NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Nor for the first time, though possibly on each occasion by inadvertence, has Mr. Asquith been denying the first principle of Representative Government. Speaking at Nottingham on Friday, he said: "So long as I possess the confidence of my friends I am indifferent to what is said on the other side." That attitude is to be expected of the fanatics of the caucus who believe in majority tyranny; but it is not suited to a Prime Minister, and, least of all, to Mr. Asquith, who has more than once corrected his party on this very subject. The objection he urged to the Referendum was, if we remember rightly, the objection that it in- 
volved the rule of the numerical majority irrespective of their real weight or of the feelings and ideas of the minority. The same objection, we believe, he urged against the doctrine of the Mandate. It assumed, he said, that the numerical majority of the electorate had the right not merely to lead in legislation, but to dictate to the minority, to be indifferent to what they say, and to push on to victory without giving quarter? Doubtless the matters about which the present majorities and minorities are disputed are of small importance; but they cannot always be expected to be so. Sooner or later great matters may come into dispute, and, when they do, Mr. Asquith's careless remarks may possibly be quoted against himself. The doctrine of majority tyranny, we repeat, is an infraction of the first rule of Representative Government. Representative Government admits that a majority has the right because it has the power to lead; but it denies that this right is absolute or is unconditional by responsibility to the minority as well. Power, wherever it resides, in a king, in a parliament, or in a majority, has its obligations; and its first obligation in a free country is to obtain the consent, as far as possible, of all who are subject to it.

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It is the more important in these days to hark back to first principles because on all sides, from practical experience no less than from theory, the doctrine of Representative Government is being challenged. Or rather, we should say, the doctrine is being attacked in the belief that the present political difficulties are due to Representative Government, and not, as we believe, to perversions of it. Mr. Fabian Ware, for example, in a book which will probably be a good deal discussed, The Worker and his Country, boldly announces that Representative Government has failed. The failure, he says, is not confined to this country and its causes cannot be sought in any local technical defects. And he adds that, even if a remedy could be found in a reconstruction of machinery, the time has passed for carrying it out. This extremely pessimistic view may, we admit, turn out to be true; but what will
The Caucus was as nearly as possible abandoned. The result might not have been the immediate restoration of Representative Government, though in our opinion it would have been favourable to its restoration. But after the speeches by Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne last week it is now doubtful whether, if the election should take place in the spring, the Conservatives will have a clear majority at all. Before even they have obtained power they have begun to show that like the Bourbons and the later Stuarts defeat has taught them the lesson that the moment whether a Tariff is in itself wise or unwise. The abstract economic wisdom or folly of the proposal is, in fact, not in question with the nation as a whole. The effective objection to Tariff Reform in this country is the popular mistrust of the corruption of Parliament. It is easy enough to imagine cases in which a patient may be aware that such and such an operation is necessary to his health and yet may fear to entrust the task to the skilled doctor that he employs. Parallel with Parliament and Tariff Reform is roughly true. Whatever may be the merits of Tariff Reform, the nation simply cannot trust the House of Commons, as at present constituted, to administer it scientifically. At this very moment Parliament is under suspicion of corrupt practices in the persons of some of its chief Ministers. It is known that the recent multiplication of bureaucrats has been largely made to bribe the instruments of the two caucuses. In fact Parliament is to-day less implicitly trusted than it was even in the days of Walpole's fall. Is it therefore policy for a party aspiring to office to demand as a condition of service powers which the nation could scarcely trust to reputed archangels? Yet Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Lansdowne both declared that Tariff Reform should be their first constructive measure. The only effect of this declaration will be to good the Tariff Reformers into new excesses of propaganda, and the nation at large into renewed apathetic resistance. No general enthusiasm for a rate, such as would ensure a substantial Conservative majority, is now probable, come the General Election when it may.

At the same time that they have made the positive mistake of sacrificing their future to Mr. Chamberlain's ghost, they have made the negative mistake of shilly-shallying on the Insurance Act. Nothing is more obvious than that every single interest intended to be protected by the Act might have been mortally displeased. The only interest that is pleased with it is the Industrial Assurance interest, represented by the Prudential and other private companies, which were excluded from the original draft of the scheme. The Friendly Societies, the Trade Unions, and the insured persons themselves (save some two millions), though they are “working” the Act and putting a good face on it, are, in fact, working it under conditions which they would be horrified to believe are permanent. As for the Government, the certainty that many of their “leaders” are in Mr. Lloyd George's pocket, they are not working the Act at all. Like the Friendly Societies and Trade Unions, only with more dignity, they are waiting until some party in Parliament undertakes to repeal the Act or drastically amend it. For that service, we say, a harvest of electoral gratitude is awaiting a bold political party. On the promise of drastic amendment or repeal of the Insur. An Act alone the Tory Party might have ridden into power if at the same time Tariff Reform had been called to heel. But under what influence we know not. The Tories have committed the maximum number of blunders under circumstances of minimum simplicity. At the moment that they put the Tariff Reformers at the head of their procession they drop the repeal of the Insurance Act further off than their tail. On both these grounds the Tory majority may be anticipated to be small, if any. We doubt, indeed, whether it will be a majority.

Of the remaining parties, however, it is difficult to imagine that any one, save the Irish, will return to Parliament as strong as it leaves. The Irish may be expected, while Home Rule is still in doubt, to remain in numbers very much what they are; but undoubtedly both the Liberal and the Labour Parties will lose
ground. The only question is, how much? So arrogant has been the official Liberal Party and so obsequious has been the Labour Party as to say, popular doctors with both of them might have assured their overwhelming defeat if the Tories had exercised a little common-sense. As it is, however, we may expect a small reduction in the numbers of both the Irish Party and Labour Fragment. Of the Labour Fragment, however, it will not be wise to make too certain at this moment. As everybody knows, there are forces at work in the Labour movement that may make it impossible for the next Labour group to tie its hands in the Liberal pockets. The movement is profoundly dissatisfied with its present leaders. Even the L.L.P. is unable to raise enough to finance more candidates than are already in the field; and these will attract only on condition of renewed militancy. The prospect is therefore a precarious alliance at best of the Labour group with whatever party bids for its support. In other words, a fresh Coalition would have even less solidarity than the present Coalition, and its success would need to placate the Labour Party with large shadows, if not substances, of social reform. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that pause will be made by both the two historic parties before committting themselves or each other to a Coalition of this kind. The King’s Government must, it is true, be carried on, and must be carried on by means of a Parliamentary majority; the only alternative (and it is one that is already a dictatorship, semi-or otherwise). When the problem can no longer be postponed, therefore, the choice must be made between renewing the present Coalition on less advantageous terms to the nation as a whole, and forming a Coalition between the Liberal and Tory Parties—the moderates, that is, of each. But the latter course would involve the destruction of the Caucus system, as we know it. The Caucus would not survive the absence of the leader, nor maintain it. A fresh Conference of Eight might do what the last failed to do—put Representative Government once more on trial by the abolition of the usurping Caucus.

We are reckoning, needless to say, only on known or knowable factors. Almost anything on the Liberal side may occur to falsify our forecast. On the Tory, Labour and Irish sides nothing, we think, is likely to happen that we have not taken into account. Long before they needed to do so the Tories have shot their bolt; they have declared for Tariff Reform and there’s an end of them. The Irish and Labour Parties, on the other hand, have no bolt to shoot. What they are and what we know and what we know; there is no mystery about them. Behind each of them stands an army of incalculable potentiality, the English proletarian and the Irish people respectively; but who is prepared to believe that these forces can affect their Parliamentary masters? The unprecedented Labour unrest of the last two years has left the Labour Members more Conservative and less representative of their class than ever. The unprecedented indifference of the Irish peasant proprietors to Home Rule has left the Irish Party as fixedly resolved on it as ever. Both Parliamentary parties, in fact, are what is called “set,” and nothing save the crack of doom can change them. In consequence they are factors as calculable as masses of inert matter. But it would be dangerous to attribute to the Liberal Party or even to Mr. Lloyd George the Cabinet the same easy calculability. We detect their present social legislation; from the date of the emergence of Mr. Lloyd George from his Welsh Nonconformist obscurity (would that he had always remained obscure, for real democracy is anonymous), the social legislative career of the Government has been one long crime against society. But with the coming amendment of the Insurance Act it is possible that Mr. Lloyd George may find himself in Wales once more. The effect of his removal from the Liberal Cabinet can hardly be estimated in sober terms, as advocates like Dr. Saleebey or the Bishop of Hereford appeared capable of appreciating. They are really on a par with the objections to Tariff Reform. Nobody, least of all ourselves, would deny that feeble-mindedness is on the increase. In a series of articles, as striking as they have been moderate and informed, Mr. Randell has been examining the subject in these pages and has come to conclusions not dissimilar from those of many of the eugenists. But the practical problem of legislation is a different matter altogether. Feeble-mindedness, criminal as well as harmless, may be even dangerously on the increase; but it does not follow that the first hasty proposals of the eugenists are to be adopted. On the contrary it would be preferable to treat Englishmen as Englishmen, and not as Germans, school-children, tramps and imbeciles. Should the event speak of come about our present calculations will happily be upset; and nobody will be more glad to have been false prophets.

A word or too on one of the minor Bills now or recently before Parliament. It is with much pleasure that we learn that the Feeble Minded Bill has been withdrawn. The objections are powerful, and as advocates like Dr. Saleebey or the Bishop of Hereford appear capable of appreciating. They are really on a par with the objections to Tariff Reform. Nobody, least of all ourselves, would deny that feeble-mindedness is on the increase. In a series of articles, as striking as they have been moderate and informed, Mr. Randell has been examining the subject in these pages and has come to conclusions not dissimilar from those of many of the eugenists. But the practical problem of legislation is a different matter altogether. Feeble-mindedness, criminal as well as harmless, may be even dangerously on the increase; but it does not follow that the first hasty proposals of the eugenists are to be adopted. On the contrary it would be preferable to treat Englishmen as Englishmen, and not as Germans, school-children, tramps and imbeciles. Should the event speak of come about our present calculations will happily be upset; and nobody will be more glad to have been false prophets.

To say that feeble-mindedness and unemployability might not be confused? Already the eugenists have satisfied themselves that pauperism is hereditary. Lastly, it is the business of real reformers to resist every drastic remedy proposed. To urge Drastic remedies in scorn of precedent we are prepared to adopt for society’s real disease, poverty; but for the after-effects of poverty no new and unprecedented remedy whatever. It is contemptible that flogging should be revived to manage men’s and women’s low wages: but Jeffreys is a precedent; we are in the English tradition, albeit at its worst. But there is no precedent for sterilizing the unpleasant products of a system that ought to be emancipated. And during this session, at any rate, we are astonished to know that the precedent will not be established. Dr. Saleebey and the Bishop of Hereford may go and keep rabbits,
Current Cant.

"There are not, and cannot be, slaves in England today, because nobody can own another's person directly or indirectly."—Morning Post.

"The public opinion of England is essentially Christian."—Harold Bipher.

"It is one of the glories of the Press that it helps to keep awake a sense of generous humanity."—Gilson Young.

"The whole conscience of the world has been awakened to the fact that hundreds of thousands of men and women live upon the degradation of young girls—and the conscience of the world has said that these things shall stop."—The Bishop of London.

"The poor divorced people will sink lower and lower, becoming completely white slaves."—Rev. Lord William GascovnE Ckrl.

"Thank God the various Cadet organisations are now generally recognised. . . . Without such organisations the young men of the country would not learn to sink their individuality and personality."—The Bishop of Kensington.

"The opinion of the ordinary Englishman has changed from the time when he looked upon sacred Scriptures as something too sacred to be used on an ordinary occasion."—Canon Newbolt.

"The motto and the watchword of the 'Palace' Music Hall is Art and Morality."—Alfred Butt.

"We do not ignore political facts."—Pall Mall.

"We believe that the line upon which the Church of Christ and the Church of England has actcd and spoken is based upon large principles of the common well-being as well as upon the guidance and direction which comes from above."—The Arch Bishop of Canterbury.

"The kingly call of His Majesty King George to 'Wake up, England!' and the wonderful work of the Pelman School have instituted a mental revolution."—Pelman advertisement.

"Unionism is opposed to Separatism in every shape and form—class separatism no less than national."—Pall Mall.

"No persuasive attempts have been made to show that Mr. Lloyd George's proposals are not fair on their financial side."—News and Leader.

"The Fabian Society has already rendered and will, no doubt, continue to render, signal services to the workers."—Emile Vanderveld, in 'Everyman.'

"Here lies the secret of Mr. R. J. Campbell's strangely woven spell. He can read and voice the soul's intolerable ache. More than that he can snatch the soul from the thraldom of self into the glorious freedom of its true inheritance."—F. Hermann.

"Her Majesty does not at all approve of the idea of letting the Prince have a separate establishment until he is safely married."—London Mail.

"Charles Gavince has the gift of the born story-teller—a gift as inceasable of analysis as the bouquet which arises from the goblet of glowing wine."—N.H.W., in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'

"The best novel of 1913 will be the one I am now writing."—B. Macdonald Hastings.

