NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The end of the present Session in Parliament is sufficiently near to enable a forecast of next Session's legislation possible. Contrary to the great expectations of those responsible for the "Campaign against Poverty," it is already obvious that of social legislation in this Session there will be no more, not only during the remaining time of this Parliament. The Minimum Wage, the Eight Hours Day, the Reform of the Poor Law and all the rest of the fatuous programme of the Fabian job-makers and takers may therefore be regarded as still for the present impracticable; and all the bluff about social reform is no longer popular and that the Labour Members that their services to the Government have been amply paid? We are not contending, of course, that the Bill, as drafted by the Party, ought to have been passed. In our opinion the Osborne Bill itself was a blessing in disguise to Trade Unionism and its reversal would be a calamity. But remembering the heat with which the Bill was demanded, and the sacrifices it was thought good to make for it, we cannot refrain from reminding the Labour Members that their services to the Coalition and as strong a party, equally necessary to the Coalition and as strong as the Welsh party, has got nothing; and seems to be grateful for it. Nay, in the opinion of every good judge, they have got considerably less than nothing. As he rated their services at a positive discount, Mr. Asquith has appeared almost to take pains to see that the Labour Party should be soundly kicked for their humiliating subservience. Not only have they been refused their Osborne Bill, but they were maliciously employed as catspaws during three great strikes; commerce has been so loaded against them that prices in relation to wages have risen three shillings in the pound, and finally their whole class has been coerced into the Insurance pigeon-holes where every man-jack has his number like a ticket-of-leave convict. But for the existence of the Labour Party in Parliament these things could not possibly have occurred.

Some notion of the final futility of Labour politics to the Labour movement appears at last to have entered the heads of at least one of the constituent Unions. It was announced last week that the Boilermakers had withdrawn from the Labour Party. Explanations were at once issued by the latter, designed to minimise the significance of the event; but there is really no concealing or under-rating its importance. We do not hesitate to say that the resignation of the Boilermakers is much the most important fact in recent Labour politics; for, whatever its immediate causes, there can be no doubt that its root cause is dissatisfaction with the results of Labour politics; and if this has operated in
We have referred to the resignation of the Boilermakers from the Labour Party as a significant event in politics; for the significant event in the development of Labour politics has now been tried long enough to establish the propositions that economic power precedes political power and that to grasp at political power before economic power is obtained is to court the failure of the experiment. The relation between economics and politics, indeed, has not been properly understood until within the last few years. And on these grounds we may fairly absolve the Labour Party in its inception from the charge of deliberately or even culpably side-tracking him or not, as we may, there is no doubt that a man ceases to be a trade unionist before everything as soon as he is returned to Parliament. And we should wonder if the most rabid of his critics, now seeking to supplant him, the first to follow suit. It is not, in short, the atmosphere of the House as gentlemen that corrupts a Labour spokesman, but its atmosphere, and the atmosphere of his constituency, as places of politics.

The economic objection to Labour representation is, however, of a more concrete character. The State is the depository of all power in the nation; and since the main source of power is wealth, it follows that the State and Wealth are almost identical. Now workmen, let us recognize, have practically no wealth whatever. Wealth is accumulated saving; it is the store of past labour in the form either of consumable commodities or of machinery for their production. But without either a store of commodities or the means of producing them, the whole class of wage-slaves must be as dependent upon the owners of capital as horses are upon their groomers for food. And a seat in the House of Commons is not, and is not likely in itself to, alter that fact. Consisting as it does mainly of the representatives of wealth, Parliament cannot do what wealthy men generally do not feel disposed to do. Even if a majority in Parliament voted, against the wish of the capitalist classes, to transfer the instruments of wealth to the present poor, the legislation so carried would be ineffectual. For while it is true that the State is the depository of power, just as a bank is the depository of money, the power in each instance is conditioned by the goodwill of the depositors. It follows that merely political means are fruitless towards the strengthening of the position of Trade Unionism, and that the presence of the Co-operative movement in the House, and the immediate utility would certainly be not less, and its remotest uses infinitely greater. The consideration in the alliance is, therefore, of such importance that the two parties. The Co-operative movement will be fortified by the capital of the Trade Unions; it will be still further fortified by what should be the inclusive custom of the Trade Unionists. The latter, on the other hand, lose nothing immediately; but they obtain the establishment of Trade Union conditions in all Co-operative enterprises, and they acquire a field for the exercise of the democratic control of industry, and they purchase an almost inexhaustible, thoroughly reliable, and impregnable base of support for use in the time of economic battle. It will be criminal if the alliance is not cemented now that it has been publicly proposed.

We are bound to say, however, that we see no value to the two main parties from the inclusion in their alliance of the Labour Party. On the contrary, we see a great deal of danger therein. To begin with, the Labour Party itself is formed of a weak coalition, the cement of which is the alliance with the tender feeling of the poor. It is there that the present value of the party consists of the same element that gives value to the Trade Union Congress—namely, the Trade Union element; and this would enter the Co-operative alliance in any case. As for the other elements of the compound, words fail to convey their proven worthlessness. The I.L.P. is woman-mad, and can always be depended on to betray Labour for pecuniary advantage. The Fabian Society, likewise, is in the Labour Party for precisely what it can get out of it—information for absorbing insincere tract literature and turn it into more jobs. A more beggarly society than the Fabian Society never palpated itself off on a Parliamentary group, with less to give and more to take. If the Fabian Society had had the smallest respect either for itself or for the Labour Party it would have severed itself from that body long ago. These facts being undeniable, we leave the Co-operative movement to weigh the value to the alliance of the crumbling Labour Party.

Again, there is not the least doubt that the presence of the Parliamentary Labour Party would mean a diversion of energy from the proper economic task of organising workers co-operatively, to the improper and impossible political task of organising workers on political lines. Politics, be it remembered, is not only a diversion, but a complete waste of time and money.
Liberal, Tory, or Labour. In fact, if our advice were taken, workmen for the next half-dozen elections would simply not vote at all. They would strike against politics until they had obtained the right of citizenship, which, whatever fools may say, is denied them so long as they have no stake in the country. But if the proposed alliance includes the Labour Party, what chance is there that politics will be relegated to the idiosyncrasies of the individual, and cease to be made a cause of dividing economically-united workers? No chance whatever. On the contrary, every megalomaniac Trade Union or Co-operative organiser will think himself in duty bound to his wife to aim beyond the useful necessary obscurity and anonymity of economic organisation into the limelight regions of political display. A career, God help him, will be open to him there, offering the maximum of self-advertisement and the minimum of service to his fellows. As surely as this flaming the moths will fly into it, with the result that not only will they be lost to the economic Labour movement, but the movement will suffer from their strenuous suicide. The Co-operative movement that has hitherto known no politics, the Trade Union movement that against its will has been forced into politics, will make a great blunder in uniting only for it. The minimum economic resources necessary for any strike—namely, a year's supplies. The value of this commissariat will, however, largely depend upon the intelligence of the plan of campaign in which it is employed, as well as upon the spirit of the leaders and men employed. Can there be any doubt that in loyalty to its Co-operative partner the Trade Union movement should aim at the creation of the Co-operative commonwealth? None whatever, we will suppose. But the question is, if a more exact objective, let us put it, as the proper object of the Trade Union movement to compel the State to acquire the capital of all the existing large monopolies and to insist in their management upon the democratic rights of the workers involved. * * *

It does not follow, however, that because this particular alliance would be foolish to introduce politics into its counsels, either a political movement of a more enlightened kind than any now existing is unnecessary, or that political action will not in the long run be needed to supplement economic action. What we contend is simply that at present the economic situation is not ready for it. As we have seen, it is useless to send members to Parliament whose constituents are unable to support them when the bluff is called. On the other hand, if the reserves are ready, there will be plenty of members of Parliament to call for them. We do not know whether the Co-operative and Trade Union leaders are aware of it or not, but the fact is well known to us, at least, that the alliance score of members of the existing Parliament—none of them being Labour members—would be willing to move for the nationalisation of industry, provided that the workmen were prepared to undertake its responsible management. Even more than this, if the workmen, in conjunction with capitalists, supplied with capital, are to be mortally hostile to labour, who would be quite glad to be relieved of their economic responsibility, and to hand it over to their workmen if the latter showed signs of being fitted for it; yes, and to take their chance of a majority with which to round up and incorporate their wretched bargain. The melodramatic assumption, so common amongst the sporting comrade, that capitalists of the Parliamentary type are wholly devilish, does not bear inspection for a single moment. The fact is that nothing conduces more to the apparent heartlessness of capitalists than the disgusting feebleness of labour. But if Labour resolutely set to work to organise its forces economically, to eschew politics, except individually, for the time being, and to prepare itself for making and taking its grand demand, not only would economic power be obtained, but consequent political power would be added to it. Economic power is as indispensable to political power as money is indispensable to credit, and when economic power collects itself and flocks the politicians. We can see, in fact, that if the new alliance succeeds, a specially formed political party in Parliament will be unnecessary. Either or both of the existing parties will pay their court to it. * * *

Leaving the Labour Party to take care of itself, there would remain in the proposed alliance only the Co-operative Union and the Trades Congress. The Co-operative Union may, we think, be trusted to go its own way under the new circumstances with no danger to its future. Its course is clear, and there are no external problems to vex it. To extend both its productive and distributive agencies, to acquire and to employ capital in co-operation, to conquer little by little the main instruments of production—namely, land and money—these are the simple rules for its general guidance. But the problem before Trade Unionism is undoubtedly on a greater and more difficult scale. If administrators are necessary in the Co-operative movement it is certain that some other administrative machinery is indispensable in the Trade Union movement. For it is plain that Trade Unionism cannot wait to enter into possession and control of industry until Co-operation has made a complete conquest of commerce. That brief era of experiment, which has patched the industrial map here and there, and may, indeed, in zones of time, transform the whole map; but in the meantime Trade Unionism will be fighting for its life in the still barbarous places of business. The question is, therefore, what should be the aim of Trade Unionism in regard to industry in general? By the alliance it is demonstrable that its power will be so greatly increased that any particular union would be able to command what we have always regarded as the minimum economic resources necessary for any strike—namely, a year's supplies. The value of this commissariat will, however, largely depend upon the intelligence of the plan of campaign in which it is employed, as well as upon the spirit of the leaders and men employed. Can there be any doubt that in loyalty to its Co-operative partner the Trade Union movement should aim at the creation of the Co-operative commonwealth? None whatever, we will suppose. But the question is, if a more exact objective, let us put it, then, as the proper object of the Trade Union movement to compel the State to acquire the capital of all the existing large monopolies and to insist in their management upon the democratic rights of the workers involved. * * *

But to grasp this objective and to make of it the goal of Labour require that the Unions should be more alive than they are, both to their own value and to the future that awaits them. For it is not enough to point to the immediate gain, the gain to mankind would be tremendous. A new epoch would, indeed, be inaugurated, not merely in England, but in the world. The discipline, the intelligence, and, let us say, the sacrifices involved are, however, of corresponding dimensions. To succeed, or even to make a grand attempt after success, will demand that the Unions (a) shall regard themselves as entrusted with the future of its own particular industry, to control it, and develop it in the interest of themselves and of their nation; (b) shall act as industrial guardians to all their members, providing them with useful and honourable means of livelihood, with a masonic body of fellows, with amenities peculiar to their trade, and with security under all the circumstances and against all the accidents of life. These, we think, are comprehensive enough to include the whole duty of Trade Unionists as industrialists. It may be said that it is also a Utopian dream. They say: let them say! For us it is enough to reply that in moments of hope this future of industry appears the most certain, and even the best authenticated. For two years only has the movement of industrial unionism and federation been active; yet in that brief period miracles of organisation have been performed. The barriers between the skilled and unskilled of any one trade, the barriers between trade and trade, the barriers between trades and professions, have been, if not completely down, at least whittled somewhat away. At any moment almost some trade or other, some profession or other, may project its epoch-making demand to the State to hand over to it the control of its industry or service. We have seen that within an apostate Socialism in their blind struggle with Mr. Lloyd George, lesson, we hope and believe, has been learned from their failure.
Current Cant.

