arnold Bennett talks of ours as another age of reality, as another age of vividness. We never doubt the exposition of actuality is not creative. Zola and his followers do not blast the watch-towers of the infinite and throw open to our gaze the verity behind them. This interpretation of drama is not what we are capable of demanding drama that builds as well as exposes life. A sophisticated understanding of existence is simply a primitive intellectual necessity to the artist; beyond it lies a naiveté of spirit that has kept all great creators forever childlike and wonder-smitten.
Views and Reviews.

One begins to wonder where Science will stop. It has robbed philosophy of most of its subject-matter, and left to it only speculation on the unknown. Art itself is being wrested from the artist, and reduced to the psychology that expresses the unconscious in physiological terms, as states of the nervous system, and reserves psychological terms for the conscious activities of the mind.

It must be admitted that the artists and their friends have done little to save themselves from the scientists. They do not seem to perceive that if Art can be explained, it is not a mystery but a secret, to use a phrase of Francis Grierson. If it is only a secret, its divine character is seen to be a mere delusion: it can claim no more consideration than any other trade the processes of which are secret and require only a physical and nervous adaptability for their successful working. Almost every writer on Art now adopts the scientific attitude: Mr. Frederick Jameson, to mention one of the most interesting and recent writers, not only entitled his book “Art’s Enigma,” but put aside all speculation into the nature of Art, only to fall into the trap on his own ground. He sought the secret of Art in the articulation of its forms. He made the effect on the beholder the final test of a work of art; a work of art must, according to his definition, give pleasure to the beholder, and he derived that pleasure from a highly complex kind of beauty. In the light of a later development, this definition of his seems as reprehensible as selling the pass to the enemy.

For aesthetics is no longer transcendental: it has become psychological in the modern sense. Psychoanalysis asserts, and can bring much evidence in support of the assertion, that the origin of artistic inspiration is to be found in mental processes that have been forgotten by the subject, but which are still operative; in other words, the created work is a sublimated manifestation of various thwarted and repressed wishes, of which the subject is no longer conscious. This is perhaps the most dignified psychological account of the origin of artistic inspiration. Other psychologists, like Dr. Claye Shaw for example, will not allow us even the hidden source of inspiration. Writing on Hemmodynia, he says: “The paintings of realistic artists, such as Pellicen Rops or Fragonard, the horrors of the Wiertz Gallery at Brussels, the sensational murder stories of E. A. Poe, are the fortunate motor outcome of strong ideas—fortunate for the authors, for the ideas, though offensive to many, are in reality the harmless outpourings of what might have been dangerous trends for their possessors. We shudder and say, ‘What a morbid mind such and such a person must have had,’ not recognising that we are gazing at the working out of an idea which might have had a very different ending, but for fortunate direction in which the masterising idea resolved itself.” This safety-valve theory is supported, if not maintained, by two of the most recent writers on the subject. Beauty and ugliness are defined as the pleasure or displeasure felt by the body in beholding works of art: the impulse to create and the desire to appreciate are both traced to states of the physiological body.

It is argued by these authors (Vernon Lee and Anstruther Thomson) that the physiological effect of a works of art is its determining factor. The rhythm of a pattern of curves, for example, will give pleasure if its movement corresponds to the systole and diastole of the heart, to the in and out breathing of the lungs. The body, they argue, unconsciously imitates the forms it perceives: its feeling of a form is really not a transmission of energy into the form, but a reproduction of its rhythm in the bodily processes. Beauty, then, corresponds to the pleasurable exercise of the body, ugliness to the contrary effect. Not without reason was the book dedicated to Ribot; Psyche would not recognise the explanation of herself.

What can the artist do against such inquirers? It seems to me that nothing can be done. Admit the validity of the method, and the results must be accepted. But the question arises, has all Art a physiological basis? We need not deny its physiological effect: has it necessarily a physiological origin? If Art is, as Mr. Jameson said, simply the communica- tion of a form to materials, whatever they may be, it seems impossible to deny it. The beauty that he said was a mystery is here proved to be only a secret; the aesthetic pleasure of the creation and perception of form is here seen to be due to a physiological ease and expansion. It is conceivable that with more exact methods of investigation than those employed by Vernon Lee and her companion, beauty may be tabulated, and a temperament chart be the guide to all new developments of form.