"Do not make your ideal gold, it will degrade you; make your ideal righteousness and you shall get the gold in addition. . . ."—Rev. W. L. Watkinson, D.D.

"Civilisation is a great system of transfers. Each one does the thing he can do best, and works for the good of all."—Albert Hubbard, in the 'London Budget.'

"Liberals are the friends of all nations and the enemies of none."—A. W. Black, M.P.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The New Age, so far as I can discover, was the first paper to suggest that the Bulgarians were not having matters all their own way, and that the terms of peace could not, in fairness, bear so heavily on the Turks as was at first recommended by our most Christian Press. I have seldom known a modern war disgraced by such one-sided fanaticism, which King Ferdinand, in one of his early proclamations, was the first to introduce. Contrary to the usual practice, it was the Turks who expressly declared that the war was not to be conducted as if it were a religious campaign; and it was therefore the Christians who emphasised the necessity for fanaticism. My only hope is that these attempts to prejudice the situation in favour of the Balkan League will recoil, as they seem likely to do, on the Turkish defence at Chatalja, even if it cannot be followed up by any offensive action, must secure for the Ottoman Empire more favourable consideration than would otherwise have been possible.

Let me emphasise the point which I may not have made sufficiently clear in previous notes. The possessions of the Turk in Europe formed a very small part of the dominions of the Ottoman Empire, the natural basis of which is in Asia. But we must not forget the incalculable effects of prestige. The Turks have long been the advance guard of the Moslem race. The Arabs might be ejected from Spain, but the glorious conquest of Constantinople and the Balkan Peninsula restored the balance. There is a charm, for the historian and the man of letters, in the very name of Constantinople; and its possession, apart altogether from its strategic value, means a great deal to the Moslems throughout the world. There is, it is true, a movement in and around the capital to return to Asia Minor and let the Christian dogs squabble among themselves over the bone; but there are numerous and influential Turks who fully realise the value of this heritage, and mean to hold it as long as they can.

Anything else which I might have wished to say about the Turk has already been admirably said for me by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall in articles contributed to this journal, and I will therefore pass on to the diplomatic situation which has arisen out of the war. The Austro-Servian question is no nearer solution; and the attacks by the Servians on Austrian consuls, about which further particulars have now come to hand, have intensified Austrian feeling against Servia to an extraordinary degree. The remarks I made last week touching Albania, Austria, and Italy
still hold good; nothing further has been done. Surprisingly enough, efforts are being made by the Foreign Offices at St. Petersburg and Berlin to come to an agreement in view of their common interests in the Balkans; and, although both Germany and Austria have let it be known semi-officially that they will not enter a European Conference, there seems to be little doubt, if my information from the Ballplatz itself is correct, that they will at all events ‘exchange views’ with the other Powers.

One of the latest suggestions is that Albania might conceivably be internationalised, but under Austrian officials and a resident British Consul, which would be equivalent to putting the province in nearly the same position as Herzegovina and Bosnia before their annexation in 1908. Whatever happens, diplomats still hope that such elements satisfactory to all parties will be reached without a further series of conflicts.

It must be noted that Greece is not exactly satisfied with the result of the operations. The Greeks had set their hearts on securing Salonika; the little resistance they met with enabled them at least to occupy the town. But the strength of the Greeks, as of the other partners in the League, is weakening, and the weakness is being intensified by disagreements among them, despite the common dangers from Bulgaria, which has wriggled two or three times last week in connection with Servia’s demand for a port—now she wished to support her partner and now she did not. Russia—the fact has not been mentioned elsewhere—has sternly warned Bulgaria that her permanent occupation of Constantinople, assuming that King Ferdinand’s troops ever got there, would not be tolerated.

By now, however, it is clearly seen that the Bulgarians cannot hope to penetrate the Chatalja line, except at the heavy cost of enormous numbers of men. The army has already suffered severely, and it would be unwise to lose more troops for what would be, considered from a material standpoint, a barren victory. The Bulgarians have already done very well, and if an armistice were patched up now King Ferdinand’s prestige would not suffer very greatly. On the other hand, if he insists on keeping his men before Chatalja without attempting to proceed further, his popularity will begin to wane even in his own capital. It would be an inglorious end to a rapid campaign to withdraw from the only serious line of defence yet encountered.

I have said that Germany and Austria did not desire a Conference so much as an exchange of views. I understand that, if a Conference is forced, Germany will propose a discussion of the following points:—

(1) The opening of the Durandelles to the warships of all nations.

(2) The internationalisation of Albania under Austrian officials.

(3) A purely commercial port for Servia.

(4) An international railway to be built, connecting this port with Continental Servia, the Servian Government having special privileges over the control of the line.

(5) The rectification of the Roumano-Bulgarian frontier, a small portion of Bulgarian territory being ceded to Roumania by way of “compensation.”

(6) The question of the occupation of the Aegae Islands, some of them being internationalised, others held by Greece, and a few being held by Turkey.

This will form a controversial and very important programme for discussion, even if it does not reach the stage of a Conference and ends with a mere “exchange of views.” In Great Britain, it might as well be added, cannot expect to play the same rôle at any such Conference as she did at the Berlin Congress. We have no Disraeli; and both our prestige and our credit have suffered many shocks in recent years—the shock in 1908 was not the most recent.

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**Guild Socialism.**

The Finance of the Guild.

In our preceding chapter, we argued that the primary object of the Trust was financial, and that it would be the duty of the Guild to meet effective demand unhindered by the dominance of finance. Is this feasible? Unless the Trust could create and distribute its own products, it must necessarily fall back upon the capitalist to help it out. But the capitalist, by this time, will be exploiting regions beyond the control of Caesar, and, in any event, he will know that only temporary accommodation will be required, therefore, rule out the private capitalist without more ado. Guild administration associated with private capitalism would be a contradiction in terms. But the banks of to-day are purely capitalist organisations, but are absorbed. That being the case, the whole banking system must be transformed.

Let us then inquire what are the financial problems that confront the Trust.

Firstly, payment must be made for raw material, and particularly foreign raw material. Cotton must be bought in America; corn and wheat in America, India, Russia, and elsewhere. Indigo, rice, silk, coffee, tea must be imported from their several countries of origin. In short, the first problem the Guilds must face is our commercial and financial relationship with other countries. For the purpose of this argument, we will assume that Great Britain is the only country that has adopted the Guild system. We have shown in our chapter on “International Relations and the Wage System” how other countries, particularly Germany, France, and America, would be compelled to follow our example, because, otherwise, they would find themselves competing with us handicapped by the excessive burden of rent, interest, and profits—a burden that would be felt more in regard to increased productivity, with its consequent greater exchange value, than in regard to existing prices, for ex hypothesi, rent, interest, and profits are absorbed in labour, the exchange value of the existing unit not being disturbed. But if, as we suggested in our chapter, “A Survey of the Material Factors,” we examine the economic conditions in the existing transit and put 2,000,000 more workers to actual production, it would follow that we should have a vastly greater quantity of merchandise to barter with foreign countries and, in consequence, our exchange value in the world’s market would be inestimably appreciated. We have met many serious and well-intentioned men who could not accept Socialism as an operative principle because they could not see how, under Socialism, we could maintain our position in the world’s market. So far as State Socialism is concerned, we believe this objection to be fatal. State Socialism predicates the continuance of rent, interest, and profits—the compensation (paid in State bonds bearing interest) being equal to the capital value of the expropriated industries—plus increased wages—the bire to labour—and would accordingly be compelled to add to existing costs the amount of the increased wage plus the less economical administration of the bureaucrat. The equation, therefore, works out as follows—

Cost of Production under State Socialism = Raw Material + Standing Charges + Rent + Interest + Profits + Increased Wages.

Cost of Production under Guild Socialism = Raw Material + Standing Charges + Pay.

The increased wages postulated under State Socialism would amount to at least £150 per worker per annum; the pay postulated under Guild Socialism need not equal the sum of the existing wage plus the charge exacted by rent, interest, and profits.

Therefore, as State Socialism would enter the world’s market handicapped by increased cost, our national exchange capacity would be depreciated; but as Guild Socialism would enter the world’s market
with a decreased cost and an increased output, our national exchange value would be materially appreciated.

Suppose that State Socialism pays an increased wage of £10 a year, and that there are 5,000,000 workers each to its own members, we are constantly having to procure raw or semi-finished products from abroad with an increased handicap of £50,000,000 per annum—an average increase cost of 10 per cent. But the Guilds, apart from the decrease in cost induced by increasingly accelerated production, could easily reduce the cost by 10 per cent.—saved out of rent, interest, and profits—and accordingly enter the world’s market with £50,000,000 decreased cost of products, plus the increased output.

Bearing these facts in mind, it remains to be considered how the Guilds will finance the purchase of their foreign materials.

Whatever changes in our monetary system the Guilds may inaugurate at home, it is certain that so long as private capitalism obtains abroad, our goods sold abroad must be valued at the gold standard. This would, of course, mean only a simple actuarial calculation. If under the Guilds a labour unit produced in one day and sold for £100, the price would be converted to the British labour unit. The Guilds have only to decide on what unit of value they wish to base their calculations, and to resolve into a simple banking transaction. But the peculiar quality of gold is that it is monetized in such a way as to prevent the accumulation of gold. The banks, representing private capital, analyse the aggregate Guilds' financial transactions, and find that, upon the Guild's own products sold. Whatever changes in our monetary system the Guilds may make, they must not displace by gold but must remain on a commodity basis. In consequence, our supply of raw materials and of commodities bought or receive whatever is due for their own products sold.

The main concern of the Guild will be to ensure real value passing from the labour of the members into the Guild products. But that raises the problem of motive, about which there will have something to say in a subsequent chapter.

The object of measuring the Wage Slave's work is to see that the worker is compelled to buy. If cease to be a monopoly, or if the worker be no longer compelled to use it, its artificial value has disappeared. If, however, the Guilds have a monopoly of labour, they are no longer compelled to accept gold as the measure of labour's value. The bank capitalist, say: "We will pay your labour and pay for it in gold." "No," reply the Guilds, "we are not selling labour for wages, paid in gold; we do not want your gold; we propose to apply our labour to raw materials or our own products, and to consume the products." After that the price of a gold Albert watch-chain would be about tenpence and gold signet rings about three a penny.

Nevertheless, in the early days of Guild Socialism, some unit of value, not strictly the gold unit, would have to be reached. For this reason: The different Guilds would probably appreciate their labour at differing values. The engineers might still aim at remaining the aristocrats of labour; the scavengers might not be able, at once to exact their dues; but by the Guilds may have reached a democratic equality in the matter of pay (not wages, please note), there would doubtless be variations in the valuation of the respective trades, an engineer receiving perhaps 100 guilders a week and a scavenger 60. Suppose, then, that we give a name to our labour unit—let us call it a "guild"—we reach at once a working basis. The scavenger each week earns 60 guilders, the engineer 100, the cotton operative 75, the tailor 48, and so on. The salary these guilders are expressed on bits of cheap metal or on bits of parchment is practically immaterial. It is our labour unit and exchangeable through all these guilds. What, then, would be the modus operandi? We have postulated that each Guild is its own banker.

But just as our present banks have their several branches, so also would the Guilds have theirs. These branches would doubtless be the counting-houses of the Guilds, or the banks of the particular works where the Guild members are employed. Now let us see how the fortunes of John Smith, member of the engineering section of his Guild. After a week's work he is credited with 100 guilders. As he is going to a football match, he probably puts 5 guilders in his pocket. He pays half a guilder for a seat, having purchased an ounce of tobacco, also half a guilder, and possibly had a mid-day meal, say one guilder. He rides home on a free tramcar, and buys his weekly papers at some convenient depot of the distributive Guild. He also has his eye upon an exceptionally good piano. Thus, week by week he accumulates guilders, and they lie to his credit at his Guild bank. In this way, we perceive that the Guilds will be constantly holding large accumulations of their members' savings. They, of course, pay no interest, because the system of interest is gone with the wage system. But just as the banks lead their customers' deposits to their borrowers, so, in like manner, the Guild banks have always a ready supply of guilders to apply to their improvements and the other transactions of their business. In some such way as this will the Guilds make their financial arrangements. They will bank the savings of their members, and, through the Guild Clearing House, they will pay whatever is due to the other Guilds for commodities bought or receive whatever is due for their own products sold.

The main concern of the Guild will be to ensure real value passing from the labour of the members into the Guild products. But that raises the problem of motive, about which there will have something to say in a subsequent chapter.
The Black Crusade.
By Marmaduke Pickthall.

IV.—The Victims.

