NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Unless the cotton employers have some private reason for pushing their threat of a general lock-out into execution, we do not believe that the present dispute will arrive at crisis. It is true that from one point of view the cause of the dispute is sufficient to justify an extreme measure upon either side; but the importance of the principle involved is not yet clearly enough recognised to make an immediate fight upon it probable. The principle involved is no less than the right of the trade unions to "interfere" with the management of the businesses in which their members are employed as they have hitherto exercised the right to "interfere" with the wages paid. It is only natural that the employers, being for the most part mere schoolboys, should resent this claim and should even prepare to arm themselves against the very shadow of it upon the horizon.

Nevertheless, we are convinced that it must come in time, for on its affirmation and establishment depends the whole future of Trade Unionism. For the present, it is clear, the Trade Unions themselves are less aware of what is involved in the dispute than are several of the employers—Sir Charles Macara, for example. But they will become clearer under constant instruction; and in no very long time we prophesy that the unions everywhere will be demanding explicitly the very right to "interfere" in management which they now appear to disclaim. * * *

We need not enter into the details of the affair at the Beehive factory, for, apart from the principle at stake, the incident is of small importance. On the face of it, if it is conceded that workmen have the right to refuse to work under distasteful mechanical circumstances, it should also be conceded that they have the right to refuse to work under distasteful personal circumstances.

An unpopular manager, in other words, is quite as legitimate a ground of offence and hence of a strike on the part of the workman as a dangerous machine or overlong hours or bad ventilation or low wages. In fact, remembering the supreme importance of psychology in industry (recently dwelt upon by Mr. Wick-
labour troubles within limits are good for profits. They clear the bile of the workman; they sharpen his wits; they provide him with a kind of emotional holiday and send him back to work with a new zest. The labour troubles on the Rand, for example, have put a new spirit into the men, with the result that gold returns since the strike have been the greatest ever known in South African industry. And not only has the output increased, but the wages-bill, owing to economies and to increased efficiency, has been reduced. The same, in perhaps even a greater degree, is true of the iron and steel companies, in fact, partly having the time of their lives. The profits of nineteen of the largest companies for the past year were nearly double those of the previous year; and in three cases they were treble. Nobody will attempt to maintain, let us hope, that wages have risen with profits. On the contrary, wages have fallen while profits have been booming. And in that fact, for anybody with eyes to see, is the crux of the whole labour problem.

We state as conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing facts, in the first place, that wages have practically no relation with profits; in the second, that while labour remains a commodity, its wages cannot by any device whatever be raised above its market value; and in the third, that any union organization directed solely to raising wages will have more than the smallest effect. What, we ask, has been the net economic effect of all the strikes of the last few years? Profits have been increased while wages have been falling or stable. But that be it noted, is not to condemn strikes, or to declare trade unionism to be ineffective. It is only to condemn the objective hitherto assumed for strikes, and the theories on which trade unionists proceed. For example, it is assumed that by striking a union can actually raise its wages relatively to profits. Well, it cannot. It is similarly assumed that by collective bargaining a trade union can induce its employers to pay more than they need pay. That, also is impossible. To raise wages, we repeat, it is necessary to revolutionise the existing system of industry. The commodity theory of labour must be exploded in practice no less than in theory. It must be challenged as a principle, struck against as a procedure and repudiated as a doctrine wherever it now operates. Only by breaking down this axiom of capitalist industry can the smallest real change in wages be brought about. But how, it may be asked, is this to be done? It is to be done by organising labour to form monopolies in its unions and by then teaching it to demand, not more wages, but a partnership in the responsibility and proceeds of management. To demand an increase of wages is tacitly to accept the capitalist axiom that labour is a commodity; it is to connive at the continued existence of the wage-system. But to demand the right to "interfere" in management, and to be prepared to enforce the claim by strikes with blackleg-proof unions, are the first conditions of succeeding even in the apparently easy object of raising wages by a few shillings a week. The Beehive incident, we agree with Sir Charles Macara, is grave; we wish to God it could be made a thousand times graver.

Mr. Urs has announced that the next General Election will be fought on the land question. But we believe we know better; it will be fought on the Insurance Act. On the subject of Land Reform with the best will in the world we can detect no difference of principle between the programmes as adumbrated sufficiently clearly of all three parties. The Labour Party, as we saw some weeks ago, was kind enough to instruct a Committee to discover what Mr. Lloyd George was likely to do in the event of a Labour Government. The Unionists, too, have been smelling round Mr. Lloyd George's Commissioners with the idea of snatching his
thunder for their party; with the result that by the time Mr. George is ready with his programme everybody will be familiar with it. As a matter of fact, we should now find it difficult to confuse the laborious Mr. Lloyd George with the Kingdom of God touch a part—to give a fair summary of Mr. George's speech next week. It will contain proposals to establish wages-boards for the agricultural industry; to set up a few thousand wretched little "gloom-about small-holders; to tax the values of vacant sites in or near towns; to make loans to local authorities for housing; to encourage co-operative production and marketing; and to provide for the purchase at high prices of the surplus land of the large landowners. All these, of course, we are to find in Mr. Lloyd George's speech trimmed and garnished to attract the attention of the greedy and ignorant. We can also offer our criticism in anticipation of what we must say when the great speech has been duly delivered. Not one of all Mr. George's proposals will have the smallest effect upon wages as a whole, upon agriculture as a use-industry, upon rent or upon the rural districts for good. On the contrary, we are assured that their only effect will be to bring agriculture, now only in part a regular profiteering industry into the definite category of urbanised industry and to import into it all the horrors of commercial efficiency. But that, we fear, is Mr. Lloyd George's rôle as the Statesman of Jesus.

We should be glad to know precisely what the employers and their clients mean when they profess to approve of what they call legitimate trade unionism. Sir Charles Macara is full of sympathy, so he tells us, for trade unions properly conducted. In explaining his reasons for joining the Employers' Defence Union Lord Dysart also announces that his sympathy with the principle of trade unionism is profound. Mr. Gamage likewise, that successful shopkeeper, announces that his sympathies are all with the trade unions so far as they unite in a straightforward way and do not resort to intimidation. The only meaning we can attach to these expressions is that the sympathy of these employers is confined to the unions that do not interfere with the supply of blacklegs during strikes. In fact, both Lord Dysart and Mr. Gamage say as much; the latter in his phrase about intimidation, and the former in his remark to the "Times" that "we, the employers, must protect free labour." But if the principle of trade unionism is the solidarity of the workmen in any industry, every "free" labourer in it is not only a blackleg, but he is a contradiction of trade unionism; the more numerous the blacklegs the weaker the union. As we have said before, the strength of a union is not to be measured by the number of its members, but its weakness is to be measured by the number of its non-members. In approving, therefore, only of unions that tolerate non-members in their industry, Lord Dysart and his friends are really approving only of weak unions. That, indeed, for an honest man, would be the truthful and proper thing to say.