There seems to be no escape. The artist cannot elude his tormentors by any dashing into the fourth dimension. The need of representation is upon him; and whether for himself or for others, his work must have an intelligible principle. The law will stretch to him, if he refuses to conform to the law: even philosophy will name him alogical, if he cannot be tabulated with the logical.

Perhaps we are needlessly alarmed. The old ego of the metaphysical psychologists was at least as satisfactory as the modern en tout de coalition; although it was not as susceptible of what we call proof as the ego that Ribot was accused of stealing. For the practical affairs of the world, analysis and division seem to be necessary. The localisation of mental function certainly makes brain surgery easier; but it certainly does not eliminate the possibility of ‘the brain being an organ of limitation rather than of expression of the personality. For the purposes of what we call life, it may be necessary that life be limited; and all inquiry be restricted to what is manifested through the physical body. But it can neither be proved nor denied that what we call casual and consequential, and which we can trace to the working of the organic structure, may be merely a concomitant of processes that lie beyond the reach of analysis. Just as we know nothing of electricity until it translates itself into its equivalent in forces known to us, so Art may lie beyond any or all of the processes of the body, and the creation of forms.

But the modern inquiries will furnish a powerful weapon of criticism. It will be useless for an artist to talk about the soul if his rhythms and forms can be directly proved to have had their origin in his body. If there is no more in E. A. Poe’s work, for example, than Dr. Claye Shaw asserts, if there be no addition to the horror of his stories, no clue to more than a fortunate motor outcome of morbid desires, Poe, in spite of his mastery of form, will be regarded as not an artist. The definition of form can be successfully dealt with by science, content alone can be the final test of art; and the word Art can be applied only to that which is not explicable by the physiological and psychological knowledge that is being gathered.
Eupetic Politicians.

By J. M. Kennedy.

III.

Of all the writers who have endeavoured to set forth some philosophy of Liberalism, Professor Hobhouse is easily the most important. He has studied and read widely in several branches of science, and his style, if not all that could be desired in places, is generally free from the monotony of a man who has something to say. Whether he deals with a biological point or gives us a few remarks on the development of the social mind or the relationship between Liberalism and Labour, he is usually interesting and readable. But his style has another effect. He writes as if the cause of Liberalism were practically lost, but could be understood and rehabilitated if it were carefully explained detail by detail. It is difficult to read him without thinking of earwigs. His wisdom is oily as a money-lender of Oriental extraction. It is difficult to read him without thinking of earwigs. His wisdom is oily as a money-lender of Oriental extraction. It is easy to overlook the importance of theory as well as of materialistic considerations, that “progress” cares even an illness of the soul, and that considerations of Christian morality are more likely to prevail on the Young Turks to stop the Albanian and Armenian massacres than naval demonstrations in the Dardanelles and the Gulf of Saloniki. We can find very few examples indeed of more wilful refusals to face the realities of existence, of a greater determination to look for a mythical millennium in the far future, of a more cowardly desire to remain optimistic at all costs, than is shown that, enjoying the gift of responsible government, every people be free to work out its own salvation.

I fear Professor Hobhouse has been misled by superficial demn them. He does not tell us that Free Trade has meant peace, and, once taught by the example of Great Britain’s prosperity, other nations would follow suit, and Free Trade would be universal. The other root of national danger was the principle of intervention. We took it on ourselves to set other nations right. How could we judge for other nations? Force was no remedy. Let every people be free to work out its own salvation.

We should be grateful for such a precise summary of the main principles of Cobdenism, but Professor Hobhouse might well have emphasised them more than he does. He does admit that Cobdenism “tended both in external and in internal affairs to a restricted view of the function of government,” but he does not utterly condemn it. And yet let the English and Labour parties believe in a fallacy greater even than any perpetrated by the author of this little book. In continuing his examination of Cobdenism, Professor Hobhouse sums up the fallacy thus, without telling us that it is one:

Taxes there must be to carry on government, but if we looked into the cost of government we found that it was enormously based on a fallacy from beginning to end, that fallacy is simply this. He confuses present-day Liberalism as we know it, and also nineteenth-century Liberalism, with the general spirit of unrest and revolt which, making itself felt in the Middle Ages first of all, and being then directed chiefly against the Church, culminated in the doctrines of Locke and Rousseau and ended in the French Revolution. There are many statements in the course of the book; but surely it is a particularly grave error to suggest that modern Liberalism has anything in common with the Liberal spirit that resulted in the abolition of serfdom or concerned itself with “removing superincumbent weights, knocking off fetters, clearing away obstructions.” Not that Professor Hobhouse overlooks the importance of theory as well as of practice. He quotes from the Declaration of Independence when I say that it is utterly wrong. French Canadians and Britshers live together in Canada, it is true; but the former are concentrated in the East, while the West is almost wholly occupied by European and American immigrants. For governmental and administrative purposes the French and British, despite all historical quarrels and animosities, do work together in those districts where it is convenient to do so; but to say they have “fused,” or to speak of a Canadian “nation” in any sense of the word, is simply to travesty facts.

