LITTLE importance attaches to conferences at the best of times, but at their worst they are deadly. The thirteenth annual conference of the Labour Party, held last week, established, we should hope, a record for combined dulness, stupidity and ignorance. From the opening address of the president, with what the "Labour Leader" called its finely-phrased peroration, to the concluding votes of thanks, the proceedings were as empty as they were pretentious and as shallow as they were hypocritical. A sentence from the president's peroration reads in cold print as follows: "Our task is stupendous, but the future is pregnant with great hope." Overlooking the absurdity of a future program with hope, it cannot be denied that the task before the wage-slaves of this country is stupendous. But, as certainly as they can produce no better leaders than those assembled to the number of five hundred last week, or continue to refuse to accept the services of advisers with brains, their task is as hopeless as it is stupendous. The property classes do not make the kind of leaders they need at any price their owners demand. Witness the incomes of the journalists, professors, dramatists, novelists, etc., whose influence is at the disposal of capitalism. The unpropertied classes, on the other hand, are not only ignorant but their leaders are too conceited to allow themselves to learn. Brainless themselves, they will not accept the services of brains even when these are offered for less than nothing. Under these circumstances it stands to reason that miracles will be necessary if the "stupendous task" is to be performed—miracles compared with which the raising of the dead or the suspension of the sun's declination were parlour tricks. And if it be true that "miracles do not happen," the worst fate may confidently be foretold for the wretched Labour movement.

At this caricature of a conference, however, one thing was done that inspires a pregnant future with at least a small hope. The resolution carried to institute disciplinary proceedings in the Parliamentary Labour Party promises well to shatter the party and thereby put an end to one of the chief frauds in the working-class movement. The resolution was ostensibly aimed at the Liberalising Members of the party whose conduct has consistently been to talk Labour and act Liberal; but the effect, designed or not, will simply be to drive the independent element out of the party altogether. As Mr. Snowden has at last confessed, the Labour group in Parliament comprises a majority of Liberals and only a small minority of independent Labour men; and the conclusion to be drawn from this fact alone is that if there is any disciplining to be done, it will be carried out by the majority at the expense of the minority. What other result, indeed, can be expected, since it follows the invariable rule of all organised parties? It is useless to denounce the Caucus or the Party-system for being what they are. The Caucus is merely an instrument for preserving the authority of a majority which it has already created. Minorities must suffer, be the rules, of the association what they may; and in handing to the party the new weapon of discipline the conference has merely authorised the majority to expel the minority when the latter become intolerable. How soon the so-called Socialist element of the Labour Party will become intolerable to the Liberal trade unionists we cannot guess; but the time can certainly not be long. Before the next conference, perhaps, we shall see the I.L.P. separated from the group and engaged in making a little hell of its own. For we are under no illusion that, merely because they are a minority and call themselves independent and Socialist, the I.L.P. members are of any more value to the working-class movement than are the majority from whom they will separate. Of the members of the party known to us, in fact, those with brains have no honesty and those with honesty have no brains. We will leave our readers to divide the group as they think fit, and to imagine its future.
employment in the kingdom so small... We have made provision in the face of growing difficulty for maintaining unchallenged the command of the sea. In carrying out these purposes, we have not only not added a penny to the National Debt, but we have diminished the liabilities... We have reduced the Tea Duty... and all without clogging the springs of industry or checking the accumulation of capital.” What is there unusual in that, it may be asked. solely it is the stick-in-trade of the Party Leader in power. Will our readers kindly reconsider the extract and, while re-reading it, imagine themselves to be hearing the chairman of a company delivering his annual address to his shareholders? What difference, we should like to inquire, is there between the speech of Mr. Asquith and the speech, let us say, of the head of Brunner-Mond or Cowdray or any railway company? Why should there be, you ask? But in reality the tone and matter of the speech contain a revelation which, in effect and for those who desire to know the truth, dissipates in the twinkling of an eye all the romantic shadows that have gathered about the subject of politics. The speech, as we think, reveals the incautious phraseology of Mr. Asquith’s speech as we do not remember to have seen it in any speech before. And the soul of politics is identical with the soul of business in general. It is the administration of the Empire for profit. * * * For some years now we have been engaged in attempting to demonstrate to the humblest intelligence that economic power precedes political power, and that political power without economic backing is not power at all. It is plainer, however, in Mr. Asquith’s speech than we have hitherto succeeded in making it not that only does economic power precede political power, but economic power is the sole cause and parent of political power. Stripped of the lies spun about it by wily propagandists, economics is plain. If we ask, for instance, the purpose of the inexpensive Insurance Act and a few more effective means of the inexpensive Insurance Act and a few more effective

We say no influence, but we ought not to exclude from consideration his influence upon the tone of the governing Board of Directors. Upon the economic policy of the Government it is, we hope, evident that he, as a non-shareholder, can exercise no influence at all. As a matter of fact, there are the statistics to show that wages remain much the same throughout all the progress of the property of the shareholders. The latter has increased by millions of pounds’ value yearly by year, until, in the year just passed, it has risen to dimensions never before dreamed of. Yet wages are to-day much what they were when the business yielded to its shareholders only half the profit it yields at this moment. And it is demoralizing to anybody with a mind for economics that wages will remain at or about their present level, even though the future profits of the Empire should double or treble upon the present. Wages being determined by cost of living and competition, while the supply of workmen remains and the present standard of living is maintained, variations in profit do not much affect them. Any hope, therefore, that workmen will ever share proportionately in the increase of wealth is vain. As things are, they cannot. Their wages are fixed, as it were, on the scale of a kind of outdoor relief; and for all the golden eggs the geese may lay, the geese themselves will never be the richer. But while it is thus true that the unpropertied workers, as such, can have no more influence on the economic policy of the property than eggs-laying geese have upon their farmers, it is also true, being human, and gifted, therefore, with a little reason and a great deal of obstinacy, they require to be “managed” with considerable ability. And this “management” of the employees of the “Empire, Unlimited” is part of the “tactics” of the Governing Board of Political Directors. It is plain that, if employers alone formed the Government and addressed the “electorate” of the unpropertied in the terms they adopt in addressing their own property nation, they should have a political revolution as often as we now have a strike. Capitalists, however, as we have said, know how to buy brains and how to conceal themselves behind them. Instead of boldly undertaking as a Government in their own persons to administer their common property (as they will when they become Collectivists) they depute this office to specialists in the double art of preserving property and keeping the employes of the Empire’s shareholders tolerably sweet. It will be observed that in his annual report Mr. Asquith was able to congratulate the company that both these duties had been satisfactorily discharged during the past eight years. But are the employees kept sweet? * * * Here we enter upon the innermost mystery of the whole realm of politics. A priori, it would seem incredible that some fifteen million adults of a population of forty-five million souls should consent to continue to work for a golden egg for a small class to enjoy. Yet, since the fact occurs, there must be an explanation; and it is to be sought in the magical power of words. Mankind, said Montaigne, is governed by names; and though this is scarcely true of the educated or propertied classes, it is certainly true of the uneducated and unpropertied. The simplest act of reflection will demonstrate that the mere calling a man a shareholder...
does not make him one. Unless he is actually given a share of the property and a right to participate in its increase, he may be a shareholder in name, but he is not a shareholder in fact. But a rather more subtle act of reflection than this demonstrated to the proprietors of the Empire in 1832 and again in 1867 that while it made no real difference to the status of the workmen to call them citizens and to enfranchise them, it made all the difference in the world to their temper. Call them citizens, and though their wages remain the same and the profits continue to flow to the unpopular, they will be as pleased with the shadow as the latter are with the substance. It will be remembered that when the trick of verbal legerdemain was first proposed certain stupid capitalists feared that it would not only be measured in terms of economic wealth—not its distribution or even its quality, but in its quantity as calculable in terms of money, the standard commodity. But the Labour Party has as its aim the national welfare as measured in the only exact means materialists can employ, but the welfare of the particular class of wage-earners or proletariat. In other words, the Labour Party at Westminster is only a permanent deputation of workmen engaged in begging the Government of property-holders to ease the conditions of the working-classes. They are Lazarus at the gate of Dives. It is useless to reply that the welfare of the workers (which the Labour Party seeks) is also the national welfare. It may be or it may not be. It is conceivable that if the average workman saw his wages doubled to-morrow at the cost of interest and profits, the total property (or savings) of the nation would be considerably diminished. That, indeed, is the assumption of capitalist economists. Before earning the right, therefore, to call itself a party in the political sense, the Labour Party must bridge the gulf between what it would be and what it is. Not only would the working-classes profit by their proposed legislation, but the wealth of the nation, in the sense of measurable wealth, would at least not be decreased. But without the help of brains, they cannot prove it, much less set about practising it! We should like to see the Labour Party make the attempt. 

Other concomitant phenomena which the foregoing analysis explains are as follows. It is obvious from the fact that the Labour members of Parliament are hostages for the good behaviour of their class that any violent action among the latter must be frowned upon by their leaders. We are, as our readers know, neither Syndicalists nor advocates of sabotage; to prove that the smallest faith in the power of the proletariat to revolt successfully or even to riot terribly. On the other hand, a disposition to do all these things, alternatively to the satisfaction of their just demands, is what we should very much like to see. Until the working classes are much more awe-inspiring to their proprietors than they are to-day, the consideration they receive will be small. But it is exactly the fear of the anger of the working classes that the ambassadorial mendicants of the Labour Party in Parliament seek to mitigate—by the means of "gentling" their constituents. It is their pride, when it should be their shame, that the slaves on whose behalf they petition Parliament are peaceful, law-abiding, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. And the service of keeping them in this desirable pseudo-Christian condition is the return the Labour leaders make for the privilege of sitting with their masters on the Board and occasionally asking an alms for the poor. There are other phenomena which fall easily under the explanation already offered, but our readers may be left and shall be left to collect them for themselves. Our patience, we regret to say, is temporarily exhausted. But by way of confirmation of our statements we may review the debate on the Osborne Bill which took place in the House of Commons on Friday, when the third reading was carried unanimously, amid Labour cheers. 

Among all the speakers, pro and con, on the subject of the Bill, the only one who showed any grasp of the facts was Mr. Bonar Law. It had been concluded by the Labour Party that the opposition of the Unionists to the reversal of the Osborne judgment was aimed at trade unionism. But if the Unionists are to be accused of hating trade unionism (even while in opposition), the same accusation must lie against The New Age; for we have consistently opposed the Osborne Bill on precisely the same grounds as those opposed by Mr. Bonar Law. The proper sphere of trade-union activity, said Mr. Law, was the economic field. There, in raising wages, in improving the conditions of the workshops, in reducing hours, and in accumulating power to control industry, was their true place. Politics, on the other hand, was a diversion object to the national welfare, a fruitless channel; and the proof was to be seen in the fact that "in proportion as trade union had
become identified with political action their influence in
their proper sphere had lamentably failed." There is
nothing more dangerous to students of the working-class
movement than that this statement of Mr. Bonar Law's
is indubitable fact. We have made it ourselves, times
without number, and the statistics of prices, wages,
and profits are repeatedly published in the organs of
the Labour Party to prove it. The person is either a
scoundrel or a numskull who denies it. But no sooner
had Mr. Bonar Law made this plain, wise, and friendly
statement of fact to the Labour group than, first,
their great champion, whom they afterwards cheered and
thanked, Sir Rufus Isaacs, rose to deny it, and, sub-
sequently, the poor Labour victims themselves denied it.
Mr. Brace, in particular, was emphatically of the
opinion that, in consequence of his presence in Parlia-
ment, the lot of the workers had enormously improved.
Of one worker, we should say, Mr. Brace, but of not
many more! Mr. Gill and Mr. Clynes were of the
same opinion, unanimous, of course, that they could
not have been wasting their time and the accumulated
coppers of wage slaves. The betraying passages,
however, of the debate were not contained in the
speeches of these poor decoy ducks. They were boldly
inserted into the comments of Sir Rufus Isaacs and
his fellow-barrister, Lord Robert Cecil. Pleading for an
easy passage for a Bill that would enable trade-union
leaders to continue in Parliament, Sir Rufus Isaacs
impatiently announced the real reason for the Govern-
ment's action. Was it that, as Mr. Gill said, the workers'
representatives might look after the interests
of their class against the employers? Was it rats?
"The more power," said Sir Rufus Isaacs, "you give
these men, the stronger they are here as Labour repre-
sentatives, the less danger would there be of strikes."
And his licksplite, Lord Robert Cecil, responded in these
words: "No one would deny that the Labour
members were a valuable, an almost essential, addition
to the House." We scorn to underline the phrases to
point out their sinister character. We can only say
that every Labour member who sits in the House hence-
forward deserves his fate.

Current Cant.

"The Socialist delusion enters the Church by way of the
Sermon on the Mount and the teachings of Christ."—
"Daily Express."

"Liberalism is a matter of reasoned and sympathetic
recognition of error, anomaly, and injustice in the estab-
lished system of things, a readiness to apply well-calcu-
lated remedies, a sympathy with the aspirations of the
masses who resent the gross political inequality of their
lot."—J. M. ROBERTSON.

"For Suffragists to go out of their way to make
Liberalism their enemy is a suicidal policy."—"Daily
Chronicle."

"We offer £10 to any reader who names the Princess
our future King will wed."—"London Mail."

"Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's work has never fallen
short. He is always more intent upon the realiza-
tion of the inner Spiritual reality than of superficial
appearances."—W. W. GIBSON.

"The approaching climax is all the more serious be-
cause thinking men are giving up politics for business."—
DR. GUGLIELMO FERRERO.

"It is abundantly evident that the Gospel must be
poured into India from European sources."—"Church
Times."

"Nothing in life surpasses the indolence of the casual."
—MR. FLOWDEN.

"Let Mr. Winston Churchill rescue the working people
from their indolence, or worse, from the hostility which
a large part of them evince—unspectacularly—under the
rhetoric of the Socialist demagogue."—"Daily Express."

"Success has attended the Liberal Administration
partly for the reason that it followed the Balfourian
regime, but chiefly and mainly because it has been bold
and just."—"Nottingham Daily Express."