People who depend upon the Press for information must imagine that the Christians under Turkish rule have been worse off than the Mohammedans. This has not been true for the last fifty years. The material condition of the average Christian subject of the Porte is now superior to that of the average Moslem; owing to foreign interference of a nature very galling to the latter. Had the latter feeling called “fanaticism,” the chief cause of massacres. Subject Christians never have been persecuted by the Moslems for their faith. They have been slaughtered for the crime of usury—a very heinous one in the opinion of old-fashioned Moslems—and in revenge for outrages real or imagined; but chiefly for escaping from the common lot of Turkish subjects. Missionary efforts (which the capitulations of the Berlin Treaty rendered arrogant by putting them outside the law); perpetual intervention by the Powers of Europe, each guarding its own brand of native Christians above all the territorial status secured by the Capitulations to all the subjects, resident in Turkey, of some fourteen Christian Powers, together with their servants and dependents (nearly always native Christians)—all this has tended to advance the Nizarene at the expense of the Mohammedan; at the same time making the administration of the country a task of almost superhuman tact and difficulty. In its eagerness to please the taskmasters, who have never shown the least consideration for the Moslems, the Porte itself has paid undue attention to its Christian subjects. The poorer Moslem has his pride as conqueror, and little else, remaining.

Take the instance of Damascus in 1860, too ancient now to be the ground of controversy. The Christians of that city had been arrogant, and bore a burden of advantages which they derived from the protection of the foreign consuls. The Moslems were annoyed. Some lads of a low class made little crosses out of bits of wood and tied them to the tails of some street dogs, which they sent running through the Christian quarter. The Russian consul was informed of this, and in a fume went to the Waly and demanded that the miscreants should be imprisoned. This was done. The consul then thought that they should be led out in chains to sweep the streets of the Christian quarter. That, too, was done. Behelding Moslems thus degraded, the whole city rose. There was a temporary insurrection of such violence that the authorities were powerless to cope with it. The Russian consul’s house was first burned.

Foreign interference of a still less unwarrantable kind preceded the “Bulgarian atrocities.” As far as I know, in two cases only can massacres be fairly charged to the Turkish authorities, and both those cases happened in the reign of the late Sultan, whom the Turks themselves deposed with ignominy for his cruelty. Moslem “fanaticism,” as expressed in slaughter of subjected Christians, was hardly known before the nineteenth century, the era of foreign interference on behalf of Christians with no other object than to get a finger in the pie.

Of old the Christians laboured under disabilities, closely resembling English penal laws against the Roman Catholics, except that their worship was not proscribed. They paid a tax (a very small one) annually for their lives which were technically forfeit to the conquerors; and in return were freed from service in the wars, the hardest burden of their Moslem neighbours. That poll-tax was commuted in the nineteenth century—by a more arrogant, more contemptuous imperial power, who thought it an immense indignity—to one “in lieu of military service” (bedelieh ‘askerieh) on a higher scale! Moslem and Christian lived together comfortably, even exchanging jibes about religion without rancour, as many genial folk-tales live to witness. They do so still, where still on equal terms. It is only where the hand of the foreign “protector” has been seen, endeavoured to raise the Christian as against the Moslem, that hatred thrives.

Ottoman Christians have so many fierce supporters at this moment that the case of the poor Mohammedan will very likely be refused all hearing. The condition of the Turkish rank and file, revealed in this campaign, might awaken pity for him; so might the fact that no less than a million Moslems are homeless, having fled before an enemy whose “mercy” is a household word among them. On him, for the last fifty years and more, the burden of bad government has chiefly fallen. He bears it stoically while the Christian hosts. He has had no protector. His own Government—supposed by theorists to think of him exclusively—has, in fact, been kept too busy by the interference of the Powers to think of him at all. Yet he is loyal, and would sooner die than become a Christian rule.

It was chiefly for the sake of the Mohammedans that one hailed the prospect of a new régime in Turkey. The grant of “equal rights to all”—derided wrongly, for, if the fact was unattainable, the declaration was much needed, and did good—meant more to the Mohammedan than to the Christian. For latter it involved some terrors—notably military service, for which the townbred Christians of the Empire are unfitted physically. For the former, it held promise of fair play, a fair share of the country’s burdens and no more, a hope that foreign Powers would cease their favouritism, main cause of bitterness between the two religions. That promise and that hope are now defunct. The Crusade has raised a war-cry among Western nations against the very people who are most deserving of enlightened pity. Hounded from pillar to post, reviled and persecuted, with every circumstance of gross injustice, the unfortunate Mohammedans are now at bay. In Macedonia, through the years of peace so called, they have had to fight for bare existence with Bulgarian and Serbian armies, in terror of Christian fanaticism. Conquest of the Government. Power, even by the Powers, would be an admission that Christianity the kind intention to exterminate them.

And not one Christian Power stands up for Turkey.

Where will this hateful persecution end? The victors will probably have it in their power to show, when terms are in discussion, that hardly a Moslem has been left alive in European Turkey; therefore the Moslem question need not be considered. The Turks are driven out of Europe. What ensues? Continued interference with the Asiatic provinces, preventive of reform, more breach of treaty, more length and depth of a Black Crusade. Had only one great Christian Power stood up for Turkey, events would not have worn their present aspect of grim conspiracy; Mohammedans would not have set them down to Christian fanaticism. Conquest is no solution of the Moslem difficulty. The Moslem, under Christian rule, conforms to progress, but does not progress; he cannot truly, for the progress thus demanded is foreign to his nature and expressed in hostile terms. Where gross injustice of the Christian has preceded conquest, he will nourish rancour, and all his co-religionists through the world will nurse it, too, on his behalf. It was, therefore, of the first importance that the last great Moslem Power, desiring to advance out of the Middle Ages into modern life, should have been protected and encouraged to the utmost by England, with her millions of Mohammedans. What is going to be done to secure that Power from fresh aggressions in the future?

One looks in vain for ministers for any utterance illumining the subject. Their speeches, as reported, are entirely puerile; and must proceed from either ignorance or utter callousness. One looks in vain for any traces of a policy, since the mere “maintenance of peace never can be the goal of a policy” (to quote a recent work of the Foreign Office). And Turkey, her trust in England. Poor dear old Kamil Pasha was thinking, doubtless, of the Crimean days, when she had statesmen and a clear, far-seeing policy. To-day he sees her follow Russia with the hangdog looks of an accomplice; she is represented by Sir Edward Grey.
More Hygienic Jinks.

By Charles Brodsker.

THE NEW AGE

November 28, 1912.

Attempt to drown the noise in applause. George N. Barnes, M.P., with an air of ill-assumed nonchalance, advances towards the front and is heard to declare his intention of speaking his ten minutes out. This is the signal for a fresh outburst of individual possessed of a raucous voice can be heard incessantly booming above the din. All this while Barnes is talking inaudibly. A long-necked mongrel sitting in the stalls suddenly roars forth, "Vah! boo!" which has the effect of rousing J. W. Shaw's Fahion wrath. White with passion, he rushes along the seats, and seizing the mongrel's right arm, shakes it vigorously, to the surprise and amusement of those near. Shouts of "Go to the Liberal Party," "Four hundred a year," "Who sent the workers?" fill the air. The word "Traitor" is heard and is immediately caught up by the entire gallery. Barnes then resumes his seat amidst a chorus of groans, and the din suddenly subsides.

Jean Longuet (speaking in English): I am rather of the opinion that a working-class and Socialist movement for France. (Cheers.) There are four hundred Socialist candidates and seventy-five actual Socialist members of the assembly. (Cheers.) The demonstrations in all the capitals of Europe are being held in all of the European Powers in the Balkan Settlement, and to urge the Prevention of War among the Nations. The London Opera House.

Time: Sunday, November 17, about 8 p.m. (The hall is fairly well filled, the gallery being packed to its limit, while the circle and stalls are almost full; a few boxes are also occupied. As the Student enters, he is interrupted by shouts of "Is this a bloomin' prayer meeting?" "Hear, hear," and applause. The stalls: "Sh—sh—sh."

CHAIRMAN: (Fried.) This representative meeting of the British nation has assembled here to give voice to a sentiment which united Europe has raised in protest against the crime of war; and also to protest against any interference by the Powers of Europe which will prevent a just and right solution of the Eastern Question. (Cheers.) The dark and underground policies of diplomats must go. Foreign affairs have too long been secret; they must now be discussed in the light of day. The machinations of international financiers have been the cause of the war. The defeat of their diabolical schemes would make the life of the world all the sweeter, and the peace of the world all the more secure. (Loud applause.) I will now ask Edward Anseele to speak in support of the motion which you will find on page two of the programme. (Applause and programme rustling.

Edward Anseele, Member of Belgian Chamber of Representatives (speaking French in the vile accent peculiar to the Belgians): The 17th November, 1912, will be remembered as the day on which the demonstrations taking place in all the capitals of Europe were held in the assembly of the Socialists of the world. (Loud cheers.)

The demonstrations will be remembered as the day on which the meeting at Basle to protest against militarism, (Loud applause.)

The workers of Europe have decided that in the event of any further wars being declared, the disturbances will only cease with the destruction of rifles, and organised labour is the only force capable of carrying war against war to a successful issue. (Loud cheers.)

Steampipes in Europe are the incarnation of duplicity and hypocrisy, and as for the Churches, they are only too ready to bless arms. (Cheers.) The time has come. (Loud cheers.)

I, ZOO,OOO, have spoken in the name of the workers of the world. I have spoken for the working-class and the Socialist workers of the world. I have spoken in the name of the world. (Cheers.)

The menace of the general strike is a weapon in the hands of the working-classes. (Cheers.)

HARRY QUELCH, Member of International Socialist Bureau. (He is the original of Tenniel's drawing of the White Knight in "Alice through the Looking-glass.") I regret the demonstration we have just witnessed. We are here to protest against the machinations of financiers and of the gunmakers and steel-makers. (Cheers.)

This terrible war has already cost 150,000 human lives. The peasants—and I pronounce it peasants—of France are not prepared to give up their lives for all the dirty tricks of financiers, and of the gunmakers and steel-makers. (Cheers.)

We are all brothers in this world. ("Hear, hear.")

The peasants of France, the peasants of Belgium, the peasants of the world, have a right to life, to liberty, to happiness; and the peasants of the world are not content with an inferiority to the bourgeoisie. (Loud cheers.)

We have a world to win and nothing to lose but your chains. (Loud cheers.)

Platon E. Drokoules, Greece. (He is a short, stout man with a grey beard and a pleasant face, though not a particularly intelligent one. His speech is quite inaudible, only a few words here and there being distinct. He speaks for well over his ten minutes, though intimations have not been lacking from the direction of the gallery that time is passing. He refuses to take any notice, and is eventually dragged to his seat by his wife—or daughter—assisted by the chairman.

Miss Hicks: I must voice the women's point of view. Cruel war . . . Strong men . . . agony . . .

Hired assassins . . . Fathers and sons . . .

Revolution . . . blood. (Cheers.)

(A show of hands is taken and the audience denotes that it is unanimously in favour of some resolution or other. The meeting is then declared closed. While the speakers are all standing in a group for the purposes of flash-light photography, several of the gallery take the opportunity once again of unburdening their minds against Barnes, who is by this time thoroughly unhappy. The strains of "The Struggle is not over though the prospect of interesting events taking place, staggers out of the building, and drowns his sorrows in drink).
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

(1) Agriculture and Industry.

About eighteen months ago an issue of The New Age contained an ingenious and unedited Opinion. The writer of it complained of the inefficiency of business men and argued that the artist, if he wished, could make a good business man, and that a good business man would make a good writer; for business, said the "Opinion," was an art like any other art, and could be managed properly only by artists. This, at least, was the spirit of the argument.

I could not help thinking of this particular Unedited Opinion when I read the editorial article in the "Irish Homestead" of November 16, 1910; and why did Ireland, given the fact, more or less superfluous, and to set up agriculture in its place? It is of importance that this subject is brought to light, but always accurate, philosophical touches that show traces of the Vedas and the Upanishads.

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Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.

By William Poel.

Shakespeare and Ben Jonson.

The mystery in which the history of this play is shrouded will allow students, for the information available is scanty. The play was entered in the "Stationers' Register" on February 7, 1603, as "The Booke of Troilus and Cresseda," but it was not to be printed until the publisher had got the necessary permission from its owner, the same book, which it is said by my Lord Chamberlens's men," and a play of Shakespeare's had never before been entered in the Register as one that was being acted at the time of its publication, plays being seldom printed in those days unless which the actors of that theatre approved. In addition to the altered title there appeared on the back of the new leaf a preface, and this was another unusual proceeding, for one had never before appeared attached to a Shakespeare play. No further editions were issued until 1623, when Hemmings published a copy of the play. The page dates, with additions and corrections taken from the 1609 quarto. It was inserted in the first folio in a position between the Histories and Tragedies, where it appears unpagged after having been removed from its original position among the Tragedies; no mention is made of it in the contents of the volume. In the folio the play is called a tragedy, which, if a correct title, is not the one given to it in the 1609 preface.