It is fortunate that Mr. Samuel, though in Canada, has taken a more serious view of the Postal trouble than either the "Times" or the Liberal journals. The "Times" last week published an article which even for a stupid journal was exceptionally ignorant. The Holt Report, it is well known, recommended for postal employees advances in wages amounting in the aggregate to a million pounds per annum. The "Times," seizing upon this figure, and hearing the continued complaints of the Postal unions that it was not enough, declared that it was not only enough, but too much. If, the "Times" continued, "the postal servants choose to strike they may rest assured that for every individual who 'downs tools' a dozen persons will be forthcoming to pick them up, and not a glimmer of public sympathy would be forthcoming." We have nothing to say against the assumption that blacklegs are as numerous as blackberries. They are; and it is in the last resort the fact upon which Capitalism rests. Nor do we deny that "public sympathy"—that is, the sympathy of the readers of the "Times"—would be against the postal servants if they went on strike. But before the postal servants strike it is the duty of the "Times" to hear; and the which is even greater sum is being abstracted actually from wages by men of organisation and increased efficiency. In other words, to obtain a million pounds' increase in the wages of a quarter of a million postal servants, the latter must work more efficiently by two million pounds' worth of labour, and suffer at the same time a reduction of wages by another million or thereabouts. A more despicable piece of thimble-rigging, in fact, was never tried by a Department than by the postal management under Mr. Herbert Samuel. For Marconi directors and shareholders his heart is full of sympathy. He posed among them as the ideal State servant, just, straightforward, fair and even generous. No little tricks of theirs could move him from the straight path of George Washington. He scorned to tell a lie; he would not stoop to sleight of pen. But with mere wage-slaves what did it matter? Gone was their moral right when dealing with canalies. Their Jumlo will not require a reckoning for treachery, fraud and deceit practised against the proletariat. Hence the Holt Report. We are glad the postal servants have seen this Report in its true light. We are still more glad that they are prepared to strike a light for the public to see it by. But Mr. Samuel, even from Canada, has seen it in advance of the "Times." He has cabled that he will meet the Postal Unions and confer with them upon the subject. He should, if we were there, remember that Conference to the day of his damnation.

Another little party that saw by reason alone no grounds for raising wages is the Herefordshire County Education Committee. This body has long prided itself, not of course, upon paying the lowest wages in the elementary teaching profession, but upon levying the smallest rate in the country for educational purposes. The education rate in Herefordshire is 6 4d., the price of shoddy goods at the proletarian bazaars. For years, as we reported a fortnight ago, the teachers' Parliamentary representatives and union officials have been running to and fro and up and down like the devil in scripture, seeking to make an incision by argument in the management's authority; but with no more effect than if they were simple Labour Members. At the serious threat of a strike, however, the Education Committee have at once seen reason; and at their meeting last week passed a resolution to appoint a sub-committee to inquire into the matter of the report. It is, of course, a foregone conclusion what the report must be and what the recommendations will contain. Both, in fact, have already been written; and the teachers have won. We would suggest now to the Union that having found economic means superior to political means, their business is to employ economic means for higher purposes than merely raising wages. Wages are important, but more important are both the status of the teaching profession and the welfare of education. In status, we affirm, the teachers as a profession are below any other body of workers whatever; and they are in that plight because in useful service to society they are, and know they are, of the least account. To remedy this it is necessary that they should not only accept but take responsibility for elementary education. When they have informed Mr. Pease, the Education Department, and local authorities that henceforth they mean to assume the management of their own profession their status will at once begin to rise. So also will the level of education.

The remarks of Professor Griffiths at the British Association on the roteness of our elementary education have aroused Mr. Pease to a defence. The teachers
the worms—have apparently seen no offence in them. To be publicly told that they are a disappointing failure rather gratifies their humility than stirs their indignation. But with Mr. Pease it is different. A reflection upon the elementary system is a reflection upon himself, being permitted to see himself and his charge of employees to imagine himself solely responsible, criticism of his output comes home to his bosom. Briefly, he is up in arms against Professor Griffiths. Tacitly admitting that business men, parents, sociologists, and the public generally are unanimous in decrying our elementary system, he asks if Professor Griffiths is aware of what Mr. Sadler has said of it. Mr. Sadler, it appears, in an unguarded or sentimental moment wrote the passage that people hang our heads in the educational world we might claim that there was no country that during the last ten years had taken more trouble over education than England had. At best this testimonial strikes us as being negative rather than positive, for it may be that other countries have taken no trouble at all and less than none is impossible. It is also to be considered that comparisons in the matter of educational methods are absurd; it is only the results that concern us. Though Mr. Pease should lie awake one night, trouble himself when educational ministers abroad are asleep, if the results in education are nil, he troubles himself to no purpose. The trouble we take in fact is no guarantee of the results. That in answer to the burden of Mr. Pease is disposed to point to the week he has done—much as the Indian ass pointed to the sun-dried plains as evidence that itself must be fat since all the grass was gone—is evident from his further remark: 'By all means in our power as a Board of Education, through our regulations, through our circulars, and through the advice given to teachers—both oral and written—we do everything we can to prevent uniformity and to encourage experiment.' We believe you, Mr. Pease. We believe that Mr. Pease has done his best. But we also believe that his best is not as good as the worst the National Union of Teachers could do if they were given equal authority and responsibility.

Elsewhere will be found our views carefully arrived at after a close examination of the facts on the situation in Ulster. If anything beyond simple laissezaller on the part of the Government is necessary to bring Car- sonism to the ground our suggestion of some weeks ago, now seriously repeated as its own by the 'New Statesman,' should be sufficient—indeed a strike or a lock-out in Belfast on the eve of 'war.' We undertake to say that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith would be left in no doubt as to the result of the Sinn Fein party's conference at theNode that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith would be left in no doubt as to the result of the Sinn Fein party's conference at the

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Current Cant.

"The artist and the public."—ARNOLD BENNETT.

"Music for the unmusical. How to listen to music and what to enjoy."—"Bratistas" in T. P.'s Weekly.

"A people cannot live without religion. . . . Men may live comfortably without religion."—Daily Express.

"Those of us who are older remember what severe tests our religious beliefs have undergone in the past, owing to the doubtful, if not sceptical, utterances proceeding from the lips of our most eminent scientists. . . . But we have held to our faith, and have lived to see the day when it has been confirmed by Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the greatest thinkers of the land, and we can say, 'God's in His heaven; all's right with the world.'"—DR. COWARD.

"Churchmen will decide the ideal sex relationship."—London Budget.

"I approach my Lord throne'd in glory, but as I walk up to Him I walk through a line of saints and angels."—The Bishop of London.

"If we can get out of this unholy mess without civil war, our gratitude under Almighty God is partly due to Sir William Harcourt's unflinching and intrepid wisdom."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"For better or worse, our generation seeks for illumination."—DEAN INGE.

"Men are always stronger than money, because men are voters."—DR. RUSSELL-WAKEFIELD.

"To-day, more than ever, the world clings to faith. . . . The world comes to the Church for all. . . . Happily the Church, sensible of the responsibility of leadership, responds to the spirit of the age."—Daily Express.

"The English theatre audience is not only intelligent, but displays the saving quality of common sense."—REV. JOHN C. HILL.

"King Manoe is to return to England without his bride."—Evening News.

"In order to bring about those ideal circumstances necessary for the birth of the perfect baby, Mrs. Bolce wrote a book called 'How to bring about those ideal circumstances necessary for the birth of the perfect baby, Mrs. Bolce wrote a book called."

"The bishop was, as usual, in splendid voice, clear, steady, slightly enthusiastic, and always well connected. In order to bring about those ideal circumstances necessary for the birth of the perfect baby, Mrs. Bolce wrote a book called."