"I am in favour of whipping both for girls and boys.
. . . I have worked with girls for some time now, and
I may say they get worse to deal with."—"Young
Bachelor" in the "Leeds Mercury."

"Women have rarely become emancipated in a literary
sense."—"The Book Monthly."

"Cinematograph film making could be well described
as psychology by the yard."—P. D. HUGON.

"Never has 'Twelfth Night' been performed in a
manner so thoroughly alive as it is at present at the
Savoy Theatre."—GILBERT DRESIGER.

"It seems to me, that after all deductions have been
made Mr. Masefield has brought a new spirit into English
poetry."—ARTHUR MACHEN.

"The clergetmen who preach what is known as
Christian Socialism succeed in ignoring the accepted
doctrine of Socialism, which is definitely and unques-
tionably anti-Christian, sceptical, and even markedly
atheistic."—"Daily Express."

"Every effort that sincere men can make, every exer-
cition which a great State wielding a great power can
make, to preserve peace, to bring disputing parties to-
tgether, to smooth away difficulties, and to compact an
abiding settlement, has been displayed during the last
few months."—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"We are not a heartless nation. We are as humane as
the French, and for that reason we seek to repress mur-
derous instincts by making it a fatal business for any-
one taking the life of another."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"Our prison system is said to be a failure. It does not
turn the thief into an honest man. But that is not really
the idea underlying imprisonment. We lock up our
predatory brethren not in their interests but in ours.
The more thieves we put in prison and the longer we
keep them there the safer is the property of the com-
community."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"When I think of the coal strike and the railway
strike—I will leave out the various social measures such
as the Workmen's Compensation Act, and the Insurance
Act, which have been passed—I think that the Labour
Party are entitled to claim that their presence has had
a marked effect upon legislation."—Sir RUFUS ISAACS.

CURRENT SENSE.

"The defect of the 'gramophone' system is that it
encourages mechanical acting, and discourages origin-
ality."—"The Era."

"We can get nothing from the capitalist class that
we do not take with both hands."—"Daily Herald."

"A new idea might conceivably arise which might
even lead ultimately to a new form of civilization."—
JOHN EGLINTON, in the "Irish Review."
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

In view of the Young Turk Government’s Note to the Powers there is a decided belief in diplomatic circles that a resumption of the war is unnecessary. The new Cabinet proposes a reasonable solution of the difficulties which have up to the present made a definite decision impossible. As the town of Adrianople is divided by the Maritsa River, the Turkish Cabinet proposes that the Allies shall take one-half of it, the Porte retaining the half containing the tombs and mosques. The fortifications, it is presumed, would be dismantled. This would leave the Allies in possession of the railway line.

It is quite well known that three out of the four Allies would be more than ready to accept this offer. But Bulgaria, who has shown an astonishing amount of pig-headedness throughout the peace negotiations, will very likely reject this proposal and insist on the complete surrender of Adrianople. To a complete surrender the Young Turks cannot possibly agree, without making at least a show of opposition. It is on this point, while asking why Bulgaria should be so tenacious in her demands.

Writing in this column about two years ago, I referred to the precarious position of King Ferdinand, and spoke of the possibility, even though, perhaps, only remote, of a Bulgarian Republic. That possibility is still holds good, even though the King is one of the most astute diplomatists and intriguers in Europe. And the reason is simply this: King Ferdinand is not a Bulgarian. He is not even the ruler chosen by the Bulgarian Commissioners after the country secured its release from the Turkish Empire. The vacant throne was offered to many other potential Tsars before, almost as a last resort, the present King Ferdinand was induced to express his willingness to take upon himself a somewhat thankless task. He has made wonderful headway in a relatively short time; but he has never been wholly trusted by the upper classes in Bulgaria, and among his advisers have been many men of whom he himself did not approve, but whom he was compelled to accept.

Among these advisers is Dr. Daneff, the chief Bulgarian peace plenipotentiary. He is not, emphatically, the man for such a delicate task as that of negotiating peace terms. Rather, as the Porte has seen, he is by no means lacking in coarseness of manner, and, above all, stupid and obstinate, he almost drove both the Turkish delegates and his colleagues to despair. He refuses to believe that Turkey can strike a blow at Chatalja; he refuses to believe that Adrianople can hold out for more than a week or so; and, in spite of all the warnings which have been conveyed to him, he still thinks that the Powers will intervene in favour of the Allies. A certain amount of ambition underlies all this stupidity. For Dr. Daneff is unwilling to go back to his masters and acknowledge that he has modified any one of Bulgaria’s demands by a hair’s breadth. He will pose as a strong man, a sort of Bulgarian Bismarck. But he lacks Bismarck’s knowledge and penetration, and many other qualities besides.

The Montenegrins have realised, albeit sullenly, that they cannot expect to have Skutari since Austria has said No. But a seaport town, San Giovanni di Medua, has been promised them. Servia has become reconciled to the loss of the expected stretch of territory reaching to the Adriatic. Greece has gained considerably by the war. Hence, not unnaturally, these three partners in the alliance are anxious to stop the war. It is only Bulgaria’s obstinacy which is leading to the threatened continuance of the war; and every preparation is being made by both sides for a resumption of hostilities as I write these lines.

The Turks, wiser than their determined adversary, have once more appealed to the Powers, laying adequate responsibility for further bloodshed on the Bulgarian Government. They point out that they have yielded on practically every point, including even half of Adrianople, the railway, and the islands. The Bulgarians, even when threatened by the Chatalja lines, even after being unable to take Adrianople after a long siege, show no signs of being willing to discuss peace terms rationally. In addition to pointing out these things, however, Mahmud Shleifer’s Cabinet goes on to make certain financial suggestions which, at the present juncture, I regard as not altogether tactful. The Porte asks for the right, not the permission, to add to her Customs duties as she thinks fit; and suggests, also, the abolition of the capitulations.

These are questions of considerable complexity, and they have already been under consideration by the Great Powers. The future of Turkey is a financial problem, and will be discussed by financiers rather than by diplomatists, exactly as the German “compensations” in Asia Minor, as the German Ambassador to Turkey, Baron von Wagenheim, reminded a select audience the other day, adding that his Government’s attitude towards them was “noli me tangere”—a strong enough hint to Russia to mind what she was about. Of these “vital interests” the Bagdad Railway is merely one, though perhaps the greatest. France is also largely interested in the Levant, and so is Great Britain. To allow Turkey, therefore, to impose extra Customs duties affects at least three Great Powers; and it must be remembered that Russia and Austria have stakes in Asia Minor. The Customs duties might be raised, naturally, on certain classes of goods in such a way as to discriminate against Turkey or a group of Powers—a fact by no means overlooked in Berlin when this suggestion was put into shape there on behalf of the Porte.

In raising questions like these with a view to obtaining a “final settlement,” then, the Porte was acting with overmuch haste. But, although this has caused a great deal of annoyance among the Powers, it has not caused nearly so much annoyance as the Bulgarian obstinacy regarding the question of Adrianople. From January 20 onward, many attempts were made to induce Dr. Daneff to listen to reason, but to no purpose. Acting on a somewhat shrewder judgment than that of his chief, the Bulgarian delegates—inspired, of course, by their leader—showed traces of that obstinacy which, some ten years ago, we came to associate with the Boers.

And now the patience of the Great Powers, who have themselves to thank for the difficulties in which they find themselves—is nearing its end. They have warned the Allies definitely that they are not to have any kind of indemnity from Turkey—not a penny of cash; not a penny of the surplus of the Ottoman Treasury receipts. They are not to have an extra acre of territory, even though they renew the war and drive the Turks out of Constantinople across the Bosphorus—an unlikely event, this, in any case. If Dr. Daneff still maintains his attitude, he does so now at his own risk. It is just possible that King Ferdinand may succeed in inducing him to alter it. If he cannot do so, Bulgaria runs a serious risk; for Constantinople has to give her “compensations,” and their amount has not yet been decided upon.

It should be added that, in the meantime, the Young Turks are not finding office and power quite such sinucures as they did three or four years ago. It is one thing to deal with subject nationalities within the Empire, such as Albanians and Kurds; but it is quite
another to have to deal with a formidable coalition, supported as it has been in some respects by a group of the Great Powers. It is this that accounts for the conciliatory tone of the Turkish Note.

In view of the misleading information published in the European Press from time to time, I have devoted these articles for the last few weeks to a summary of events. There are many lessons for us to learn from the Balkan campaign, and I will refer to them later on.

**Guild Socialism—XI.**

**Motive under the Guild.**

Any proposed change in the economic life of a nation inevitably raises a whole category of questions as to the motives that move men, particularly in material affairs. It is a rooted belief amongst the generality of people that our human nature and our economic system are chemically combined and incapable of precipitation. It is asserted, with varying degrees of emphasis, that our existing economy is precisely what it is because it is the product of human nature; because it responds with delicate certainty to the motives that vitalise human nature. This theory has even obtained the sanction of an American professor, who (following Bentham, Nassau Senior, and others) constructed and elaborated before the Congressional Authorities Commission an horrific animal which he termed "the economic man." This Frankenstein monster, stripped of all moral sensibility, represented the true blending of the motives that actuate men in their material pursuits. It would be foolish to write words upon such an absurd simulacrum because the overwhelming majority of the believers in private capitalism reject the theory. They, for the most part, frankly admit that life under private capitalism is only tolerable when mitigated or even transformed by the beneficent influence of the world—the non-capitalist—Christ. "Business is business," we are told, "but a man must not carry his business hardness or cunning or push into his private life." The anomalies between the business and the social codes are always a fruitful theme for the moralist, the novelist, and the dramatist. We are met, however, with the answer that businesses to-day does not harmonise with our better motives, because we refuse "to talk shop" in our social intercourse. Now there is no reason under the sun why men and women, meeting socially, should not freely discuss the means by which they live. But the fact that men do in the factory and counting-house what they would scorn to do in their social relations stamps our industrial and commercial system as blackguardly or inhuman. Chattel-slavery was inhuman; is wage-slavery less so?

It may be contended that human motive finds its truest expression in the industrial struggle; that social conduct is, after all, merely an external polish, and that the elemental man is in essence predatory, that his motives are selfish, that his social amenities are all a pretence. This contention is destroyed by the claim made for the industrial system that it is the harbinger of civilisation. The Manchester economists were alive to this fundamental contradiction, and they accordingly elaborated the theory of "enlightened selfishness." "Of course," said they, "man is a selfish animal, but his experience of industry and its consequent civilising mission has led him to believe that devotion to the larger economic interests of the community is in reality the most enlightened way of strengthening his individual interests." We need only remark on this point that the continuance of the wage system, so far from strengthening, actually imperils the larger economic interests of the community; that servitude, whether distinct from or because of its moral im-

* The word in the original text is "supplying"; we have substituted for it the word that expresses our meaning.
honest about it. If sabotage hastened the expropriation of the exploiter, who are we that we should object? Observe, too, that sabotage is inherent in the existing system."

Our purpose in writing this passage was not to lend any intellectual or moral support to sabotage, but rather to demonstrate how the existing industrialism is eaten through and through with dishonesty, and we might with advantage have added that, because it destroyed the motive to do honest work, it struck at the economic foundations of society. There are two fatal objections to sabotage: (1) It implicitly accepts the wage system as permanent, and therefore postulates a perpetual bargaining with capital, whether State capital (e.g., the French national railways) or private capital; (2) by slowing down production, it defers the final victory of labour, because labour cannot finally win until it can offer a greater economic alternative—The Guild or another—by which we may be certain that wealth production is increased both in quantity and quality. There is yet another grave objection to sabotage. If it became the rule rather than the exception, if it became a habit, the intensity and spirit of work would be insensibly lowered and a false conception of the value of work engendered. The class struggle cannot be won by labour by diminishing its own productivity, and therefore weakening its economic and moral strength.

The Sleeping Giant.

The writer is not of the enemy's camp, but an old soldier of the Social revolution. Many years ago, when Socialism was not yet "respectable," when our present Socialist M.P.'s did not yet know whether Socialism was a plant or an animal, the present writer, with poor forgotten Tom Maguire, and a few more enthusiasts, used to face angry crowds in the Leeds market, on Sundays, preaching Socialism. In 1886 the writer left Leeds for Boston, U.S., because the Leeds master tailors united to refuse him employment for the grave sin of having been the first secretary of a Jewish Tailors' Trade Union, through whose efforts the first Jewish strike in England was organised. When I got to Boston, Socialism was not known there, although then their movement was represented by "Knights of Labour," very much alive. During my seven years' work in Boston, I earned the title of "Socialist Leader," and when I returned to England in 1893, I left Socialism quite "respectable."

The foregoing is sufficient about myself. Let us now proceed with the subject. When I say that Socialism is unrealisable by the proletariat, it does not follow that I mean to knock holes in the economics of Socialism; my reasons have never been openly discussed by Socialists; they are as follows:—

(1) That the proletariat is not the sleeping giant he is often described to be, and that even if he were to wake up and try to shake off the "parasites" he would not succeed.

(2) That it is physically and psychologically impossible to convert the majority of the working classes to Socialism.

(3) That even if it were possible to convert the majority of the proletariat to Socialism, they would not have sufficient votes on their side to bring about Socialism by constitutional means.

(4) That even if their votes were enough to elect a majority of Socialists to Parliament, the capitalists would not let them use their majority.

(5) That if the proletariat were to resort to physical force, the master classes would be the victors.

(6) That the working classes do not want Socialism; that they do not deserve it; that they are satisfied with much less than Socialism offers them.

(7) That the worst evils of Capitalism, such as unemployment, sweating, insecurity, and poverty, can be abolished by other means than by the Socialisation of the means of production, etc.