There are many more interesting things in this book, however. The relationship between Socialism and Individualism, and between them and Fourier. The main work, however, is the liberation of foreign trade.

Give to every man the right to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, urged the Cobdenite, and trade would automatically expand. The business career would be open to the talents.
Two Books on Ireland.

By S. G. Hobson.

The majority of books at present being published on Ireland are political with special reference to the immediate situation. Their value is therefore transitory even though they be informative and interesting. They are also unconsciously amusing, particularly the contributions by Mr. Harold Spender and the Eighty Club. It is much more pleasant to have in one’s hands books of more permanent value—books that go down to the roots of real Ireland and will constitute a genuine record of Irish life in the years to come. Undoubtedly one of these is “L’Irlande Contemporaine,” by M. L. Paul-Dubois, and excellently translated by a small group of Irishmen, and published by Messrs. Maunsel and Co., of Dublin. In England it may seem curious and sinister that the best work done in getting at the heart of Ireland is by Frenchmen. It causes no surprise in Ireland or in France. De Beaumont, pupil of De Tocqueville, in 1839 wrote an authoritative book on Ireland, and has been followed by a line of brilliant Frenchmen, who have contributed studies, sketches and monographs in singular profusion. Edouard Rod told the story of Parnell in a novel, whilst Paul Bourget has fallen a victim to the fascinations of Western Ireland. It is certain that Ireland is better understood in France than it is in England.

M. Paul-Dubois has succeeded, where practically everybody else has failed, in putting into their true focus the various political, racial and economic problems which in their sum-total make up the bewildering mystery of Ireland. He writes in a dry, cold light. He is never lyrical, although there are obvious moments when he has hard work in resisting a purple patch. Above all, every page of this volume of 500 pages is “documented” to a degree that leaves the average literary man gasping for the text. Although always writing impartially, searchingly, completely, this Frenchman has the courage to deliver judgment. The British method of impartiality is to collect the facts, statistics and data generally and then shut. I hope very shortly to state the case for Ireland in The New Age, and it is gratifying to me, by way of preface, to make my acknowledgments to this French writer who has taught me more about Ireland than any other author.

Messrs. Maunsel and Co. have just issued a charming brochure by Mr. George W. Russell, (AE) entitled “Co-operation and Nationality.” Mr. Russell is one of Ireland’s best-known artists. His feeling for form finds expression in written words almost as effectively as in his paintings. Unlike most English artists, who vainly imagine that their art is a world apart, Mr. Paul-Dubois makes their meaning crystal clear; he traces their origin in legislation or custom; he makes an open book of a subject hitherto dark and mysterious. For this reason every student of Ireland should possess this volume and thoroughly master its contents. I can testify from personal experience, having recently written a monograph on Ireland. After ploughing through oceans of printed matter in search of abiding authority, I have time and again been compelled to go back to “Contemporary Ireland,” to such an extent that I am quite sure I could write the name of Paul-Dubois—hyphen and all—with eyes shut. I hope very shortly to state the case for Ireland in The New Age, and it is gratifying to me, by way of preface, to make my acknowledgments to this French writer who has taught me more about Ireland than any other author.

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Broadly, then, after surveying the whole field, M. Paul-Dubois gives a clear verdict for Ireland against England. He gives an equally definite decision in favour of tillage as against pasturage. Equally decisive is his verdict in favour of Irish nationality against Irish landlordism. He is sympathetic towards the Ulster “planters,” tracing their history with knowledge and insight, and carefully differentiating them from the Dublin Castle faction. But he tells the Presbyterian settlers that they must not stand in the way of Ireland’s redemption. All these conclusions are backed up with a wealth of historic knowledge and by references to official papers so complete and apropos that nothing is left in doubt. Judgment is final; any appeal against it is doomed to failure.