"Dear Sir,—My soul is stirred to its very depths by hearing of the awful perils our girls are subject to. It is not safe for girls to go unprotected these days outside the doors of their homes. Would it be possible to have warning notices in trams, trains, tubes, lifts, picture palaces and shops?"—A MOTHER in "The Awakener."

"Having spent fifteen years in the work of uplifting the downtrodden women of the East End of London—by the force of cruel circumstances, recruited—having during those fifteen years seen many thousands of lovely woman-souls slowly but surely bereft of all their beauty under various excruciating, I can with difficulty restrain a jubilant shout each morning since the White Slave Act has come into operation and I read of this or that scoundrel having been sentenced to a severe lashing. The moral effect of these floggings will be enormous. Each stroke will mean the saving of a woman's soul."—EDWARD SEATON in the "Daily Citizen."

"We do not want to make London so beautiful and palatial that the habit of beauty will sink into the souls of everybody until we are a nation of artists. Let us avoid the incultation of beauty in the masses . . . remember the fate of Greece . . . It is the narrow, dirty, grimy streets of London that the Empire owes its progress. If it were not for the evils and discomforts of being poor there would be nothing to urge us to get rich."—The Standard."

"All Christian people must greatly rejoice at the wonderful changes that have been taking place in China, now that the Chinese are eagerly seeking after Western civilisation . . ."—The British Congregationalist."

"That staunch upholder of courtly proprieties—Lord Willoughby de Broke.—"The World."

"Cicely Hamilton, who is not exactly a post-card beauty, looked beautiful when she was telling of her hunger for maternity."—CHRISTOPHER ST. JACKSON.

"Mr. Lloyd George is no hair-brained politician who meddles in machinery which he does not understand."—The Suffragette."

"When Mr. Balfour claims special political power for a man because he is a banker or a merchant he is falling into the same error as the Socialist."—News and Leader."

"The Queen is determined that presentation at Court shall be the hallmark of character."—London Mail."

"The birth of a son and heir in March will cause an immense amount of rejoicing in one of our well-known immense loss of prestige, and Kiamil and his friends and Army officers. But this cannot go on indefinitely. * * *

This was a suggestion which the Kiamil Cabinet was disposed to accept, with the reservation that the Turks should hand over Adrianople as well as the islands to the Powers, a move which, it was thought, would have enabled the Cabinet to "save face." In the long run, this might conceivably have been a good move, even for Turkey herself. There would have been an immense loss of prestige, and Kiamil and his friends would have been left without an amount of territory in Europe, which, if she continues to possess it, will always give rise to quarrels with Bulgaria. * * *

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

Readers of The New Age, if of no other paper, had been warned of the difficulties experienced by Kiamil Pasha on account of the intriguing of the war party at Constantinople, of the intermittent pressure of the desire of Germany to help Turkey rather than the Allies. Within the last few days—I write on January 24—it became more and more clear that a coup was imminent, even though the Powers had hoped up to the last moment that it would be prevented. Kiamil was to yield Adrianople, as I said last week, "without violence." * * *

In adopting this attitude the Powers were, to a very great extent, thoroughly justified. Within the last two years or so I have repeatedly called attention to the lamentable financial condition of the Turkish Empire; and I need hardly emphasise the fact that the war with Italy, followed so closely by the war with the Balkan States, was not likely to improve the situation. At the present moment the Treasury is empty, though the Ottoman Bank, I understand, is advancing the small sums necessary for the pay and subsistence of the Turkish army and the army officers. But this cannot go on indefinitely.

* * *

The Powers, realising this, proposed to Kiamil Pasha, though not in such a formal manner that we can say "officially" that the tangle could be solved in some such way as this: Adrianople should be ceded to the Allies, the islands should be left for the Powers to distribute as best they might; and in return for this immediate arrangements would be made for the flotation of a large Turkish loan. Further, the Powers undertook to see that the Allies did not get a very large slice of Thrace—up to the line of the Maritza River, perhaps, but not much more. This suggestion, if it had been carried out, would have left Turkey with a far amount of land in front of Chatalja; and, if an army had been quartered there, a retreat to the famous Chatalja lines would have been an easy matter in the event of any future war.

* * *

This event, however, was not precisely spontaneous. As I have already indicated, preparations had been proceeding for some time; and when the right moment appeared to have arrived Talaat Bey, ex-Minister of the Interior, and Mahmud Shefket Pasha, ex-War Minister, had not to be sent for. They were on the spot, and quite ready for anything that could be arranged. Mahmud Shefket was invited to attend; but he excused himself on the plea of illness. And the acquiescence of the packed Council was too much for the population of Stamboul to stand, so they drove out the Cabinet and took possession of the Sublime Porte. * * *

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By way of having this suggestion agreed to semi-officially (or should we say semi-nationally) a Council-General was summoned, but it was "packed." Mahmud Shefket was invited to attend; but he excused himself on the plea of illness. And the acquiescence of the packed Council was too much for the population of Stamboul to stand, so they drove out the Cabinet and took possession of the Sublime Porte. * * *

"A son of one of the Chiefs of Burdwain was converted by a tract, but he went to Kanpur to see a missionary's wife taught him how to read, and in forty-eight hours he could read the tract through and was saved."—The Christian.
As for the immediate future, no one can foretell it, least of all the Young Turks themselves. When they were in power before they mismanaged the Empire scandalously; and Mahmud Shefket himself, although a very capable man, left his own department in a chaotic condition. It is almost inevitable that rioting should take place; and, indeed, as I write I learn that Nazim Pasha has been shot dead. These things, however, are details. What is the possible plan of the Young Turks, and how far are they supported by Austria and Germany? They are the main questions; even though a few of the Young Turks are in favour of a republic.

The Young Turks have come into power by popular favour, and this favour is due to the single fact that they are promised, in order to win the Adrianople. Now, this is perilous. The Turkish army at Chatalja is undoubtedly in first-class condition; but the transport service at its disposal is utterly inadequate. Last week I referred to commissariat difficulties, for it was difficulties of this nature that led to the disasters of the war. An army is useless without food and ammunition. The Turks can just manage to supply the Chatalja lines with food. Men have been accumulating; there are now nearly 200,000 at Chatalja. If these soldiers make a forward move and are defeated owing to lack of war material, the Ottoman Empire is as good as dead—and this in spite of the fact that there are more than 250,000 men under arms in Asia Minor.

It was my expectation, naturally, that the Turkish authorities would make good use of their time during the armistice to improve their transport services; but my latest information assures me that they have not done this. The Turks are well entrenched and can resist almost any attack. But a forward movement is a different matter, for the Bulgarians are equally well entrenched, and are provided, into the bargain, with superior artillery. It is a case of stalemate with a vengeance. It is nearly impossible for one army to attack the other with the certainty of gaining a victory, especially as the winter has begun and the space between the armies is covered with snow several feet deep. The roads in Thrace, bad enough in the summer as I can testify, become positive quagmires in the winter, and a mile an hour is considered as excellent speed for a bullock-wagon.

I do not wish to over-estimate the difficulties of transport; but to give the reader some conception of the difficulties of fighting. The snows of the Balkans made no difference to the 1877-78 campaign. The only case, the campaign was at its height when the winter had begun, and the men's blood was up. To conclude an armistice lasting over a month just after the autumn, and then to resume the campaign when the winter has begun in earnest, is another matter. But the fanaticism (I use a convenient word) of both sides may make a great deal possible in the present circumstances which would be impossible if the war were being waged between any other belligerents. Will the Bulgarians give up their goal when they are almost in sight of it? Will the Turks see the tombs of their most celebrated emperors fall into the hands of the Christians? It will be difficult enough to induce the Bulgarians to return at the end of the campaign; but it will be just as difficult to induce 200,000 Ottoman troops to return to barracks without having fired a shot in defence of Adrianople.

The Young Turks, I say definitely, are relying upon verbal assurance. Even when the Austrian Chancellor, M. Hilmite Pasha, the recently-appointed Turkish Ambassador to Vienna, Germany has warned Russia that no interference with Asia Minor will be permitted. France, who, in view of her interests in Asia Minor, is anxious to claim and control the Allies rather than the Turks, is inclined at the present moment to side with Germany as against her own ally, Russia. As for our own Foreign Office, it has not shown a tendency latterly to make up its mind about anything.

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The health of this mushroom community being thus effectively guarded against plague, fever, and zymotic disease (the dominance of the doctor is indeed becoming an acute problem), the next step was to provide wholesome food, sustaining and untainted. This necessity called into being the Subsistence Division. Again, another obscure colonel took command of the work being far too important and responsible to be entrusted to any profiteering caterer or restaurateur. Did this Colonel seek to make a profit on the supply of food? Not he. An army man, he knew something about rations and something about public buildings. He knew the industrial system built up on wages he was happily oblivious. His task was to feed this industrial army at his peril; what had profiteers to do with it? He has to supply daily 21,900,000 meals, food, clothing and the other essentials of life. And he does it without a penny of profit. This obscure colonel, no merchant prince is he, has a clear perception that the workers want rations at cost price. He does not report at the end of the year that he has made a large profit out of his transactions—if he did he would be superseded; it is his duty to report that he has secured rations of pure quality and distributed them effectually, punctually and rapidly amongst the Panama workers. Is not this a distinct approach to the Guild spirit?

The Subsistence Division spends every year £1,300,000 on food. It runs 22 general stores and 18 hotels. These hotels supply every month 200,000 substantial meals at a cost of fifteen pence each. In addition, the agents for a European (euphemism for cheap white labour, mostly European (euphemism for cheap white labour, mostly Spanish and Italian) labourers can obtain a day's rations of three meals for twenty pence. And West Indian kitchens where black labour can obtain a day's rations for thirteen pence. Every morning, at four o'clock, from Cristobal on the Panama side of the Isthmus a supply train of 21 cars distributes fresh food. This brings us back to our subject: brains of the capitalist order are now palpably out of date; they belong to the stuffy furniture of the Victorian era. It is, perhaps, more accurate to pose our statement thus: executive and administrative brains are restricted by the limitations and false economic conception of private capitalism. The able army colonels who are bringing the Panama Canal to its final success would have been as impotent as was De Lesseps had they not had at their back a nation's credit and a new and immensely powerful and successfully operating organisation.

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Government, so must the assets with which the Guilds work belong to the nation. But because economic power dominates political power, it follows that the Guilds will possess only the usufruct of the assets. Nevertheless the Guilds must be primarily concerned with the fruitful application of the labour monopoly. They will be in a position (like the Panama Colonels) to compel the supply of all necessary material through the appropriate Guild. They will be quit of the private capitalist; its burden, its devastating restrictions, its crudeness and its cruelties, will all become the nightmare of an evil night that has gone for ever.