The worst things are dangerous things, because once you regard an idea as a truism, you close your mind against any criticism or questionings which might be raised against it. Ever since I can remember, and long before, the quintessence of all Socialist, Anarchist, and Trade Unionist propaganda was that Labour is a sleeping giant, who through ignorance allows a handful of parasites to suck his blood. Once educated, he would, it was supposed, like Samson, break his chains into fragments, and all the exploiting classes would be crushed under his feet. Upon that supposed truism is built the whole Labour movement. Undermine that foundation, and the whole structure of Socialism, Anarchism, Syndicalism, and Trade Unionism would either collapse, or would have to be propped up by other truisms. Personally, I believe that Socialism would not suffer even were Socialists to begin to doubt the omnipotence of Labour; but where is the Socialist who would dare even to think such a heresy? Whence came to us the above-mentioned truism? Did we arrive at it by the proper scientific method of first observing facts and then drawing conclusions? Nothing of the kind. How do we know that Labour is a giant? Does history furnish us with any examples of the working-classes rising against their masters, and conquering them? I cannot find any such examples in history. On the contrary, all the historical examples of working-class risings show just the reverse. The risings of the slaves in Rome, of the peasants in Germany and in England, and of the proletarian in the Paris Commune all resulted in lamentable defeats. We arrived at that false truism by a faulty method of reasoning. We said to ourselves: "Labour is the creator of all wealth. The rich can do nothing for themselves; they rely on the working-classes for their necessities of life and for their luxuries. The rich masters are but a few in comparison with the working classes. Why, then, do the workers submit to be the ill-paid servants of the rich? It must be because the workers are ignorant, because they do not understand their worth, and do not know their strength."

The staunchest partisan of Trade Unionism will not dare to assert that the economic struggle of Labour with Capital for the last seventy years has furnished us with examples of Labour's superior strength. More strikes have been lost than won. It is not even correct to say that the little improvement in the condition of the working classes to-day is due to Trade Union action alone. It is principally due to the general improvement and increase of the productive power of the workers, and the general improvement in the condition of all classes in the country. The strikes which have been won are those directed against unorganised capital. In most cases, when organised Labour faced organised Capital, the former lost either totally or partially.

Apologists of Trade Unionism tell us that Labour's losses were due to imperfect organisation. This explanation held good in the past, but in the face of the stupendous examples of the great miners' strike of last year it holds good no longer. Many and diverse were the writers on the lessons of that strike, but none of those I read understood what passed before our eyes. I claim that we have witnessed a miniature Social Revolution; I would even say that it was almost the Social Revolution. There was no question of bad organisation; there was no question of their strikers' places. There was an industry upon which rested all other industries. The entire stoppage of the
coal industry ought in theory to have struck terror into the hearts of the rich as much as a general stoppage of all industries; but what happened? Have the rich foregone any of their pleasures? Have they been much frightened by the giant’s awakening? Who was it that began to feel the pinch of hunger? Not the parasites, but the giant himself! We have reason enough to suppose that, even if it had been the real Social Revolution, even if all industries had struck, which is the dream of Syndicalists, the result.would have been the same as with the miners’ strike, only it would have come about quicker.

I can almost hear my Socialist friends exclaim “What a novice! To think that when the Social Revolution will come the workers will merely strike!”  

Well, first of all we have to get hold of the Government and all the forces of the State; then we will strike the revolution. We will deal with that point later.

Haldanic Chaos;  
Or, A Sophist’s Strategy.  
By Thomas Miller Maguire.

When Mr. Asquith formed his Cabinet Mr. Haldane, K.C., and translator of Schopenhauer and distinguished Wee Kirk advocate, was passed over for the post of Lord High Chancellor. He thus lost twice the salary of the Commander-in-Chief before the Council of Three and the Army Council obliterated that functionary. But Mr. Asquith appeared to think he might be useful to some other capacity. He therefore asked this heavy Chancery barrister what other great office under the Crown would suit him best. Mr. Haldane, albeit bitterly disappointed and proudly conscious that he was equal to all things, agreed that Lord Loreburn should sit on the Woolsack for a lustrum. Then, as he recently told ambitious students, he thought that the Army presented some interesting problems, worthy of his rare intellectual faculties, so he consented to become Secretary of State for War. Under the new system of organisation foisted on the Army without any notice, he had all the forces of the Army in his hands. Woe betide any soldier—small or great, who dared to have a mind of his own. Haldane, as bureaucrat, rejoiced in his place and power and in trips to Germany. He acted as if there was still need to study German History or military organisation in 1905 or 1911, as if we had not had committees and inquiries in abundance. Surely all sorts and conditions of men, experts and novices, legal and military, scholastic and administrative, had drawn up report after report, ever since 1895, on our Army and its inefficiency for the purpose of its existence, to wit, for war. Surely the Council of Three had sat upon the soldiery only a year before and the whole fortunes of the Empire had been committed to a Committee of Imperial Defence. But the Haldane of Clarendon, Democrat and Laird, fancied that he had discovered the pathway to military reality, and in 1906, enunciated after a long period of incubation his scheme for Expeditionary Forces and for a National or Territorial Army and for a Reserve of a kind hitherto unknown to mankind, and rightly named the Special Reserve.

I happened to hear the enormous speech in which he announced his House of Commons this pedantic patent destroyer of armies first propounded his monstrous constructive and destructive schemes. They struck me, as they also struck all the leading military critics at home and abroad, as being the very sublimity of absurdity.

The Right Hon. R. B. Haldane’s "Tomfoolery" was the title of a pamphlet in which the very next day as an unpaid Volunteer of many years’ standing I ventured to set forth the certain failure of the strange devices of this well-paid rambler for fourteen guineas a day into unknown realms of military life.

The New Age and every leading Naval and Military journal of weight entirely agreed with me, but of course, I was maltreated by his sycophants, who werepromoted and munificently rewarded for fawning on his folly, but I observe that yesterday one of them, Field-Marshial Lord Methuen, has changed his rôle, and now that Haldane has reverted to Law, he has reverted to common-sense.

Notwithstanding a temporary boycott of our able instructors, Haldane’s schemes soon seemed to all students a worthless fraud, and it was demonstrated by the "Morning Post" and "Broad Arrow," and Naval and Military journals as well as the "Outlook" and New Age that the Territorial Force had been a mere sophistical creation without any vis vitae, or vital spark of military energy at all superior to that of the Volunteer Forces, and the public displayed no enthusiasm for its success. It did not surpass the Volunteers in numbers or talent or staff officers or regimental officers, or physique, or artillery or cavalry or commissariat, or in any one element of military efficiency. The members who joined, of whom all the ablest and keenest and best-looking had been Volunteers, deserve all credit possible, but the organisation failed. As to professional education, there were no satisfactory classes or schools. It was the worst-off army in any civilised State. There was no provision for teaching the elements of strategy or tactics. The Clapham Laird of Whitehall has recently admitted that he did not know the difference between a battle and a brigade, nor did he know the division of a battle, though a philosophic bachelor, any more than a silly spinster.

In 1908 there was no provision for military education—none! Accordingly, we were asked by Lord Esher—a prime spirit of the Territorials and chairman of the London Association, and beyond doubt much interested in the Army for many reasons—to start the Territorial Force War School, and he was supported by such Territorial chiefs as Colonels the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Tullibardine and Lord Shaftesbury, and the Right Hon. G. Wyndham.

I need not discuss why the Territorial system has failed in every way. But the Haldane National Army for any Imperial purpose, offensive or defensive. By his absurd criticism of Lord Roberts, the Lord Chancellor warrior, who left the War Office for the Woolsack for double pay, procured for the views of the veteran Field-Marshals enormous popularity, and his exposure of the ex-chief of the Army Council in his "Message" to the nation has become a household word.

The New Age has already exposed the flagrant misrepresentations of Colonel Seely, the new War Minister, who was so mercilessly crushed by Colonel C. Burn. We must return to this subject again when the limit of Territorial expansibility is reached. Meanwhile the Force is in so very "parlous a state" that nearly all the leading Territorial officers have joined the agitation for universal military service.

We have done all we could for the Territorials—ten times as much as any of its blatant party champions, or as Mr. Haldane before and after he became Lord Chancellor—yet we cannot pretend that they could cope with the Bulgarian, or Turkish, or any other soldiery worthy of the name. But what has become of the old Militia which had done so much good service generation after generation, had filled Wellington’s ranks in 1813 and enabled us to fight Waterloo in 1815, and played a most useful and not undistinguished part.
in the last South African War? I do not find it mentioned in the Army lists of 1912. What has become of the old Constitutional Force? It was killed by an eminent Chancery lawyer in 1908, and in its place arose the Special Reserve—not a substitute for the Militia by any means, but a new kind, a kind of stepchild of the Militia to which 80 per cent. of the Militia were transferred.

Has it succeeded? I trov not! It was my duty to be present at a discussion as to its value compared with the older force and on its methods of recruitment, and I listened to the last public speech of Mr. Arnold-Forster before his de-Not the one—not even Lord Methuen or Colonel Seely—now dares to pretend that the Territorial Force is either sufficient or efficient for the responsibilities which it must undertake if it is to carry out the purposes for which it was created—to fight. And the Duke of Bedford's experience of the "collapse" of the Special Reserve is not only inexorable, but has caused a very uncomfortable feeling as to this country's readiness for war.

I trust the readers of THE NEW AGE now realise that, since the assumption of the reins of military power by the charlatan of Clan, the Army has lost very seriously both in its peace and its war establishments.

This pseudo-Clausewitz abolished nine battalions of Regular Infantry, reduced the number of men serving with the columns by 37,000, and also Sections A and B of the Army Reserve by 40,000 men of nine battalions and 77,000 men.

In compensation his Schopenhauer and Wee Kirk brain created the Special Reserve, and consummated the absurdity at the expense of the abolition of the old Militia, an "organisation which was superior in every respect," and contributed fewer than 102,000 men to the public service at the front and elsewhere during the South African War. What is the state of the Special Reserve now?

I do not believe that in all the Regular Reserve battalions of this monstrousity 25,000 are available for reinforcing the army in the field. The "Broad Arrow" agrees with me.

But Haldane says, what about the twenty-seven extra Special Reserve battalions? The Reserve battalions are relied upon to relieve Regular battalions in foreign garrisons or proceed straight to the theatre of war. Well, I reply, they are a mere fraud. Let any of my readers ask their officers if this is not true—i.e., that probably not five (5) out of the whole number are in a fit condition to go to war, either as officers or men. As to recruits, as to drill, as to musketry, they tell a terrible tale of the awful state to which the present Lord Chancellor and the Secretary of State for War and his cabal of an Escherite Army Council and of slavish sycophants, as the "Broad Arrow" calls them, have reduced our Army, without reducing its costs, or even increasing its mere number of 73,000 men, so that boys doomed to slaughter at the first shock of arms.

The whole subject demands the immediate attention of Parliament and the public. But we are now told (January 11) by the Radical Press that the eminent strategist Haldane, tired of abusing Lord Roberts, and thereby showing his own incompetence and ignorance, and compelled to agree with Lloyd George that, so far, he neither adds dignity to the Woolsock nor does any-thing to earn his £10,000 a year, is about to adopt another rôle. He has upset the schemes of the Land Reformer, and he is to inaugurate a new and thorough Haldanic scientific and metaphysic reorganisation of English education. Absit omen, nevertheless; but with far more experience of education in all its phases than all the Cabinet Ministers and a hundred Haldanes, I venture to predict that his reorganisation of education and his inane meddling with schools and colleges will be as fateful and fatal to teachers and scholars and to the whole profession of instruction and to the intellectual activity of the English, and bring about more chaos in the civil intellectual life of the entire nation than that in which his folgety tommolay has left the military system of our Empire.

English education is already, for all practical and national purposes, two generations behind Germany. The Scotch sophist will leave it as he left the Army, four generations behind Bulgaria. The Lord Chancellor
who gets double the salary of any Commander-in-Chief, 
not to speak of an enormous pension after even one 
year's, or less, service, made a kind of apology to Lord 
Roberts in the House of Lords on January 15. I need 
scarcely say that he definitely proved his ignorance and 
insolence. He confounded strategy as a part of general-
ship with organisation, with tactics, with morale, with 
sea power, and with land power, and party politics. A 
rare jumble, not to be found in any treatise, theoretical 
or historical, since the Battle of Marathon!

The Heart in the Jar.
[Reprinted, by the kind permission of the Editor, from 
the "New York Times Book Review."]

A Meditation on the Nobel Prize Award for Medical 
Research, 1912.

By Percy Mackaye.

I.

Alive it beats in a bosom of glass—
A glowing heart!
It has come to pass!
Ventricle, auricle,
Artery quivering:
No metaphorical
Symbol of art,
No cold, mechanical trick of a dog,
But ardent—an organ mysterious,
Alive—delivering
Serenity, continuous
Pulses, poised in its chamber of glass,
Beating—the heart of a dog!

II.

And it came to pass
While the hearts of men
Were selling and buying
The blood of their brothers
Then, even then—
While grocer and draper
And soldier were eyeing
Their market news in the morning paper,
And, musing there among the others,
Their poet of words
Stood staring—his back to the laboratory
(Where the poet of life
Plied ether and knife)—
Stood musing his rhymes for a miracle-story
Of Babylon queens or the Attic birds.

III.

Yet others were there more strange
(More strange, as they spoke in the holy name
Of the human heart, while still their eyes
Were blind to the light love's visions range)—
For they cried: "Lo, the dog—he dies!
Spare him the knife! What have ye done,
Awarders of fame! Will you grant to one
Who slaughters—the great world-prize?"
Yet these are the same
Who cherish the dead and worship the pain
Of saints that offered their blood in fire
For the need of men,
And these are the same who bend the knee
To One who hung on the bleeding tree
Under the seraphim:
In the name—in the hallowed name of Him
Who raised us from Caliban,
Would they grudge to a dog—what a god might aspire—
To render his heart for the Heart of Man?

IV.