I am particularly in love with the treatment of economic Ireland. The real history of modern Ireland is the story of its agriculture. Irish agriculture is an enigma to the rest of the world. “First term” and “second term” valuations, settlements within “the zones,” landlord’s “bonus” and many other phrases, all easily understood in Ireland, are caviare to the English public. M. Paul-Dubois makes their meaning crystal clear. Unlike most English artists, who vainly imagine that their art is a world apart, Mr. Russell has concerned himself with the affairs of his own country. He is one of the little band who, under the leadership of Sir Horace Plunkett, dreamed of a regenerated Ireland by means of industrial co-operation amongst Irish farmers. The work done by these pioneers cannot be easily over-valued. They taught the farmer to respect himself and his vocation; they told him how to escape from the toils of the gombeen-man; they not only pointed the way but lent vigorous aid. The farmers of Ireland have good cause to be grateful to the Plunkett group. In the light of so much accomplished and as one who has borne a prominent part in this particular struggle, it is not surprising that Mr. Russell sees things a little out of proportion. On any Socialist solution of any Irish problem Mr. Russell pours genial scorn. He has reached the Mid-Victorian stage in his criticisms of Socialism. But that need not detain us. The important thing is that Mr. Russell has a vision, and knows how to describe it. He sees a new country-life in Ireland full of colour, inspired by new conceptions. He sees the farm changed into an independent unit of efficient methods and with an added richness in all that he does and thinks. In short, Mr. Russell is a farmers’ man. He somehow fails to perceive the problem of the farmer’s labours and the bearing upon the town life of Ireland. But everything that he writes is so delightful and suggestive and so successfully conveys a true impression of the writer’s humour, insight and vitality that we readily forgive him for the incompleteness of his vision, because what he sees he sees clearly and describes with all the instinctive charm of a true artist.
Pastiche.

INITIAL MANIFESTO OF THE "FATUISTS" TO THE PUBLIC.

"We shall sing the love of danger,
We shall extol feverish insomnia, the somnambulist, the box on the ear.
For men on their death-bed... the admirable past may be balsam to their wounds. But we will have none of it—we, the young, the strong, and the living FUTURISTS! We are the primitives of a completely renovated sensitivity. We stand upon the summit of the world and once more we call our challenge to the stars! Our objections! Enough! Enough! We know them! Beware of repeating those infamous words! We stand upon the summit of the world!—Italian Futurists' Manifesto.

WORMS!—TURN!-

Borne on the moulding wings of the Past we come to you, alighting in a spiral vol-planè of ecstasy at your feet! TURN!-

Our message is of emancipation from the ruptured chains of Antiquity which bind you—Andromeda-like—to the rock of Tradition. Our assertion is that the auscultation of the ulcerous Perseus, and at our heels whirl the twin propellers of the "Antoinette." As we pass the stars faint and reel in their orbit and the moon turns sick with vertigo!-

WORMS!—TURN!!!-

The eldest of us is only six and a half years old (come April 1 next), and, with the assistance of our "Old Moore," we can turn this out of such thing by the ream; moreover, it has been calculated that if we live till we are twenty-one we will be able to:—

TURN!—WORMS!!-

We are Iconoclasts! Bubbling Aetnas in a state of dynamic frenzy.—Our mission is to destroy the Albert Memorial, Madame Tussaud's, "The Star and Garter," and the A.B.C. Depôt at South Kensington Station. (Failure this last, we might be satisfied with the Houses of Parliament or "Dirty Dicks").-

WORMS!—TURN!!!-

We wish to glorify—(the list of "Fatuists" is not yet completed). We are anarchists in baby-linen; Nemeses in bib-and-tucker: we are out for trouble and we simply don't care! So THERE!!!-

TURN!—WORMS!!-

Our Crown is Obscurity, our Sceptre—Disdain. Wreathe laurels about the areas of the Venus of Milo if you will; anoint with nard the feet of the Theseus if you must; scatter garlands before the Monna Lisa—if you can: but for us, a circle of garlic—devy and virginal—all about our ears!-

WORMS!!—TURN!!!-

(For we don't mind telling you, in confidence, that, in this time, we really are—"IT".)-

We DECLARE THAT:—

It is inevitable that the nauseating, sordid realism of the so-called "Futurists" must give way to a form of artistic expression more poetic and refined; the progressive academies is beginning to aspire towards the aceticism of the "Fatuists," and the day is not far distant when the painter who attempts to appeal to the emotions through the sense of sight will be as dead as Marionetti himself.