In these circumstances, it is evident that the super-fixed "braininess" now so deplorably in request by the capitalist and employing classes, that a wholehearted request by private capitalism will have no place. The new era will inevitably develop a finer type of executive and administrative brains. The Guild leaders and administrators will be in the true sense statesmen; they will give to their problems a personal consideration because they will not be perpetually obsessed with thoughts of personal aggrandisement and of paltry profits. Their future will be assured; so also will be their status. Their souls will be washed clean from the corruption and stains of capitalist morality. In that respect, at least, they will breathe a purer ether and their work will accordingly show richer results. Doubtless other moral weaknesses will develop—any good custom will corrupt the world—but so far, at least, as purifying goes forward, they will become immune.

We have seen that private capitalism failed at Panama, with its expenditure of £75,000,000. But this amount will be a comparatively small matter for the Guilds. The Textile Guild, for example, will spend three times that amount every year, and think nothing of it. It will, to begin with, purchase from America or elsewhere at least £100,000,000 worth of raw cotton. It will purchase new machinery on a scale undreamt of in capitalist philosophy. Its quota towards sanitation, education and all other public services will put the Panama expenditure completely in the shade. Naturally so; for Panama is only concerned with a population of 60,000, whilst the Textile Guild will be concerned, in its right proportion, with a population of 45,000,000. In short, the Guilds will tend to greater wealth-production, to the national economy so ordered that the production and distribution of wealth will be an occupation fit for gentlemen.

A Politician's Manual

It would appear that Professor Pigou, annoyed by the charlatanry of popular economics, had determined to make his exposition at once as precise and as difficult as possible. "The book of statesmanship," he says, "to the writing of which I have endeavoured in this volume to add a page, is not, and never will be, one that he who runs may read." This is a wholesome doctrine, in these days, when everybody believes everything to be comprehensible by anybody; and we are, therefore, not disposed to quarrel with Professor Pigou, as the "Nation" does, for accommodating his methods to the subject, rather than to the popular reader. At the same time, we are not very clear in what respect, save the method of arriving at them, Professor Pigou's conclusions differ from those of the educated Liberal elector. The suspicion that arises in our mind more than once, indeed, is that Professor Pigou, consciously or unconsciously, is engaged in justifying the ways of the Liberal Party, particularly in respect of comparatively recent social legislation, and generally in respect of social legislation about to come. From this point of view, however, the volume is not only interesting as economics, it is important as politics. We may, perhaps, conclude from Professor Pigou's pages the nature of the theory on which future liberal legislation will be based.

We may premise that, so far at any rate as discussion is concerned, the main subject of legislative consideration during the immediately coming years will be the distribution of wealth. It is common doctrine that though our wealth-production is enormous and growing, our wealth-distribution tends to greater and greater apparent inequality. The problem is certain, therefore, to arise, and in fact it has arisen, whether the present inequalities of distribution can be artificially modified without damage to the system. In this the French Revolutionists were in the right.

On the supposition—accepted, as we think, too easily by Professor Pigou—that the present national net dividend is maintained at a maximum in consequence of the stimulus to effort offered by the present distribution, any arbitrary or forcible reduction of their present share in the dividend to any of the factors would tend to reduce their productive efforts and consequently the volume of wealth to be divided. Suppose, for example, that the confiscation of profit and interest beyond a given maximum were to be legally enforced on the capitalist and employing classes, the effect might be to induce in them a disposition to limit their effort to the quantity necessary to produce the legal maximum. And it is not even a speculatively questionable in Professor Pigou's mind whether the extra effort that might be induced in the poor by the transfer would compensate for the diminished effort of the rich; for, whereas, he says, the surplus of the rich is now spent in machinery for further production, the same surplus, transferred to the poor, would be exhausted in consumption. All this, as we say, seems clearly analogous to the Liberal politician; and since it appears in Professor Pigou's volume, with all the attraction of diagrams and mathematics, it will doubtless determine legislation for some time to come. Indeed, we already discern on the horizon the beginnings of legislation on the theories here laid down. For granted that the poor can only be made richer at the expense of the rich by making the nation as a whole poorer, it follows, first, that every such transfer must be staved off as long as possible; secondly, that it shall be conceded as a favour; and, thirdly, that the damage involved to the national dividend shall be reduced to the smallest compass by controlling the recipients of the transfer so as to make them earn it if possible. Are we not dealing with the grand old principles of the grand old Liberal Party, and of the Tory Party, too, for that matter? See the "Spectator." But we are not obliged, we think, to accept Professor Pigou's pessimistic conclusions as necessarily beyond cavil. Apart from the general reasoning that the morally good is also in the long run the economically good, there are considerations that lead us to doubt even the immediate validity of the main proposition. We do not say that no transfer of dividend from the relatively rich to the relatively poor can operate injuriously on national production. It is obvious that many forms of such transfer, voluntary as well as forcible, may have that effect. But, on the other hand, forms of transfer can be devised which, if conceivable, would have the contrary and beneficial effect even without the inspection and compulsion of the recipients indicated by Professor Pigou.
The whole problem, however, is, we contend, of far greater complexity than even Professor Pigou has made it out to be; for, in considering what stimuli induce effort, we are in the region of psychology—a region almost ignored by our author. Of course, assuming that economic effort is proportioned to prospective economic rewards, the problem is simple, and Professor Pigou cannot be challenged. But what effort so proportioned? Professor Pigou himself cites the substitution of the idea of “success” for personal economic rewards as an instance of what may be called non-economic stimuli. And, by looking for them, many others may be discovered. We are not sure, indeed, that effort even in the economic sense is not subject to the law of diminishing returns to economic stimuli, being at its maximum at a comparatively low degree of the latter and requiring subsequently another form of stimulus altogether. Be that as it may—and we cannot do more than suggest the subject here—until the psychology of effort has been more exactly examined by the economists, we may doubt Professor Pigou’s conclusion that the transfer of wealth from the relatively rich to the relatively poor would necessarily diminish the national net dividend.

There is another consideration involved also, with which Professor Pigou deals even more lightly than he deals with the psychological factor. The products of a district may be very different, whose effort is directed to leadership in quality as distinct from quantity, are less exposed to the competition of substitutes than any other products.” Surely we have here a clue to the possible beneficial effects on effort of an equitable distribution of wealth. For even supposing that the present system of distribution produces the maximum quantity of dividend, may not a more equitable distribution, by calling out a different order of effort, produce a maximum quality of dividend? And this, by reason of the high inelasticity of such products, might more than compensate for the reduction in quantity.

The question involved here is the relative value of the machine and the man. We should have said above that the test allowed by Professor Pigou of the economic utility of a transfer of wealth from the rich to the poor is a test of the bank-rate. Investment in machinery presumably brings an average return of between two and three per cent. The diversion of this capital from machinery to men is, therefore, only a transfer of wealth that may be shown to be less profitable than a transfer of wealth from the rich to the poor. It seems that this is what is wanted, easily get it peacefully and constitutionally by the simple exercise of the Parliamentary franchise.

But, in the first place, it is always difficult in sociology to isolate effects of one cause from the effects of another cause; and it would, therefore, be easy to prove according to inclination that investment in social reform pays better or worse than investment in machinery. A priori, however, the advantage is with investment in men rather than investment in machines, for the reason that economically regarded, man is himself a machine of unsurpassable productivity. And when, further, we compare quality with quantity, the advantage is even more striking. The “leadership in quality,” therefore, to which Professor Pigou refers appears to us to necessitate investment in men rather than in machines.

In concluding our notice of, perhaps, the most notable work on economics of recent years, we may be permitted to remark on the gaps still left in the science. Professor Pigou has aimed, as we have seen, at writing a page of the statesman’s manual. Actually, however, as we believe, he has written only a page of the politician’s manual. The statesmanship of the highest order, economists must, in our opinion, first master the economics of qualitative production—a virgin soil, almost, so far. And next they must examine the conditions, social, economic and political, which favour respectively the maximum quantitative and the maximum qualitative national net dividends.
more acute. The working people, however, owing to their numerical superiority, would have little to fear from the opposition of the employing class, if they could come to a common understanding as to what they should do. But inequality of conditions divides the labouring people from the people who produce for them. Besides, the worker who receives $2 a week, no matter what his creed may be, does not feel that he is so much happier than the worker who receives $1 a week, but he fancies himself to be so much better. While this feeling exists, the organisation of the workers as a body can be nothing but a dream. Socialism is State Socialism, but the State Socialists, who are agreed upon principle, cannot unite to fight for it under one banner. For the sake of argument let us assume that the difficulties in the way of organising the people are overcome, and that the labouring classes form one great Socialist party. The working people then raise the question: Do the workers constitute a majority of the electorate? If we take the figures exhibited by the officials of the Government, we find that only about 15 per cent. of the population of the United Kingdom have the vote, and hardly 1 per cent. exercise it. As a man must either own property or rent it to be entitled to vote, the poorest of the people, those who stand most in need of help, have not the vote. It is by no means uncommon to hear a worker thinking he has a voiceless audacity, and to be sure to send one of their own order to Parliament at the next election. The classes that actually benefit by the existing state of things will most certainly oppose Socialism. It is natural for the great landlords and great capitalists, by the existing state of things will most certainly oppose Socialism. Now, if we add together all these numbers that are and circumstances will be seen at once that if they do not constitute a majority of the electorate, they form a minority not much less than the majority—at any rate, a minority strong enough to prevent the majority from doing anything. Supposing the working people have the majority of votes, it cannot be a large one, and a little consideration of the quality and composition of it, will show that it is helpless at the ballot-box. The poverty of the agricultural labourers subjects them to the ascendency of the landlords, and their ignorance subjects them to the ascendency of the parsons. They are chained to their work like a martyr to a stake. They see nothing, hear nothing, and know nothing beyond their parish. In the industrial centres swarm thousands of workmen, good, bad, and indifferent, living hand to mouth, who, struggling every hour they are awake against their want, have no time for study and reflection. It would be just as reasonable to ask them to vote on the treatment to follow for persons attacked by small-pox as to vote on the solution of the labour question. The most difficult problem man has to solve. Where the conditions are such that one man depends entirely on another man for the maintenance of himself and his family, honest and independent voting is not to be expected. Those who control the means of life cannot control the votes. The rich have the Government completely in their hands at the present day, and whatever measure is passed through Parliament must be under their control. They have the money, the press, and the pulpit, and, as the people generally swear by what they read, they can manufacture public sentiment in their own favour. Participation in politics demoralises the people; it engenders the passion for power and domination over man, which is fatal to human liberty; it accustoms the masses to entrust their well-being to leaders and representatives, which is dangerous and baseless; it diverts the labour movement into a series of hostile camps, bitterly waging war against each other; and lastly, it corrupts the leaders and rank and file.

I hope I have made it clear to the reader that ages must elapse before the working classes can gain anything by the vote; and that life is too short to humbug with it.

A Note on Powers.

By S. Verdad.

It is more than a coincidence that the last two presidential elections of any importance should have turned to such a great extent on the question of the powers to be exercised by a head of the State: and this, too, in spite of written constitutions, mainly composed to cover any eventuality. I refer, naturally, to the recent elections in the United States and in France, where extraneous constitutional elements were introduced, much to the bewilderment of those who found themselves called upon to vote on points with which they were but indifferently acquainted.