"Religion has never been so real and genuine as to-day. It has never so entirely permeated the whole community as it does now."—SIR HERBERT TREE.

"Sealed Orders goes with a swing."—JOHN PALMER, in the "Saturday Review.

"The Rev. Arthur Bourchier, M.A.!” Mr. Bourchier thinks it will interest you and those interested in things theatrical to learn that on Sunday next, at St. Anne's Church, Manchester, the lessons will be read by himself, and the sermon preached by Canon Hannay, better known to theatre-goers as 'George A. Birmingham,' the author of 'General John Regan'—a veritable combination of Church and Stage. Mr. Bourchier having played many clerical roles, his appearance at the lectern sounds tempting to cinema hunters! Believe me, yours very truly, H. A. WHITE, Garrick Theatre, W.C."

"Maiden Erlands said to be a runner, but I much doubt whether Mr. S. B. Joel will allow him to run, for Thursday is the Jewish New Year. That and the Day of Atonement are the most sacred days in the Jewish year. Moreover, it was reported that Maiden Erlands was coughing on Saturday."—Liverpool Express."
A third Balkan war is in sight, and, with the exception of the two small States liable to be attacked and depopulated—Greece and Servia—nobody is particularly interested in staving it off. Certainly the Great Powers do not propose to interfere at this early stage. Two The third, if it is fought, may perhaps decide who shall (though not necessarily hold) the Balkan Peninsula.

Turkey, having as usual taken a long time to prepare for war, now finds herself the strongest Power in the Balkans, with more than 300,000 trained men at her command, while the calling up of reserves is still going on in Asia Minor. The opportunity is too good to be lost. The Porte does not see why the Italians should not now—in view of the unsubstantiated opinion of the Powers—be induced to give up islands like Rhodes and Stampaglia, and why the Greeks should not part with islands such as Chios and Mitylene. A determined attempt is being made by Turkey to induce the Porte to go on peace, to start with; and claims have been put forward to Lemnos, Imbros, Samothrace, Samos, Chios, Mitylene, and, in fact, all the islands of importance of which the Greek troops have taken possession.

This claim is calm and daring enough; but it has not the significance of another announcement: for which readers of these Notes last week will have been prepared. So close has been the arrangement reached between Bulgaria and Turkey that the Bulgarians are going to help the Turks, and in this way of making a good beginning they have mobilised three divisions. The Bulgars is pertinacious, if not particularly far-sighted; and he undoubtedly sees his opportunity now, or rather his Government has seen it for him. There is no doubt that Bulgarian as well as Turkish influence has been at work in certain parts of Albania, and with Servia practically out of the way there is no chance for Greece. Unless the Turks and the Bulgars can be soothed—and at present there does not seem to be any means of soothing them—Greek hegemony in Macedonia and the Aegean Islands is at an end.

The ingenious M. Venizelos has made the only possible threat that he could make in the circumstances. He has warned the Powers that if the Turkish claims are pressed he will have the Greek soldiers withdrawn from the Islands in question, which, presumably, would then be taken over by Turkey. But he has added that in such a case there will simply be a dozen or more Cretes for the Powers to deal with; and they would have to be dealt with eventually.

Although there is no doubt that this would be very awkward, it does not appear that the Powers can counter. A renewed Russian offer to mobilise three army corps for the purpose of striking at Turkey through Albania was not accepted by Germany and Austria, who intimated, in fact, that they had done before, that such a move on the part of the Tsar's advisers would not be construed as a friendly action. On the other hand, the joint cruise of strong squadrons of the British and French fleets in the Mediterranean this winter has brought public official pronouncements from the Triple Alliance Powers whose unanimity in disliking the cruise in question does not at all mean that they are unanimous about anything else. Italy is determined to stick to Rhodes and Stampaglia, where she has erected a wireless station, though Great Britain is equally determined that Rhodes shall be given up—whether to Turkey or to Greece does not much matter, though France would like to see Turkey in possession of it.

This naval cruise is of special interest because of the strained relations between France and Italy. The ill-fated is not on terms with which, indeed, both newspapers refrained from laying any stress upon it, became clear in last month's controversy between the leader-writers on the "Tribuna" and the "Temps." In 1911, when French patriotism had been thoroughly re-awakened, the outbreak of the Tripoli war led to the Tiran area being seized by the Italian fleet of two French mail boats, the "Carthage" and the "Manouba." The incident was explained away officially, but the French Press has seldom passed by the opportunity of commenting upon it; and to this day, even in incident circles is regarded as a pretext for French interference in Tripoli, if necessary.

As the result of the visit of President Poincaré to Spain, we may shortly hear the general details of the scheme mentioned in these columns several weeks ago. A Spanish loan is almost inevitable; but, in view of the large sums of money required for Turkey and the Balkan States, its issue may be postponed for a few months. The main point, however, is that there is to be, as far as possible, a working naval and military agreement between the two countries, so that the French Government will, if necessary, be able to land its troops from Northern Africa on the coast of Spain, and have them thence conveyed overland to some convenient centre in France. Although I say that we may hear all about these matters shortly—and such is the present arrangement—there is just a possibility that the announcement will be deferred for a little while in order that it may not appear to follow too closely upon the President's visit.

There are some philosophical contributors to this journal who would, if I may venture to say so, be doing us a good service if they were to devote themselves to the question of leadership in the modern world; and especially to its application to the science and art of war. It was, I believe, the view of some extremists such as Nietzsche that modern education and environment were two great factors which tended to hinder the development of leaders ("higher men") and it would be of interest to know how far this view finds support. I mention the matter because of the reports which have reached me concerning the autumn manoeuvres in England, France, Germany, and Austria. In all cases genius was lacking in the officers, and its place appears to have been taken by the national characteristic of each country. In other words, the French army officers are beginning to rely on the artistic tradition which results from long traditional and cultural development, the Englishmen on "common sense" and "muddling through"—of course! the Germans on the painstaking efficiency of their General Staff, and the Austrians on something not quite French and not quite German, but betwixt and between.

What should be emphasised is that the Germans are the only people at the present moment who look on leadership as an art which may be taught and cultivated; and experts whose views count have once more declared that the German army is now the best led in Europe, as it was said to be last year. The French officers this year made a very bad showing—which indicates only too clearly that if a war were to break out within the next decade France would have to rely largely on the vigour and dash of her non-coms. and men. The German soldier, on the other hand, appears to be more stupid than ever, the British soldier is well up to his average, and the Frenchman is always more intelligent and self-reliant than a German and an Austrian put together. To train and educate an officer is not an easy task; and it is of little consolation to us to know that France is experiencing the same difficulties as we ourselves are.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdel.
The Solemn Farce and Covenant.

From the reality and drama of Dublin's industrial struggle, we turn with some regret to the Carson episode in Ulster. It is not surprising that Great Britain has taken this business somewhat seriously, because hitherto Ulster's word has been its bond. Perhaps the greatest disservice that Sir Edward Carson has done to Ulster is that he (neither he nor his tenants being Ulstermen) has brought the word of Ulster into reproach. A famous Irishman said the other day: "I am in favour of Home Rule, but I am an Ulster Protestant. I hope my neighbours will fight. If they don't, then the army will become a bye-word and a reproach." It is then altogether pertinent to inquire how far a gang of lawyers and pro-fighting ruffians have succeeded in prostituting the good faith and good name of Ulster.