How calm in its crystal tomb
It beats to the mandate of life!
How hush it waits in the sexless womb
For the hour of its strange midwife—
The seer, whose talismanic touch
Shall give it birth in another—what?
The heart of a dog once, was it not?
So then, if it still be such
Why, then, the dog (cat, thoroughbred,

Mastiff, was it, or hound?)—
What of the dog?—is he quick or dead?
His soul (as they used to say)
In what Elysian field should he stray,
Or where lie down in his grave?
For hark!—
Through the clear concave
Of the glass, that delicate pulsing sound!
Of his deep-lunged chest, with rhythmic beat
Ah, once, how it whirred in the flooded dark
To the wild curvet of his wonderful feet
And the rapturous passion of his bark,
As he welcomed his homing master's hand,
To crouch at the quick command!
Yet it never has ceased to beat:—
Charmed by the poet of life,
Freed by his art and the cunning knife
That counterfoils the shears of fate.
See it quiver now in that golden bar
Of noon—unlabouring, isolate,
Alive, in a crystal jar!

V.

The heart of a dog—why pause?
Why pause on your brink, bright jar? Or why
This reticent allocution, anon?
A dog—Shall I stop at to-day, because
To-morrow it might be I—
Yes, and if it be!
Even this heart of me
The subtle bards of life with his blade
To sever from out the mystic whole
I have deemed my Soul
And shatter me—like no cloven shade
Divined by a Dane's ecstasy—
In morsels to immortality,
Piecemeal to dissolution!

This, then, that knocks at my breast—
Starting at the image of its own inquest
Hang in a gleaming jar—this sentient thing
Responsive in the night
To messages of grandeur and delight,
Pensive to Winter, passionate to Spring,
Mounting on strokes of music's rhythmic wing,
Beating more swift when my beloved's cheek
Ruddies with rapture the tongue fails to speak,
And passing quite
When her rose turns to white—
This servant, delicate to suffering,
Insurgent to restraint, soothed by redress,
This shall the life-bard place upon his shelf
Beside the dog—and both shall acquiesce.

VI.

For, he—artist of baffling life—himself
Sculptor and plastic instrument—
He holds within his hand the vast intent,
And carves from out the crimson clay of death
Incredible images
Of quickening fauns, and headless victories
More terrible than her of Samothrace—
Vea, toys with such as these
As, silent, he lifts a severed Gorgon's face
Towards his own;
(The watchers hold their breath,
Hiding their dread)
Calmly he looks—nor turns to stone,
But with a touch freezes the sphinx instead.
Till last, all pale, beside him—like a dream
That rises into daylight out of sleep—
Death rises from the mystic, crimson stream
And murmurs at his ear
"What, then, am I?
And what art thou whose scalpel strikes so deep
To slay me? Yea, I felt it glance me by
And I am wounded! Give it me!"—They clutch;
Death snatches, and his frozen fingers touch
The scalpel's edge—When lo, a lightning gleam
Ruddies their wrestling shadows on the night;
Immense they lengthen down the vasty gloom
And darken in their height
The rafters of a silent room:
Around its walls, ranged in the crystal jars
Of infinite stars,
Beat, as they burn, the myriad hearts of life;
In lordship, where their lonely shadows loom,
Death and the Artist grapple for the knife.
Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XI.—NOT A SUBJECT FOR POETRY.

At no time in the history of the world was there such a thing as phallic "worship." There were, and probably are, phallic emblems and symbols in use; but only for severely practical purposes. The primitive savages among whom this alleged phallic worship always originated neither knew nor cared very much about the worship of anything. They had certain needs to satisfy, and one of these was regular harvests. In early times it was the custom, as Mannhardt and many others have shown, to ascribe to trees, hedges, and so on, certain human qualities, including the quality of reproduction. If the spring season were a little late—on account of unusual climatic conditions, let us say, or any other cause—the savage promptly exhibited his re-productive gifts in the open air. This was done in order to encourage what we should call the inanimate objects; but, seriously, there was nothing else in it. It was as practical a process as wringing a hedge.

After the lapse of centuries the need of this primitive method of hastening the appearance of the crops was no longer felt. With the increase of culture, the early forms of Phallicism was left to the lower classes of country louts who practised it and to the bad versifiers who sang it. If any sacrificial ceremonies were deemed necessary, they were carried out with some refinement and bore a deeper meaning. The soma celebrations in India, for example, and the Dionysian revels in early Greek times, were conducted with adequate decorum—the word means something very far removed from prudishness—and all the evidence we have shows clearly enough, I think, that it was only with the absence of the priests and the higher classes that the revels afterwards degenerated into mere sexual orgies.

In other words, primitive man used the phallic symbol for purely practical ends; and when, with the increase of knowledge, he found that the symbol was useless as a means, he discarded it. But the lower classes—that is to say, those people whose minds were still undeveloped, and whose natures remained coarse and barbarous—maintained what they no doubt called phallic 'worship' as an excuse for bestiality.

It is curious to observe how this attitude of mind has subsisted throughout the ages. In cultured periods that particular form of indulgence which we may, for the sake of convenience, call Phallicism was not confined to any one class, but was common to all. The cultured classes, however, although they 'went in for' it, treated the whole thing lightly—as an amusement, a joke, sometimes as a duty, often as a bore. Not for them the symbolic meanings of the ridiculous object that eager young men and women dragged through the streets on a car! What had gentlemen to do with such displays? Nothing, we should say. They shrugged their shoulders, and left the mob to its own amusements; and the mob took this particular amusement very seriously. The mob, always romanticist, sought an excuse for itself in cloudy symbols, as mobs and romanticists always do. There was some profit in this, and not for the mob alone. Debased poets and satirists were never lacking for the interpretation of this phenomenon, and in time they even came to think that they were satisfying a real need and that their interpretations were literally true.

The spirit of the mob always remains the same; the more it changes, more it is the same thing. Running through almost all the literature and art of the historical epoch there is a mob spirit side by side with the cultural spirit; but the works of the cultural spirit abide with us and form a perennial source of artistic inspiration, while the works of the mob spirit are known, in general, only by occasional references; or, where they have actually been preserved, serve simply to depress and abase us. With the introduction of printing the mob spirit gradually got the upper hand. The "people" had no longer to rely upon the imagination and the lowest class of travelling minstrels and mummers for their amusements. They could now buy books; and in our own times, they have been able to buy novels, ettes and gramophones. The love story and the sex novel took the place of the Car of Dionysus and the Temple of Aphrodite.

That is one fact. Take it in conjunction with another: the fact that the mob is essentially primitive, but with just enough conscience—especially in Teutonic countries—to make it seek excuses for its primitiveness. The most primitive quality, in men or animals, is sex; and in the less cultured of civilised countries the mob still seeks excuses for its form of primitiveness exactly as it did thousands of years ago. Sex is now, as it was then, the mob's object of worship; its "god" in every sense. The mob insists that it shall be taken seriously; and the mob-prestes and prophets see that the mob is gratified in this respect. Since these lower spirits read novels chiefly it naturally follows that we have two types of sex novel (and very few other kinds of novel): the novel which stimulates the sexual appetite, and the novel that soothes the conscience after the appetite has been gratified. "Three Weeks" may be cited as an example of the first class; "The New Machiavel" as an example of the second.

There is, however, what we may call the suburban mob. It does not confine itself to novels, but reads poetry, too. It insists, nevertheless, that its poetry shall likewise take its pet subject seriously. It must have "sex" in it; and this "sex" must be dealt with "daringly," and must be "discussed," and argued about. If this can be done in the coarse language used by the mob in daily life, why, so much the better. Need it be said that obsequious poetules have hastened to supply this demand? Some of them have been dealt with in The New Age already—Mr. Masefield, for example; Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie; most of the writers in periodicals like "Rhythm.

An appalling spectacle, is it not? Sex—magic word to the mob!—sex examined under a microscope by weedy, sad-eyed youths and scraggy bluestockings, emaciated Adonises and angular Venuses, who might have stepped straight out of one of Botticelli's deplorable canvases and donned modern attire! And then they deavor the novel in the evening and sit round the fire with "discussions," in which nothing's ever solved. It is more cleanly to live in a pigsty beside a dunghill than in this modern atmosphere of unrelieved sexual filth.

We must not take the subject seriously; for, if we do, we are lost. But no cultured person ever thinks of doing so. Even Falstaff could swear, drink, joke, and 'wench' with the best of them; but he never "discussed." Perhaps again we shall see the distinction between North and South, between the romantic dramatists and novelists of Scandinavia, Germany, and England, and the more classical and cultured artistic productions of France, Spain, and Italy. In recent years Ibsen has more particularly set the fashion for his and others among us, who might hope to be the successors of the "New Machiavels" and the "Temple of Aphrodite."
Well, our Masefields, and for our hundred and one lesser writers and versifiers to remind us that here in England artists have forgotten their classical and cultural traditions, and now live in the lazzy-houses of the spirit. And the mob, which is now in power, encourages them, rewards them with praise and money, and takes care that nothing shall be left undone whereby the real artist may be brought under their disgusting influence. But the real artist, precisely because he is a real artist, escapes. It is only the pseudo-artists who carry on the phallic tradition.

Through Alien Eyes.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

I subscribe myself a "feminist"; that is to say, I am unmarried, I have no sisters and few aunts, and I do not live with my family. I am, therefore, most admirably fitted to treat of the abstraction "Woman" in a high and decorous fashion, with a mind untrammeled and with a temper unirritated by the minutiae of daily proceedings.

There will be no proper discussion of this matter until the trailer sex divides itself as frankly into "masculists" and "anti-masculists."

We Americans being by temper Latin rather than Icelandic have discovered long ago that the way to keep a woman in the state of proper doctility and subjection is to give her what she says she wants with all convenient speed.

Thus, in those States of our Union where the ladies have a vague idea that the vote would be of some use to them, or where they have thought they would derive any pleasure from exercising the franchise, we have permitted them to vote.

Your situation with regard to "suffrage" is to our minds frankly "impossible" and both your parties have been on our side of the water objects of ridicule rather than of sympathy.

To the sophisticated American mind it seems very odd that anyone should be really anxious to vote. It seems odd that anyone should imagine there was any particular use in voting. The obvious answer of any American to any lady asking for a vote is precisely the answer which I once got myself very much disliked for: "You are perfectly welcome to mine."

That is precisely it in dialogue as follows:—

The Lady: "I want a vote."

The Male: "Well, of course, er—I don't know that I can do anything with the legislation on the matter. But if you really want a vote, for heaven's sake use mine, I, perhaps, will have to cast the ballot for you, but that's only the mechanical process."

Hence, I believe that women are of considerable use in the conduct of our American affairs.

Certainly as probation officers, in looking after the disorderly children of the slums, in the junior courts; as tenement inspectors in various like offices, and in various offices of the national and municipal housekeeping, they have proved themselves most valuable, and their opinions on many matters of detail are held in utmost respect.

The exercise of such functions has produced what is to my mind a very interesting type of woman. This type may exist in England, but I have not met it. It is a woman of broad experience, of comprehension, usually of generous humour, a woman whose acquaintance with life has been at first hand and various. It is a little hard to express precisely what I mean, but the quality of her comprehension is distinctive because her experience has not come to her solely or predominantly by books of sex.

Heaven knows your Society women have, at times, humour and understanding and all the graces, but their minds are preponderantly derivative. They may have gathered from one man or from many, but their individuality, when they have any, is only a sort of guide to their eclectic processes. They are more than likely to accept an idea because they like the person who has it.

All this statement is very platitudinous. What I think I am driving at may be summed up in the following vague generality.

Our women in civil life may be said to have some sort of human experience unconditioned by sex or caste. In England it has been my lot to meet more often a woman of social experience.

A probation officer is eminently practical. She is perfectly well aware that no two human beings are much alike. She is a person very different from the female member of a "Society for the discussion of social problems." She may exist in England, but I have not met her, or her like.

It strikes me also that the suffragettes are losing much valuable time by their method of mobilisation.

There is nothing to prevent their calling an assembly, an assembly representing the towns and shires proportionately. In this assembly they might discuss in detail all matters of national economy. They might frame bills and proposals of legislation. And, this being done, they would have little difficulty in bringing these bills to the attention of the Government.

Their assembly would have no formal constitutional recognition, but, if their proposals should be found wise and proficient, this assembly might in time come to have the prestige of a Third or Preliminary Chamber.

I am much mistaken if the Commons at their inception had much more weight than such a feminine assembly now would have.

The constitution of such an assembly would be far more impressive than breaking windows, burning mails, and heaving rocks at stupid old gentlemen.

The naïve trampstonean is—on this matter of suffragettes—filled with a "horror and pale amaze" at your treatment of political offenders.

Half England shudders when a bill is brought forward for the flogging of pimps and half sits quiet in the face of forcible feeding and newspaper misrepresentations.

They say the flogging would "brutalise" some one or other. As a matter of fact, the results of the bill will be two in number: It will send a certain number of men back to Brussels with great celerity, and the pimp will be replaced by the nation in this primitive form of insurance.

Yet the country shudders and still injects soup through the female nose!

Well, England has been for centuries the "asylum of the oppressed." You may speak at Hyde Park Corner, you can write in socialistic journals, you can "let off the dangerous steam." It's a delightful land for the stranger.

There are cheap and convenient lodgings, though you ought to have more plumbing than is usually found in them.

And London is a great—and, if you like, unsisterly—picture-book, and its pages are of infinite variety.

There is no week without some new thing of interest, no fortnight in which some new and interesting personality is not whipped up against one. A month ago it was a great poet from Bengal, three weeks ago it was a renovator of an art that is thought new, three days ago it was some one en passant whose name I scarcely caught—the continuous torrent-process. These people come bringing you particles of knowledge and gossip, wearing you away little by little, filing against your salients.

And this process becomes so much the usual, the dull and accustomed, that one forgets the city ever had a lure and mystery. And all this sounds sadly like sentiment and rhetoric. And I dare say it is; so I end it.
Present-Day Criticism.