To us, the little devoted band of "Fatuists," belongs the honour of introducing the art of painting an appeal to the senses of Hearing and Smelling; we challenge the world to produce a painting comparable, in its varied appeal, with our adored Fulsome's portrait of Madame X. It is the finest painting we have heard since smelling Bunkum's memorable "Afterglow in a Turkish Bath" in the galleries at Verailles.

A description of this impecable work will serve to explain the attitude and motives of the "Fatuists." Our description is taken from the catalogue of our first exhibition at Limehouse.

No. 10.—Portrait of Mme. X. on the slack-wire. In this work Fulsome has endeavoured to express the sensations and emotion—TURN!!!—as it bends and sways beneath the weight of Mme. X. As it might be contended that Mme. X. never did walk upon a slack-wire the artist has anticipated the objection by leaving out, in a masterly manner, the lady from the picture.

As one approaches the canvas a curious, sickening odour is perceptible; this is expressive of Mme. X.'s imagination of the "Fatuists." The gradual crescendo of sound vibrations following the first sensation of scent is a masterly interpretation of the whisperments of that ponderous lady whose name gives the title to the picture.

Mingling with the strengthening odour of stale eggs and decaying vegetables (suggestive of the opinions of the audience-spectators) will be noticed a staccato movement in two syllables, vaguely suggesting the sounds "rot" and "ton," repeated regularly and at intervals; this may be aptly described as a polyphonic scentsymphony in duet form, expressing at once the opinions of Mme. X.'s pet poodle, and is further expressed, aromastically, by the faint odour of dog-biscuits soaking in weak wine.

In conclusion, we claim that this picture is a triumph of dynamic and static sound appealing in acoustatic and aromatical sense-vibrations to the sense of touch.

FULSOME'S OBITER DICTA.

"Silence is sound unexpressed."—

"Beauty is ugliness unexpressed."—

"The sweetest sounds are the hushed unspoken...."—

"Academies are Sarcophagi of the Soul."

"Give me health and a day and I will make the art of painting seem as nothing in comparison with the health of the individual."—

"Modern painting is the conscientious interpretation of nature seen through the distorting mirrors of convention."—

"The greatest art is the art of being understood...."

"Realism is the Impossible made plausible."

THE MERRY CHANCELLOR.

"Mr. Lloyd George's Fun.—Mr. Lloyd George dashed into the debate after Lord Robert Cecil. He soon had members smiling, laughing, and even pointing. His speech provided the vivacious episode of the night—whether it made for peace and progress is another matter. Members were, at any rate, much stirred, at any rate, come come of age!"

"Afterglow in a Turkish Bath.
Sonnet.

"We shall extol feverish insomnia, the somersault, the wine.
We shall sing the love of danger.
As fainter beats the nation's pulse,
And little children cry for bread
In many a home with hunger rife,
Whose fireless hearths no warmth can shed;
While wives and mothers faint and fail,
And coal is dwindling more and more,
And commerce dies by road and rail—
Loud laughs the Merry Chancellor!
While crewless ships in crowded ports
Are idly rotting side by side,
The Merry Chancellor makes sport
And mocks the Tories in his pride.
As slowly drag the dreadful hours,
And smaller, smaller grows our store,
He plays his dialectic powers
And sets the Commons in a roar.
As fainter beats the nation's pulse,
And feebler grows the nation's heart,
"Take notice of that bluff repulse,
He's always saying something smart,"
With jest and gibe and quick retort
He trounces Tim and Bonar Law.
"For God, it is a merry sport,
To hear our Merry Chancellor,
While death and hunger, hand in hand,
Knit the bowels of the poor.
Guant famine threatening all the land,
He jokes, the Merry Chancellor.
With fervid joy he thumps the box,
A sight for God and man to see;
The House of Commons reeds and rocks
In maddened waves of ecstasy.
Oh, little man of Cambrian birth,
To whom the Commons bow the knee;
Oh, maker of a ghastly mirth—
Oh, people ceasing to be free!

HAROLD B. HARRISON

SONNET.

[Addressed to the unknown subscriber who, in a "Times" library copy of Saintsbury's "History of Prosody," corrected "mourn" into "mourning."]

7 p.m.—

Who may you be, with itching quill correct,
That start up from some time-expired book
And throw your shadow 'tween me and my book?
Not mine? "Twas mine until you did detect
You abscond, sure, henceforth may expect
You present, turning "Morning" with your crook
To "Mourning," thus: Au. I will not brook
The tribe of my Aurora's sable-deckt!