A little more than a year ago, over a quarter of a million men and women signed the Ulster Covenant. The plain meaning of that document to most of the plain people who signed it was that, rather than submit to Home Rule, they would actively rebel. The imported leaders next proceeded to call for volunteers and to drill them. Having enlisted a considerable number (generally on the specious plea that there would be no fighting), they secured the services of a retired English general who is supposed to be Chief of the Ulster Contingent Rebellion. A month or more ago it was announced that 40,000 volunteers would be paraded in Belfast on the anniversary of Covenant Day. A week later, the public was informed that 30,000 would be away. A little more than a year later the number was reduced to 20,000. The day before the review, we were told that 12,000 only would march to the Balmoral grounds. On that day, too, word was passed round the shipbuilding works of Workman and Clark: "For God's sake, you never come again." On the great day, 8,500 men were all that could be mustered. From a military point of view, probably not more than 4,000 of these volunteers could be regarded as physically efficient and possibly 1,500 as technically efficient. Thus, in twelve months, the Carson movement had dwindled to comparative insignificance. Nor can there now be the slightest doubt that the great majority of responsible business men in Belfast are heartily sick and slightly ashamed of their association with this nonsense. The building bosses and the streets as they have always done; they are marrying and being given in marriage, very much as usual; bridge parties, tea parties, and all the usual conventions remain untouched and unaffected by the near approach of the dreaded change. They talk and joke about Carson and Smith very much as they would about Marie Lloyd and Little Tich. The solemn covenant has become a farce.

How is it that these Ulster Protestants, in business affairs so level-headed, have allowed their reputation thus to be prostituted? Undoubtedly it is primarily due to the bogey of Rome. It is extraordinary and outside the bounds of reason, but nevertheless true, that the mere mention of the Pope puts these otherwise strong and self-reliant people into a kind of hypnotic trance. A Presbyterian minister, preaching on the anniversary of Covenant Day, told his congregation that they were struggling to be free from the tortures and oppression of Roman Catholicism. It did not occur to him or his hearers that their immediate ancestors were the victims, not of Rome, but of the Episcopalian clique in Dublin Castle to which Sir Edward Carson actually belongs, and to which, as Crown Prosecutor, in his earlier days, he had devoted himself. Captain J. R. White, son of the Field Marshal, an Antrim man, put it succinctly and accurately: "Many of them have allowed a hypnotic control to be established over them by an appeal made, with the effect if not with the intent, of consummate skill, to the fears and hatreds latent in their historical sub-consciousness. The uncompromising resistance of Carsonism is a problem of psychology rather than of politics. . . . Thus exulted, all those in whose hereditary instincts were stronger than their sub-conscious, of the present came under immediate control." Captain White and Sir Roger Casement have after careful inquiry now discovered that this sinister influence is by no means universal in Ulster, for 12,000 Protetants inmcrease from this psychological malaise, Captain White writes: "There were numbers among whom co-operation with Catholics in agriculture and local government had laid this bogey past hypnotic resuscitation. The majority of them perhaps had little enthusiasm for Home Rule, owing to its possible interference with industrial and commercial prosperity; these have never entered the hypnotic trance, but at first thought it good policy to feign having done so; now, though they fully realize that Carson's resistance to Home Rule may be commercially more deadly than frank acceptance of it, must maintain their simulated subjection, lest the hypnotist bid his genuinely entranced subjects arise and slay them in the name of the Lord. The remainder consists of convinced Home Rulers or men sympathetically disposed towards Home Rule."

The anniversary proceedings to which we have alluded now prove that the hypnotic trance is passing off, leaving many thousands of good men and women vaguely wondering of what they are making contracts in advance as they have been guilty. But it is evident that these are neither the psychological nor moral conditions to breed successful rebellion. A whip of grape-shot, if not a policeman's baton, would very quickly bring a hypnotically controlled population back to reality. But to rebel successfully it is first necessary that the rebel population shall be united, "homogeneous," to quote the word now in fashion. Ulster, however, is not homogeneous; it does not even approach homogeneity. First, there is Belfast itself. About one-third of Belfast's population is Catholic and devoted to Home Rule. The Belfast Liberal Association has over five thousand members all Protestants and all either "convinced Home Rulers or sympathetically disposed towards Home Rule." How would the rebels deal with these? Obviously such a minority constitutes a fatal weakness. In addition, there are literally tens of thousands of people in Belfast who, while they opine that Carson with the pantomime, recently consulted his lawyers whether he could not recover it.
If, then, Belfast be too hopelessly divided to inaugurate a rebellion, what of the rest of Ulster? The situation is too comic for serious treatment. The counties of Down and Antrim are, of course, predominantly Protestant, 73.9 being Protestant and 26.1 Catholic. But in the other counties, the Catholics are 61.6 per cent. against the Protestant 38.4. There is not much homogeneity about that. But even amongst the Protestants there is no serious thought of armed rebellion. In Antrim and Down there are over 20,000 Protestant farmers, most of whom have purchased their farms under the Land Purchase Acts. They have paid a considerable number of increments, and they have made it perfectly clear to Sir Edward Carson that they have not the slightest intention of endangering their interests. In the remaining counties of Ulster, there are nearly 40,000 farmers and graziers in a like case. Altogether in Ulster, there are 57,181 Protestant farmers and graziers, and 78,578 Catholic farmers. This particular group is not dreaming of rebellion; it is seriously considering how, under Honie Rule, they can obtain further reductions either in their purchase price or in their annual increments. It is clearly very strong ground for Sir Edward Carson and his land-saving aristocracy. (It is odd, by the way, that whereas the vulgar man, who is striving hard to climb into the one of the proprietors of Dunville’s Distillery, a rather wealthy man, who is struggling hard to climb into the aristocracy. (It is odd, by the way, that whereas the nationalists are supposed to be dominated by the drink traffic, this Carson movement, proclaiming itself to be of love and gratitude. We are not, of course, convinced that men cannot work happily unless they have some who have the power to say what shall be done with this particular material object in connection with the production of wealth, and to give effect to his will; and according to whom that someone is (whether (1) the official of a State or (2) the official of a privileged capitalist class, (3) the official of a Guild or (4) a member of a large majority of owners, a citizen of a Distributive society), will economic society take its form.

To return, the answer to the question, “Who exerces active rights of control”—that is, of Property—“over the means of production?” gives us four types of Guild, which we shall now cover. We shall find that these four types are socially superior to the Guild, but not to the Guild, Capitalist class external to the workers. We start, then, with our definition of a Guild:— “An association of men working in a particular trade, possessing the monopoly of labour in that trade and governing the conditions of their labour autonomously. We seek to establish such an association because we say that men cannot work happily unless they control or choose the conditions of their labour. And we find that such an association may be:—

1. A Proletarian Association working under the State as Capitalist.

2. A Proletarian Association working under a capitalist class as Capitalists.

3. An Association of Owners possessed corporately within the Guild of the means of production, but not possessed of several property.
(a) An Association of Owners possessed of several property, whether within the Guild or without it.

I propose to examine these separately, first in order to answer the question, "What form of association will best satisfy such men as we are?" secondly, the question "Which type can in practice be best established?" I propose to show, as I have said, that the answer to the one question as to the other resides in type 4. A Guild of owners, the members of which possess Property in severality, is both ideally the best and practically the object for which this ideal of a Guild System has been raised. It is as against the old orthodox State Socialism, it is in reaction against the old State Socialism which our elders preached in the twenties, and where so many Germans still saw the salvation of the State in the handing over to politicians, as trustees for society, of the land and capital present in society.