This is an age of honourable minorities; even after all qualifications and outright exceptions have been counted, and these show so numerously as to make comedy with a minority of minorities, the yield glorious is seen to be that of the few. In no age maydishonourable majorities so clearly exposed; and, of course, publicity, Augean broom, has all to do with this. Who, for instance, does not know whether his doctor is or is not a blackleg? What son of any man is ignorant that his father is or is not a number to some insurance inspector? What district is unaware whether the local clergyman ran up to London for that portentous afternoon at the bioscope company’s expense? And, much to our immediate purpose, we ask if the undergraduate breathes who cannot reproduce the soft masonic hum whereby certain few Mandarins at—but let us respect their etiquette—express their opinion of certain interminable Pandarins? Things like the attack on Professor Murray, spontaneous combinations in disrespect, but our affairs to-day are not with Professor Murray, but with another Professor of whom it is said that he has endowed Cambridge with a new but all-embracing Alma Mater—the “Daily Mail”! Everyone will know that we intend none but Professor Arthur Quiller-Couch, having described and seriously warned the simple-minded of Mr. Masefeld, Another Great Narrative Poem,” as “the famous author ‘Q’ and Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge.” Warning our readers, even those of the most ancient authority, that not for Nestor himself shall we read for criticism another great narrative poem by Mr. Masefeld, because the latter has never yet created one solitary poetical line, and because we are sufficiently sure that he is incapable of so doing; with this defiance, we proceed to a task which at least suggests more possibilities than of mere boredom and disgust at a poetaster’s antics and beastliness.

Even among the very small minority at Cambridge which shudders under the indignity of “Q’s” Alma Mater, humour must prevail for a moment after reading that Professor’s home-bred criticism of the great narrative poem. It is true that he hurts them like a line, and because we are sufficiently sure that he is incapable of so doing; with this defiance, we proceed to a task which at least suggests more possibilities than of mere boredom and disgust at a poetaster’s antics and beastliness.

Nature, her patience and her permanence, to cool, compose, philosophise our sympathy with . . . . ‘What fevers can inhabit clay. Shaking this body that so soon must die.’

Which I says to Mrs. Harris only t’other day : the last Monday evening found us as ever deigning this Pljianstrofiss of a mortal wale, I says to Mrs. Harris, when she says to me,

Years and our trials, Mrs. Gamp, sets marks upon us all.

Why was not Mr. Hamilton Fyfe entrusted with this as with Mr. Masefeld’s other great narrative poem? Surely his judgment is as good as ever it was. He knows how to moderate, how to restrain the homogenes, how to harden the heart. His style, perhaps, is occasionally harder, but, at demand, he can gush you like any garden slug. And, at least, he would have much more strongly supported the British majority who crowned the poet, for truly he “fetched up” a stupendous thrill or what not over “The Everlasting Mercy.” Perhaps, however, Mr. Fyfe could scarcely have equalled “Q’s” rejoiced summary of the plot of the new narrative. After all, “Q” has the distinction of being a verse-writer himself—and habit counts for something. “Michael having won her troth”—the journalist pur et simple would have shied at that.

At sight of him Mary cannot choose but cry: “The Sir Sir Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (was the unwitting match laid by Professor Murray to that de-spit-all-he-has-been, is, and must always be, the one man on earth for her.” A sense for style, evidently, was not Professor Quiller-Couch’s claim to edit anthologies. What was? But why ask?

Anyone with presumption may nowadays attack where he will. He may have to meet resistance; some of the forts are absolutely defended and the men, whether professors or journalists, who attack these, will receive the welcome proper to a horde of Huns; but short of the inner citadels, the Philistines have, for the day, the range of the country of art, and they will do worse things yet than submerge Philo, and to crown a rhymer, or even than to make “Q” a Professor of English Literature at the University of Cambridge.

Our eye drifts across the page of the “Daily Mail” containing the article by “Q.” Another son clasps the knees of Alma Mater, “Broadly speaking,” says a Mr. Devine, “broadly speaking, a man with business instincts is none the worse for the polish gained at a university.” Risum teneat amici?

“A tremendous theme,” Professor Quiller-Couch is saying; “neither in the design nor in the ‘telling,’ did or could ‘Enoch Arden’ come within miles, etc., of the Daffodill Fields.” This may seem a bold saying, but one who has given hostages of late for his reverence of the mid-Victorians may be allowed to maintain. “. . . Ha! Precisely such an assumption, no more or less, was the unwitting match laid by Professor Murray to the secret mine which exploded at Oxford. “I hope that I may assume my devotion”— No one can say just why this particular sentence exasperated so many and so suddenly. Diplomacy without luck might have wrought for many a long term: We wish Cambridge the utmost of both powers!

In a passage, practically solid with clichés, the Professor asserts his modernity. “In mid-Victorian times even a very great poet could not tackle such a theme; he had to shirk it, full of the few-faceted assumption, and— even so far as he dared to go— gloss the plain telling with decorative language. The conventions were all arrayed against his venturing further.” He says, also, that “it should be plain, moreover, for any man nowadays that the release of poetry here has come through prose,” and by prose he means the modern stuff. Is it quite as palpable that the Cambridge students are instructed that, if Tennyson had only dared, he would have turned the story of Enoch Arden into a rank sex affair, with the
two men as mutual murderers, and thus have come somewhere within miles of those pretty Daffodil Fields all a-mush with the full consequences of the passion of Mary, Mary's husband, and the village wastrel. Cambridge, at least, will be able to correct the Professor's ridiculous ignorance of Stowe's and of Swinburne who did not "glose" the plain tale, but "ventured" far enough, one would have supposed, to scourge any one except an early Georgian, and a child of Daily Mater. The release of poetry! Release of Mary from the garden, Bridges in the village, slatters for a Professor of English Literature to write of her, albeit in suitably bad English, in the "Daily Mail." A full collection of the clichés in the Professor's tribute to Mr. Masefield would scarcely be shorter than the article itself, but here are a few.---"Steadily protested, work of unmistakable, etc., comes along to confound, reasons in the main temperamental, an enforced subject, questioned its title, simple in conception, just in design, intensely felt, ringing true, metrically well handled, rare beauty." We have come through about twenty-five lines, overlooking some round dozen expressions which are too flat to be detached even as clichés. It is within justice to say that the article is shameless. Some exemplary verses are quoted from the "Daffodil Fields." We copy one:---

Primroses, daffodils, and cuckoo-flowers,
She bowed her singing head on Michael's breast.

"O, it was sweet," she cried, "that love of ours,
You were the dearest, sweet; I loved you best;

"Beloved, my beloved, let me rest.
By you for ever, little Michael mine. . . ."

Ex pede Herculem! And from a gingenly glance at one or two pages of the great narrative we have assured ourselves that Professor Quiller-Couch has not selected accidentally lame verses. It may be that mediocrity, with all its dishonours, is destined to prevail for the rest of England's day. A distinguished Irishman said recently to us, "You are attacking people who are beyond shame," and it seems as if shame, indeed, has gone---gone from the Church, attacking people who are beyond shame," and it seems justice to say that the article is shameless. Some citation is needed here. For the last thirty or forty years these principles have found very few, if any, exponents in the House of Commons, or in the so-called Conservative Party, or even abuse of the Labour Party; any formulation of Conservative principles is devoid of principles, that it arose as a political expedient and corresponded to no national reality, that, as Disraeli phrased it, it was, "the mule of politics, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity." In the absence of any form of Conservative principles, the appeal to them is as futile as an invocation to the vacuum that Nature abhors. The necessary condition of political statics is economic security or supernatural wisdom; and as neither condition is to be discovered in the present state of affairs, political statics is not likely to develop into a policy for any party. Certainly "The Commentator," in spite of its plea to be let alone by the Radicals, does not treat of political statics; it is revolutionary in its fervent desire to establish Tariff Reform, to nationalise education, and to restore the professional status of juvenile street-vendors.

"The Commentator" has, of course, attempted some definition of its purpose; no leader-writer discovers his own nakedness to his readers. The last article is headed by a quotation from a speech by Mr. Lloyd George, a person of considerable notoriety in this country, and we are thus assured at the outset that "The Commentator" is acquainted with public affairs. "How is it," asked Mr. Lloyd George, "that this country, so full of natural riches and so well placed in natural supports for competing with any other country in the world, should be unable to employ its own population?" The question seems to have overstepped the editorial writer of "The Commentator," for he begins sententiously enough by saying: "The columns of this paper will be chiefly devoted to the consideration of this question, and to the advocacy and propagation of Conservative principles. For the last thirty or forty years these principles have found very few, if any, exponents in the House of Commons, or in the so-called Conservative Principles."
asked the boy of Confucius. Confucius said that he
ported by that profit. A nation cannot exist without
is the first condition of mysticism. It is to be regretted
unintelligible; and everybody agrees that unintelligibility
departments seem able to recognise that the prosperity,
free sample of the replies: "The deadly fallacy of
I was quick at solving riddles, and I console
minded things near him. "Then, how many hairs are
one, whether it is supplied by himself or by
unanswerable. It is ridiculous to ask how it is that a
to rely for the support of its population and the
to make a profit from that business, and it is upon the profit, quite apart from
the existence of a nation depends upon its power not only to do business, but to make a profit
must b,e a silly question, for it provokes nothing
He probably said that these answers are
not to say the existence, of a nation depends upon its power not only to do business, but to make a profit
from that business, and it is upon the profit, quite apart from the mere volume of business, that the country has to rely for the support of its population and the
have to rely for the support of its population and the
domestic trade with the reflection that Confucius was similarly
How is it that everybody
I have no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George answered that question in that speech: interrogation is the merest
trick of rhetoric. He probably said that the answer
the son of Confucius. Confucius said that he
New Age, lest I should disclose a mystery by revealing it to unsympathetic beholders.
A. E. R.
Modern Polish Poetry.
By P. Selver.
I.
The process by which a foreign writer obtains a hearing in England is generally fortuitous, and, often enough, entirely illogical. Circumstances which are not always connected with literature bring his name before the public, with the result that he becomes the sole literary representative of his nation. This method of singling out foreign authors has led to numerous misconceptions concerning the literature of other countries. There must be many people who think of Ibsen as the typical writer of Norway, of Jókai as the only noteworthy Hungarian author. For many people Russian literature means Tolstoy, and Swedish literature Strindberg. In the same way Henryk Sienkiewicz is the only Polish writer who has become at all generally known in England, and this mainly on the strength of a book which is by no means characteristically Polish, although, of course, it reveals strong Catholic sympathies. The result of its great success has been that English readers let their knowledge of Polish literature begin and end with the novels of Sienkiewicz.
In the first half of the nineteenth century there had been one or two attempts to make Polish poetry known in England. Borrow, whose acquaintance with the Slavonic world dated from his residence in St. Petersburg, stumbled across ballads of Mickiewicz, one of which he translated in his "Targum." (There is little likelihood that this work will ever be extensively read in England, but why does some publisher not issue Borrow's interesting metrical translations, which are at present so difficult of access? His prose works are constantly being reprinted.) Sir John Bowring, who scoured Europe for material which should display his skill in philology, but which served only to reveal his shortcomings as a bard, issued, as part of the somewhat mystical poetic show-room, "Specimens of the Polish Poets." The critics of his time seem to have regarded his literary excursions first and last as a source of boredom. They probably viewed Polish poetry with as much respect as they would have displayed towards Hottentot music or Eskimo sculpture. Even Carlyle, perhaps led astray by Heine's witty but prejudiced and purposely exaggerated remarks, mentions the Poles as barbarians and their language as an uncouth jargon.
The late Professor Morfill, whose name commands the respect of all students of Slavonic matters, long since drew attention to the surprising indifference of English readers towards Polish poetry. He attributed it partly to the apparent difficulty of the language, and certainly the somewhat austere aspect of Polish orthography may have acted as a deterrent. Yet in reality Polish is a remarkably systematic and well-ordered language. Like all the Slavonic tongues, it has its share of complexities, but a reasonable amount of serious application will overcome them. The adequate presentation of Polish poetry in English is certainly another matter.
II.
It will here be convenient, for the purpose of better perspective, to make an undetailed survey of Polish literature at the beginning of the nineteenth century.
Since about the year 1753 French artificiality had been rampant. Examples of its influence may be found throughout Bowring’s translated specimens. The reaction in favour of a purely national literature, championed by Kazimierz Brodzinski was considerably advanced through Napoleon’s downfall. Brodzinski (1791-1835), who occupied for a time an academic position at the University of Warsaw, regarded literature as “the mirror of nationality.” Under the influence of Herder’s “Stimmen der Völker” he, too, collected the folk-songs of various nations, arousing in this manner a wide interest in native traditions and legends. His original poems are simple and natural in style, but not otherwise remarkable, and he is more significant as a critic, translator, and pioneer than as a poet. The part he played during this period of Polish literature is similar to Jungmann’s share in the Bohemian revival, which was taking place about the same time. (But Jungmann had to restore, not merely a national atmosphere, but, what was far more difficult, a national language.)

Brodzinski’s position in Polish literature may be appropriately summed up in the words of his contemporary Bowring: “If any man can be considered the representative of Polish feelings, and as having transfused them into his production, Brodzinski is certainly that man.”

The first-fruits of Brodzinski’s endeavours were seen in the so-called “Ukrain School” of poets, whose work was strongly tinged with Byronic pessimism. In the case of Antoni Malczewski (1793-1826) the similarity and Juliusz Slowacki (1809-1849). Rivals in literature, to Byron extended beyond his poetry. His chief work in the so-called “Ukrain School” is the narrative poem “Maria,” which deals with them into his production, Brodzinski is certainly that man.

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His attitude of resignation is seen in such lais as:—

Useless sorrows, trouble vain,
Curse void of might.
No miracle can turn again
The nerveless forms to light.

We with the living on must stride
Fresh things in life to find.
Nor count our brows in stubborn pride
The faded laurels bind.

Weary of these morbid broodings, he seeks relief, and, like many of his compatriots, he finds it in the wild scenery of the Carpathians, with its eagles, its torrents, and its pine forests. Here Asnyk employs his rich poetical style to some real advantage. His poem “The Torrent” begins thus:—

On Tatra’s peaks—on Tatra’s peaks,
Upon their bluish tips
Where mountains loom ’mid forest gloom
In tears of rain amid the plain
The streams have their sources
Have yet an end to their towering,
And quaffs dewy balm
To bathe in the meres.

They shed in equal measure peace and light,
Nor to arise, 0 sun, amid thy glow,
The mountains in heaven lowering
Where their billows roll.