A halo began to gather round M. Poincaré two or three months ago, for he had been striving, with a great deal of success, to carry on peace negotiations on behalf of Turkey (or better, in behalf of the French interests in Turkey), and the various pronouncements he was called upon to make from time to time marked him out from the common run of French statesmen. When M. Bourgeois pleaded that his age and ill-health prevented him from standing as a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, M. Poincaré announced his intention of taking his place; and, in spite of the opposition of the so-called Republican caucus, he defeated M. Pams by a handsome majority. In defeating M. Pams, the weedy manufacturer of cigarette paper, M. Poincaré incidentally defeated two extreme and quite opposed groups of intriguers who were doing their best to keep him out, viz., the atheistic freemasons and the clerical reactionaries. But the electoral campaign did not turn so much upon religious questions, or even questions of foreign policy, which were mere phthisic symptoms, as upon the alleged extra powers which, it was hinted, M. Poincaré, proposed to assume when he reached the Elysée. There was, of course, no foundation for the statements made about "extra powers." The fact was, M. Poincaré indicated, through his friends, that if he were elected he meant to make use of certain powers already vested in the President of the Republic, but seldom exercised. M. Loubet and M. Fallières were both chosen by the caucus, and they both happened to be Presidents of the Senate. The main reason for this choice was that both these gentlemen, although gifted in many respects, were more or less figureheads and could be relied upon to remain so. A caucus has no use for any man who looks like becoming independent; for, in such a case, what is likely to become of the caucus? Now, it is perfectly notorious that the French people have never, for years taken the slightest interest in presidential elections; but on this occasion the body of the nation was solid for M. Poincaré, and an almost audible sigh of relief went up when the result was made known. The difference this time was due to the exercise by M. Poincaré of a quality which, despite broad contrary signs, is always well liked, but which is particularly well liked in France, namely, the quality of personality. Here was a being who rose out of the common run, the presence of whose firm determination, and even made it clear that he actually meant what he said. This type of man has not
been common in French politics for some time, and he was welcomed accordingly. Those who talked about absolutism and coups d'état were not heeded.

This very fact shows the difference between the French and American peoples. The Senate is the nation with a long tradition and the nation with none at all. Theodore Roosevelt, considered as a man and a leader of men, is idolised by the great majority of his countrymen. Not even the ties of party—and party influence is stronger and better organised in the United States than in any other country in the world—prevented this “outsider” from defeating the regular Republican candidate, Mr. Taft, for second place after Dr. Wilson had won this election been held in France. Roosevelt would have defeated Dr. Wilson. But a majority of the American people, having no tradition, and being afraid to rely upon personality beyond a given distance, stuck to what they imagined to be the spirit of the constitution and refused Mr. Roosevelt a “third term.” If his own organisation is properly looked after, Mr. Roosevelt is almost certain to win four years hence.

It is only when we consider the effects of personality in relation to written rules that we shall, I think, begin to realise its importance. The Presidents of France and the United States, like the King of England, have certain “rights.” Our King’s speech is a formal affair, short, and written by the Cabinet, or perhaps only by the Prime Minister. There is no reason why it should not extend, like some of Mr. Roosevelt’s celebrated messages to Congress, to thirty or forty thousand words. The French President has the right of presiding over sittings of his Cabinet. M. Fallières did not extend this occasionally but seldom makes use of it. On the other hand, unlike our sovereigns, the French President has the right of dissolving the Chamber, to thirty or forty thousand votes. Roosevelt is almost certain to win four years hence.

If any New Age reader cares to go into these questions more fully, and will include in his researches the story of the bitter and virulent opposition which Washington had to encounter after the war, he will be able to consider in a much better light Mr. Bellow’s light suggestions for increasing the power of the Crown here. I am myself opposed to any increase in the power of the Crown not because I am afraid of personalism, but simply because any ruler with sufficient weight and intelligence (which are, after all, merely other names for personality) can exercise a very great influence on English politics and English social life by making use of powers at present dormant. And those powers are at present dormant because personality has been lacking in our rulers. With the exception of King Edward, who was just beginning to show us his qualities when he died, none of our recent sovereigns felt sufficiently in touch with the people to brook the will of the House of Commons, although it has long been notorious that the House of Commons has not in touch with the people of the country for many decades. M. Poincaré, while respecting Parliamentary institutions, knows that he is more representative of the French people than either the Chamber or the Senate, or both. Hence he knows he is safe in reviving dormant powers. But can this be said of King Edward, who did not think so?

Suppose extra powers were granted to our sovereigns, what would be the result? They would, perhaps, exercise them; but they would inevitably come to do so on the advice of their Ministers—in other words, they would operate in accordance to the very men whose functions it is sought to alter by the conferring of extra powers on the ruler himself.

I need only add that the controversy now in progress regarding the powers of chiefs of State indicates clearly the dissatisfaction felt with parliamentary government. The argument seems to be: Parliamentary government is a failure; let us increase the power of the king—or president, as the case may be. But this aspect of the question ought to be dealt with separately.

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

X.—LIMITS (continued).

Last week I had occasion to refer to a typically modern vice: the desire to prove everything with mathematical exactness. It is a tendency which it is difficult to avoid, because all our scientific discoveries are making it easier to prove material things; and attention is consequently centred upon them to the exclusion of the soul. Explorers are, perhaps, the worst offenders, though there are men in other branches of science who run them close. Until a few years ago we knew nothing of the North Pole or the South Pole; and the possibilities were enormous. Even materialists were obliged to admit that something lay far out of the common might be discovered somewhere. But there might be gods, giants, Gardens of Eden. Unfortunately, even the extreme northern and southern points were reached, and materialism was breathed again. There was nothing—nothing but snow and ice.

So the world is gradually becoming parcellled out, and every district will soon have its own little pigeon-hole. There is nothing more to do. Races, nations, tribes, families, have all been classified; and we miss only the gods. Perhaps some diving expedition will discover Atlantis one of these days and tell us confidently that the original inhabitants just lived in huts and had not advanced in culture beyond the Stone Age, and this despite Plato and legends to the contrary.

The artist, all these things notwithstanding, may still use his imagination if he wishes; but he cannot expect to find it taken so seriously as before. Even children no longer believe in fairies; and grown-ups have long since lost the sense of wonder that pre-eminently distinguished the Greeks. This is a sense which has become more and more atrophied as science has developed. When the processes even of birth and death are explained to us in cold scientific formule, the fancy of poets, no matter how enthusiastic they may be, suffers in some degree. But who shall persuade scientists that there are many veils which ought to be left unlifted; that there are secrets which ought never to be penetrated?

Two or three thousand years ago mankind did not suffer from these disadvantages. Poets were not afraid of the phenomena which then were to be explained, but they were explained with the delicacy of poetry, and the scientists have still to learn that there is an even more rational basis for many a poetical explanation than for many a scientific one. There are some things for science to solve, however. Where, for example, are the lost Ten Tribes? What became of them? Whither did they wander? There have been innumerable answers to these questions, but none of them fitted. It is a relief to turn to one of the oldest books ever composed for what would appear to be a real solution of the problem.

The Talmud, the Book of the Law, bears no resemblance to any other law code in the world, not even to Manu. There are legal and religious disputes and commentaries on the cases dealt with, but there is no order of time, subject, place, or anything else. This is due in great part to the difficult circumstances in which the book was compiled during several centuries, partly to the numerous hands at work on it. You may decide a ticklish point by a quotation from some chapter of the Old Testament which at first sight would seem to have no possible bearing on the matter under discussion. But you find that you are not wrong: the argument will show you, even in a roundabout way, exactly what is meant. And you will find that “the Law” means much more than the title indicates; for it means scores of
Each for Himself.

It was very foolish of them, no doubt, but what would you?

In the first place, they were gulls. Not the common gull of human-kind that is taken in with the three-card trick, or imposed upon by bunco-steerers. In the second place, they had never been to school; never had been taught that many hands make light work; nor theirs the knowledge of the increased productivity of collective labour.

We men know all about that, of course, and how by uniting the effort of unit to unit in field, factory, or workshop, wealth is produced in such profusion that it can't be used up in time, and so leading—but that is quite another story.

But those gulls not having the intellectual ingenuity of men, and not having schools to teach them how to use what little they had, believed in "Each for himself." This was and is their moving principle.

But to the story.

It was a bright, sunny day in March. A windy sky was overhead; blue, intense blue, broken by the whitest of spun-fleece clouds. And it was cold, while an ever-increasing pressure of wind came from the sea and gave token that, within twenty-four hours, there would be a storm.

Perhaps that was why so many gulls were inshore. Being but gulls, the primitive instincts were still in good order, and so they knew long before the weather clergers in the observatories when a storm was coming.

Anyhow, there they were in dozens; shrieking and yelling as they practised the aviators' latest tricks; wheeling, swooping, beating up into the wind, and hanging poised in mid-air. But they were ever ready to strike down at the water should anything appear that looked like food.

And food, for gulls at least, was plentiful, because man had constructed large docks where ships came, and loaded up with coal, set out for Europe. It was a busy place, and very prosperous—at least for a few. For also, despite the valuable and costly education lavished upon men, despite those maxims of "Unity is Strength," and "Brotherhood and Love," when it came to business they believed in their hearts in "Each for himself."

A slovenly cook was the originator of the disturbance. Being a hireling he wasn't at all careful.

And why should he? He had no capital sunk in the shipping. Likely, as all such do, he had either drunk down or eaten up all his capital; and one can't eat his cake and have it, can he? At least, not unless it is a huge cake, which makes all the difference, for then it would grow as he ate it; which is magic, and which—is another story.

Thus, you see, this cook had no pecuniary interest, no money in the concern, and was therefore careless. He emptied the dinner slops over the side of the ship. Anyway, there they were in dozens.

Beating up into the wind, the process was rendered easy by the primitive instincts. Being but gulls, the instinct for food still burnt within them. At that time the cook had noticed the cook's action. They also shrieked and squawked. They soared and swooped, and they couldn't get that bread.

Amid the shipping in that dock, other gulls were cruising about, "seeking for what they could devour."
A little boy gull, more intent on play than his neighbours, noticed the commotion.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, "something up, boys. Hope it's for eating. H'm! Won't I join in!"

He flew at once to where the screaming trio were; but he didn't go alone. His remarks had been noted at once.

"Something up! Eating!" was squawked right and left, as the other gulls followed. Almost in a twinkling that corner of the dock was a maze of flashing white wings, for they all joined the fight. But ever "Each for himself." No "Mutual aid." And so none of them got the desired food.

"It's mine," Johnny kept yelling. But for all his iteration about ownership it wasn't, as he knew only too well.

"It isn't! It isn't! It isn't!" Kate kept screaming, which at any rate was true, for it really wasn't; nor was it hers.

"I'll have it! I'll fight you for it!" Bill was bawling. And he was fighting his hardest, but he didn't have it for all that. Not one of them had it.

"Something up! Something for eating!" yelled the newcomers. "Eating! Eating! Hurrah!" But they ate very little. Each was for himself, and so was in the others' road.

Away over the sea, a number of their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, gaffers, gammers, cousins, aunts, and uncles were puddling about in the lee of a gigantic rocky islet on which they had their homes.

One of them rising into the air just to stretch his wings a little, suddenly hung poised in mid-air. "Something up!" the rest heard him say. "Something up! Hope it's for eating."

"Eh? Eating?" they cried in chorus as the puddling ceased instantaneously. "Eating? Where?"