In 1603 Mr. Arthur Acheson, of Chicago, in his book on Shakespeare and the Rival Poet, advances the theory (1) that the "displeasing play," alluded to in the Epilogue to "Henry IV, Part II," was "Troilus and Cressida"; (2) that it was written some time between the autumn of 1598 and the spring of 1599; (3) that it preceded and not followed Ben Jonson's "Poetaster," and therefore had nothing to do with the "War of the Theatres"; (4) that it was written to ridicule Chapman's fulsome praise of Homer and his Greek heroes—praise which was displayed in the prefaces to the seven books of the Iliad issued in that year. On this point Mr. Acheson says, forcibly:—

"Chapman, who had the reputation of being as santly as he was learned, claims supremacy for Homer, not only as a poet, but as a moralist, and extends his claims for his moral altitude to include the heroes of his epics. Shakespeare divests the Greek heroes of the glowing, but misty, nimbus of legend and mythology, and presents them to us in the light of common day, and as men in a world of men. In a modern Elizabethan setting he pictures these Greeks and Trojans, almost exactly as they appear in the sources from which he works. He does not stretch the truth of what he finds, nor draw wildly distorted pictures, and yet, the Achilles, the Ulysses, the Ajax, etc., which we find in the play, have lost their demigodlike pose. How does he do it? The masterly realistic and satirical effect he produces comes wholly from a changed point of view. He displays pagan Greek and Trojan life in action—with its low ideals of religion, womanhood, and honour, with its bloodiness and sensuality—upon a background from which he has eliminated historical perspective."

Nor is this explanation inapplicable when we realise how exaggerated are Chapman's eulogies on Homer. To take as an instance the following passage:—

"Soldiers shall never spend their idle hours more profitably than with his staid and industrious perusal; in whose honors his deserts are infinite. Councillors have never better oracles than his lantern; fathers have no more soules so profitable for their children as his counsellors; nor shall that which is not the same be called his. Neither do the piracies, and for this or some other reason not yet fully explained, the play did not get printed. But on January 28, 1609, another firm of publishers entered in the Register a book with a similar name, which soon afterwards was published, having the following title-page:—

"The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cressed." Excellenty expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandaruns, Prince of Licia. On both title-pages Shakespeare is announced as the author, and apparently the object of the second title-page was to contradict the statement not only that the play had been acted at the "Globe," or, in other words, was the property of the "Globe" managers, but also to infer by the words "Prince of Licia" that it was not the same play as the one which the actors of that theatre twiced. In addition to the altered title there appeared on the back of the new leaf a preface, and this was another unusual proceeding, for one had never before appeared attached to a Shakespeare play. No further editions were issued until 1623, when Hemmings published their player's copy, with additions and corrections taken from the 1609 quarto. It was inserted in the first folio in a position between the Histories and Tragedies, where it appears unpagged after having been removed from its original position among the Tragedies; no mention is made of it in the contents of the volume. In the folio the play is called a tragedy, which, if a correct title, is not the one given to it in the 1609 preface.

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... “So now we may play the fool by authority”...

... “What, shall the king of gods turn the king of good fellows, and have no fellow in wickedness? This makes our poets that know our profaneness live as prose as we.” (Act IV, Sc. 3.) Continuously in this play is Jonson's for the same reason that Shakespeare did, and, more than this, Jonson proclaims that the poet Virgil is as much entitled to be regarded “divine” as Homer, while the word “divine” is seized hold on for further satire in the remark, “Well said, my divine deft Horace.”

Jonson says he wrote his “Poetaster” to ridicule Marston, the dramatist, who previously had libelled him on the stage. In addition to Marston, Jonson appears himself in the play as Horace, together with Dekker and other men in the theatre. It was but natural, then, for commentators to centre their attention on those parts of the play where Marston and Horace were prominent. But there is an underplot to which very little attention hitherto has been given, and it is hardly likely, if Jonson was writing a comedy in order to satirise living persons and contemporary events, that his underplot would be altogether free from topical allusions. It may be well, then, to relate the story of the underplot, and, if possible, to try to show its significance. Julia, whose father, Caesar, lives at Court, and she invites to the palace her lover, Ovid, a merchant's son, and some tradesmen of the town, with their wives; then she contrives, unknown to her father, for these plebeians to counterfeit the gods at a banquet held for the king. An actor “Globe” reports to one of Caesar's spies that Julia had sent to the playhouse to borrow suitable properties for this “divine” masquerade, so that while the sham gods are in the midst of their licentious coquettishness Caesar suddenly appears there and he by his speeches and antics at the daring act of profanity perpetrated by his daughter. “Be they the gods!” he exclaims, “Oh impious sight! Profaning thus their dignities in their forms, And making them like you but counterfeiters.” Then he goes on to say:—

... “If you think gods but feigned and virtue painted, Know we sustain our actual residence, And with the sacred Fletcher. Relate his spirit and imperial power.”

And then, with correct conventional impiety, he proceeds: to punish the offenders, locking up his daughter, Cressida;—”For it is a birth of (that) brain that undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for titles of commodities or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censours that now style them such vanities flock to them from the main grace of their gravities. Now Jonson, if he, indeed, intended to defend the attacks made on his friend Shakespeare’s play, has shown considerable adroitness in the delicate task he undertook, for since the “Poetaster” was written to be acted at the “Blackfriars,” a theatre under Court patronage, Jonson could not there abuse “the grand censours,” and this he avoids doing by making Caesar justly incensed at the impudence of the citizens in daring to counterfeit the divine gods, while Horace, out of reach of Caesar’s car, soundly rates the police spirit of the actor for misunderstanding the shadow for the substance and regarding playacting as if it were political piracy. But what, it may be contended, concerns the underplot in the “Poetaster” directly with Shakespeare’s play is the speech of citizen Mercury and its satirical insinuation that moral irresponsibility is the special privilege of the gods:—

“Tis not the wholesome sharp morality, Or modest anger of a satiric spirit, That hurts or wounds the body of the state; But the sinister application Of the malicious, ignorant, and base Interpreter, who will distort and strain The general scope and purpose of an author To his particular and private spleen.”

The stigma that rested on Shakespeare in his lifetime for having written this play rests on him still, for some unaccountable reason, for no good reason does he put his thoughts on paper with a loftier motive. But so it is! Then, as now, whenever a dramatist attempts to be teacher and preacher, all the other teachers and preachers in the world hold up their hands in horror and exclaim: “What impurity! What ignorance!”

(To be concluded.)

Present-Day Criticism.

Mr. Charles Whibley’s recent article in the “Pall Mall Gazette” on a book by Professor Elton may prove a useful study of the wrong sort of reviewing. “Professor Elton,” he writes, “has surveyed the English literature of fifty eventful years with a candid and seeing eye. The book is a Survey of English Literature, 1780—1830.” Professor Elton’s survey naturally is bounded by a conclusion. Upon his conclusion would be established his authority to publish his book. Endorsed with even so stereotyped a blessing as a ‘candid and seeing eye’ he must, as we should all suppose, have justified his decision at least: the gifts of truth and vision are divine gifts; clearly he who has them cannot make a false judgment. Professor Elton judges the spirit of the period he is surveying, “What is the general change that steals over the English imagination during the greater part of the 19th century? It is the convalescence of the feeling for beauty.” We will not argue this conclusion here, our regard resting upon Mr. Whibley’s reception of his author’s praised testimonies of courage and insight. Will it be believed that Mr. Whibley, for all his bestowal of divine
honours, was privately intending Professor Elton's discomfiture? His remark upon the Professor's considered judgment and reasons is that:-

"It is a sounding phrase," he says, "and to me it seems of little meaning." So "candid and seeing" was of no meaning whatsoever! Professor Elton is guilty at his supreme moment of employing rant, just vacuous rant! We shake our heads at him. He says he can add another chiselled phrase in his way; and he adds it, too:

"Of convalescence, of proximate, is a proof not of convalescence, but of eighteenth-century writers leave us no central or ultimate notions) up. And what notions decay."

That to Mr. Whibley a标准 implies discipline. Undisciplined artists—a hopeful sign. "Beauty (rightly understood— has a particular advantage of reading the whole of Mr. Whibley's article, would be averse from taking his opinion on any book at all. His style is alternately common and precious; his matter is ill-considered, and his composition flighty. Continuing his remarks, he appears to have overlooked the point of Professor Elton's sentence. "To me," Mr. Whibley says, "it seems that beauty was never convalescent because beauty was never ill."

The professor specified "the feeling for beauty" as being convalescent, not beauty itself. But mounted on this error, Mr. Whibley rattles away for a column and a half, shouting his author down and his own notions up. And what notions! Thank heaven the eighteenth-century writers have left us no standard for the art of prose!" he exclaims—

"Thank heaven they don't! Any standard, ultimate or proximate, is a proof not of convalescence, but of decay."

That "proximate", perhaps, must not be taken seriously; the word sounded naturally. And with ultimate—everybody knows that they always go together in the Press, and the chances are that even Mr. Whibley would not find his style disdained by the existence of a proximately good standard. We note that he, all muddled as he is, attributes for his opponent—"The feeling for beauty—convalescent," says Professor Elton. "Beauty (rightly understood— the feeling for) never ill," returns Mr. Whibley, and then:

"Thank heaven the eighteenth century left us no standard—that proximate."

Convalescence is Professor Elton's topic. Mr. Whibley first rules it out and next discusses it. He intends really to say "No standard—a proof of perfect health."

Let us divest ourselves. No standard in the art of prose—a sign of health: no standard in military art—a sign of health: no standard in the social art—a sign of health! A standard implies discipline. Undisciplined artists—a hopeful sign: undisciplined generals—a hopeful sign: undisciplined statesmen—a hopeful sign! It is still the case that Mr. Whibley would love to place artists where they have never placed themselves, namely, outside discipline. His notion of a standardised prose is as of a standardised machine. "As, standardised prose would be a mechanical art." A mechanic's notion. Mr. Whibley will die in his sins. "To think," he cries—

"to think of the tyranny that Cicero exercised over Latin is to congratulate ourselves that, invalid or convalescent, we have hitherto escaped the blighting disease of a standard."

Better dead than endowed, England, than with a standard of prose! Of course, we have the standard—but equally, of course, it cannot be shown to the blind. We have it so fixed that we can rank our writers by their representation to it; by it we realise what is of account in literature and what is of no account. We compile anthologies confessedly by standard, and according as the standard is respected or neglected an anthology is respected or neglected. The demand and standard are the same in all ages: these are simplicity, lucidity, dignity, and strength. Blighting diseases! Mr. Whibley, with every instinct, may truthfully congratulate himself on having escaped their tyranny. Judged by these attributes, he would find them happy, saving him from:

Here is a specimen of his so healthy lack of simplicity:—

"An audience, indifferent to the choice of Hermaia as the material of a tragedy, leapt in a fury of excitement at a bold enjambment." This is a Figggism and raises a laugh. The rhythm voboggans over stones and the banner on the foreign wall is raised for local.

And here he is healthily obscure:—"The worship of mountains, the love of the natural, a delight in the exotic, a willing glance thrown to the past—these were all incidents of the movement that is called romantic. They were not its essentials." Unhealthy persons, who profess a standard in the art of prose, would have liked to see Mr. Whibley wasting his energy on the essentials. Not he; he will see us all in Erbas first. But perhaps the readers of the "Pall Mall Gazette" are suckered to have these essentials at their finger-tips and need only to be enlightened about the unessentials, those mountains and exotics, etc.

The disease of dignity has never seized Mr. Whibley. No man who once been threatened by an attack even of propriety could have mouthed this boast:

"Under what other skies than ours did a single century produce such heroes as Pope and Swift, Defoe and Addison and Steele, Bolingbroke and Burke, Johnson and Goldsmith, Gibbon and Hume, Fielding and Smollett?" He has got all the names in the right mnemonic associations, we mean to say—in "the-aid-to-memory" text-book order. But what have our skies got to do with us? Our skies are altogether different.

In the sixteenth century when no poet, no anybody of much literary consequence: why, they are the same to-day, and yet Mr. Whibley finds a publisher for this play-ground pomp.

And by strength, the fourth doubtful of the standard, has unfuddled us as a Virginian creeper in November. It is weak, if nothing else, to proclaim a man a seer, with no intention of doing anything but try to make him out blind of judgment. It is weak to chatter of Beauty free, happy and in radiant health. These are terms for describing a standard of prose and you must be beyond all human description. Mr. Whibley's words would sound impotently though used about merely a talent that served Beauty; they are what the ancients used to call "eunuch's words," good enough words, but unsubstantially employed.