The slumbering flowers.
The rays as they quiver
In bluish veils ’tis swathed.
In secret, ’mid calq
Upon their bluish tips
A more delicate note is heard in such a poem as “The May-tide Sun,” of which he says:—
Thro’ a cloud-girded wreath
It eagerly peers,
And hastes o’er the heath
To bathe in the mere.
The rays as they quiver
Of which he says:
Thro’ a cloud-girded wreath
It eagerly peers,
And hastes o’er the heath
To bathe in the mere.

Nor, rose, with thee to blossom by the way,
Nor to arise, 0 sun, amid thy glow,
For mist a weed o’ rain is made,
Dew from the clouds unbound.
And streams their dripping jaws have laid
Upon the crags around.
Where mountains loom ’mid forest gloom
In bluish veils ’tis swathed.
In tears of rain amid the plain
The granite piles are bathed.

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Asnyk’s position in Polish literature may be appropriately summed up in the words of his contemporary Bowring: “If any man can be considered the representative of Polish feelings, and as having transfused them into his production, Brodzinski is certainly that man.”

In comparison with them, their immediate successors, although not inconsiderable, shine but faintly. Chief among them were Ladwik Kondratowicz (1823-1862), who wrote under the name of Syrykomoła, Wincenty Pol (1807-1870), Kornel Ujejski (1823-1897), and Teofil Lenartowicz (1822-1893). Their poetry is marked by romanticism and patriotic fervour. Ujejski, the author of the national hymn “Z dymem pozarow” (“With the smoke of conflagrations”), begins thus:—

The mountains in heaven lowering
Where their billows roll.

The slumbering flowers.
The rays as they quiver
In bluish veils ’tis swathed.
In tears of rain amid the plain
The granite piles are bathed.

This intimate sympathy with nature is an element which constantly recurs in modern Polish poetry. It is in striking contrast to the pessimism, the railing against God and man, the bitter brooding on the aimlessness of life—all of which darken the pages of these later writers.

To the same poetical generation as Asnyk belongs Marya Konopnicka (1846-1910), who ranks with E. Krásnohorská and Zinaida Hippius as one of the great Slavonic poetesses of the nineteenth century. She has enumerated her own poetical aims in the following “Fragment”:—

I come not, nightingales, to join your lay,
Nor, rose, with thee to blossom by the way,
Whereon tears vanish thousands with their woe,
For ever for ever over the vale.
Nor to arise, 0 sun, amid thy glow,
That sheds in equal measure peace and light,
If souls grow warm or perish in the fight
But, 0 mankind, with thee to wall!
Yvet her horizon is really much wider than this. Her verses are not always free from a certain feminine rhetoric, but throughout her work she displays an eloquent compassion for the oppressed, for the "cry of the children," that suggests and merits comparison with E. B. Browning, or, of more recent writers, with the Italian poetess Ada Negri, who was, appropriately enough, translated into Polish by Marya Konopnicka. She was, indeed, a woman of remarkable attainments, who wrote, in addition to her poetry, numerous sketches of travel and literary essays. As a prolific translator she did good service by introducing the works of the other Slavonic nations to the Poles, who are apt to keep themselves somewhat aloof from the Bohemians and Southern Slavs. Her epic "Pan Balcer in Brazil" deals with the miseries endured by the Polish emigrants in America (Sienkiewicz has treated similar subjects in his prose tales). The poem "In Court" describes a deserted child before the magistrate:—

Tiny, with meagre limbs and glinting eyes,
Where great and slivery tears were welling up
And vanished on the earthward drooping lashes,
Polled as misery and still so small:
That he was fear to sob and stammer "Mother!"
(If he had had a mother) and to frolic,
Crawling for kisses and for tenderness.
To sleep upon his father's breast; so, trembling
Like to a nest-robbed bird, and near to death
Penned in the dock, the orphan faced the court.

In this poem, as in many others, the evil is merely manifested.
No accusation is made and no real remedy is indicated.
Here the problem is solved by softening the magistrate's heart:—

Uprising, he advanced to where the child
Was waiting, pallid, for the court's decree,
And laying hand upon his flaxen head,
SPOKE "Child, O come, for I will have thee taught!"

It is to be feared that, however satisfactory this ending may be in the isolated instance, it will not do as a general principle.

Together with A. S. Wierzbicki (b. 1853), and W. Gomulicki (b. 1851), J. S. Wierzbicki (b. 1853), and W. Gomulicki (b. 1851), the last-named writer reveals a satirical manifestation. No accusation is made and no real remedy is indicated. Here the problem is solved by softening the magistrate's heart:—

My friend (the man you surely know),
Black are the clothes that he puts on,
He job and Schopenhauer does con,
And wears a death's-head in his bow.

He hits another form of affectation in the poem "Too Much I Loved" (and this type of poetry is notable in Polish literature, where humour is met with but rarely):—

Too much I loved the life of ease—
Black coffee, billiards, lager-hall.
In summer hid 'neath cool marquees,
In winter, plays and carnival.

Too much I loved in early days
O'er silver-mounted cane to pore,
On gleaming clouds in heaven to gaze
On living views 'mid city's roar.

Too much I loved—and that is why,
The' from Minerva's visage, fame
"I love but thee" would often cry.

The' I could scorn the luring flame
And mount the mighty track on high,
Becoming great, I sought became.

(To be concluded.)
another who is prepared with me to undertake the responsibility of begetting and nourishing a young human mind." It is quite certain that, to any inquiring mind, this nomenclature and description do not reach finality; we are not even sure of the location, to say nothing of the functions, of the organ of life. If, as the concluding clause suggests, Miss Buckton is referring to the pudendum, the young person of fourteen years and upwards ought to be warned against accepting her advice. It is dangerously suggestive of exposure of the person; it undoubtedly counsels improper proposals, since marriage is nowhere indicated as the indispensable preliminary. The young person had better not make his offering joy and supreme fellowship in the presence of witnesses; if he does, he will discover that it is a criminal offence, and, what is worse, that it is a personal affront. We know that spinsters nearing the climacterium are frequently subject to sexual vagaries and prepossessions, and Miss Buckton's subsequent advice is almost symptomatic. "How, then, must every man and woman regard each other? The man and the woman shall regard each other with reverence and wonder, as co-partners of life in all its works; willing for service; eager to seek the good of the other, and, if called upon to undertake parenthood, to accept together in equal measure that deed of love and sacrifice, and to uphold it before God and man." This is almost ribald in its naiveté; certainly, all married people will smile gently at this example of what Goethe called Ophelia's "innocence of insanity"; but it comes strangely from such a professed Christian as Miss Buckton. "But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed a crime."

Richard Strauss has led his public from the spiritual adventure of "Tod und Verklarung" to the intellectual disquisition of "Also sprach Zarathustra"; from the psychological testament of "Ein Heldenleben" to the jeu d'esprit of "Till Eulenspiegel"; from the satire of "Feuersnot" to the frenetic horror of "Elektra"; from the fierce sensualism of "Salome," to this witty, very witty, farcical comedy of eighteenth-century manners—and his enemies are dumbfounded. They expected something intense, and he has only "put his hand up to his nose and spread his fingers out.

He has done everything they had told him he could not do. There is a little of Mozart (in caricature, be it admitted), of Gounod, of Saint-Saëns, of Puccini; he has out-Lehar'd Lehar in an elegant Viennese waltz, and he has written a trio for women's voices in the third Act which is comparable only to the famous quintet in the "Meistersinger." This trio is undoubtedly the musical climax of the opera, and for sheer ecstasy—ecstasy sustained until one feels one would go mad if it lasted a moment longer—even Strauss has never panned anything more lovely than this.

The opera ends on a superb anti-climax. After the trio, a duet for women's voices. After the duet, an empty, darkened stage for a few moments. Then a fantastic little negro servant, about (apparently) three-feet-something in height, comes tripping in, torch in hand, looking for milady's handkerchief, which she had dropped during some amorous passage. Having circumnavigated the stage, in strict tempo, the little negro finds the handkerchief exactly in the centre, picks it up, and disappears senza rubato, senza rallentando, and the curtain falls. Who but Strauss would have thought of making his emotional climax out of a trio of women's voices, all singing in the same register, and of following that climax with a duet for two of the same voices? And of such a grotesque curtain? Only Bach and Wagner could have approached the emotional heights expressed in this trio. Beethoven did not understand voices, and would have wanted a choir and a lot of drums and trombones to help him out.

Music and Musicians.

By John Playford.

"Der Rosenkavalier." It was only to be expected that "Der Rosenkavalier" would cause some little fluttering in the dovecots of the London Press. With one or two prominent exceptions the cry of "puriency" has been raised against Hugo von Hofmannsthal's libretto and by those very same writers who lightly refer to "Figaro" as a "comedy of intrigue" and "Don Giovanni" as a "masterpiece," and take their virgin daughters to be educated in the beauties of Mozart's immotal music. The incestuous diversions in the "Ring" are regarded with the same reverence as the naughtiest passages in Shakespeare or the unkindliest denunciations in the Psalms of David. Ah, well, one must have a point of view, and it is much safer to take the respectable one.

Lines Written in the First Month of a New Year.

When I think of the calls on the purse made last month, And the way that we tried to exist, It is pleasing to know that the ending is over— I am glad we have done with the nit.
The Joy Month is here with its benefits great— On the 19th with pain we all winced— But the Act is a fraud, for they can't treat us right, So we're not in love with the inst.

There's one thing to say for the month that's to come, It's the shortest, so holds the least shocks; So we'll try to be bright, taking heart for the best, And see what ensues in the proy!

Walter G. Whitehouse.
played, by the Dolmetsches. Too seldom in recent years has Arnold Dolmetsch permitted us the pleasure of listening to rare old music played on the proper instruments. On Wednesday we had the Lute, the Recorder, Treble and Tenor and Bass Viols, Viol da Gamba, and Harpsichord, and Virginals. I confess to my shame that until Wednesday I knew nothing whatever about Fabritio Caroso, who wrote compositions, but Farnaby forestalled him with its performance was a revelation and a joy. Then we had only known on paper—for his Majesty is not chosen for performance were all of them interesting and most of them lovely. Andre Campra, Monteclair, Mondonville, Francois Dandrieu, Francois Daquin, lesser-known composers whose works were heard on this occasion. Mlle. Anne Balguerie and M. Joachim Crosland, Steele, Shepherd, known for their bitterness and most of them dead. . . . We were all pessimists from the very beginning, and though we refused to follow him, knew our Schopenhauer from cover to cover. We realised the value of the ego, the hard truths of the present, the uncertainty of the future, and the certainty of the past. . . .

FASCISTE.

ICONOCLASM.

We were all pessimists from the very beginning, and though we refused to follow him, knew our Schopenhauer from cover to cover. We realised the value of the ego, the hard truths of the present, the uncertainty of the future, and the certainty of the past. . . .

Pastiche.

Garden—at Clifford’s Inn, to be precise—music of a very different nature was being played, and delightfully played, by the Dolmetsches. Too seldom in recent years has Arnold Dolmetsch permitted us the pleasure of listening to rare old music played on the proper instruments. On Wednesday we had the Lute, the Recorder, Treble and Tenor and Bass Viols, Viol da Gamba, and Harpsichord, and Virginals. I confess to my shame that until Wednesday I knew nothing whatever about Fabritio Caroso, who wrote compositions, but Farnaby forestalled him with its performance was a revelation and a joy. Then we had only known on paper—for his Majesty is not chosen for performance were all of them interesting and most of them lovely. Andre Campra, Monteclair, Mondonville, Francois Dandrieu, Francois Daquin, lesser-known composers whose works were heard on this occasion. Mlle. Anne Balguerie and M. Joachim Crosland, Steele, Shepherd, known for their bitterness and most of them dead . . . . We were all pessimists from the very beginning, and though we refused to follow him, knew our Schopenhauer from cover to cover. We realised the value of the ego, the hard truths of the present, the uncertainty of the future, and the certainty of the past. . . .

No more appropriate place could be found in London for the performance of such music than the old hall of Clifford’s Inn, which, however, did not lack for its own sufficient atmosphere. . . .

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of the Strand set me thinking of the Iconoclasts, and drove me to the scene of their origin! Very softly I opened the doors of the college and made my way through the dark corridors and up the steep flights of stairs till I reached the room. I turned the handle very gently and pushed the door open. There was no light within, but the fire burned red in the grate, and revealed by its glow a lit circle of faces, thoughtful and earnest, a drifting of tobacco-fog. The murmur of voices came to my ears. . . . The Iconoclasts were true to life again. I closed the door again and fled. It was no place for me.

But I have said to myself since then: "There are others"; the spirit of Iconoclasm is abroad, and its priests are there, in our universities—perhaps cleverer than we were, more brilliant, more capable. I like to think we were the first . . . But I wish now I hadn't failed . . . OSLOF HARTLAND.

NOT AFTER ALMA-TADEMA.

The pillared courts of Corinth glow. The golden stallions of Apollo
Trample the fevered path of noon. The streets are braziers walled and hollow.
And blood in valves of mortal hearts—red altar-fire to Venus soaring—
Smolders and burns and leaps and turns like flames from Vulcan's forges roaring.
In gardens where cool fountains dart from basins of Pentelic marble,
Lies Lesbia on her silken couch and hears the love-born thrushes warble.
Her slave-maid from Samaria with her curved dulcimer and cymbrales,
Catches the sickly straining of her master's voice from Hymen's temple.
Flings amorous fevers through these airs with jasmine and with myrtle dumbfluous.
Our Lesbia waits her tardy love, waits for his kisses and caresses,
For him her raven hair is tired, for him her wimples, gowns and dresses.
The young Bathullus with his smile, his scented locks and laughter winning,
The danger in his dark-blue eyes when Love his golden web is spinning.
Impatient Lesbia frowns, drives off her spaniel and her red in the grate, and revealed by its glow a lit circle of life. . . .

The murmure of voices came to my ears.
But I have said to myself since then: "There are others"; the spirit of Iconoclasm is abroad, and its priests are there, in our universities—perhaps cleverer than we were, more brilliant, more capable. I like to think we were the first . . . But I wish now I hadn't failed . . . OSLOF HARTLAND.