I do not use the words "old" and "middle class" in order to cast ridicule upon this ideal, but in order to present it vividly to my readers. For it is under the aspect of a somewhat old-fashioned and certainly a middle-class conception that this State Socialism appears to our generation. Again I am not saying (for the one theoretical, or "technical," or "legal" owner, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer or Lord Mayor, remains secure. If you have real and effective ownership, then the State ownership of the Guild's means of production, then you would have a Guild system devised not under type No. 1, but under type No. 3. You would in practice have for your dominant feature a Guild possessing the ownership of the means of production, not a Guild under State ownership at all. The property in the means of production, the property in the railways and locomotives and the rest, would be really vested in the officers of the Railway Guild, and not in the officers of the State. So much for the first objection. Anyone who uses vaguely or ambiguously the term "State ownership" with the object of whittling that ownership down and supporting the Guild-power, is in reality setting up the realities of injustice, but it is evident that my objector, a Socialist by definition, regards them as an injustice. And how, says he to me, can you get that Rent or surplus-value away from the fortunately situated Guild unless the State is the ultimate owner of the means of production?

To both these questions I make the reply that those who put them forward are confused upon the nature of ownership. If the State were only "nominally," "theoretically," "legally," for which you will call the owner while the Guilds have the active control of those means of production, then you would have a Guild system devised not under type No. 1, but under type No. 3. Would not that be a true Guild-solution of our difficulties, that the objector calls an injustice, but it is evident that my objector, a Socialist by definition, regards them as an injustice. And how, says he to me, can you get that Rent or surplus-value away from the fortunately situated Guild unless the State is the ultimate owner of the means of production?

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In other words, if the ownership is really in the hands of the State you might as well have no Guild at all, so far as the definite objects of a Guild are concerned, to wit, the satisfaction of man’s desire for control over his labour and the fruits thereof. This abstract reason I find sufficient, but a concrete instance will perhaps make my meaning more clear. I will suppose the two motives, the stores of coal, the reserves of new rails (and for that matter the stores of food and clothing, which would be concerned with other Guilds) to be in the active ownership of the State, and the Railway Guild to be at issue with the State upon some point.

The politician in charge of the Railway department desires, for instance, having received a bribe, to give the post of stationmaster at St. Pancras to a Mr. Smith, the bastard of the man who bribed him. That is what goes on in politics every day. The men want Mr. Jones.

The Railway Guild, sympathising with the protest of the men most directly concerned, quarrels with the appointment of Smith and prefers Jones as candidate for the post. The Railway Guild has the monopoly of labour, and it can say to the State: “We readily grant that the locomotives are yours and the stores of coal and all the rest of it; we readily grant that the stores of food and clothing produced by other Guilds are also yours; but the labour is ours: now let us fight it out and let the best man win.”

Remember that this challenge would be delivered in a society where private accumulation was forbidden. The Guild could not, as the trades union can now, accumulate funds: for funds simply mean things which are means of production—stores of food and building material and locomotives and all the rest.

Is it not self-evident that in the case of such a challenge really fought out on its admitted rights of property the Guild would be beaten at once? Of course it is.

How would the men of the Guild live? For how many days would they and their children get on without bread, and milk, let alone fire and all the rest of it?

You may say: “The politicians would never dare exercise that sort of power; public opinion would certainly prevent it; the men of the Food Guilds, etc., would help their fellows of the Railway Guild in spite of the politicians, and would, even in the gross impotence of a Parliamentary State, be able to prevent that politician from continuing his career.”

That answers one; but it is probably what would take place: the men would win; and if they could win over the appointment of a stationmaster, they could also win over the use that was to be made of their instruments of production. But that is only saying in other words that they would have obtained the active ownership of the State in the means of production.

If the Guild which ran the granaries said to the State Granary bosses: “We will give wheat to our fellows of the Railway Guild whether you like it or not,” then the Granary Guild would have destroyed the ownership of the State in their wheat, just as the Irish peasantry have in so many cases destroyed the ownership of the garrison landlords over Irish land.

To sum up: type No. I is in its essentials a negation of the ends for which Guilds are to be brought into existence, and we may therefore by definition neglect it in our survey. For once we begin to talk about type No. I in some such fashion as to render it tolerable to the supporters of a Guild system at all, we find that, willy-nilly, we have turned type No. I into type No. 3 and are presupposing an effective control by the members of the Guild over its own means of production.

That seems to me the unalterable conclusion we must come to in our theoretical examination of this first kind of Guild: whereas type No. II is the only type of Guild which is not a Guild at all. When it begins to subservie the functions of a Guild it ceases to be of this first kind.

I therefore reject type No. I as being in theory unsatisfactory to the nature of man.

Towards a National Railway Guild.

XI.

The operations of a National Railway Guild would be so interwoven with those of other transport activities that sooner or later the Guild would find it advisable to federate with other transport industries.

In fact, seeing how closely transport companies other than railways work at the present time with the railways, it seems desirable that a National Transport Guild should be the aim of the railway guild from the beginning.

Railway companies already own canals, docks, steamers (over-sea and lake) motor vehicles (passenger and goods, rail and road), and employ to a large extent the street cartage companies who bring goods to or from the goods depots.

To embrace the whole of the system of parcels, goods and passenger transport (inland, coastwise, and Continental) into one guild would remove many existing inconveniences.

As an example of how the competitive system grinds all, to the good of none but those who live or unearned incomes, let me mention some particulars, simple in themselves, but referring really to a small part of the general transport system of the country.

In London and provincial towns the railway companies charge scheduled carriage rates per ton for various kinds of cargo, which rates are for the removal of goods between the station and any business premises within a defined area.

It is obvious that the nearer the warehouse or factory (within that area) is to the station the greater the probability of a private haulier being able to do the service at less than the railway companies’ charges, which are fixed with an eye upon both short and long distance cartage.

This has led to firms who are within reasonable proximity of a station putting their cartage into the hands of private carting contractors, who underquote the railway companies (and each other) so long as they can see an existence or profit out of the returns after purchasing their labour as cheaply as it can be obtained, and combining the firms’ cartage business whether it be to or from a railway station, docks (if there are any), or other places in the town.

The same thing applies, by different methods, to railway parcel services, and goods, whether carried by the railway companies at rates which include collection or delivery, the private firms when they do the cartage being paid partly or wholly out of allowances made by the railway companies from the inclusive rates they have charged.

These destroyers of cartage business, meanwhile, run each other beyond certain points without resorting to the cheapening of labour to its lowest existence level, and this often leads to the formation (or contributes to the formation) of associations of cart or motor vehicle owners.

The men also become more or less organised, and labour conditions being bad strikes may ensue.

For one thing, the cartage firms must give some advantage to their principals over what the railway companies give, either by charging less or by including some other services in an all round rate; and for another they must be cheaper than the firm can undertake a carporage department of their own.

Whilst labour is exploited by small capitalists these themselves are in turn exploited by other capitalists, the whole being the servants of the most powerful business; the power of resistance to pressure being proportionate to the extent to which they have secured some kind of advantage, traceable as a rule to monopoly.