7-30 p.m.—

I quitt, still heeling after. But quite
Was healed my eye; for, shutting you in sulk,
In maddened waves of ecstasy.
Wrapped you in thought, while I, rapt high mid night,
Saw silver-footed May behind the bulk
Of Taurus twit the blustering ram of Mars.

B. HASTINGS.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. A. E. RANDALL.

THE COAL STRIKE.

Sir,—I cannot allow the occasion to pass without tendering to you the heartiest thanks of a miner for the manner in which your journal (no, our journal) has stood by the cause of the miners in their struggle for a living wage. I avow myself a Socialist, and am a reader of The New Age from the first copy under the present régime.

Moreover, too, I would like to thank you, in particular, for the manner in which the writer of the “Notes of the Week” has bowed over the nonsensical demand of the owners for a “minimum output.” Every man who has any knowledge at all of mining knows that this is an utter impossibility; and the owners, in putting forward this demand, are either absolutely ignorant of the condition of things in the mines over which they have control (a proposition which is not at all acceptable), or they make the demand in order to balk the whole question.

No collier, however efficient he may be (and I write as one of twenty-two years’ experience), can guarantee a minimum output; and the demand for the same, when put forward by owners for a “minimum output,” means that there are people standing between the miner and, perhaps, shows his class prejudice.

In this particular district there are many collier readers of The New Age, and I can assure Mr. Pitt that in our miners’ institutes in the valleys of Monmouthshire he will almost always find The New Age on the tables for perusal.

In conclusion, I might add that, should Mr. Pitt so desire, I would have pleasure in forwarding him a copy of a miners’ journal circulating in Mon. not “devoted to cock-fighting and detailed accounts of football matches.”

I enclose an appreciation of The New Age from Mr. George Barker, miners’ agent for Western Valleys of Monmouthshire.

A REBEL.

Sir,—Would it not have been good policy on the part of the owners for a “minimum output”? Every man who has any knowledge at all of mining knows that this is an utter impossibility; and the owners, in putting forward this demand, are either absolutely ignorant of the condition of things in the mines over which they have control (a proposition which is not at all acceptable), or they make the demand in order to balk the whole question.

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A REBEL.
And, in fact, I claim to have pointed out that in many parts of the world this supremacy is already non-existent.

To give an example of progress in other nations (though I doubt whether this is necessary) I might quote the latest German returns for oversea trade. The first two months of this year showed a larger export than in the corresponding months of last year. It is quite probable that in a few years the Germans will have the greatest oversea trade in the world, and at present England could lock up the North Sea, is there any wonder that they direct great efforts towards the building of a fleet, or that they refuse to regard such a fleet as a luxury?

Why not recognise facts, then; quietly drop the word "supremacy," with all its hate-engendering properties, become the friends of Germany in lieu of her foes; and then direct our foreign policy to other ends than to our present continuous attempts to prevent German expansion?

Thüringen.

** Harry A. Whitty.

SIR RUFUS ISAACS.

SIR,—Your writer of "Notes of the Week," in your last issue, speaks of the following as the last and one (save the mark)—Sir Rufus Isaacs. Listen, oh listen to the laughter of the gods!

** Fitzpatrick Levi.

THE "EYE-WITNESS."

SIR,—In your contemporary, the "Eye-Witness," of last week an editorial writer set over against public opinion reading the evidence in the Seddon case "the judgment of the jury who actually saw and heard" the evidence, this it appears, is "a physical experience which no amount of reading can replace." But, surely, the implication of this is most serious and utterly wrong. Are the jury to add to their judgment on the evidence their own personal prepossessions in regard to the accused person? Such personal prepossessions are extremely prejudicial, and not even the most expert psychologist would venture to hang a man on his personal impressions.

** T. S. Lucas.

CAKE AND AN EGOIST.

SIR,—It is with horror that I see Mr. Thorne entangled with such an important anti-Socialist as Colonel Pollock. Having some experience of the class I hasten to the combat. Mr. Thora, "the social reformer," is a "man who is possessed for the welfare of society—and is therefore enabled to apply the standards ofcommonsense and justice to any problem.

Colonel Pollock, on the contrary, has "confess[ed] to a selfish preference for the 'idle rich' as compared with the 'idle poor,' because I am taxed for the support of the latter, whereas the former are contributors to the public revenue."