THE INSURANCE TAX.

Sir,—Miss Douglas cannot fairly ask me to plan in detail a means of carrying the war into the enemy's camp if her associates are not prepared for active service. I thought I trespassed rather considerably upon your space in the outline I gave in my former letter; nor can she plead lack of funds against what I then proposed, for its essence was the formation of a war chest.

Is it fancy bred, or do I detect an echo of despair in her letter of last week? I fully appreciate all the difficulties she enumerates; I am myself of the middle-class and have spent twenty-five years of my life wishing to give decent burial to that mildewed mass of corruption it miscalculates its conscience. It is always willing to accept vicarious sacrifice, ready to give mouth honour to the victorious and equally ready to vilify those who fail. It does not understand a fight, for its ideas have mostly germinated in the shop—buying cheap and selling dear, with at least a certain profit. To risk a customer for an idea or friend is beyond its comprehension, and it runs its very places of worship upon the same lines as its shops. They cut their God dead in the city and bow to Him in suburbia. They do not lend to Him because His drafts are honoured nowhere but in Heaven, and when they revolt they swear allegiance to their conscience only, obeying no man's law.

Such as these Miss Douglas may lead with her petitions and memorials; these who will question her authority at every command and weigh on the counter of their conscience every personal sacrifice against private gain. These they may lead, but she will not lead them to victory.

Knowing as I do what the sacrifice of £1 per annum means to those who work in the shops of the middle class, I cannot pretend to the courage of the charwomen and the milliner Miss Douglas instances. I have long watched with grief such splendid material wasted for the want of a leader.

For a moment what I lacked I borrowed from Miss Douglas, but my courage oozed away in the ensuing silence and inaction. As with my class, failure is more than I can face. A Socialist! I believe that where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

I ask a leader, and in return for my allegiance but two things: that he will take my conscience into his own keeping, and that if he cannot give me victory he will secure me an honourable death.

W. WOOLVERTON.

ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL POWER.

Sir,—There is one sentence in your otherwise admirably lucid "Notes" of last week, the logick of which, I regret to say, is beyond me whether you profess to follow the excellent rule for teachers, to write down to the meanest understanding, but if you do it is undeniable that in this case you have not succeeded. I am not blaming you, sir, for I am a new reader—possibly (dreadful warning!) a new, though casual, correspondent—and, therefore, you cannot be expected to know what dullness of apprehension it may sometimes be necessary to write down to. The sentence I would like you further to elucidate (if you can spare the time and space), occurs in your fourth column: "Even if a majority in Parliament voted, against the wish of the middle classes, to transfer the instruments of wealth to the present poor, the legislation so carried would be ineffective." Why so? You do, indeed, illustrate your statement by an analogy between the State as the depository of power and a bank as the depository of money.

="The power in each instance," you say, "is conditioned by the goodwill of the depositors." I am, however, not aware that a bank depositor can say as to what becomes of his money. He lends to the bank at a low—a very low—rate of interest, merely with an implicit faith in the bank's stability in general. His deposit, I suppose, is not usually earmarked for a special purpose. Similarly I presume that if a majority in Parliament passes an Act, it is with the implicit faith that it will be enforced. Can
the capitalists class not be compelled to do anything against their will. It is not as if they like paying in-
come taxes or death duties; but still they do pay these just as effectually as poor devils like myself contribute to the salaries of the commissioners, doctors, inspectors, and other parasites of the Insurance Act. I can very easily understand that the present condition of the capitalists may prevent the passing of an Act against their wishes or interests, but what I ask you to explain is, how the capitalists, whatever their wishes, can prevent the enforce-
ment of an Act that has once become law. The question just as effectually as poor devils like myself contribute
interests, but what I ask you to explain is, how the
to the salaries of the commissioners, doctors, inspectors,
be described as
improvement in their taxation, which will they be most likely to do: dock it from what they would otherwise have had as capital, or cut down some of their unnecessary expenditure?
If some were determined to take the money from what they otherwise would have had as capital, rather than
forgo some of their unnecessary expense, this will be
suicidal action so far as their careers as capitalists are concerned; and there is no reason to suppose that there
will be any greater proportion who will act suicidally by
reckless expenditure than at present is the case. The
others will be obliged to cut down their unnecessary expenditure in order to pay zone to the Government, and this will be beneficial to the nation as a whole.
Then this gentleman draws an example in which the
rich, instead of saving income, transfer it to the poor;
and he asks: Would the many poor save altogether as much as the few rich save to-day?
But my letter does not suggest that anything should be
done to prevent the customs of the wealthy putting
part of their income aside for further investment. "The
Prizeman in Political Economy" attacks me for a
position I had not taken up, and begins his attack by saying that my grasp of economics appears to be so de-
fective that I apparently do not understand the real
difficulties of the more equitable sharing of the present
national product. But he does not say anything to
bear this out.

"THE DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—In defence of my letter I would like to point out
that "Prizeman in Political Economy" admits that "it
is, of course, true that the wealthy classes consume
enormous quantities of commodities in riotous living."
Reckoning on this point, may I ask the question: If
these wealthy people are faced with the necessity of find-
ing the money to meet a big increase in their taxation,
which will they be most likely to do: dock it from what
they would otherwise have had as capital, or cut down
some of their unnecessary expenditure?
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bear this out.

"THE DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—As no one else appears to have done so, may I
say a few words on behalf of the readers of the "Daily
Herald."

In your issue of January 23, "Presenter" writes: "To
tell the truth, I do not attach much importance to the
opinions of a halfpenny Socialist paper that knows
its press cannot obtain advertisements, and yet expects
its journal to be as cheap as the capitalist press." I do
not know what is the attitude of the "Herald" readers
towards The New Age, but I do know that they cannot
be described as "insincere, mean, and shifty" in their
conduct towards the "Herald."
Look through any copy of the paper, and you will
find a portion dealing with the "Daily Herald" League.
This league is composed of a growing number of readers,
handed together for the purpose of paying 6d. weekly
for the paper (in the form of ½d. for each copy, and a
donation of ½d. weekly). In addition, there is a constant
flow of "free gifts," to balance the inability of those who
are too poor to manage more than the face-value of the
paper. The "Herald" was only kept alive some little
time ago by the rally of its enthusiastic readers, who
showered on it daily their hard-earned pounds, shillings,
and even pence.
In addition to money, the Leaguers give their time and
service without stint in any way which appears likely to
further the good of the paper.
Surely this spirit is incompatible with a propensity for
avoiding payment in other directions. For myself I have
purchased The New Age for four or five years without
missing one number, and I would gladly do so as long as
I can possibly be good enough to the (both in matter and manner)
in order to find that which shall be curtailed by
begging. Does Mr. Limouzin think the "Herald" readers
pay 3d. a day for their paper? If not, are they not open
to the charge of being willing to be subsidised in Socialism?)

WHAT IS A WHITE SLAVE?

Sir,—What is a white slave? Is it an innocent girl
entraped and forcibly kept in a brothel, or is it a female
of mature years who consents to walk the streets? Can
it be possible that the House of Commons even pretended to
throw itself into a vote on the subject of the latter class?
Was the consent to the flogging clause obtained by pic-
tures of the distress of consenting street-walkers? It
was not. Even the Commons was so cracked as to sit by
and let itself be cheated into savagery on behalf of
women. Man's standard will be jeopardised by judges
who interpret the Act to serve street-walkers' brazen vengeance—but what of the women's standard?
What can men think of women who applaud the
flogging of the East Man, while the Bad Woman goes scot free?
They must think of us as a pack of venomous hambugs:
"The fair but somewhat ferocious sex." Not a soul now
oughts that women egged on this flogging business—for
men only. Well, women will pay for it. Hundreds of
women in hundreds of ways will pay for every lash that
descends on a man's back; for men are not naturally
inclined to be savage against sexual offences—sex is not
that great matter with them. Robbery of banks, for
instance, is much more important in their sphere. Now
a curious thing is that the rape of children has never
brought women out clamouring for flogging or even for
the perpetual detention or supervision of the offender;
and yet this supervision ought to go without saying, for
such a man is never safe from his mania. They neglect
children, pretending to protect a jackal of a prostitute—but
fully to persecute the prostitute is the intention.
Women, if they did their business, have no time to be
persecuting prostitutes. Their business is with children
first, whether their own or others: children in schools
that are little better than prisons, children in commerce
(God save the country!), children in reformatories which
are frequently worse than any prison would dare to be.
Thousands of northern children work six hours a day,
as well as attend school, and women spend their time like
Mrs. Mackirdy or like Mrs. Pankhurst, asking for a vote
for the emancipation of her sisters! Me, I suppose! Mrs.
Pankhurst, making a cross every five years or so, is
going to emancipate me! I don't know whether she
would have a vote. I should; but if I can make a cross
every six months to my grand climacteric, I should
despair of emancipating her, or Mrs. Leigh, the incen-
diary, or Miss Smyth, of "pick of the basket" fame. If Mrs.
Pankhurst had smacked Mr. Churchill's face for not
abolishing Akbar; if Mrs. Leigh had a force against
some factory where children were; if Miss Smyth had
broken Mr. McKenna's windows because the wife
of the Home Secretary ought to want to scrub her hands
every time he touched her with his yellow-stained hands
—men might believe there was something alive in the
woman movement, something that men could see the sense
of. But the whole agitation is sex and revenge, and suffragists have simply killed the feminist movement by the things they have demanded, almost all punitive. Not men, but women, have given more power to the judges and police, and have flooded the country with such talk that scarcely a child now can be innocent of "white slave" knowledge. Not men, but women, are abusing children's minds with sex-information, and urging more and more of it. Are they mad? Back to the cabbage yarn for children, and more charity to the families of all such! Children cannot be taught about sex. They are naturally protected. They catch up merely notions, whether from an adult or from precocious children. If we try to treat sex without secrecy we are simply going against human nature and纪律, and shall inflict on children a most uncommon sort of vulgarity, or perversion (a child will commonly try what it has heard about). These things exist now, but not very widely. Why publish information about sex to girls and boys who now in a majority of cases remain in-erectious.

Speaking of perversion, I think that it was not published in any paper that Lord Alverstone seized the occasion of the flogging discussion to tell how he and his sort were "trying to get hold of" Urania, or Sodomites, to dig them. The man ought to be operated on for the removal of his ignorance. According to Monsignor Benson, that idle prelate, we should be giving the "cat" to half Eton; Eton, by the way, was notorious for its bichings—perhaps this accounted for the perversion there in M. Benson's time. At one time, not so long ago, I would not have had a room with a Uranian, but I was not, like Lord Alverstone, on the edge of the unenlightening grave. Now, I know that among my friends are several who are, or were, victims to this form of folly, and I think, from what I know of these particular people, that I would take vengeance on anyone who ordered them to be flogged. But, of course, only the poor man would be flogged!

But these flagellomaniacs could not flourish nowadays without women's support. Men long ago abolished Bogging in the Army, and the time seemed in sight when they would purify prisons of whipping debauches. And now, thanks to women, we are back again deeper than ever. Some doctor lately proposed flogging for inebriates. There is no more limit to cruelty, once it becomes popular. But why publish information about sex to girls and boys who now in a majority of cases remain inerectious.

I confess myself befogged on yet another point. You write: "Even Women Suffragists who have developed a sense of politics must see that the unit of the State is the individual and that, as such, a family and the equivalent of one individual and one only." Am I very dull, or do you contradict yourself? What has "the family" got to do with it? An individual is a separate entity, and as such has the right to separate self-expression. Why clump together husband and wife, when one is more atrociously stupid, unfair, and reactionary in that Bill than in a dozen others (the Insurance Bill, for instance)? Agreeing with you on that point, I yet fail to see anything more atrociously stupid, unfair, and reactionary in that Bill than in a dozen others (the Insurance Bill, for instance).

I have heard it said on authority that the Pankhursts; but behind all that is the spark of Divinity. For God's sake, give us time to grow, to learn (from people such as you showed you to be) to evolve. If you object to some millions of us learning politically at one fell swoon, you have my sympathy and understanding; but when you speak of "hoping that Woman's Suffrage will never be conceded in this country." I find myself bewildered. Are you inconsistent, or merely frightened? The frightened, at the feminine support of the White Slave Traffic Bill? Agreeing with you on that point, I yet fail to see anything more atrociously stupid, unfair, and reactionary in that Bill than in a dozen others (the Insurance Bill, for instance).

I have never said that the real emancipation of a woman lies in the vote. The class of unmarried or widowed women who have economic independence, is entitled to the vote; the class of married women who are economically dependent; but you hope one day to see this class abolished. "Why?" I ask, and, "how?" Surely, if you gave an iota of the sympathy and extraordinary penetration you apply to the problems of the working-classes to this question of the Suffrage, you would see that you are up against the forces of evolution. Men have always been that, apart from Enfranchisement, you saw the real emancipation of woman in her (oh, hackneyed phrase!) economic independence. Have I rejoiced in vain? Now you speak of abolishing this class. If there were the smallest chance of this, I would be more than ever in the minority. Yes—and for that very reason you ought to be upholding me, and the likes of me. You are big enough to see the sheepishness, the futility, the hysteria, the evil, surrounding much of the present-day revolt among the working classes; but you can't forgive the same evil, that happens not only in the home, but in the home. You have your Labour Party, we have our Pankhursts; but behind all that is the spark of Divinity. For God's sake, give us time to grow, to learn (from people such as you thought you to be) to evolve. If you object to some millions of us learning politically at one fell swoon, you have my sympathy and understanding; but when you speak of "hoping that Woman's Suffrage will never be conceded in this country." I find myself bewildered. Are you inconsistent, or merely frightened?

With my fellow men and women I very rarely discuss this question. It seems to me that points of view are so big. But to the cynic, possibly quite kindly, who murmurs "fools, or "ubiquities," I give scanty denial. If future man is not to look inward and develop his subjective self, and future woman outward for the independence of mind and character, which only the objective life can give, then all meaning has gone out of the race.