It is almost as easy for the small firms to convince the men when discussing terms together that they are under great hardship as it is for the men to show that instead of a living wage they are being paid only a bare subsistence.
What then has to be done? Shall the demands of the men be met to the point of exterminating the small firms? In that case the move is towards a monopoly on the part of the larger firms. It never seems to occur to the men and masters that they are both under the same driving force—the need for providing dividends either directly to their own shareholders or indirectly to the shareholders of those firms who squeeze them down to the lowest charges.

The effect of this step is for them to join hands, pay out the capitalist, and work the transport business of the town as a monopoly, the good with the bad, the income from the labour to be justly apportioned between officials and men.

In trade generally it is the business which pays the largest dividends (or ridiculously excessive salaries) that plunders the public to the greatest extent one way or another, and it is often the business which makes the narrowest profits which is compelled to resort to the greatest pressure upon its wages list (a synonymous term for men).

The benevolent business magnate who pays 40 per cent. to his shareholders has usually sense enough to avoid "labour unrest" by paying a few per cent. above the average rate of wages; but he sees to it that other firms are squeezed by him in securing the 40 per cent., and in actual fact it is he who pays existence wages only although doing away with the monopoly of firms who exploit. In purchasing his raw materials he is not likely to pay the full cost of their production plus 40 per cent. on the capital laid out in the business of his suppliers. Not likely! It is only when he comes to sell that there is virtual in extorting 40 per cent.

How any man making ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. upwards can oppose railway companies in the House of Commons when they seek to consolidate or extend their monopoly so as to be able to pay something more than a miserly five per cent. (say), is a mystery to above the average rate of wages; but he sees to it that other firms are squeezed by him in securing the 40 per cent., and in actual fact it is he who pays existence wages only although doing away with the monopoly of firms who exploit. In purchasing his raw materials he is not likely to pay the full cost of their production plus 40 per cent. on the capital laid out in the business of his suppliers. Not likely! It is only when he comes to sell that there is virtue in extorting 40 per cent.

As the time seems afar off: when a Government will inquire into the methods by which excessive dividends are made and their effect upon the community as a whole, it never seems to occur to the men and masters that they are both under the same driving force—the need for providing dividends either directly to their own shareholders or indirectly to the shareholders of those firms who squeeze them down to the lowest charges.

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worst situated of the wage classes. They are not. I have intimate knowledge of labour conditions far worse, and which call more urgently for attention, but the very parous state of the workers makes them more difficult of treatment. Their time is not yet.

In the case of the railways, the field is promising. The organisation is ready there, requiring only to be perfected and adapted to new conditions. The men have not yet lost the spirit and power to help themselves, given educated leaders who can be trusted, and a simple yet lofty policy; and a National Railway Guild is within the reach of early practical politics.

Such a guild once successfully launched, the beneficial results evident to the meanest intelligence, and the cause of the workers of the world would receive a stimulus which the orthodox State ownership schemes have failed to impart.

To bring this about the railway workers must realise who is its public and earn its respect and sympathy. The private companies do not usually make the mistake for long of alienating the sympathies of its public, but invariably feels its pulse in any new crisis and move accordingly. Their public is the large commercial houses, the Press, officials, and others.

The public worker is the worker of all classes by brain or muscle, including small traders, sociologists, and their own officials.

The first guild will be in the position of invaders conquering a country in which they have to live afterwards. The least damage they do, and the more respect they earn, the more peaceable will be both their conquest and their occupation.

In conclusion, it should be realised that when the great evil is the extraction by non-workers of incomes from the wealth production, those who take the least in proportion to capital expended are the smallest burden upon the workers.

The businesses which pay the largest dividends ought really to be attacked first, but it is not practicable.

Those workers who are best organised, who have the highest intelligence, and the best resources, will be the salvation, not only of themselves, but of the great army of the wage classes.

Henry Lascelles.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall

V.—The Neighbours.

The road which ran past Misket Hanum's garden-gate ended in one direction shortly in a flowery cliff upon the Sea of Marmora; in the other it divided a suburban township, leading out by an old mosque and village and some tangled cemeteries to open country of a mountain character. Primitive wagons drawn by buffaloes, decked with blue beads against the evil eye, the stubborn hair between their horns made bright with henna; country carts with red or yellow curtains flapping in the breeze, and now and then a well-appointed European carriage passed along it, wending to or from the railway station. The almond-trees and plum-trees were in bloom, and in the town as in the country everybody carried flowers. From Misket Hanum's garden, a very English-looking path through corn fields led down to a little harbour, consisting of a much dilapidated jetty and some wooden sheds, from which the view was of the Prince's Islands with their summer towns set in a sea as blue as lapsis lazuli. One got the same view from the road which bounded inland, with the addition of Stamboul and some more distant coasts of Europe and of Asia. My first few days, being sunny, were spent in exploration of the neighbourhood. There followed rain and mud and bitter cold, when I was glad to stay indoors and work at something.

The Imam of the village mosque taught me for an hour each day, excepting Fridays, and I spent much time in study by myself over the day's newspaper and a dictionary.

Once or twice a week I journeyed into town to get my letters. On boat and train there was always a coterie of persons from my village who always gathered in the same coach of the train, and sometimes in the same steamer. I soon became a recognised familiar of this group, which comprised ex-Ministers of State and public officials, officers employed at the arsenal or the Ministry of War, doctors, kâbas, and some journalists; and heard the war and general politics discussed in polite or angry tones according to the speaker's views. The Unionists (Itilâfdijiler, so called from the Committee of Union and Progress) were sad because the war, continued by their party with the hope of saving Adrianople still intact against the Turks. The Itilâfdijiler (Entente Libârâle party, hereinafter called the Liberals) upon the other hand were angry at the madness, as they called it, of the Unionists in prolonging a hopeless struggle, and blamed them for overthrowing Kamil Pasha's cabinet upon an empty boast. I soon found out that party feeling ran extremely high. There were certain people who would not speak to certain others. Men who had been talking to me in the friendliest manner would suddenly look glum and edge away when someone else drew near of my acquaintance.

Most of my friends were Liberals, but two or three—those the best I had—were Unionists. I naturally took no side in the dispute, but listened keenly to both parties with a view to forming an opinion.

One day when I had gone to town upon some errand I seemed to notice a fresh atmosphere of gloom about the streets. Meeting a friend, I asked him what had happened. He said that Adrianople, it was feared, had fallen. Had I heard the cannonade upon the previous day? I had. Indeed, the noise of it so near had caused a little panic of the ladies in our village, some of whom, believing that the Christian fanatics had got Adrianople, it was feared, had fallen. I had heard the cannonade upon the previous day? I had. Indeed, the noise of it so near had caused a little panic of the ladies in our village, some of whom, believing that the Christian fanatics had got Adrianople, it was feared, had fallen. I had heard the cannonade upon the previous day? I had. Indeed, the noise of it so near had caused a little panic of the ladies in our village, some of whom, believing that the Christian fanatics had got Adrianople, it was feared, had fallen. I had heard the cannonade upon the previous day? I had. Indeed, the noise of it so near had caused a little panic of the ladies in our village, some of whom, believing that the Christian fanatics had got Adrianople, it was feared, had fallen. I had heard the cannonade upon the previous day? I had. Indeed, the noise of it so near had caused a little panic of the ladies in our village, some of whom, believing that the Christian fanatics had got Adrianople, it was feared, had fallen. I had heard the cannonade upon the previous day? I had. Indeed, the noise of it so near had caused a little panic of the ladies in our village, some of whom, believing that the Christian fanatics had got Adrianop...
All this may seem like madness to the quiet reader. In truth the Turks were maddened by a long course of injustice. The loss of Adrianople was the last straw. But the madness soon subsided, once the vow was made, and people settled down to watch events. The coolness of the army, after the first shout of rage, was, I am told, remarkable and ominous. Our Liberal friends inclined on the blaming for Adrianople's fall upon the Unionists, who had tried but failed to save the city. But Missket Hanum would have none of it. Then it was I first discovered that she was an ardent Unionist, bearing her faith in the Young Turks intact amid continual derision by her friends of the other party. At that time I inclined a little towards the Liberals from having been for some days chiefly thrown with them, and spent much time—not un instr usctively—in trying to impress on her the Young Turks theories.