We creep close beside Mr. Whibley while he discloses a fear which is gripping him. In a bracket he whispers a horrid alarm: 

"[We are to-day, though we do not confess it, in the midst of a classical revival.]." We don't believe we can't be rocking away, we trace the signs? Mr. Whibley has mistakes for proofs of the existence a classical horde amongst us, those little harmless preatory sentences in Greek and Latin, which are so fashionable with poets and novelists just now. This is a large class, and widely spread. Maurice Hewlett writes reams of mythological names? That is not classicism. Granted that Mr. Loeb has subsidised all sorts and conditions of persons to translate the classics in their spare time: the classics are thus more securely embedded than ever. And let us admit that a hundred and one reviewers, like Mr. Whibley himself, have a thousand and one classical tags quite pat: tags are quite innocuous smothered as he and they another themselves. Mauriced and cliché are classical sentences: you may be very dangerous if read by the young and guiltless poet; it may take him off his feet, as they say, or, it may send him to his knees praying for light and more light, standard and higher standard; it may make him to him in an instant, the pit wherein modern reviewers invite him to spill his genius for their drouthy columns. But what harm might a classical tag do used as Mr. Whibley uses these? Listen to him discoursing of the difference between the classical and the romantic and judge if there is need to fear lest genius should take flame. "The classic," he says, "aims at perfection of structure, the romantic delights in decoration. The one, plain in its neatness rendering the other. The other follows no other rule than the whim of the moment. It will be decorative or nothing. Gladly will it forget its main purpose if by the way it can add another chiselled
flower to its facade. But beauty is in them both—beauty, free and happy, and in radiant health.” Here is left only a feeling as of hearing nonsense, gush. We are not likely to be led away by the application of Horace’s words about a girl’s hair to a definition of the classical aim. Plain in its neatness scarcely describes the complex plan of the Mahaharata, of the Iliad, of the orations of Demosthenes, of the “Canterbury Tales,” of the “Principles of Learning,” of the “Tempest.” We cannot discover the plan of these for ourselves any more than we can discover the plan of the Pyramids. We may, by grace, behold truly the finished form—but do we possess its secret, can we reproduce it at will? Not so: the classical standard by which these works are created is not made luminous by talk of structure and building and solid frame. The whole of a classic is reproduced in every part and that is a mystery discoverable by creative genius alone. The gifted spectator feels the truth of the mystery, but none save a boaster would pretend to know it or to be able to discover its working, the which, moreover, is never twice the same. And this must be a hard thing for a mechanic’s mind to endure—that creation by standard is yet never twice the same! But herein is implied the necessity and the benefit of discipline, since the day of inspiration, which is true maturity, must find the artist free, with all his powers under perfect control. Genius ceaselessly disciplines against the great day and the testimonies of preparation are exactly numerous as the names of the major artists. Read and see!

Amaracus.


By Richard Aldington

Antonius Marius.

Thyrassis.

Thyrassis: Nymphs, who dwell among the waters of Rhenus, Pan, gay keeper of flocks, twi-horned Satyrs, hear me! Grant that Phyllis may love me more than she loves Amynta, or swiftly heal me with death.

Acon: O father, O Faunus, often we sang thy love; I hung the myrtle upon thy sacred horns, and Lydia bound thy brows with crimson garlands; let her not scorn me for ever.

Thyrassis: Hills, unshorn hills, soft meadows, Rhenus flowing gently by, tell me, did Phyllis teach you to love her when she sang, or did she hurt you with her beauty?

Acon: Pools, mossy pools, you touch her face and her white limbs; tell me, did Galatea burn you with the fire of love? Or did she sit upon the green bank, playing with the glass-blue ripples?

Thyrassis: Whiter than swans, softer than the vine, fairer than a garden with fountains, Iolas, my love, came to me. I sang my love with the slender pipe. I mingled kisses with my singing.

Acon: Nobler than violets, gentler than summer air, kinder than the shadowing plane-tree, Lycoiris tended flocks with me, wandered with me through the meads, closer than vine and elm.

Thyrassis: The fields break in a wave of blossoms, the air sounds with calls echoes from sea-shells; the woods are green, the olive-tree buds. This is the likeness of laughing Lycidas.

Acon: As the light breaks from Olympus, coloured as a crocus; as the ice that gleams in the white frosts; as the dews which is stilled from a garden of roses of the crimson of Carthage; so is the likeness of mournful Varus.

Thyrassis: Here are gentle winds, cone-bearing cy-presses, and caves; here the little rills flow through the woods with grasses. Hearts among the hatchets, baskets from rushes, and slew the frightened deer with his shafts.

Acon: Now the cold pools and the pastures, O Varus, delight me no more; the Gods here are of no account. Come thou here to me, and the cold pools and the pastures shall gladden me; nothing shall be dearer to me than these fields.

Thyrassis: O, if Iolas brings back my gladness, if Phyllis no longer turns me piping; if Orithyia bestows wreaths in her hands, O Faunus, I will deck thy horns with these gifts.

Acon: O, if for me the milky rivers flow in these banks, if the genista is yellow with honey, if the fleece is purple with the juice of Tyre, O Lydia, then wilt thou hear my song.

John Baptist Amaltheus.

(From the Eclogue "Acon.")

(Heylla is wasted by sickness; "will the nymphs not bring her dittany and cinnamon from the groves of Eos, happy gleanings from Arabia, Assyrian ointments? She fades like a flower.)

See the maiden, the maiden is dying; and now The glory withers from her rose-red face.

As a dark-blue hyacinth-flower In a secret valley, Fed by the earth our mother, In her breast received, By her draperies with dew and happy winds— If once the heat of heaven or bitter Auster Fall upon it, straightforward Spoiled of the joyful pride of beauty, It droops and dies upon the parched grasses. Unwonted griefs are in the meadows, and the hayswathes are rotting; For violets grow Christ-thorns, and the bright lilies Wither from the drooping stem; No berries colour the lush river-bank, In meadow and wood is neither grass nor leaf.

Andrea Navigerus.

To the Winds. The Prayer of Idmon.

Winds, that on light wings speed through the air, and with gentle music sigh through the deep woods—Idmon, the rustic, gives these coronals to you, and scatters these scented crocuses from wicker baskets. Assuage the heat and swirl away the empty chaff, whilst at hottest of the day he winnows his grain.

Thyrassis to Venus.

Ah last Thyrassis gathers some first-fruits from his loved Leucas; wherefore he gives these violets to Thee, holy Venus. I stole gently upon her where a tree hid me, and took three kisses, but no more, for her mother was near that place.

Now I bring Thee violets, but if my prayers be fulfilled, I will dedicate to Thee, O Goddess, a myrtle wreath with this verse—

"Thyrassis, happy in love, dedicates to Venus this myrtle, and himself and his flocks."

John Cotta.

To Lycoris.

("The wail over the world of all who weep.")

I love my love, I do confess. As lads fair maidens would love; But she loves me, to my distress. As virtuous maidens should love.

Hieronymus Amaltheus.

To Hermes Stampa.

Farewell, sun-smitten mountain peaks, Farewell, shady haunts among the vales: Iolas departs from your recesses. Hapless Iolas! thou shalt see no more— The mead is purple with the lowing kine With odorous marybuds and marjoram. Hapless Iolas! thou shalt see no more— Sunk in the cool grass of some sloping hill The bullocks warring fiercely with their horns. Not the murmuring of sliding rills, The whispering of ilex-boughs, Shall soothe thee; Nor the breeze lure thee to the land of sleep.
When the Hangman Lost His Nerve.

(The following sketch, by John D. Barry, the American novelist, appeared in the San Francisco "Bulletin".)

"You have treated me so fine ever since I came in here," said the voice from the cell, "I don't see how you can have the heart to hang me to-morrow!"

The heavy figure, sitting in the gloom outside the cell door, moved uneasily. "Well, it's this way. Don't you think it's better for me to do it than somebody that don't take any interest in you at all? Now, I don't want to do it, Jim. And I don't do it for the twenty-five dollars there is in it for me. When they first put it up to me some five years ago to hang a man in this place I said I wouldn't do it for any amount of money in the world. And then I thought it over. I said to myself: 'Well, it wouldn't be me that was doing it. I don't make the laws any more than any other man. I'm only here to carry them out. And I stand in good with the boys. Perhaps I can make it a bit easier for them in the last few minutes. Anyway, they'll know that I ain't doing it with any hard feelings. But every time I do it, I have to take a few drams of whisky to keep up my nerve."

Out of the cell came a long sigh.

"How are you feeling?"

"Oh, not so bad. I guess I'll lie down and try to get a little sleep."

"Will you take some of the dope?"

"No, thanks, Bill. I'm going to see if I can't get along without it."

"Makes it easier."

"Maybe. But I don't want to have any bad dreams. It's bad enough when I doze off. It's funny I can't remember anything about killing my wife when I'm awake. I was too drunk at the time. But hundreds of times since I did it I have done it over again in my sleep, in different ways."

"Well, if there wasn't any drink in the world there wouldn't be much use for prisons."

The next morning, at ten o'clock, they were ready.

Jim was dressed in black, with a white shirt and a black tie. On his small feet were black socks and black felt slippers. His fresh-shaven face, yellow as wax, had lines of pain crossing his forehead, and black marks into his full cheeks. His thick white hair was held under his cap. Bill was a stout, red-faced man, more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders. "Oh, Finnerty!"

The old man said nothing. "Here," said the warden in a tone of confidence, "I order you to do it."

"I can't help it, Warden; but I can't kill a man in cold blood."

The black figure was trembling.

The warden looked down on the young man in stripes at the edge of the crowd. "You come up here and spring the trap," he called out.

The young man did not stir.

"Do you hear what I say?"

"I don't make the laws any more than any other man. I'm only here to carry them out. And I stand in good with the boys. Perhaps I can make it a bit easier for them in the last few minutes. Anyway, they'll know that I ain't doing it with any hard feelings. But every time I do it, I have to take a few drams of whisky to keep up my nerve."

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The black figure was trembling.

The warden caught sight of another striped figure standing in a corner, a hale old man, more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders. "Oh, Finnerty!"

The old man walked forward. "Here," said the warden in a tone of confidence, "you've been at all these things for the past thirty years. You come up here and finish the job."

The old man's blue eyes were fixed on the warden.

"Do you hear what I say?"

"I hear, Warden, and I'd like to oblige you. But it's too much for me. I killed a man once when I was drunk. But I can't kill a man in cold blood that ain't done nothin' to me."

The warden walked to the edge of the scaffold. "Is the sheriff of Plumas County here?" he asked.

A stout, red-faced man raised an arm. "Say, you arrested this man. Now I want you to come up and spring the trap."

The red-faced man shook his head. "That's not my business, Warden. I've done my duty and you can't expect me to do any more." He glanced furtively at the smooth-faced youth of about twenty-one at his side. "Here's the brother of the woman that was killed. Pr'ps he'll do it."

"No! I couldn't do it." The reply came in a trembling voice. "I wanted to see him hanged. But now I feel different."

Jima trembled violently. He looked as if he might drop on the floor of the scaffold. Bill walked forward and put one arm around the black figure.

From out of the crowd stepped a well-dressed man of middle age, wearing large gold-bowed spectacles. "I'll do it," he said, in a low voice, addressing the warden.

The warden looked startled. "Who are you?"

"I'm a citizen of this State. I'm in favour of capital punishment. I can't see there is any difference between hanging a man by a law that I support and hanging a man myself."

When the warden perceived that the man was sincere, he said: "Well, as there is no one else to do the job you might as well do it."

The man walked up the steps. He had a whispered talk with the warden.

Bill said in a low voice "Brace up," and stepped off the trap.

The black figure stood rigid. Then it dropped and frantically dangled at the end of the rope.

Bill seized the rope. The figure hung still, the slipped feet in the air.
caused by a momentary fluctuation in gold, but the inevitable consequence of an industrial movement which, whilst seen at its strongest during the last five years, has been slowly developing for a quarter of a century. Now we see why Europe is hungry, and now we understand why Europe is destined to become more hungry still."

Into the details of his argument against Mr. Norman Angell, whereby he proves that a successful war with England would be profitable to Germany, and, moreover, will soon become a necessity to Germany, I do not intend to go further. I want to end this book itself. But the general conclusion is that war necessarily derives from capitalist production, that it is inherent in the very nature of the system, and probably in human nature itself. He looks forward, with good reason, to Armageddon or Disarmageddon if the system of production for private profit continues; for the capitalist system in each country can only maintain itself by securing the trade of its rivals. That the capitalist may continue to be able to thrive the surplus value produced by the wage-earner, it is necessary that he should steal the market from his brother capitalist, for there are practically no other markets to be found, and the result of war simply is this: that the winner can dictate the terms on which the loser shall "compete" for the trade of the world. Dog will eat dog that he may keep his own bone; and to avoid the civil war that is threatening throughout Europe, international war will be accepted as the profitable alternative.

In considering some proposed remedies for industrial unrest, "A Rifleman," who seems to have read THE NEW AGE until the articles on Guild Socialism appeared, demolishes one by one the puerile suggestions made in the "Daily Mail." "Mr. Lloyd George," he says, "is it to be conceived that he will ever voluntarily relinquish his share of the profits of industry?" Co-partnership and profit-sharing are thus demolished. He sees that Socialism is the only alternative, but he says that the "idea of the State seizing the property in the possession of capitalists or its forcible seizure. Taking the first alternative, at a moderate computation, the capitalised value of the land, the mines, railways, shipping, and industrial organisations of Great Britain is well over £5,000,000,000 sterling. How on earth is any government going to get hold of so vast a sum? To borrow it would be obviously impossible; the only conceivable method of purchase would be to issue government script to the value of the property acquired; and what government knows anything about the credit-system suggest that the credit of any government could survive the issue of script to the value of £5,000,000,000? Obviously, such scrip would be mere waste paper, and the capitalist who accepted it in payment for his factory or ships, or whatever it was he possessed, would require to be almost as ignorant of political economy as the people who suggest such a measure. Nor will the instalment system suffice, for governments, as he says, live for the present and not for the future, and even such surpluses as Mr. Lloyd George produces are negligible as purchase money. There is no way out, he argues, but war; and the suggestion is one to ponder. War at home or war abroad is perhaps the only alternative."