But the pioneer was off, and with heavy, flogging drives of his wings was travelling at top speed towards the dock. The others, as drawn by some invisible but irresistible force, rose as one from the water and followed.

What a sight it was now in that corner of the dock. The very men stopped, actually ceased work to watch it. And the noise!—Mine, mine, mine; isn't, isn't, isn't; fight, fight, fight; shriek, yell, scream and squawk; it was ear-splitting.

The men were soon betting as to which would capture the难得 at once. The din increased so did the whirling, soaring, and down in the water, not troubling itself a bit. The din increased; so did the whirling, soaring, and diving until the men-folk were blinking at the intensity of what looked like a whirlwind of feathers. And "Each was for himself."

But a new factor in the struggle was nearing. John Dory was having a siesta in the corner of the dock. A number of foolish herring had strayed into the peripheries.

There was no more herring, and John was taking his nap. All of a sudden he was wide awake.

"Eat!" that was the magic word that roused him. He was ready at once, and with a great propulsive diving until the men-folk were blinking at the intensity of what looked like a whirlwind of feathers. And "Each was for himself."

A despairing cry came from the gulls. "It's away! It's lost!"

A few weaklings who had been unable to penetrate to the vortex of the maelstrom of wings, winked sagely to each other. They had their doubts of the loaf's reality.

"Ugh," said one, "it? I don't believe it ever was there."

"Humph," answered the others, winking knowingly. "If we are not fools."

But John Dory was down again among the mud, looking as pleased as it is possible for a John Dory to look.

The mass of gulls melted gradually away; the mere men renewed their work; and so ended this never-to-be-forgotten fight when "Each was for himself."

J. T. FIFE.

Through Alien Eyes.

By Ezra Pound

III.

In my articles on America I compared that country to Spain at the time of the Senecas, saying it was not so much like a nation as like a province without a centre.

London, to carry out the simile, is like Rome of the decadence, so far, at least, as letters are concerned. She is a main and vortex drawing strength from the peripheries.

Thus the finest authors, in my judgment—Yeats, James, Hudson, and Conrad—are all foreigners, and among the prominent English writers vigour of thought, as in the cases of Wells and Bennett, is found only in conjunction with a consummate vulgarity. Among the tub-whackers the Briton fares scarcely better, and the bubbling G. K. C. makes a poor second to the bellowing Hilaire. Perched on the dry rim of the cauldron the naive transpontine observes the "British institutions," Gosse, Thackeray, Garnett, and their penumbra, the "powers in the world of letters," with Hampstead as a more hideous sort of Boston, Massachu-setts. One knows that if one ascend up into height the manifestations of the papier mâché are before him, and if he descend into depth they are before him, and it is no use leaving one country to escape them.

Surely "The Sphere" and Mr. Clement Shorter are the real expression of British nationality? I ask it as a stranger, as one seeking for instruction in the peculiar conditions of a charming country wherein I find myself.

In journalism you have Garvin; but I come from the country of Brisbane and Willy Hearst, and you cannot expect me to be épaté by the author of "Doom" and "Gehenna" and "Whang" and all the mighty products of his trade.

It is not my business as an observer to speak of your hearts of oak, or to tap the marrow of your nation. I can only be expected to know what meets the eye of a stranger.

If anything were calculated to give me faith in the future of England and a belief in her present strength, it was your coal strike—which your papers misrepresented. This thing will be written in his history when the future produces a Burckhardt. A million men going out of their work and keeping perfect order. No! This thing is stupendous; it is of far greater significance than this archaic row in the Balkans. Believe me: Nascitur erta.

I know very well that there is no dearth of those who want to turn you into a nation of shopkeepers, to make you into a Venice for tourists.

Against this labour of your mines you have got the shop-keeping type. You have got your Bennett and Wells, your shopkeepers in "The realm of books."

You have got your parasitic East End; for the idle poor are as much against labour as the idle rich. And if one were to prophesy the future "type" from the seeing of London alone one would say: The future...
Briton will have the large buttocks of the Jew, the curious out-turning feet, and this will be surmounted by a bowler hat and a chest of the dimensions of those which one sees hovering about Eustace Miles' restaurant.

You have, of course, a fine physique among your Imperialists. And an Imperialist is, to foreign eyes, a fine, robust, old Tory gentleman with a stake in the country, and he bristles with "the state of Empire." He would rather reform the Empire in its peripheries than at its centre; for a change at the centre might disturb his tenures and gracious ease.

And you have Lord Roberts bidding you "Arm and Prepare." A very inspiring figure! Or, rather, he would be if he would drop his cinque cento attitude and face the whole of the matter, for the dilemma is not an army or German invasion, but a German invasion or social reorganisation; and this later would mean a Government based on, and representative of, the real strength of the nation—i.e., the producers, the million men who struck and the rest of their sort and calibre.

There was something else.

"I have just been lunching with six generals. Now I know why the war (in South Africa) took so long to get finished."

Of course, any sort of military discipline would be good for a nation like yours, which is primarily a nation of amateurs. It would make them immeasurably more fit to compete with a nation of specialists and professionals, but your salvation does not lie in that very funny body which you call your House of Commons—not, at least, in its present condition or with the present electorate.

In fact, the pretences of the "House" are too feeble to deceive even so casual an observer as I am. The House has for so long been accustomed to see the solution. He had great charm of manner, but wholly absent from the Government for popularity with another so-called Socialist Budget which would be lost. The Cabinet is not united on the matter, because the support to be obtained is not to be compared with the power that would be lost. The Cabinet is not united on the matter, and there is no possible alternative Cabinet which would be united on the matter; and in the present state of things, it is ridiculous to suppose that the Cabinet will split when it knows that no alternative Government can be formed. The King's Government must go on, and neither the Tories nor the women can, at present, provide an alternative. In other words, women's suffrage cannot become a Government measure in the lifetime of this Parliament.

In the same letter to the supplement aforementioned, I made a statement with which he has since been splendidly supported by the writer of "Notes of the Week," and has been simply ignored by the women. As the Speaker's ruling may convince a number of women that the proper thing to do, according to the form of representative government, is to register a greater number of votes, for women is that women have not the right to vote in England. (I have re-written this phrase because the construction of the original would be unintelligible.)

For it is clear that if women have been able to improve their status, to increase their power, and to enlarge their sphere of activity, without the vote, then the vote is not necessary to their welfare or progress. It is a right which is the only thing I care about, is nil. It will not increase the representation of women in Parliament, for it will add nothing to the abilities of the Members returned. It will simply increase the numbers of the polls, and add to the work of the returning officers and scrutineers. The extension of the franchise to women may, by registering a greater number of votes, give greater confidence to the Government; for the will of the people, as the phrase goes, will be more accurately ascertained. But another argument, which is practically the prerogative of the Cabinet, and it is a statesman's business to get the country to allow him to do as he likes, it offers no guarantee of better government or of the removal of disabilities from which the sex undoubtedly suffers."

I must repeat here what I have written in other issues of The New Age. Representation is only possible in Parliament. Women's Suffrage has no more to do with representative government than has proportional representation in the House of Commons.
representation; both are simply electoral reforms. The slightest knowledge of political history will show us that it does not matter how a man is elected, or for what portion of the country he may sit. Sarum may be a sheep-walk, Dunwich may be half under the sea, Droitwich may be an abandoned salt-pit; but the members for those constituencies were no less and no more than representatives of thriving centres of trade. Sir Samuel Romilly, one of the purest men who ever sat in Parliament, purchased his seat, believing that only thus could a member of Parliament be independent and free from corruption. Representative government is only possible to representative men; and unless the women have some candidates who are more English than the Welshmen, the Scotchmen, the Irishmen, who now monopolise politics, should be no better off if women obtained the vote. "In representative government, to change the members is to reform the House." I wrote that nearly two years ago, just after Herbert Jacob had polled 22 votes, and Mirrielle had polled, I think, 27 votes as Women's Suffrage candidates. Since then, George Lansbury has thrown away his seat in support of Women's Suffrage.

It is certain that all the attempts to bring pressure to bear upon the futile, and are a denial of the democratic spirit professed by the women; and the fact that no Cabinet thinks that the electoral support of women is worth the effort of overcoming its prejudices against admitting women to the exercise of the vote ought to convince even the women that the vote is not worth having. We shall, let us hope, have a revival of militancy. Two years ago, I feared that the continuance of militancy would result in serious danger to the women; but events have proved that forecast to be wrong. Any cessation of militancy will deprive the people of England of a joke, and in these doleful days to the women; but events have proved that forecast to be no women to be 'enfranchised. Another suggestion that would be a serious deprivation. It is hinted that the passing of this book of Mr. Ponsonby. We have found its introductory chapter and various references throughout, with its abstract problem of aristocracy and its alleged decline. It is one of the most important, however, that the author is not familiar with the elements of his subject. He gives us a brief definition of his theme at the start, and then proceeds to tell us that the thing he has about has no existence (a supposition) than representatives of the aristocracy classes chiefly, and also from the German aristocratic classes. He confines them, with the abstract principle of aristocracy, speaks of the rise of democracy, and concludes that democracy is right and aristocracy wrong, simply because the ruling classes in England and Germany do not rule so well as they did.

This book, judging not merely from its title, but from its introductory chapter and various references throughout, is supposed to deal with the abstract problem of aristocracy and its alleged decline. It is one of the most important, however, that the author is not familiar with the elements of his subject. He gives us a brief definition of his theme at the start, and then proceeds to tell us that the thing he has about has no existence (a supposition) than representatives of the aristocracy classes chiefly, and also from the German aristocratic classes. He confines them, with the abstract principle of aristocracy, speaks of the rise of democracy, and concludes that democracy is right and aristocracy wrong, simply because the ruling classes in England and Germany do not rule so well as they did.

The suspension is growing that our aristocratic model is deteriorating, that our patricians are inadequately performing the duties which fall to them, that they are by no means alive to their responsibilities, and that democracy demands a higher level of trained, well-informed, and—necessary—specialised capacity in the agents which are required to perform its work. There is an increasing impatience against the existence of a class that merely vegetates, lives off the fat of the land, and squanders, according to their whim and fancy, the wealth that others have toiled to create. There is no room for a purely ornamental class in a modern State, and it is an abuse of liberty and a danger to society to allow the upper class to monopolise politics until the idea of the community to be idle and parasitic. (P. 23-24.)

The right of a plutocracy, we devoutly hope, is only a nightmare. Nevertheless, the manipulating of interests, the juggling in the money-market, the mania for speculation, the creation of false money standards, the international syndicates of financial adventurers which Governments become a prey, the control of the Press, the ostentatious benevolence of millionaires, and the brutalising effect of the pursuit of wealth give us a foretaste of the kind of calamity it would mean. There is no room for a purely ornamental class in a modern State, and it is an abuse of liberty and a danger to society to allow the upper class to monopolise politics until the idea of the community to be idle and parasitic. (P. 23-24.)

In the upper class, although attainments in learning and letters have fallen off, and although millionaire collectors have taken the place of the great patrons of art, the average of taste and appreciation in art and literature is certainly higher than formerly. (P. 310.)