Missket Hanum's fears of me once fairly dissipated, she became an amiable tyrant and reproved my ways. I had, of course, a cold, or a succession of colds—everybody has in Turkey in the winter—which gave her reasons to visit Switzerland for her health would perished rather than be seen. Her sister's husband was proud of having tamed. Nothing could exceed the friendliness of these acquaintances. I was admitted to travel, in reserved compartments, and stopping without the slightest fear of an insult greater than the Europeans really. Our nearest officer, in perfect health, for whom his family had mourned for fifteen years, yet had never been supplanted in happiness.

I sent a message back through Misket Hanum to the effect that she could go to Switzerland in Turkish dress without the slightest fear of an insult greater than the natural curiosity of well-bred people; travelling, as she would travel, in reserved compartments, and stopping at the best hotels. I hope I did not over-estimate the West's politeness.

One morning I was walking in the garden by the lake, when a tall and very graceful woman came towards me, wearing the black charshaf, which, as worn to-day by Turkish ladies, is a dress of Grecian beauty. She had her veil thrown back. A white veiled tajis. The character of the assailants was so well over-estimated, they found themselves surrounded by Bulgarian komitajis. The character of the assailants was so well known that all were panic-stricken, and one, who was small, managed to get into an empty barrel which was in the hut. The boy in hiding heard what followed, when the students had been overpowered. 'You'll look better without that nose, bey effendi. Those lips are much too long, they hide your teeth. And now that pair of ears—that tongue!' Such words, with the horrid crying of the victims, still more, perhaps, his own terror which prevented him from coming out and sharing the fate of those he loved, drove the youth in hiding mad; not at the moment, for he had come on behalf of some persons waiting for the train on behalf of some unhappy individual. One day, when I was called on to contribute the object, was a splendid specimen of manhodd who had had his tongue cut out. I think, too, there was something wrong about his ears, but cannot be quite certain for he wore a heavy turban.
What Does Little Babu Say?

By C. E. Bechhoefer.

Once indeed India had sunk low. Some small part of its glory returned in the guerillas of Shivaji, the Maharrata king, and his Brahmin minister Ram Das. But now it has been left for a Brahmin of Maharashatra to strike a fierce blow at that effete evil which is holding the Indian people back in these days of progress—its love of beauty. Brahmin has written the play that I saw in a Poona theatre some years ago. Its name is "Prem-sannyas"—"The Renunciation of Love." The name, too, of the author—this renouncer of tradition—should not be forgotten by posterity. Let Ram Ganesh Gadkari be remembered with his play!

The play deals with the question of widow-remarriage. In India children are ceremonially married at the age of six or seven, but their marriage is not binding, and, if a boy of ten dies, his tiny widow is prohibited from re-marriage by Hindu law. This naturally rouses the modern rationalising Babu, and three parties have been formed. The first is that of the orthodox Brahmins, who, whether aware or ignorant of modern ideas, are entirely opposed to the re-marriage of any widow, maid or marred; the second, composed of eccentics with whom for all the new European tendencies, deliberately sets itself against its religion and advocates re-marriage wherever it is desired, the third, in conciliatory spirit, suggests that girls who are married before the consummation of their marriage should not be left to a life of virginity, but should freely be permitted to re-marry.

I cannot say whether Hindu widows have complained so much of their lot that a Babu heart has been touched and has put forward this plea for their sake, but I cannot believe that the guiding pen of Ram Ganesh Gadkari. No, I think this great Indian determined to show that the modern Indian can do all that the European can do. He too, thought this righteous, and wrote a real modern drama of the blest hue. Were he not bluer than his predecessors, Shaw, Barker, Wedekind, Masefield, Maeterlinck, and the rest of that "tedious row," he would be as dull in his dirtiness as they are, and as insincere in his words. But Gadkari is not as they, their blueenss is yellow to his.

Let the Brahmin's words, fraught with great wisdom, be heard.

This is the play:—The first scene shows the waiting-room of a railway station. (Poor Kalidasa! what an inopportune age you lived in.) A wants to marry a widow, B is orthodox; they argue, standing up and yelling at the gallery which, in an Indian theatre, always courteously responds with a round of applause. They talk and talk, and, at last go through a gate—a real gate—to catch a real canvas train. The stage manager's whistle is heard, and the scene changes to a drawing-room, richly furnished in complete E. M. Road style (which is, by the way, the same as that of most Rajputpalaces to-day—in Jaipur and Alwar, for instance). Two Hindu women are sitting at needlework. They are at once seen to be widows as they have not the little red mark painted on their foreheads. (The women's parts, of course, being played by men, as in all Indian companies.) One of them has been a widow from infancy, and they bewail their lonely lot, and weep and console one another and talk. Suddenly six or seven curious people enter, the men clad in clothes in various stages of transition between a Hindu's and a Jew office-boy's. Each man, too, wears a different kind of collar and tie, which he retains throughout the play, under all circumstances. There is also a "merry widow" with a "glad eye." They talk. There are no epigrams, no jokes, only conversation, all that and unhappiness. There is a whistle and a back cloth falls over the scene, showing the interior of a house in the city. Enter a forgetful orthodox Brahmin and his shrewish wife. He puns a little, and then the whistle sounds. Now the innermost innards of the drama are seen: all the people in the room are in one by one and tell us all their troubles. One has lost a wife; one has wedded a shrew, one wants to marry a widow, several widows wish to get married, one woman is married and says she might as well not be, the merry widow seeks love, and the villain is dogging all the women in the play, without regard to their condition. Wives or widows, they have all the same hate to him. Everybody but he is discontented and weeps and sob. The villain, after a few scenes which I have quite forgotten, elopes with the hero's wife, but she jumps out of a stationary train (a grand scenic effect) and is killed, leaving her husband free to court the heroine—the virgin widow. With a ringing of bells the curtain falls on the first act.