"A Rifleman" shows to be the necessary outcome of capitalist production.
REVIEWS.

The Beginnings of Modern Ireland. By Phillip Wilson. (Munsel. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Wilson has made a careful historical study of the beginning of Irish history, so far as it relates to England, to show that the present condition of Ireland is one of political evils; and that the causes of this condition are to be found in the past history of the country. The present volume deals with the period from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the accession of Elizabeth, but another book is in preparation which will carry the narrative to the close of the Tudor period. The book is especially valuable, as it provides us with many quotations from contemporary documents; so that we have the history of Ireland practically written in the language of those who made it. In an introductory chapter Mr. Wilson disposes of the usual explanations of the condition of Ireland. He shows that the Irish are not a Celt race, and that, if they were, their race would not be an adequate explanation of their present state. Nor has the Catholic Church been responsible in any great degree for the disorders of Ireland; for the anarchy of the reign of Henry VIII was peculiar to Ireland at a time when the unity of Christendom was still unbroken; and although the Catholic Church is not so favourable to the growth of industry, yet the example of Belgium shows that this fact by itself cannot explain Ireland's industrial poverty. Mr. Wilson has demonstrated that the greatest influence upon Irish politics until after the plantation of Ulster was the Irish Church; that participation in the Reformation was supported by the Catholics, and it was not until the Long Parliament attempted to exterminate the Catholics that a religious character was given to the civil war of 1641. There is no denying that the priesthood of Ireland has been influenced by Irish affairs, but only since the tribal system was abolished and the chiefs were ruined; since, in fact, England forced English law, English language, English religion, and English literature on a population that did not want them. The history of these two and a half centuries shows us by what means the conversion was effected. Lord Deputies there were, like Lord Leonard Gray, who recognized that conciliation was the only road to successful government; but he perished on the scaffold. Whatever may have been the reason, and it would be an interesting study in national psychology to discover it, coercion has always been the English prescription for Ireland. Tanistry was the local custom of inheritance; we imposed primogeniture. The Brehon Law ran locally; we abrogated it in favour of our Anglo-Saxon Roman Law. When we pardoned the tribal chiefs for rebellion we made them members of our peerage. We forced Catholicism on them in the same manner that we forced Protestantism on them; and since the unhappy conjunction of our histories, Ireland has been neither English nor Irish. Mr. Wilson has demonstrated that from the beginning Ireland has been subjected to all the infirmities of government; nothing that was native was utilised in the building of the Irish nation, with the consequence that her institutions do not belong to her, but only typify the power of the invader. Ireland has been everlastingly revolutionary because she has been everlastingly oppressed; we have succeeded in suppressing the revolutions, but that statesmanship which is the art of avoiding revolutions we have never applied to Ireland. Such is the conclusion to which the study of the beginning of modern Ireland comes. The book contains chapters on the Lordship of Ireland, the Geraldine Revolt, the Irish Church, the Geraldines, the Kingdom of Kerry, the Reformation, the Plantations of Leix and Offaly, and a full index; and is invaluable to students of history and government.

Bubbles of the Foam. By F. W. Bain. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

There is for those who have not yet read Mr. Bain's romances (this is now the ninth) a pleasant literary sensation still in waiting. Many of his earlier volumes we were somewhat mystified by Mr. Bain's claim that his stories were genuine translations from Sanskrit sources, though we should not at any time have been as confident as the Orientalists of the British Museum who actually classified "A Digit of the Moon," if we remember, among Sanskrit literature. A comparison, however, of the Sanskrit Mahabharata and its noble translation into English by the late Pratap Chandra Roy with the work of Mr. Bain speedily convinced us that Mr. Bain was perpetrating a pious fraud. In fact, the works are not translations at all, but adaptations of Sanskrit stories. Those who like romances spun in an Occidental brain out of stuff gathered from an exceptionally wide Oriental reading. We confess that now that the fraud is plain, the stories have lost a good deal of their charm. Incidents and phrasing that passed muster and even gave a certain pleasure while they could be supposed to be translations wear a different appearance and challenge criticism when it is known that they are modern. And whether it is due to this or not, the emotions we derive from "Bubbles of the Foam" are not to be compared with those we enjoyed from the earlier romances. Mr. Bain's style, too, is surely wearing thin. He cannot spread the glamour to-day over commonplace incidents that he could some years ago. No such sentence as the following occurred in the "Digit" or in "The Heifer and the Dawa." "And, after all, what shadow of a right has he to claim my affection for himself? But now he has had his turn, and all that I could give him; and now, thought, it is my turn to claim from him the affection which Western love lingers are transcended by the divine Vyasa. We move in its pages among myths, it is true, impossible to rationalise but impossible to dismiss as merely airy fancies. Not merely the sex fancies on which Western love lingers are transcended by the divine Vyasa, but we are lifted into regions above even the distinctions of men and gods and devils and fairies. To come from these heights to Mr. Bain is to descend from Olymps to my lady's boudoir. Scent bottles perfume the room, there are pretty knick-knacks, the air is flirting; but there is no mystery. Our pleasure in Mr. Bain has gone.

The Nietzschean Calendar. The Pinero Calendar. (Frank Palmer. 1s. net each.)

Nietzsche as an aphorist we know, and after many selections from his works ample material for more selections remains. The present selection, made by Mr. J. M. Kennedy, in addition to its neat calendar form, has the advantage over others of having been compiled from the uniform translation of Nietzsche recently published under the editorship of Dr. Oscar Levy. From Mr. Pinero, as aphorist, we confess we apprehended little pleasure; but we have been agreeably disappointed. Not to be compared with La Rochefoucauld's, his observations on life have, nevertheless, a smartness which occasionally reminds us of Wilde. The only philosophy, however, at the back of them is the philosophy of the man in the street—that is, no philosophy at all.

Beating to Port. By T. P. B. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

A commonplace collection, absolutely lacking in poetical merit. The kind of thing a masculine Ella Wheeler Wilcox might perpetrate.

Far Off Fields. By Joseph Whitaker. (Thomas Jenkins. 1s.)

Ditties of no particular tone, that is to say, sentimentally domestic.
Art.

The Royal Institute of Oil Painters and the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

One of the strangest features of the development of the modern state and of its members is the unchallenged victory that ugliness and annoyances of all kinds has gradually been able to achieve in their midst. It would seem as if some evil spirit had obtained a mastery of all other spirits, and had, for nearly three hundred years, succeed in securing this, while its opponents had but step by step declined in strength, or taken refuge in a region where total silence is one of the conditions of existence. Walking along the streets of London today may be an interesting occupation, it may be full of variety, and it may even prove very "exciting"; but to anyone with more sensitiveness than a tortoise, it must be atrociously exasperating. The question that naturally occurs even to the man of moderate power of perception is, how were all these eyesores, noises and other annoyances allowed to accumulate and to multiply in our midst, without some formidable counter-movement having been formed to oppose them?

You cannot hear yourself speak for the noise, you cannot concentrate upon any theme without running the risk of losing your life through an instant's inattention to the incessant rush higher and thither of the traffic in the road and the travellers on the pavement, and your eyes are continually being offended, first by the disgusting mist that hangs like a dirty cowl over everybody and everything, secondly by the forbidding ugliness of most of the buildings that tower above you on all sides, and thirdly by the appalling plainness of seven-eighths of the crowd about you.

A certain part of the population must have been silent for many generations—some of futile disturbances to sight, hearing, and smell to have been allowed to spread as it has done. Who are they? Who are these people who have abetted the triumph of ugliness by their silence? Undoubtedly they are the people of taste—musicians, painters, poets, sculptors, and architects of almost the whole of North Western Europe, and their predecessors for over two hundred years. What martyr has there been who has died prosecuting against the smoke, noise and ugliness of London? What group of Academicians have ever laid down their palettes in anger, in order to petition Parliament or the Sovereign to do something to mitigate the growth of a "Black Country" all over England, lest they should be forced in despair to imolate themselves on the altars of their goddess Good Taste?

The answer is that there have been no martyrs, no Whistler, no Turner, no Rodin. What group of Academicians have ever started even a militant movement against the abuses of a capitalist, industrial, and commercial State? I believe there is a society whose object it is to abate the annoyance of smoke in London; but one who need scarcely inquire whether any influential artists belong to it; for did not Whistler revel in painting London's smokiness, and did not Rodin, on his first visit to our capital rave, like the rest of the world, about the impenetrable thickness of our atmosphere?

Yet Charles I published three proclamations, one on the 25th of June, 1634, against "that great annoyance of smock which is so obnoxious to Our City of London," and two in June and November, 1635, against the nuisance of the excessive traffic on the streets. Schopenhauer, too, protested against the noise about two hundred years later. But what poor Charles and Schopenhauer would say or do if they were placed in the London of today, it is impossible to conceive.

A Eugenic Society has also been formed with the ostensible purpose of improving the health and physique of the nation, and I hope also with the tacit intention of making humanity a degree less ugly than it is at present. But the Eugenic movement, whatever its shortcomings may be, is essentially an artists' movement? Does its Executive Committee consist of painters, poets and sculptors who have grown alarmed at the increasing bottedness and repulsiveness of their fellows, and who have determined to do all in their power to arrest this uglification of their race? We know that the Eugenic movement is nothing of the kind. It is, above all, a scientific movement; I do not even know that it considers beauty at all, and, as for its chief promoter, we know perfectly well that he was neither an Academician nor a poet.

You may reply that artists are not reformers, that they should not be expected to rise in revolt against abuses. I say simply that, if they do not protest, who on earth is going to? If they do not suffer from the sight of ugliness and do not attempt to put an end to its increase, why should one expect a pachydermatous M.P. to consider this aspect of modern life an evil? Of course nobody nowadays expects anybody else to start a campaign against ugliness—that is the plain fact of the matter. Everybody is too busy trying to ape the commercial and industrial magnate's material success. From the time when Turner painted "Rain, Steam and Speed," and many others a few years later when the Glasgow School began painting their premature "old masters," what artists actually have done—and for this they will not be forgiven—is to acquiesce silently in all the modernities. If they found, however, tasteless they might be, as fast as they were poured into the world by unscrupulous inventors, and the industrialists and exploiters of mankind.

Nay, they did more, they became commercial men themselves. How could they find time to arrest or to oppose an uglification of the world, when every year scores of yawning shops required filling with their wares? Painters, like sculptors, became men of commercial enterprise; they opened stores just as grocers had done for centuries, and in these stores there were goods for every taste that the public could affect. Artists, like sculptors, became men of commerce.

They were to assemble like the Pilgrim Fathers of old upon the shore, far away from Western civilisation, not only to develop a new civilisation there, but also in order to fight modernity by robbing it of that small fraction of pictures, chaotic pictures, and even intensely gloomy paintings. A term, however, seems to be coming to this fool's paradise. Men in whom the charge of taste is vested, cannot with impunity neglect that charge. Art is rapidly losing her prestige. All those who are not with me are against me. Artists have been on the side of ugliness and gravidness.
taste which still keeps it from rushing at an even greater speed to its final doom.

Two artists of the nineteenth century actually did this. One is a painter. John Davidson sought refuge in himself; his own books were the distant shore on which he basked in rays of his own creating; while Plunket Greene actually migrated to the Marquesas Isles and to Tahiti, and there not only painted necessarily, but, to his cost, also fought Occidental “culture” tooth and nail, whenever and wherever he could.

With such thoughts running in my head, what is the good of telling you all I think of the Hon. John Collier and his Royal Institution? Sir Ernest A. Waterlow and his colleagues at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours?

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

BEETHOVEN’s Scotch songs have been sung in London three times during the last week—by Muriel Foster, at the Bechstein, and Edith Clegg, at the Eolian, and by Marie Bronn at the Caxton Hall. There has been a certain curiosity for it is only once or twice in a decade that those strange things are unearthed for critical examination. If my memory is right Beethoven was commissioned by an enterprising Edinburgh publisher named Thomson, to arrange a number of Scotch and Irish airs. The result is really so dreadfully middling that one may be forgiven for doubting their authenticity. By Miss Foster and Miss Clegg the songs were sung to the accompaniment of piano, violin, and ‘cello. And by most of them they failed to carry any sort of appeal, although sung by first-rate artists.

It is not to be wondered that the melodies sound no longer Scotch in Beethoven’s arrangements, but it is to be wondered that the paraphrasing is so poverty-stricken. Has some failure been at work after all?