"As regards the 'idle rich,'" he says, "whom Mr. Thorne credits with the ability to eat and retain the cakes of the luxurious living, there are of these, I imagine, two classes—(1) 'wasters,' who live wantonly until they have run through their fortunes, and (2) those who have accumulated their wealth through the expenditures of dividends from investments, who, needing not to work for their living, further decline to employ their leisure in public life. Representatives of the former class do little harm to any but themselves, until they have eventually joined the 'idle poor,' and thus become a burden on the community; while those of the latter relentlessly fail to do all they might.

"What an invention! Wasters who 'run through their fortunes' can hardly be said to retain their cake, nor is the annual abstraction of 5 per cent. from the profits of society a mere lapse of the creditor's conscience.

"Assuming a successful nationalisation of wealth and entire State control of all industries, the fact remains that overseas, as amongst us, the workmen are indispensable." Fancy that! C. E. BECHOEPFER.

VIVISECTION.

SIR,—I am sorry that your writer of "Notes of the Week" has forsaken the admirably judicious tone which he usually
Vivisection Committee's Report. Whatever the rights and
employs and indulged in bloodcurdling shrieks about the
wrongs of the case, this is not the way to treat it usefully.
As with any other question, there are pros and cons which
must be quietly considered, for the unconsidered shriek so
often fails palpably to advance matters. For example,
would the writer be prepared to denounce as "fiendish"
all the million operations of a fortnight in order to
eating beef? If not, what right has he to be hysterical in the
isolated case of vivisection?
I must confess that my views on the subject are not
clearly crystallised. It can be looked on from two points-
the utilitarian and the moral. I am inclined to agree with
the writer of "Notes" that vivisection tends to divert research from
many of its highest and purest forms; that it is a thing which
in that, in the past, it has done great good to the world
at large, both in practical medicine and surgery also by
providing new knowledge. I am for the moment assuming that
the extension of the bounds of knowledge is a
possibility of differentiating—on the utility side—as could not
have been done otherwise—for further
research on gross matter which preceded and which swept
the isolated case of vivisection?
A vivisection laboratory is certainly not such a cruel place
as a slaughter-house. The majority of anti-vivisectionists
are quite ignorant of both. The valid objections to the
practice seem to me to be those of which we hear seldom:
As regards the first point, if those who wish to change
the utilitarian and the moral. I am inclined to agree with
cardinal de Retz is not too familiar
for the unconsidered shriek so
it as an ideal, or why my appreciation of its merits should
want to read an historian's review of an historical essay
I regret that I cannot see my way to substitute Mr. Huntly
Suffer me a little further. Some time ago Mr. Huntly
moral ones really, but sentimental. As, however,
with no more ancient an author than Stevenson, I can only refuse
sake of his safety shall be his. Oh noble warrior! Oh
my pocket Hercules! And may the gods deliver my darling
from the power of this dog.
I regret that I cannot see my way to substitute Mr. Huntly
moral question. I believe that it is an
life which is not wanton is immoral seems me to me
very open question, and I should hesitate to give one answer
which should cover all cases. But it is difficult to see why
Vivisection is more immoral than meat-eating, for example.
A vivisection laboratory is certainly not such a cruel place
as a slaughter-house. The majority of anti-vivisectionists
are quite ignorant of both. The valid objections to the
practice seem to me to be those of which we hear seldom:
(i) That it tends to divert science from more profitable
methods (ii) That it tends to spoil, in a very subtle way, the
things, because Mr. Vanne appreciates the difficulties
more than I do. But as I had to write my review without
Mr. Vanne's assistance, I had to adopt my own attitude towards
the difficulties and write accordingly.
A vivisection laboratory is certainly not such a cruel place
as a slaughter-house. The majority of anti-vivisectionists
are quite ignorant of both. The valid objections to the
practice seem to me to be those of which we hear seldom:
(i) That it tends to divert science from more profitable
methods (ii) That it tends to spoil, in a very subtle way, the
man who practises it.
As regards the first point, if those who wish to change
sentiments cannot be treated by argument, we must pass it
by. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,"
immoral. It is a special case of wanton waste, which is
always immoral—a vice. What the exact meaning of the
word "wanton" should be is not so clear. Whether destruction
of life which is not wanton is immoral seems me to me
a very open question, and I should hesitate to give one answer
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