We have quoted from the beginning and end of the book because the middle chapters form chiefly an examination of the English ruling classes since the time of Elizabeth. Confusing ourselves as the author has done above, Mr. Ponsonby must be informed that democracy demands nothing, and never did. The "ornamental class" alluded to does exist in present-day England; but it is not, as our author gives us to understand, to be found amongst the so-called "aristocrats," or composed of them. It is composed of the wealthy capitalists, against whom Mr. Ponsonby would seem to be declaring on p. 113—those very; capitalists who are the main support of the hypocritical party of which Mr. Ponsonby is a member. It is these wealthy people who now rule us, and, even if democracy were so enlightened as to demand specialists for this or that purpose, our rulers would take good care that these demands were granted, only in so far as they did not happen to conflict with the interests of capitalism.

But what are we to say of a writer who expresses the hope that the advent of plutocracy may be only a nightmare? What are we to think of his observation, his intelligence, his powers of judgment? In the very next sentence: the hopeless M.P. mentions indications of plutocracy which are all around us, yet he professes not to see that the power of any aristocracy we once had has been smashed for ever. To take the fourth quotation I have given, how can we reconcile the statement that, while attainments in arts and letters have fallen off in the upper class, the average of taste is now higher than formerly? This is a contradiction in terms: the passage is simply not true. Mr. Bellec, with far more insight, pointed out long ago, in one
of his most interesting essays (The New Age, June 1, 1911), that taste among the upper classes began to decline about the middle of the century, the result being seen in the declining number of book-buyers. Mr. Ponsonby, not for the first time, must be directly contradicted. The average of taste in the classes he mentions is certainly not higher now than it was formerly; and, what is more, the general average of taste is lower to-day, with the rise of plutocracy or democracy (let Mr. Ponsonby call it what he will) than it was fifty or sixty years ago. This fact is well enough known to all real cultured men, but it is apparently escaped the notice of a writer who "hopes" that plutocracy is not yet upon us.

Now for the third extract, the origin of all our author's humour. The characteristics of aristocracy are in the blood and breeding of aristocrats; not, as Mr. Ponsonby would appear to think, merely in the education given to the children of the upper classes. Blood, breeding, and environment may be summed up in the one expression: purity of race. Race, as so many cultured men, from the ancient Greeks and the ancient Indians down to Gobineau, Disraeli, and Nietzsche have already remarked, race is the key to almost every social problem of the present time, or any time. The characteristics of any aristocrat will be found in the answer to the question: Is his race pure? The spread of education, the "demands" of democracy, the rise of plutocrats: these things have nothing at all to do with the decline of aristocracy. They are symptoms, effects, indications; but they are certainly not causes.

Hence the foolishness of this book. The author has proved, no doubt satisfactorily enough, that the English ruling classes have steadily degenerated during the last three centuries or so, and, because these people claimed aristocracy, and have declined, the principle of aristocracy, therefore bad and must be thrown overboard. We have given Mr. Ponsonby's definition of the word; and we challenge anybody to show that the English ruling classes have ever, as a whole, corresponded to it. And even if we admit that they have, and that they have degenerated in any way, what has earth to do with the general abstract principle of aristocracy? Nothing whatsoever. We do not wonder that taste has declined; we do not wonder that so many people have stopped buying modern books, when productions like this ill-constructed, ill-conceived thing are flaunted and reviewed in the humdrum dailies and weeklies as the acme of the latest sociological thought. To say that it was his higher, Mr. Ponsonby would probably have been engaged in copying the manuscripts of men of talent and genius; most assuredly he would have not been allowed to put his own thoughts on paper or parchment. His work, to speak frankly, has disgusted us.

Free Political Institutions, Edited by Victor Yarros. (Daniel. 18. net.)

Mr. Spooner's work, "Trial by Jury," of which Mr. Yarros has here made an able "abridgment and rearrangement," deals mainly with America; but his powerful and illuminating analysis of the causes and effects of the decline of the jury system is equally applicable to England. It is evident that the right of the jury was no small safeguard in early and peaceful England. On the contrary it was of such importance that kings resented the liberty thus held against them and fought against the sovereign's laws. To secure administration there was necessary the consent of King, Lords, Commons and Juries (the latter being and not merely representing the people). Gradually, however, the sovereign power of the people was diminished by a series of legal precedents reduced the jury to its present impotent, ignominious and disgraceful state; one in which any King's Counsel or Commons' appointed judge can bully it, dictate to it, and by devious ways even appoint it. Mr. Yarros is quite convinced, and so are we, that liberty can never return until the people have the last word in the determination of laws, the power to decide, not merely whether they are or are not properly administered, but whether they shall or shall not be administered at all. The idea that, left to unjudged juries, many laws now operative would be a dead letter. Against the despotism of the House of Commons, indeed, and in the absence of the jury system there is nothing to prevent a man, acting on the horridest arbitrariness of the most soulless and irresponsible tyrant ever permanently established. We commend this little but precious work to every popular libertarian; and particularly to these simplonos who imagine that the Servile State is still a long way off.

The Notebooks of Samuel Butler. (A. C. Fifield. 6s. net.)

Samuel Butler's scientific works, "Life and Habit," "Evolution Old and New," "Unconscious Memory," and "Luck or Cunning" are full of interest, and his novel, "The Way of all Flesh," though spoilt by much smearing resentment, is exceptionally good as English works of fiction go. To anyone, however, who is ready to acknowledge the greatness and vigour of much in the above works, these notes have something as a disappointment. If to such a reader Butler had hitherto seemed a noble free-lance, occassionally shedding a gleam of human surplus energy and wisdom from his all-too-rich natural store, the reading of this new volume of Fifield's will scarcely tend to confirm or add colour to this view. That which a sympathetic reader of Erewhon might readily have expected to find was a deep and luminous background to the fifteen or so volumes constituting Butler's life works. For it is not unusual, it is rather de rigueur for a man of Butler's boasted originality, to keep a good private note-book, in which, though it is understood to have been unpublished, yet proves its author to have been very far beyond his age. There is so little of this nature in the volume before us, that a few references would suffice to exhaust every instance of it. Of course, Butler's whimsical and sometimes melanchooly humour never leaves him, and does much towards lightening the pages of these posthumous records. Even here, however, there is no trace of wealth, and one rises from the perusal of the book with a disagreeable feeling that Butler put all he had into his shop window. There is no reason why a man should not put all he has into his shop window, but when he does forgive freedom if it questions whether, after all, he was so very much in advance of his age. Were Butler even consistent, were he even free from that terrible confusion of thought which so frequently mars the work of English thinkers, some of his observations in this volume would be worth all his other works put together. For instance, his remarks on Christian morality and on virtue and vice on pp. 105, 110, 111, 112, 121, 125, 157, etc., are excellent, and still utterly beyond even this age.

On the other hand, however, for every one of these pages, so marily and meagre, which show that Butler's soundness was not to be relied upon beyond twenty-four lines of print; that, trite as this caution may seem, the reader is warned that he will feel some difficulty in not suspecting more smartness or superficial appearance, where, in a more consistently profound writer he would have to recognise only superior insight and wisdom. It is all very well to say that "Christian morality is just as immoral as any other," but if later on in the notes you are asked to suppose that in a purely Christian way, the former remark is rendered valueless. Thus again and again the reader becomes conscious of the Bishop's grandson in these notes, and let him rest assured that over every hint of traces of propriety and orthodoxy he will find an apology, tacit or expressed, duly recorded somewhere in the chapters.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The most notable characteristic of modern art, as The New Age is constantly saying, is the apparent determination of those skilled in one art to produce the effects of another art or of a science. In the work of Strauss and his followers music, which can best render the inarticulate emotions of man, attempts to paraphrase ideas, which, by their very nature, are already effects in indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent other art. The perfect beauty of the ideal human form, or, worse than that, to visualise thought. Literature, falls away to the impressionism of Rodin or the determination of those skilled in one art to produce the effects of another art or of a science.

In the columns of The New Age "An Actor" has told us how this effect of sufficiency instead of superfluity is produced; but the method is not the reason. As I stated on a previous occasion, Shaw prevented actors from acting because he wanted to convert the stage into a Witenagamot; Barker, who is the merest pupil of Shaw, is simply competing with the cinematograph. He is attempting to blend the kinemacolour, with gramophone attachment, with the fixed beauty of the painted picture. He says in his preface to the play: "It is not so true to the action, the word, nor the method, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action." Will it be believed? Granville Barker suits the action to the picture. At the very beginning of the play Duke Orsino stands centre stage with arms outstretched spreadeagled, while the musicians ply him with "the food of love." The gesture and the position fit the picture; but they do not express the emotion. At the end of the play (to give another and sex more lucid example) his verse is lyrical, the speaking of it needs swiftness and fine tone; not rush, but rhythm, constant and compelling. And now I wait contentedly to be told that less rhythmic speaking of Shakespeare has never been heard."

I accept the challenge of Mr. Granville Barker to tell him how he is able to tell the difference between verse and prose; the verse portions of the comedy, were, indeed, less "constant and compelling" than the prose ones. And it is significant of his utter failure to reproduce even his own conception of the play that the finest tone in the play was produced by Henry Ainley, as Malvolio, who did not speak verse and did not speak swiftly.

I have referred at least once in these articles to Hamlet's advice to the players, but I have not made so apposite that I must quote it: "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action." Will it be believed? Granville Barker suits the action to the picture; but they do not express the emotion. At the end of the play (to give another and sex more lucid example) his verse is lyrical, the speaking of it needs swiftness and fine tone; not rush, but rhythm, constant and compelling. And now I wait contentedly to be told that less rhythmic speaking of Shakespeare has never been heard."

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There would be no harm in this if we were a healthy people. Revolutions would run their course back to the reality from which they started, with a valuable addition of experience. In South America, for example, revolutions are not really a dangerous trade; they are a daily occupation, a form of casual labour. But to a people that has been corrupted by Wagner, debauched by Strauss, demoralised by Shaw, bewitched by the writers of free rhythm, and that has sold its soul to the Post-Impressionists, revolutions are dangerous. "Disease itself may be a stimulus to life," said Nietzsche; "only a person must be sound enough for such a stimulus." We are not. If we were, Mr. Granville Barker would be given short shrift, and the Savoy Theatre would be the scene of a riot.

People. Revolutions would run their course back to the reality from which they started, with a valuable addition of experience. In South America, for example, revolutions are not really a dangerous trade; they are a daily occupation, a form of casual labour. But to a people that has been corrupted by Wagner, debauched by Strauss, demoralised by Shaw, bewitched by the writers of free rhythm, and that has sold its soul to the Post-Impressionists, revolutions are dangerous. "Disease itself may be a stimulus to life," said Nietzsche; "only a person must be sound enough for such a stimulus." We are not. If we were, Mr. Granville Barker would be given short shrift, and the Savoy Theatre would be the scene of a riot.
Art.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

A somewhat astute Scotsman observed the other day in my presence that one of the hopeful signs of the times was the increasing appreciation of beauty which characterized the taste of the younger generation today. This may or may not be so. In any case, if it is a fact, the younger generation can find but little to satisfy it; for there are certainly not enough beautiful girls to go all round, neither are there enough beautiful men. Almost one hundred years ago—that is to say, when modern industrialism was still only about fifty years old—William Cobbett wrote of Stroud, Rochester and Chatham: "The girls in these towns do not seem to be so pretty as they were thirty-eight years ago." It would be interesting to hear what he would now say of the girls of "the Wen," if he could return to pass them in review, after another century's spell of the evils he was so energetic in condemning!