The lecture-demonstration given by Monsieur Jaques-Dalcroze at the Caxton Hall the other evening must have been an eye-opener to those who were curious enough to attend. “Eurhythms” hovers between an art and a science. Children are taught, and are able to perform, quite amazing rhythmic movements. Let any reader of this column “beat time” in this fashion: 2 with his left hand, 4 with his right, and 5 with his feet—simultaneously. I am ashamed to say I cannot myself get further than 2 against 3, or 3 against 4. There is a morasse in the Jaques-Dalcroze system which I have not time to go into. Professor M. E. Sadler, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Leeds. Constables publish the pamphlet at a shilling. A recent article in the Pall Mall Gazette sums up the demonstration in these words:—“In the Russian ballet, to which there was a resemblance, the technique is a means to a beautiful end. With the children the technique is a beautiful end in itself, the grace of movement being incidental and inevitable.”

If our early education were managed by a committee which looks at with a shudder. Riddled with expression marks and even breathing marks, hedged in with arbitrary directions, radiating polyglot colloquialisms, it looks like a barbed wire entanglement. Singer and accompanist smile at one another, study the song as a whole, and sing it their own way.” These are words of wisdom, but they are not for babes and sucklings.

There is Plunket Greene himself—always avoiding the pot-boiler. There is Gervase Elwes, ditto. Occasionally we may hear singers like Maggie Tyte, Gerhardt, Jonelli. But I would find myself in the law courts if I were to suppose, as I could afford, a round dozen of the most popular singers in England whose phrasing, sense of rhythm, sense of form, of climax, of poetic values, of all those things necessary to decent interpretation, would disgrace a board school. Yet these are the singers upon whom the pot-boiling composer must perforce depend for a living.

Of course, it is an old story. The number of scrupulous artists in any artistic profession must be very great, much greater than we know of, for the majority work against the arbitrary expression marks. Indeed, I should be surprised to hear of any reader of this column who would not find in its pages priceless advice and useful points of view that had not occurred to them.

The book is constructive, yet directly and indirectly it is a severe indictment of the “ballad” singer. Mr. Greene does not blame the publishers who at a tremendous cost run ballad concerts through the autumn and winter; for, after all, they are not running those functions for any beneficent purpose. These singers for lack of competition, “Our platforms,” he points out, “are overrun with voices half-developed and quarter-trained, singers without technique, without charm, and without style, to whom rhythm is of no account, and language of sound, whose artistry soars no higher than the three-word songs with organ obbligato, and to whom the high note at the end and the clapping of hands spell the sublimity of achievement. Good singers are, of course, heard at the ballad concerts from time to time. There is Plunket Greene himself—always avoiding the pot-boiler. There is Gervase Elwes, ditto. Occasionally we may hear singers like Maggie Tyte, Gerhardt, Jonelli. But I would find myself in the law courts if I were to suppose, as I could afford, a round dozen of the most popular singers in England whose phrasing, sense of rhythm, sense of form, of climax, of poetic values, of all those things necessary to decent interpretation, would disgrace a board school. Yet these are the singers upon whom the pot-boiling composer must perforce depend for a living.

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ON WORDS.
Yes, words alone are certain good. And they are good. Rhetoric is not in them, but in their users. Rhetoric is the utterance of artifice and sentimentality. If an art be vital it may employ words that may chance to be inappropriate, but they will not be rhetoric.

ON POETRY.
Poetry is a curious thing: that is to say a thing whose function essentially is to deal with those primal emotions whose adventitious appearance across the material interests of man is so startling and so full of wonder.

ON LIFE.
Life blossoms at noon,
But is gone on the morrow.
A transient boon
Life blossoms at noon,
To fatten rough-bewn
On a night of wild sorrow.

A PICTURE.
The deserted village I have in my mind has no resemblance, facial or spiritual, to that which Goldsmith depicts. It hangs on the side of a mountain, on one of two muscle-lines that twist diagonally across its side, as though it were a giant stretching itself after long slumber and about to pitch the village into the valley in the act.

ON A DAISY.
A daisy is but a wand in the hand of wizard Nature whereby floating visions come upon the seer unfolding the occult destinies and origins of the race.

ON MUSIC.
Thine accents eloquent
Break o'er the Heart deliquous murmurs, fraught
With piercing echoes delicate and rare:
Swelling all being to its uttermost lair
With lost antiphonies.

ON THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS.
The redundancy and use of classic example among the Elizabethans was not so much affection as the necessity for so swelling out their plays that they might fill up the space of time their audiences expected. Hence their sumptuous manner.

ON REASON AND IMAGINATION.
To reason a rose-bush is but a rose-bush; to imagine, led by memory, it is the wounding of love, the breaking of hearts, a twilit eve and the tragedy of a life. This is poetry, poetry of a lower order.

ON SHAKESPEARE.
It was not for his greatness Shakespeare was praised by his own age; not for the amusing and mingled omniscience and exaltation of him; but for his angry sweetness, his fertility and invention, if not, indeed, his graciousness of person.

THE MIRACLE OF EVIDENCE.
Henry: "I am informed, my dear Ivan, that the Rev. Dr. Headlam, of King's College, accepts miracles from the point of view of evidence alone."
Ivan: "That's very natural, it is not?"
Henry: "That is precisely the reason I object to it. If the Rev. Doctor accepted evidently from the point of view of miracles alone, I should be quite prepared to consider his evidence."
Ivan: "I do not follow!"
Henry: "You are very dense to-day. Can you not see that the mere word 'miracle' precludes the idea of evidence? If you can prove what a miracle really is, it ceases to be a miracle, and becomes either a very clever trick or an ordinary, every-day sort of affair. Evidence! Of what use is evidence in the case of a miracle?"
Ivan: "Proof is essential to every statement."
Henry: "I am really sorry for the moment, my dear Ivan, that you are a Jew. No! I am not, I am very glad: it simplifies matters. The whole basis of Christi-
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SERVICE AND RIGHTS.

In your Notes of the Week, of November 14, you refer to the empty ranks of our Territorial forces, and draw an interesting parallel between the Roman plebeians and our modern proletariat. The former were liable for the public duty of military service to the state, and thus both political rights and duties would be fulfilled; whereas we have been reduced to a state in which neither the political right nor the duty of military service to balance the political right it already possessed, as in the case of the plebeians. What is the future for raising all the men now required? But why interfere with the deputy-lieutenants if they can be made responsible to the modern councils that now adorn our defenceless country.

THE DIVORCE REPORT.

Sir.—Now that the controversy over the proposal to alter the law of divorce is revived by the publication of the Majority and of the Minority Reports of the Royal Commission, I ask, has a decision to alter the law been reached by a very simple solution of the problem, by which the conflicting aims of the Commissioners would be attained, while the paramount interest of the State—the breeding of healthy children—would be safeguarded. The proposal is that there should be two classes, or degrees, of marriage.

(a) The civil marriage, obligatory in all cases. A marriage registered by the State, and which, after proper inquiry could be dissolved by the State on any ground which affects the primary object and interest of the State—the breeding of healthy children—such as insanity, tuberculosis, venereal disease, sterility, desertion, etc., but not for casual infidelity on the part of the man, nor for incompatibility of temper, nor for a sentence of imprisonment.

(b) The Religious Marriage, an optional ceremony, to be celebrated according to the rites of any recognised religious sect. A marriage which could not be dissolved by the State, or by the Church, and which would remain a contract absolutely binding on both parties during their joint lives. This religious marriage could be celebrated either immediately after the Civil contract, or, after a term of years; in the latter case a very pretty custom could be established—a form of nuptial confirmation—when, the Civil Marriage having been sealed to be successful, the objections of the Religious Marriage would be undertaken by the contracting parties, the ceremony being attended by the children, and witnesses.

Under this system the State would continue to recognise the very much more serious result of adultery on the part of the woman; but it will be noticed that every woman would be entitled to a religious ceremony where the man could defer the marriage until this was agreed to, and thereby secure for herself, from the first, those terms of absolute equality which both the Reports recommend should be accorded to her.

It would seem that objection to this classification of marriage can only come from those who insist on the sacramental character of marriage and assumption of the right to compel others to the observances which they regard as essential for themselves; while they to that extent disregard the interests of the State which should be first considered.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE.

Sir.—Your contemporary, “The Nation,” recently published a strong article against flogging, in the course of which it refers to the familiar remark “why flogging is actually employed by a certain type of man” which should not be associated with a sexual offence. I venture to think that the reasons are not so very familiar. The fact is that this is the only effective remonstrance of the convicted sex-maniac to produce sensation, and brothels exist where the news of the floggings would produce a peculiar atmosphere. At the mere mention of flagellation, the perverts profane and groggy exist, the victim is shunned by all save half-a-dozen wise men, to-day it is a world-old feud and will never come to an end. Each side would willingly flog, brand, or burn the other. We should let them. Let them alone and they’ll come home, and bring their diamonds with them: no worse diamonds than those got by the profits of swelled labour! I think what really vanishes these people is the fact that the prostitutes waxes fat far more often than she “dies in two years.”

These are, one or all, the signs prayed for by our spiritual lord, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the ladies of his church.

* * * EDWARD STAFFORD.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Sir.—Mrs. Hastings is too modest. Had the “Gorgon” the opportunity, I doubt not her charms would be her destruction. But surely Mrs. Hastings does not imagine that brainless idiots or the heartless can ever be talked by her. She is guard this question on the same plane as the Victorian schoolgirl? Counting among my fair friends one who, by the exercise of an intellect in youth, has made her the object of lovers, escaped from the clutches of the beasts by the skin of her teeth, and was informed by the police that seventy-nine girls in Buenos Ayres fifteen years had been missed in the same town, a provincial town, by the way—permit me to inform Mrs. Hastings that the methods adopted are not those of a roaring lion, but the wiles of the snake. Yes, they females about the most likely victims of Mrs. Hastings’ intelligence, we surely know that.

H. BROOKE.

* [Our correspondent replies: The “Gorgon” would never get the opportunity; that is the point. No girl or woman can be taken against her will. A child may be decoyed—but children are decoyed by persons who have no connection with brothels; nothing but the grace of heaven can protect a child from assault. Mr. Brooke’s young friends shall have no desire to be taken away, and was not taken. I heard the odd tale the other day of the disappearance of a married woman. Three years afterwards her husband or a better wife who had been called in as she lay dying in a Vienna brothel; she had been “dragged” away by a procurer. Suppose the “dragged” really consider it a success; a married woman, decoyed from Regent Street, decoyed to Charing Cross, decoyed to Vienna—by a strange man! Fiddle! In the days of Herodotus feminine flights were better comprehended. “Truly,” the man who carries off a girl,” says he, “but only a fool would run to rescue her, since she would not be taken against her will.” The word of a lady is about as binding as that of the girls who land up in Buenos Ayres or any other place but a house next door to their own. You can’t “drag” unwilling women; the thought of fifteen girls now on the way to Buenos Ayres. Well, they are going; they are not being dragged. There is a ship full of people all the way across the ocean! Let them alone and they’ll come home, and bring their diamonds with them: no worse diamonds than those got by the profits of swelled labour! I think what really vanishes these people is the fact that the prostitute waxed fat far more often than she “dies in two years.” It is a world-old feud and will never come to an end. Each side would willingly flog, brand, or burn the other. We should let them. By the way, are there any statistics as to runaways from refuge “homes”?—BEATRICE HASTINGS.]

* * * GUY’S.

“THE NEW AGE” AT GUY’S.

Sir.—It may interest your readers to know that a copy of The New Age has been placed upon the tables in the Clubs' Union reading room at Guy’s Hospital since July, 1908. It now boasts a dark stout leather cover of imposing size. It is a world-old feud and will never come to an end.

* * * A GUY’S MAN.
THE BLACK CRUSADE.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Ezra Pound, writes as one who, knowing nothing of a subject, cannot endure to hear a word on the subject, is of course quite unassailable. His "'Haw, dem' me! El Islam!" and the rest of it (meant, I suppose, to hit my style of writing) might be not new; "when I can't get any-'d answer!" and the rest of it; but I prefer to take up, one by one, the questions which he thinks unanswerable.

(1) "If I were to rigidly maintain the 'unanswerable' status quo, I should like to know by what force, if not by the force of the allied monopolies of Europe? If it has not been to the interest of European capital to maintain the Turk, why has he persisted?"

It has never been to the interests of European capital to maintain the Turk. The efforts to get rid of him have been persistent. This has supervened upon the desperate exertions, by fighting and astute diplomacy.

(2) "If an Oriental despotism is not lock, stock, and barrel of one matter with the industrial tyranies of Europe, to what is it allied? To the freedom of the individual? To equal opportunity for all? To the conservativism of human energy and dignity? To any of the one and fifty causes to which we are pledged? No!"

I answer "Yes!" with all the emphasis at my command. Though I do not know the nature of the "one and fifty causes" championed by my correspondant, I can truly say that the worst of Oriental despotisms was more nearly "allied to freedom of the individual, to equal opportunity for all, to the conservativism of human energy and dignity" than to the industrial tyranies of Europe.