DOROTHY LEIGH-BENNETT. [The writer of "Notes of the Week" replies: I have never said that the real emancipation of a woman lies in..."
her economic independence. I do not believe it, in fact. It is, on the contrary, in economic dependence upon men that the majority of women; "colonial" individuals. The exception I made of the so-called "economically independ-ent" women of to-day was for symmetry only. If men-wage-slaves who "support" themselves have a vote, women who similarly "support" themselves ought, in logic, to have a vote too—if the matter could end there. The vote would, however, be of no more use to them than it has been to their male fellows. The family, I said, was a "colonial" individual, a complex but not a compound; and, as such, it is insusceptible of division into separate individualities. Perhaps the re-development of the group, as distinguished from the individual self, is the next meaning of existence.]  

* * *

"THROUGH ALIEN EYES."

Sir,—I trust that as a "worker" for over two years at the University Settlement in the ghetto of New York, I may be permitted to inform my fellow-countryman, Mr. Ezra Pound, that most of our American settlements were originally organised upon the admirable English model of Toynbee Hall, which was so active ever in the East End. Such well-known London institutions as the Passmore Edwards Settlement might also be commended to his attention. These place are, I believe, quite free from the psalm-singing and the worship of landed to which he so rightly objects.

With respect to the usual mission which strives to reclaim and regenerate London's apostate poor with doses of orthodoxy, self-sacrifice and humility, the while the sides of their stomachs are glued together—such attempts almost make one yearn for the days of the jocund, full-fed negro slave of the Southern States. Teach trades to the serfs of your English slums! Then, with a chance to work at those trades, this blighted vegetable race may again grow spines.

The ghettos of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, I might add, form an inexhaustible source of vitality for the regeneration of the already effete Anglo-Saxon strain, and the conquering Jew, no longer a guest in the house of America, will soon to a great extent be master there. He has out-Yankee'd that Yankee. I have tried to throw a little cold and passionless light upon this subject in a paper which is to appear in one of the reviews.

Sir,—I want to talk gently but firmly to your correspondents on this subject, and I prove the sincerity of my first line. The subject is a unit because he wishes to demonstrate that an actor is a cypher. It is certain that nothing is gained by the use of arithmetical terms of comparison, but except the knowledge that the person using them is not an artist. If a play must be compared with something that is not artistic, the instant analogy is society. A play should place a number of distinct characters amid the same circumstances at the same time. In a general way we may say that their behaviour is determined by the author of the play; in other words, the influence to be exerted on them is compatible with that of tradition and training in society.

But when to the native and collective intelligence that is thus developed and directed, the exercise of only one method of expression is allowed, we have, in social language, a tyranny, and a degradation of the individual. There is one place in society; orchestral playing is as individual as an organ solo, which it so closely resembles. The orchestra is an instrument played by the conductor; there is no scope for the exercise of collective intelligence; every time we hear an orchestral selection we hear an individual interpretation of a solo, and we are precisely being deprived of the individual interpretation, it varies according to the persons conducting, and according to the moods of those persons; we get a different rendering of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, for example, under different bands and the same conductor. Musicians recognise that expression marks and indications of tempo are general instructions by the composer, or, as they say in law, are obiter dicta: they bind none, not even the person who writes them. When, for example, the correct interpretation of Rachmaninoff's Prelude is A sharp minor? I have never heard two performances of it that agreed with each other; and I am told that Rachmaninoff played it differently from everybody else, and never twice alike. But most often suggested is the rendering of this piece should be standardised, or the interpretation. Drive into an actor that the play, not the author, has no intention of the acting; and be conscious only of the preparation for the simple mind of Mr. Cosway. I will be patient, and as brief as Polonius. Acting for actors means just what it says. It does not mean acting for actor-managers; although even the "star" system did produce at least one actor in a company; Mr. Barker's methods produces none. The suggestion is that the collective intelligence of the whole company shall be brought to bear on the production. It is fairly certain that if actors had to stand the racket of criticism during rehearsals, if they met together, as some amateurs do, to discuss the play generally, and each other's part particularly, there would be no monopoly of the centre stage of the limelight. Just as an instrument of decorum is preserved in a drawing-room, without a master of ceremonies to ordain gestures and speeches, so a company of actors let loose on a play would find a working compromise that would leave them a composer of liberty of interpretation. Drive into an actor that the play, not the part, is the thing, and something like it will be the result. But there is no need to jump from the license of musical comedy to the prison discipline of Mr. Barker. They shall know the truth, that acting is an art auxiliary to drama, and the truth shall make them free.

JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.
and disproves them, but your correspondent altogether ignores the foundations of my argument, and still would knock it down. Further, your letter was a straightforward one. My statements were plain and to the point. The least such a letter deserves is the common courtesy of finding out what this means, I learn that, "Such minds are the embodiment of an inertia that hero-worships the bureaucrat." As word music this sentence surely fails, and disproves thenl, but your correspondent altogether misses it.

The English stage, he is right. And if by real art he means that same English stage, then people like Mr. Webb are disgusted with the present state of affairs. My statement disposes of his. The separate companies playing "Hamlet." Mr. Irving in the one; Mr. Waller in the other. Then after a week let us suppose that the two Hamlets change places. A week later the Horntios, then the various other characters, so that one company slowly filters through the other. Now, I believe, that at any point during this process of filtering the two companies would be presenting "Hamlet" in an intelligible and spontaneous fashion. Mr. Ould might conceivably prefer Mr. Irving in his own company, or vice versa; Mr. Cosway might prefer Mr. Waller in Mr. Irving's company, and I might possibly admire both companies from the commencement of the experiment to the end. In both theatres the broad fundamental laws must be consciously adhered to; but the subtle psychological and spiritual effects of characterisation would be beyond all laws. We should obtain the freshness and spontaneity which results from the conflict or contrast of personalities.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Ould's statement that "acting is a secondary art, interpretative and not creative." I would say that I do not wish to extend the present controversy beyond the fact that Mr. Barker's methods do not allow of either definition. I do not agree with Mr. Ould's statement that "acting is not a creative art," but for the sake of satisfying Mr. Ould that Mr. Barker's methods are bad, I will grant him this, and at the same time prove my point. The actor under Mr. Barker is not allowed to "interpret"; he is only permitted to reproduce Mr. Barker's interpretation.

Mr. Ould's orchestral style is captivating, but not quite analogous. Music and blank verse or lyrical drama cannot be compared in order to prove that an actor and a chorister or a musician are subject to exactly the same laws. Mr. Lawrence Boswell is as competent an actor as Mr. Lewis Waller, and vice-versa, but they would not claim any one line of Hamlet in exactly the same tone of voice, nor with exactly the same emphasis, nor with exactly the same effect either upon themselves, or upon the audience. The whole theatre is not perversely or obstinately, but because Nature has given them vocal organs and different temperaments. The same "line" from "Hamlet" would inspire in them emotions that were not in harmony, but possibly in discord. Shakespeare's greatness is not static. Suppose that the two Hamlets change places. The company suddenly revolving around a new personality has perforce to readjust its tension, it becomes conscious of a fresh element, the stillness vanishes, and the theatre becomes once more the temple of life. An imaginative person could not possibly endure a long-run. John Hope is perfectly correct. Mr. Barker produces everything except the vital thing—emotion. The movements are mathematically perfect; the "pictures" are logical; the gestures and tone of voice are the essence of the picture; but there are no emotions—there is no acting. As Mr. Hope says, the effect is purely "pictorial" and not dramatic. With regard to Mr. Ould's statement that "Hamlet" was intended by Shakespeare to be "one man's part," I must reply that I never thought of that. Mr. Barker produces every part, and that Shakespeare's greatness as a dramatist lay more or less in the fact that he perceived that man was a "weather-cock." Mr. Cosway is amusing; he seems quite certain that until the advent of Mr. Barker actors were so many wild beasts fighting for "parts" like bones. He likes Mr. Barker because Mr. Barker keeps the dreadful creatures in order. For myself I admire wild beasts much more than tame mice. The "star" system has at least the virtue that it produces one actor, whereas Mr. Barker's system produces none. "Actors in the lump" (whatever that may
mean) are “incurably selfish and incredibly foolish,”

“society recruits who” I have always found them charming people, even in a “penny-”

“The “actors” who do annoy me are the smug

III. by Mr. Cosway. I go out into the Strand with a big heart (and a

“the function of criticism at the present time,” a critic who would give the plain man—“mein”—the

University of Washington
THE GERMAN THEORY OF DISEASE.

Sir,—It is because the Germ Theory of Disease is so prominent in medical literature and practice, that it deserves a more unbiased treatment than it has received at the hands of Dr. Snow. I say unbiased, because any one at all connected with the medical world will at once associate this "failure" with the anti-vivisection campaign carried on in this country, and its efforts to reduce the uselessness of the present mode of scientific inquiry (vivisection, inoculation of animals, and so forth).

The fact of the matter is that the main bulk of evidence establishing the foundation upon which the germ theory is built was collected from experiments upon animals, birds, and insects. Hence these and other like allegations of the failure of the backbone of present-day medicine! This allegation is as old as the anti-vivisection societies in Great Britain. Looking invariably on any fresh discovery, through pith-the-animal-coloured-spectacles, Dr. Snow, and his like, overlook or undervalue any statement which results from the cutting and slashing of animals. One cannot help noticing the monstrous sameness of the literature of the anti-vivisectionists, always lumping on the same string.

Every fresh step in science is invariably disposed of, either simply by a refusal to believe the veracity of the discovery, or, on rarer occasions, by a denial that the discovery is the result of experiment on animals. Then, if one, all the discoveries have become "failures," and, according to Dr. Snow, the easy-going, credulous medical world, plus the general public, are hoodwinked! By the way, what about the following statement in the article?

"Of cancer, so many distinct micro-organisms have been proclaimed the cause, but no one, has ever accepted this discovery."

Is this also to prove that the medical world is over-credulous, or is it to demonstrate a lack of critical insight into the validity of the discovery? Surely not!

"No one has ever yet discovered any micro-organism in association with measles, scarletina, small-pox, chicken-pox, and mumps." Will Dr. Snow deny that there is such a gas as oxygen, or hydrogen, and that the properties and peculiarities of these gases are known to science, although these gases were never cut? Vacuums, and other ultra-phenomena, the microscope cannot so far be detected by the eye, but their existence, properties, etc., are ascertained by a series of physico-chemical tests in the same way as are the existence and properties of any other compound.

About Koch's Postulates Dr. Snow treats in the same unscientific, cramp-like manner, overlooking and omitting anything which would in the least invalidate his asser-

...
NIETZSCHE AND DEMOCRACY.

Sir,—I have been waiting for the Socialist leaders of England to express their eternal gratitude to the translators into our language of the works of Nietzsche; either they are discourteous, or they have failed to realise that the turning point in our career has come at last, and I hope that my obscurity will not detract from the pleasure of the translators at this expression of thanks.

Hitherto we have been almost wholly restricted to the teachings of great Asiatics for our ideas, which have consisted of brotherhood, charity, unselfishness, hope, etc. It seems that these great teachers tried to comfort the suffering multitudes with these things, and repeated them so loudly and so often that they ended by believing they were true themselves.

I do not know what proportion of Eastern populations really believe the religions of their respective countries, but if it is no greater than in England there is little to fear.

After reading only a little of Nietzsche one cannot doubt that Socialism has failed to grip the people for exactly the same reason as Christianity, because the average man knows instinctively that unselfishness has always meant that you must not murmur when you are exploited; that charity is degrading, and that it is impossible to simulate a deeply-rooted love for your fellow-workers all over the world, when you fail to entertain those sentiments for the members of your branch of a trade union.

But that is a thing of the past. Nietzsche has proved that these ideas of morality are wrong, and I foresee a new lease of life for outdoor propaganda and pamphlet writing. I figure myself standing on a small platform at the street corner and referring in glowing terms to "our late comrade, Nietzsche, who shattered the chains with which Christianity had shackled us, with mighty blows." "If there are aristocrats, then we are aristocrats," I see in my mind's eye on countless thousands of banners. Nietzschean aphorisms will become as common as the names of professional footballers, and cheap editions will be advertised in comic papers.

When our lords and masters attempt to coerce us we shall learn to inquire "What for?" For while a printing press exists to print these marvellous truths, no man with grit will rest until he has abolished the claims of everyone to be his superiors. Nietzsche is the greatest advocate of equality that the world has yet produced. I cannot imagine that anything further remains to be said—it is only to tell the people.

The forces of aristocracy, staggering as they were during the nineteenth century, have had such a succession of terrific hammerings from Nietzsche to waken them, that no one doubts their complete extinction, or do much longer, and the message has been delivered in such unmistakable terms that the working classes of Europe cannot miss it this time.

***

A. D. WOOD.

SUPREME LITERARY ARTIST.

Sir,—I am just recovering from the rude shock of an unexpected encounter with the above vigorous declaration, thundered forth by your reviewer in reply to Mr. E. Brett Young. It settles a delicate question once and for all, with the complacent assurance of a Jeffrey. At the same time, as a confirmed Machenian, I am curious to know which of the Machen books your reviewer has read, and if he could afford him a column or so in which to pour out his soul in undisguised contempt for such writings as "Heiroglyphics," "The House of Souls," and "The Hill of Dreams," I for one would gladly take the risk of reading every word of his review.

Meanwhile, here are a couple of snippets for the defence. Of "The House of Souls," Mr. John Masefield wrote "six remarkable stories, two of them the most remarkable stories that have been written in the present generation...." Mr. Masefield is so beautifully sensitive to impressions of beauty—that impressions, that is, of living and eternal things—that his style is "at all times exquisite and lovely." And Mr. T. Michael Pope, in Vol. 74 of "The Academy," said: "He alone of modern novelists (it seems to me) possesses the needed qualifications of the true romanticist, for he alone has a direct vision of great spiritual forces sustaining and transforming the lives of men."

But, after all, Messrs. Machen and Pope are persons of no importance whatever; the one person of importance in this particular corner of the critical vineyard being a certain reviewer with a fondness for "language" and more than a tincture of self-conceit.

J. H. HOBBS.

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