Still, if we confine our attention to mere adornment, both of the body and end of the home, perhaps it may be said with some truth that there is an increasing appreciation of the beautiful to be observed among the rising generation—an appreciation far greater than any which characterized the people of the nineteenth century. And foremost among the movements which are evidence of this better taste, we may perhaps mention the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society.

The root of all beauty, however, is power in some form. It is either the power of a long, uninterrupted tradition, which, giving rise to a particular and orderly set of features, pleases those to whom that particular tradition is dear and familiar; or it may be the power of an accumulated effort, running through generations, to achieve a certain aim, in which case something more beautiful may result, either in body or spirit, provided once more that that aim be dear and familiar to those who are to judge of the beautiful. Very well, then, in the pursuit of beauty we tacitly accept as one of the aims at least, they have sought to produce beautiful work. Without this, their attempt would be ready even to die for it, but who have but weakness to enlist in its cause? Far from being an impetuous and irresistible torrent that nothing could arrest, is their beauty perhaps born in the midst of weakness and protest, and mingling feverishly with obscuring and yet hopeless fingers?

These are searching questions, and they are unkind questions. They are not, however, gratuitously unkind, as every one will allow who agrees with me on the matter of beauty, and on the question of the quality of this age. An inspection of the Exhibition, however, soon tells its own sad tale. Everything seems inspired—more than inspired: remembered! This Exhibition is not the past; it is a sad memento of the past. These artists have remembered a good deal. They love a past they would not wish to see again. Of original strength, of native power, of native beauty, there is little hereabout. And where there is a frank severence from tradition the result is drab, clumsy, ugly, lovelorn, weak—just what would be expected in a generation and time that would expect nothing better but rather, what is little less than inevitable. Look at the exhibits Nos. 87, 89, 95, 96, 97, taken quite at random! They only remotely resemble the past; they are an attempt at expressing a novelty, a new love, a new character. And what are they? Cabinets, tables, bookcases and bookstands, devoid of all charm and grace.

Incidentally, one of the most successful of Sir Robert Lorimer's exhibits consists of the three waste-paper pails; while his designs for furniture are as uninviting as they are characterless. It is difficult, also, to see the charm in Mr. Ambrose Heal's work. No. 56, a China Cabinet, is quite devoid of either imagination or power, and the little insignificant moulding which decorates modestly from its bare back and beneath the sides is suggestive more of weakness than of novelty in design. As for the squares in the windows, it is hard to see their beauty. Their spirit reappears in Nos. 447, 448 (hideous, both by Mr. Ambrose Heal, and in each case they are equally difficult to account for or to appreciate. Two other pieces of furniture by the same artist are of some interest in the present discussion: No. 151 for its lack of proportion, and No. 444 for its careless workmanship (but Mr. Ambrose Heal was not responsible for this). To give you some idea of the unnecessary massiveness of No. 151, a very well-known architect is said to have observed, on looking at it, that it had been conceived in the mind of a stone-mason. This is perhaps no small compliment to the worker in wood who ever had designed such a Colossus!

These faults lend an atmosphere of amateurism to the exhibits, which is as deplorable as it is annoying. Take, for instance, Mr. Joseph Armitage's corner cupboard. If you can imagine a massive prison door, with heavy steel hinges, fitted to a box intended to contain nick-knacks or jam-pots, you have an idea of the extravagant and tawdry design; while for lack of restraint in a mad tumultuous struggle for beauty, No. 122, by Mr. A. Romney Green is an easily second in the whole exhibition. The first I shall refer to later. Mr. Romney Green retrieved his reputation by a fine window armchair (No. 121). Another instance of an amateurish lack of proportion is Mr. Hamilton T. Smith's maple-wood cigarette-box (No. 1101), the hinge of which is a purely decorative structure is sufficiently massive to subdue it, in the twenties as big as the one to which it is actually fixed. But the greatest fault in all the furniture is surely its unworkmanlike, bad finish. What becomes of "craft" when the strength of the workman in the mastery of his means is non-existent? Perhaps this will be thought hypercritical. It really is not. How
can any good come out of an artistic and ostensibly artistic movement for superseding, or at least equalling, the old (superseding only in the matter of design apparently), unless the craftsman's difficulties and problems are in the first place completely mastered? To mention only a few of the pieces that show this lack of mastery, look at Arthur W. Simpson's work cabinet in oak (No. 51), one of the most beautiful things in the exhibition, spotted for the Eastlake critic by its cleverly detailed See, also, G. Ll. Morris (No. 51), William Weinhart (No. 52), Hamilton T. Smith (No. 110C), in which the marquetry panels are so good that the bad workmanship of the rest is all the more to be deplored, Malcolm C. Powell (No. 372), Ambrose Heal (No. 444), C. Spooner (No. 498). But the two worst cases are certainly Walter Crane (No. 126) and Jessie Bayes (No. 242). The latter, which is a mass of gilding and decorative painting, is utterly spoiled by the appalling decoration painting, is utterly spoiled by the appalling beauty of NIO.

The most pleasing things in the exhibition are, first, Mr. O. W. Wadman's oak newel-post for staircase (No. 34), and then, some good way behind, Miss Margaret Reed's stained wood chessboard (No. 1510). The beauties of No. 34 are perhaps realised most vividly by comparing it with its neighbours, the Hawk and the Owl (Nos. 32 and 33 respectively), designed and executed by Miss Grace Mead. Miss Mead's work, like most women's, excels rather in conscientiousness than in artistic quality.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

By the time these lines are in print "all the world" will be talking about Strauss' pot-boiler, "Der Rosenkavalier" will have taken fashionable London by storm, and Covent Garden will again be a-flutter with sheepish excitement. The Beecham Symphony Orchestra will have covered itself with glory, everybody concerned will be wearing laurel-wreaths, and in Kensington some bitter words will have been spoken. Kensington, always bitter, and Kensington will be bitters to the end of the chapter. The really cheerful thought is that we are getting pretty near the end of the chapter. It is not so many weeks ago that a plentiful manifesto was issued from the royal boro's demanding—not asking for—alms from the great musical public. A State-subvention opera, if you please! To produce what? Kensington comedies? Marybone tragedies? God forbid!

I pin my faith to the taste of the public. Majorities are not always, in spite of cynical observers, wrong. Majorities may be slow-moving, and they may become feverish and unreasonably at times, but in musical tratters they are so far right that during the promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall it was the Wagner and the Beethoven nights that paid the directors best. Sir Henry Wood's confidence in public taste is unlikely to suffer much change, if the music is any good. Of course, it is necessary to produce a new work in order to stimulate the concert-goer, to drive him into expressing an opinion one way or another; but we are a conservative people and the new works produced at the Promenade and the Symphony Concerts were much fewer than they ought to be. What proportion of the works of Paul Dukas, Florent Schmitt, Maurice Ravel, Roger-Ducasse, Arnold Schönberg, Stravinsky, Lindof, Moussorgsky—to name a few off-hand—have been heard in London during recent years? One per cent. Yes, we are a conservative people—always talking about enterprise, and putting each other on the back. When we do go a hunter produce an inflated symphony (save the mark!) like that of Gustav Mahler, which everybody was talking about last week. A pompous, vain-glorious, empty thing, this—just an hour and ten minutes too long. It was fairly played by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Henry Wood's direction, and left the audience bored and apathetic. It is difficult to see what use Mahler found in the herd-bell and the guitars and that dreadful invention the zither—hajo. I have never heard a serenade that was less like a serenade than that suggested in this miniature symphony, and I have never heard anything quite so applectic as the first movement. It reminded me of a fussy, bad-tempered old-gentleman strutting along the street and prancing at every third step to inveigh against the Almighty. Of scheme there was apparently none, of inventive there was an abundance.

* * *

For the moment I am more deeply interested in the work of our youngsters at home than in that of any School abroad. For a century and a half Germany was the top dog: for the last twenty years France and Russia have tied for the second position. And behind the tremendous egoism of Richard Strauss has during that period made itself felt wherever the making of music is a serious occupation, and will continue to make itself felt. But our turn is coming, we assure ourselves.

At the present moment we have a group of men, well under forty years of age, whose best work can more than hold its own with that of any similar group in any other productive country. I am inclined to blame Cecil Sharp for having a finger in our most excellent pie. It may be, of course, only a coincidence, but the unself-conscious revival of folk-song and the revival and practice of traditional dances have synchronised with, if not preceded, that creative energy which is expressed in the names of Roger Quilter, Percy Grainger, Balfour Gardiner, Vaughan-Williams, Granville Bantock, Cyril Scott, and several others. It is, perhaps, the sort of coincidence that the historian calls renaissance. Any way, renaissance or coincidence, it is a cheerful thought. A month ago, in Birmingham, at the conference of that most plaintiff organisation, the Incorporated Society of Musicians ("Incorporated Duffers," Ernest Newman most uncharitably calls them), some young-British music was heard one evening, and the very cynical and blasé of critics would damn for its optimism and vigour. This music, let me hasten to add, had nothing to do with the Incorporated Society, which pursues a feverish course of its own in banqueting once a year and discussing fees and Registration—whatever that may mean—and the rendezvous for the year after. It was heard at one of three concerts organised by the Musical League, and Arnold Bax, Balfour Gardiner, Edgar Bainon, Gustav von Holst (English, despite his name), Havergal Brian, Harry Keyser, and Julius Harris were represented. A scratch orchestra was employed, including a few first-rate professional players, and no doubt the works performed had not quite the best of chances. But it was clearly the death-knell of the misery school, for from what I know of the scores no doubt remains in my mind that the development of European music lies in England.

* * *

Weingartner's Violin Concerto, played by Kreisler and the Beecham Symphony Orchestra at the Palladium on Sunday, was a recent event of importance. It was an event I cannot recall with any sort of ecstasy. Kreisler played gloriously as usual, but he might have employed his skill in the interpretation of a more intelligible composition. Let all who are interested in British music look at the programme of Balfour Gardiner's next concerts and rejoice. These are to take place quite shortly. On Friday evening the Société des Concerts Français give a concert of old French music at the New Arts Club, which promises to be interesting.
Pastiche.

A SOLILOQUY OF THE LATEST-SHODDY-POET.
          BY ALBERT ALLEN.

You Jessel of hell, you painted whore,
Talk about faith, I'll give you faith gaiore... . .
The world owes me my time of times,
And that time's coming now, by crimes... . .
          —The Widow in the Bye-Street
          (John Masefield).

'Wore words! The street's a patch of much just here...
To have a damned cold wind tickling your belly....
O heroism seems a piddling thing
          —The Six Men of Calais!
          (Lascelles Abercrombie).

Well, that's the end. I've had enough of it:
A frigid, fireless room under the leads,
And facing North, too: dranghty, mildewed, damp;
Assiduous, boding over books whose touch
Alone's enough to quench whatever fires
Smoulder within;
expedient belief
That when the belly's gnawing for a meal
The brain's much more assimilative; this
Morbid contriving after solitude,
Preferring that the mind can best mature,
Like rich men's wine, in chambers alone, aloof,
And chill. Enough! I'll let the damned lot go
To Blazes—which suggests a little warmth
At any rate, but God! What a stuff I've been,
Pay ing a nightly toil of nerve and blood
To lean the technique of a craft—a wan,
Subdued apprentice at the bench of Art,
And in an Age of Shoddy, too. As though
People with shoddy boots and shoddy clothes,
Obsessed in shoddy loves and shoddy tasks
Want anything but shoddy poetry—
Laquered veneer for shoddy souls.