Commercialism, capitalism, and the systematic exploitation of the poor always follow in the train of "Christian" conquest. Just as much, indeed, by not discouraging despotism, but of a people just emerging from the chaos of an epoch-making revolution, and desirous of developing on natural lines.

(3) "What has the labourer to gain by letting continue a model of tyranny more disgraceful than that where under he sweats?"

Niente; evidently; but what has he to do with it? And where is the "model of tyranny" referred to?

(4) "If we cannot break the close ring in our own countries, the next we have been elsewhere. For "broken" substitute "established," and this sentence would be applicable.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

Sir,—As an absolutely regular occasional contributor, may I be allowed to differ from my colleague, Mr. Ezra Pound, on the subject of this most cowardly war. A lot of rascally brigands, Sir, these Balkans! Servians, Sir! Loudly I say, "Damn them, Sir; they did murder their king and queen in a way which has never yet been made public in England! It ought to be. If any one of the actual disturbers ever dare to set foot here, I hope that you, Sir, at least will rise. They must have good fighting troops— we don't know, for they fought starving men—but they're a damned low lot, an unprintable lot. Along the country road, like all others, and like women, have turned and bitten the hands of those who gave them favours. Gifts and favours always arouse the spirit of the vulgar. These think the done nothing but a weak fool, and instantly begin to bleed him. And that's what the Balkan States have done. I hope, nevertheless, that the Turks will lose their territories and their subjects. Scorn of this sort need a master of a different temper than that of the Young Turk. Russia and Austria in a rage would make the East-end of Europe a bit more bearable to the West! The "decadent Greek and the prescriptive Bulgars," according to our friend Pound's description, and I add the mean Montenegrin and the unspeakable Servian, are already marked of the map, Sir, and a good job! May the honourable Turk, therefore, lose what is no loss! May the rotters early begin their squabbles! May Russia rush and Austria just move her large and enraged foot once, just to show a bit more than the treacherous swine."

* * *

THE CREATION OF MATTER.

Sir,—M. B. Ovso, in an article criticising a writer of the "Freederick" school which I greatly tempted to criticise. He says: "Either matter created itself, which is nonsense, or the least transcendentality, or a thing created from outside, which is sensible."

With due respect to the latter, I say that the whole argument is nonsense. Matter was not created at all! It could not have been created. Let us reason it out as far as our abstract reasoning will enable us to do.

What is the meaning of the word "created"? Some-thing brought into being from nothing. The very idea of "creation" is unthinkable. We can only think of things which we have experienced directly or indirectly. All knowledge consists of experience. Without experience there can be no knowledge, and without knowledge there can be no thinking. How can anyone speak about "creating" when he has made the whole experience of the race "there never happened such a thing as something having come into being from nothing." Had we had such experience we should have been quite logical to speak of "creation." Had we seen even one atom come into being from nothing, we would have had a direct reason to argue that matter was created. But as we had no such experience we have not a person to argue whether matter created itself or was created by some power outside matter. Assuming, for argument's sake, the latter, we are driven to say that "power," then that power must have been ever existent. If we are obliged to ascribe to that power the quality of "ever existence," why not why ascribe it to matter? So far I have argued purely metaphysically. Now let us see if my conclusion is substantiated by physical phenomena. No scientist or magician has yet succeeded in reducing a piece of matter to the point of non-existence. It therefore logically follows, that since matter cannot be a state of non-existence, it must be ever existent. Since it is ever existent, whatever it may be, the argument signifies that there was a time when it was non-existent.

JOSEPH FINN.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

Sir,—In reply to "X. Y. Z.," I need only refer him to my article. I lavished no praise on Miss Mayne's work; I simply remarked that it is one of the most pitiful without stilt or shame. I certainly accept the incest story, in spite of all the arguments of people who are shocked by it. All the documents are not yet published, so the fact cannot be established; but on grounds of probability, I contend that a man as promiscuous in his sexual habits as Byron was cannot be easily freed from suspicion. Anyhow, whether Miss Mayne made it, I assigned no undue importance to the incident, or, indeed, to Byron's sexual excesses in general, and I gave no reason for supposing that it might not be true. I did not refer to myself frequently, as an acquaintance with my work in The New Age will prove, but I have yet to learn that admiration for the work of a poet necessarily compels an admiration for the facts of his life. Byron, it must be confessed, exhibited little taste in his relations with women, and the record of his life is little more than a series of love affairs. All the same, "The Vision of Judgment" is a fine satire, and although Byron was not a great poet, he was certainly a powerful personality in poetry, and it would do many people a world of good to read them in quantities with him. What Carlyle said of Mirabeau is as strikingly true of Byron: "He was a man not great but large," and in these days of realism, it is impossible for the fact not to recommend him to the host of hero worshippers.

If Mr. Green will abate ever so little his hearty applause of himself, he may be able to hear what I keep restrained. I was more of Byron than Gray, but the controversy that followed its publication. Therefore, I did not "criticise a particular work of art by canons borrowed from a wholly different kind of artistic activity." Mr. Green's charge against me fails, because I have never offered a criticism of the work he wastes his time in defending so badly. By the artistic, not the moral, critics of the time of Wilde, the subject matter of the book was described as prurient, and Wilde could not rebut the accusation; indeed, the fact is self-evident. It was further charged against me by Mr. Green's friend that I was uneducated moral and not an artistic work; and Wilde, by his willingness to accept the praise of some Christian periodicals, accepted that definition. In saying that "The Picture of Dorian Gray" dealt morally with prurient matter, I was summarising the controversy. To be told by Mr. Green that I ought not to review the book that I am reviewing, but that I ought to review some other book is to be offered instruction in the art of saying the other thing, an art that I am desirous of learning. I am pleased that Mr. Green, an artistic critic, will not work of art as such... because its creator gives it to the world as his offspring," should reveal his affinity with Flavelle Hamsel. "If it's by a good author, it's a good play; if it's by a bad author, it's a bad play." These are the critical standards of both. As for Mr. Green's opinion of his own prowess and of myself, I do not think it necessary to waste my time and your Space by offering a refutation of it.

A. E. R.
**Simplified Spelling.**

**Sir,—** The Welsh, as is well known, double their consonants. Let Professor Rippmann—I beg his pardon, Rippman—capture a Welshman. I would be nothing more than a speaker of English as it is written. The h in "ghost" would be pronounced "in the analogy—but no nearer!" of "b-b-b-b-o-o-o-y," if I may treat a word as "b-b-b-o-o-o-y." By the way, the pronunciation of the word "boy" is as sure a test of good breeding as that of "girl." A boor is always rough on these two words. Mr. Alexander's note that the g in "young" is the nasal one, and not the hard g, is quite correct. I have no reply to his talk of phonographs and gramophones.

Mr. J. T. Fife's remark that our first business is to reform the alphabet, allows me to point out that correct pronunciation of single letters and all their inflections is the very basis of English as it is written. A foreign language is something marvellous to the child, but now, by the voice. "The child should be taught the nature of the voice" for the nature of the voice is something marvellous. There are as many changes of the voice as there are of minds, which are all influenced by the voice.

Correct inflection of letters, of syllables, of words—there is the craft of good speaking. Everyone may speak well! (The act of speaking, or oratory, is another matter; in sincere moments, however, we are all orators.)

Let us remember that meaning made the sound, and not, then, he surprised when words of different meaning and, consequently, different sound, are differently spelled. We may easily understand how with, loss of spelling, one should lose sound and next meaning. When one reflects on the variety of the English language, testifying as this does, to the myriad rays of the English genius playing over centuries, one is staggered by the ignorance and conceit of the men who are attempting to "correct" it.

**The Writer of Present-Day Criticism.**

**Sir,—** In your issue of the 7th inst., the writer of Present-Day Criticism openly challenges me, seeking to mingle the dust of Professor Rippmann. On the 14th inst., the mud-pie maker congratulates himself, and I must confess that he shows aptitude for the business. Nothing goes further to testify that we are of the earth, and I must confess that he shows aptitude for the business.

Nothing goes further to testify that we are of the earth, and I must confess that he shows aptitude for the business. Money could not buy a place next me for any advertisement of coining one's photograph, but, as Mr. Stanley Leathes has suggested, the attention of the men who are attempting to reform spelling imposed on the student of foreign languages very basis of English as it is written. The exceptions must be slow and scrupulous a method, let us say, as that of Professor Rippmann, allows me to point out that correct pronunciation of single letters and all their inflections is the very basis of English as it is written. The pronunciation of the word "boy" is as sure a test of good breeding as that of "girl." A boor is always rough on these two words. Mr. Alexander's note that the g in "young" is the nasal one, and not the hard g, is quite correct. I have no reply to his talk of phonographs and gramophones.

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unless one is a king, an actor, or a politician, in which cases, as everyone seems to allow, the thing is necessary business. Portrait and caricature alone justify the nobly wearied Mr. Walton shall have rested or have exhibited of one's lineaments. With this I refrain until cases, persuaded his liege once more to the field.

it would, indeed, be interesting both to physiologists and all students of elocution. The writer of the Present Day Criticism in your last issue states that it is the short "av" which brings down the teeth in "tray." Now, Sir, it would, indeed, interest both to physiologists and elocutionists to know how this is accomplished. It suddenly dawned upon me that what was meant was that the lower lip was moved "up" approximating the lower jaw to the upper teeth. But the lower jaw need not be moved at all in pronouncing this syllable. Let a pipe, or an unsmoking match, be held tightly between the teeth, and it is then possible to pronounce the syllable easily and distinctly.

Professor Rippmann is undoubtedly right when he says he is completely the dark as to how the elocutionist brings out the separate values of the n and g in young. He does not. The sound represented by the letters ng in the word "young" is not produced by combining the sounds made when pronouncing the letters n and g separately, but is a sound which stands by itself, and has very little in common with either.

The crowing bit-bit is when the writer says: "We do not pronounce sent 's sent." All trained elocutionists do, May I ask you to request the writer of Present Day Criticism to hint his opinion on this that "it is our speech that is at fault and not our spelling," and also to make sure that his hearing is not defective.

Yours faithfully,

HERBERT E. READ.

[Our contributor replies:—Mr. Read is right in saying that the jaw moves up, and I am wrong in saying that the teeth shut down; though they do. The fact that teeth and lips shut together on an s is altered by my verbal slip. If we were born with a pipe, or even a match, be held tightly between the teeth, the lower lip to the upper teeth. But the lower jaw need not be moved at all in pronouncing this syllable. Let a pipe, or an unsmoking match, be held tightly between the teeth, and it is then possible to pronounce the syllable easily and distinctly.

If the inflections of n and g in "young" have very little in common with the full sound of these letters, by all means let us spell them "yomp" or "yomp"—perhaps we shall arrive at the mystery more easily if we experiment with varied spellings. It is our that the elocutionist consulted by Mr. Read has not completed his training, and myself, no professional elocutionist, could at once exhibit to him the different placing of "sent" and "scent." The r in the first is inflected almost sharply, in the second almost gravely. The fine shade is everything in speaking. I think I may claim a crowing bit-bit for myself from Mr. Read's letter. Surely of two persons the one who can hear most is inflected almost sharply, in the second almost gravely. The fine shade is everything in speaking. I think I may claim a crowing bit-bit for myself from Mr. Read's letter. Surely of two persons the one who can hear most

AN END TO SECRECY.

Sir,—Nothing has pleased me more since last Christmas than the recent plump for Truth on the part of my life-long press acquaintance, Mr. Singeing Madstock. Yearning to write a novel about my father's charity, I have hitherto been held back by those considerations which he has so comfortably described as "false sentiment and very false delicacy." At last I am free to scoop up the fortune which I have long felt awaited the daring wight who should write down the plain unvarnished tale of Mr. Madstock's private life. In appending the following little summary of my forthcoming novel, "Madstock's Whole Truth," I confess to having mingled truth with fiction, but after all I am a creative artist, and what I have added is merely what ought to have been had, yea, what will yet happen to the subject of my book.

"In a vulgar little suburb, in a vulgar house atrociously furnished with some sort of light. His upbringing was of the most realistic sort, all the family being firmly set against false delicacy. At school our hero was a slave for telling, the family was afraid of being cured. He himself says: 'We are all prone to hypocrisy and poorly afraid of being cured of that weakness.' I will cure him, poor fellow! He says: 'We hedge ourselves about with petty mysteries and waste our time in trying to hide from each other. I will play for once the part of literary hedge-creeper after the manner of all successful modern novelists, playwrights, and poets. It is a poor creature,' says he once more, 'who has the courage to sin or to play the fool, and yet is not courageous enough to let anyone know of it.' I will let everyone know about him. And, further, I shall do things! His demand that those who sin secretly in the sight of God should be shamed in the sight of men, shall be met. The very next time I see him at the altar I shall forbid the marriage, and, if necessary, produce all his other wives.

"ANOTHER'S.

Sir,—Enclosed please find an announcement of Sir George Alexander's "Lady Windermere's Fan," to be produced by the Leeds Institute and Pickens Dramatic Society, on November 21 and 23. J. P. GOLDBERG.

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