Oh, yes! I see it now. Possessed of quickening sense,
Diaphanous intellect, perhaps, in youth
I stored the mind with halcyon visions, garnered
Like winsome flowers—chaste with dew, refreshed
Of early light—from woods and meads remote.
Then Longfellow, and the glad resolve that I,
Like winsome flowers—chaste with dew, refreshed
Of early light—from woods and meads remote.

In seamy youth were palpitant with strains
Ah, Davidson
Of roses—of beef and mutton—whets the appetite
Near the spittoon, picking his teeth?—Yes, him
For his stuff and come right in.

To sample him
Well, that's the poet Allen
Of this man's genius; a heritage
Of image, metaphor, and simile
Endowered with luscious aureole of vines
Ope'd, mobile lips,—a wind-swayed arbour, rich
White, lambent feet impetuous;—fingers tense,
Intrepid, kindling chords to passion fires;—
And sounds that haunt the moon-lit halls of sleep
Recumbent strumpets.

In search of latent jewels, nuggets, wealth,
In sole and virgin tracts, like any mere
Philologist, explorer, Klondike digger
In search of latent jewels, nuggets, wealth,
Material or otherwise.

Amorphous gathered close about his brow.
In seamy youth were palpitant with strains
Ah, Davidson
Of roses—of beef and mutton—whets the appetite
Near the spittoon, picking his teeth?—Yes, him
For his stuff and come right in.

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And sounds that haunt the moon-lit halls of sleep
Recumbent strumpets.

I'm out for, copy, stimulus, "atmosphere"
With pungent ordure ('though I ought to call
That prurient-poetry-patrons on the prowl
For til-bits browned and savoury may sniff
The stuff and come right in... . .

If I'm serious, I'm out for copy, stimuli, "atmosphere"
With pungent ordure ('though I ought to call
That prurient-poetry-patrons on the prowl
For til-bits browned and savoury may sniff
The stuff and come right in... . .

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INSURANCE TAX.

Sir,—I am delighted to learn that my "fierce" letter in The New Age some months ago had the effect of making me a member of the Insurance Act and a member of this Association. This fact absolves me from the necessity of apologising for that literary effort, and relieves you of any doubts you may have had as to the utility of vainly seeking votes.

It also justifies the existence of this Association, without which your correspondent would not, on his own showing, have had the self-sacrifice and lack of determination when he in The New Age some months ago had the effect of the Band of Hope would have none himself but for us.

Surely it is rather ungracious of him to taunt us with lack of self-sacrifice and lack of determination when he would have had some himself but for us! All that he says as to the gaity of the middle class and well-to-do I thoroughly endorse, but we are not to blame for it. We did not send them to sleep with golf and bridge, we have not deprived them of the desire or power of making sacrifices for their principles, we have not taught them that their pledged word is a thing they can lightly break.

On the contrary we have tried to awaken them from their apathy, we have urged them to make sacrifices, we have attempted the almost-impossible, the organisation of the middle class. We have done this in spite of the opposition of the three political parties, pledged to support the scheme, in spite of the officials of trade unions and friendly societies anxious to bolster up at all costs their party funds and party organisations, in spite of the officials of the state, pledged to support the measure, and backed by all the resources of secret, and the threats of fines and penalties, the easiness of the scheme, in spite of the officials of trade unions and friendly societies anxious to bolster up at all costs their activities, in spite of the criticism of the trade unions.

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ever his shortcomings—did not deserve this abominable punishment.

Now, in common with all kindly and sensible people, I loathe this new law. I do not agree with some of your correspondents that its genesis was due to conscious or unconscious sadism, though there is the possibility that this terrible abnormality of sexual feeling may have played a part in the case of some of the promoters of the Act. I am more inclined to think that it is due to the apparently intolerable flirtations and coquetry of the English people. Just think for a moment of your canting egre-
gious bishops! The best, and indeed the only excuse for them is that they have no other weapon than this.

But Mr. Lawrie only ordered his wretched prisoner to be birched; Lord Justice Darling, I see, has just ordered another unhappy man to receive thirty strokes with the birch. Lord Justice Darling that the English law of divorce allows

utterly indefensible.

I am not, of course, referring to the whole episcopal bench, many men (and in so-called good society, too) who accept cheques for the loan of their wives.

If the law has something for his consistency. But the whole business

of the blame which

ledged, not only in private but in public, at areqt meet-

periods

differences among ourselves, and act together at all

fusion, in order that we might be able to debate out our

a manifesto, which Shaw

morning and Webb signed, as well as myself and others. Within a

decade, his other work would permit him, with the Social Demo-

criocrats who come under the power of the law, if you

criminals who come under the power of the law, if you

and vindictive tortures that the fertile brain of Dante in-

tured for transgressors, and for those with whom he

thinking, in London must have been to see the appalling

sight he altogether overshoots his mark. The Terror

delight expressed at seeing a man suffering from disease

discussion. I have never at any time held back from

Mr. C. H. Norman writing that: “Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has

stricken little army of unpaid conscripts and volunteers, show a

to cross. Where they are moral criminals, or those who in

as the blackest-hearted of them all. He ex-

The hand of fate,” he says,

minds his shortcomings—did not deserve this abominable

From years past, also, I have joined heartily in every
discussion for the sake of unity he cordially acknowledged,

not only in private but in public, at great meet-

in London, and elsewhere.

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SIR,—I was very happy to see that we were promoted. Whereas, according to your article, we belong to the headquarters of "hooliganism," in your letter you tell us that our journalism is mere "Billingsgate." There is a slight impatience, but of a rather accommodating character. I am not yet quite pleased with your way of discussing either the theories of our leaders, or the actions of those who have followed them. By the way, I have always been told that you were a follower of the Rev. Syd Smith who wrote: "I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudiced me, wherefore I suppose that notion would not be sufficient to justify your criticism.

So please read over again my letter, and you will find that I have already answered your question: "Are all our leaders 'patriots,' and even one who is a sincere Royalist. Moreover, I already told you that we carefully distinguish religious questions and ethical problems. I even quoted Mr. Dimier's words, and you could find the same assertion in them. Yet you aver that we classify Jews and Protestants together, and that I ashamed to tell you; and I used those words "great number" because I know some Protestants who are "patriots," and even one who is a sincere Royalist. I already told you that we classify Jews and Protestants together, and that I am "penetrated with the official spirit of antipathy towards those ideas of worship, and that you knew the theories are no longer better than its leaders or its members?

Yet, the first part of your letters gives us even a more striking demonstration of your way of reasoning. You obviously seem to reckon inadequacy as a principle of logical discussion. Read over my letter and you will see that I do not understand your attack because you mentioned the three books ('"La Doctrin Officelle de l'Université," "La Politique Religionne," and "Le Play") to which you did not refer; but it is shamefully misrepresented our ideas first part with great indignation. It is true that when you wrote your article two of those books were not yet published, and that the third is essentially a criticism of the Nationalism of the French. But it is not to ex postulate with you that you forgot to read those books, and that I did not advise you to peruse them. I simply told you, "You can add these titles to your collection, if you like." I own that I begged of you to read some books dealing with our theories: "La Philosophie du Nationalisme," and "La Monarchie et la Classe Ouvriere," but I thought that your reading of "La Doctrin Officelle de l'Université" would be worse than useless, and the account that you give of this book proves that I was right. I cannot understand how you can accuse me of misunderstanding your articles, especially because you reproached me with not having read some of our books—but the books which you quoted to the readers of "The New Age," and which I wrote, you are not a real actor. Acting is a secondary art; in other words, it is interpretive, and not constructive. This is a distinction which actors are lost to advantage because they think it belittles their art; but it does nothing of the sort; it only classifies it.

By all means give the actor freedom, but freedom within the bounds of the character he has under-
Actor objects to be "drilled." He demands freedom. His individualistic "art" should flourish on the music-hall stage, where he will find some admirable acting like that of Robey, Formby, and Maidie Scott to compete with.

Those who have never sat through rehearsals have no idea of the strain. No artist should be asked to tolerate it. His authority is, at best, temporary, and confined to the particular play, while the professional producer, in permanent control, brings a strong will, enquiring physical authority to cope with the everlasting egotisms of actors who, by the very nature of their calling, see always a "part" and never a play as a whole.

After all, we have always had stage-managers. "Producer" is only a new term. But "acting for actors" will not do, do they? "A producer" in the music-hall has all the "triums" of a music-hall. The theatre demands a directive brain, but "An Actor" may rest assured that a new Forbes Robertson will "break through" all right. It is impossible to argue from genius. We want competence, not do except for "stars" in the theatre.

Where's the poetry in Pinero or Galsworthy? doesn't do to argue from genius. We want competence, not do except for "stars" in the theatre. "An Actor" may rest assured that a new Forbes Robertson will "break through" all right. It is impossible to argue from genius. We want competence, not do except for "stars" in the theatre.

Forbes Robertson will "break through" all right. It turns at the London plays. Where's the poetry in Pinero or Galsworthy?

The modern actor, in defending the bureaucratic producer, he submits himself proudly and spectator is obviously a first essential to dramatic art, or indeed to any art. If the audience has no sympathy it which Mr. Webb has so widely misconstrued, was the notion expressed in his next line. Being an artist actor must achieve if he wishes to be an artist. What senses should be allowed sufficient freedom to unite in spiritual and creative continuity. What I maintain is that he is inspiring you. There is, of course such a thing as mental applause, and when acting is sufficiently spiritual, playgoers will not trouble to make a noise with their hands. It is interesting to note that Mr. Shaw is en-demonstrating to force the state into forbidding the audience to applaud. More quackery. He is trying to be as clever as Mr. Barker. Mr. Barker suppresses emotion in the actor, Mr. Shaw will try the same trick on the audience! Mr. Webb wants Mr. Barker's "automatic actor," a beautiful sensitive being supple in mind and in body. Very well; but Mr. Barker wants no such "being" at all. What Mr. Barker wants is a "mind" capable of mimicking his own; a "being" whose supple-ness will solidify in a particular shape and remain like it, a "being" that will be "sensitive" but not such that Mr. Barker considers worth while. People like Mr. Webb grew excited about what they term in a pseudo sense "Art," but then they blase; then comes the staggering triumph of the quack and the idealising of his quackery. Mr. Webb lapses into bad form when he suggests that because an actor cannot afford to be an artist he should be thankful to submit to the tyranny of the bureaucratic "producer." I have purposely avoided all mention of economics while discussing acting as an art. The econom-ic position of actors is ghastly enough, but I see a greater evil in the modern tendency which not only denies actors of a surety of bare subsistence but also denies them their souls.

AN ACTOR.

Sir,—I was much interested with the article and letters re the methods of Mr. Barker, by "An Actor" and his critics, and though not in a position to judge upon the merits or demerits of the case, yet, from Mr. "An Actor" in any way "whacked" about the matter, and would suggest that if Norman Fitzroy Webb desired to "rebuff" the writer for his "plaint" he might have used terms that more honestly fit the case, and apply some of the "bigness of mind" to the subject.

HAROLD NEWTON.

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SUNDAY EVENINGS AT 7.30, By


SYNDICALISM v. SOCIALISM.

DEBATE at Chandos Hall, Maiden Lane, Charing Cross, Sunday, February 9th, at 7.30 p.m.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE v. VICTOR FISHER.

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FOOTE, Editor OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS

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