It soon rose again, and the characters commenced their conversation. At last, the real charm of the play began; we had a bedroom scene! It was the midwifery ward of a hospital, bed, basin, and forceps complete! The erst merry widow had just been delivered of a child—she wept and waited; was it possible to prevent the child from being born?—alas! it was too late! (Sobs and wails from both characters.) Various scenes succeeded, and all the other widows, widow-woopers, and widow-won were up in arms, to and coincidently and talked and talked, and sobbed and wept. The villain came on occasionally and gave us news of the success of all his plots. He was a very capable man, judged by the number of rapes and seductions he had had an amusing scene with a lingam, that emblem of Vish—which all the purest and most enlightened minds, including, of course, Gadkari's, regard as originally and essentially phallic. The next act was really magnificent. Wedekind, even Wedekind at his best, was never finer. Alas why was not the critic of some modern monthly review to make our Gadkari immortal? Can I, all innocent of blueness, take the stern duty upon myself? I wish I were blue and could understand. Then I might say: "This is the real thing!" or "This is the right sort of forceps!" but alas! I can only describe. Let others, bluer, immortalise!

The first scene showed the exterior of the villain's house. He enters unannounced, unlocks the door. The once merry and now normally despairing widow emerges and does a little mad act, to the amusement of the villain. The scene changes rapidly, and all the characters stroll on and divulge their latest troubles, and conclude with a review of the universal unhappiness of the world due to the enforced celibacy of widows. They sob and weep, and we return to the villain's house. He comes on, unlocks the door, looks in, and laughs aloud. There is a second and coincidently, and talked and talked, and sobbed, and wept. The villain came on occasionally and gave us news of the success of all his plots. He was a very capable man, judged by the number of rapes and seductions he had had an amusing scene with a lingam, that emblem of Vish—which all the purest and most enlightened minds, including, of course, Gadkari's, regard as originally and essentially phallic. Then we had an abducting scene, in which half the villains were disguised as Ascetics, held the rope, and the rest steadfast the scener; an alarm. Fathers and odd characters and the comic Brahmin rush in. Whack! whack! the comic man yells for help—the plot has failed and the second act is over.

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and picks up the baby, just as two policemen rush in, dispatched by the villain. They grip the hero and turn their lanterns on his burden. He gives a shrill of horror and drops the baby which, poor, unconsidered, falls with a thud to the ground. The next scene is naturally very laughable—the comic Brahmin is in his house trying to learn his evidence by heart, for he has to appear at the hero's trial and is very forgetful. Twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty, twenty-five, he repeats. We are next shown the court. The hero is weeping in the dock, and the comic Brahmin is making funny errors in the witness-box; at last he was off, and the Parsee judge, in further ad infinitum, delivers his judgment in an amusing eccentrical-worded speech, and condemns the hero to death. The heroine swoons away and the curtain falls. I myself thought the decision hasty and ill-considered, but after "The Clay-Cart I" one expects circumstantial evidence to be decisive—and is not this play a true successor to "The Clay-Cart"—both are written of India by Hindus. Gadkari is more up to date, Shudraka more old-fashioned, that is all.

The curtain rises on the fourth act, and we are shown the whole apparatus for the killing of a man by hanging. Two policemen lend in the hero, clad in a thin white shirt, drawers, and cap. The judge comes in with a few friends, one or two widows arrive, and the villain joins the party. The hero steps into tears, and embracing the heroine, delivers a speech. The widow's corpse is shown, the whole apparatus for the killing of a man by poison just determined. The scene changes to a public street. The villain is entering wherever he will, this ubiquitous monster. Now, for no particular reason he induces her to drink poison just as tobacco and toke her step, and the executioner grasps the lever. Then a noise of heavy boots is heard, and the father of the old-fashioned, that is all.

We see the widow's corpse lying, the villain laughs, the judge and ignoring the villain, soliloquises upon his escape, even, at moments, venturing to smile. The villain declares that the heroine is dying; the hero shrieks, several weeping people enter, and the widow dies at a slow talkative death.

The scene changes to a public street. The villain and his chief body enter. The villain gives the man all the money he asks, the rogue pockets it, beaming with gratitude, and then suddenly, for no better reason than to wind up the play, jumps on the villain and strangles him in full sight of the audience. Next comes the very last scene. The hero is plainly shown burning on a pyre; the hero tries to jump into the flames, but is restrained by her father. Talk and tears and the curtain falls. The play is done.

Wedekind at his best, as I have said, cannot compare with my discovery—Gadkari. This play wants only to be translated from Marathi into German to fill the theatres for months. The numbers of its sale in book form would be beyond belief. An English translation would be published and extracts could appear in all the blue periodicals. Besides, the magnificent stage management of the European theatres would assist the author in his finest effects. For instance, how greatly would the last scene be improved by a strong smell of burning flesh, such a smell, I mean, as the globe-trotter, especially the female of the species, seeks with such diligence in the ghats of Benares. Otherwise, I am bound to say that the corpse-burning comes almost as an anti-climax after the gallows, the bloated corpse, and, of course, the obstetric scene. What if several Brahmins in turn after the second or third act, disparaging the author and the play; what of it? Even some Germans disapprove Wedekind. Fear nothing, Puntil Ram Ganesh Gadkari, blueness never goes unrewarded. Perhaps to some extent it is, like honesty, its own reward. But thy full reward will come, Gadkari.
minds, and sufficiently pardonable to the intelligent, but it is not, after all, the highest of human emotions. And even scorn, which is a very fine thing indeed, is not the one thing essential. Next to exasperating "Le Muffle!" there are few things more delightful than to watch someone else do it well. And yet there are things beyond this. M. Jammes compares himself to a donkey—

"Jaimé l'ané si doux,
which does not mean "I love the donkey," but "I like the donkey walking about the holly trees. He waggles his ears, and is on guard against bees; and he carries the poor people and the sacks full of barley. He goes near the ditches with a little halting step. The lady with me thinks he is stupid because he is a poet, etc."

This poem is not very important. Let us turn to another—

I was going to Lourdes by rail, beside a mountain stream, blue as air. The mountains seemed thin in the sunlight, and they were singing, "Sauvez! Sauvez!" in the train. There was a crowd crazy, excited, all over dust and sunlight. There are cripples, and a priest in a pulpiter covered with blue cloth, and women who every now and again sing "Sauvez."

And the procession sings—

Les drapeaux
se penchaient avec leurs devises en or.

Le soleil était blanc sur les escaliers,
daufus bleus, sur les clochers décichetés,
Mais sur un branchard, portée par ses parents,
on pauvre père tête nue et priant,
Et ses frères qui disaient: "ainsi soit-it,
une jeune fille sur le point de mourir.
Oh! qu'elle était belle! elle avait dix-huit ans,
et elle souriait; elle était en blanc.
Et la procession chantait. Les drapeaux
se penchaient avec leurs devises en or.
Moï je serrais les dents pour ne pas pleurer,
et cette fille, je me sentais l'aimer.
Oh! elle m'a regardé un grand moment,
mais maintenant où es-tu? dis, où es-tu?
Es-tu morte? je t'aime, toi qui m'as vu.
Si tu existes, Dieu, ne la tue pas,
elle avaient des mains blanches, de minces bras.
Dieu ne la tue pas!—et ne serait-ce que
pour son père nu-tête qui priait Dieu.
You will see that the author does not sentimentalise.
He portrays a situation full of feeling, or emotion, and, if you like, of sentiment. He distorts nothing. He does not try to make the thing any more pathetic than it was. He does not weep any imaginary tears, and he does not call upon the reader to weep any. As for being sentimental, you might as well call "Steve" Crane sentimental. You might, if you like, say that the next poem is irony. Yet, is it precisely that? It is simple and adequate statement. The author does not forbid you to add to it. It is simple and adequate statement—

La Jeune Fille. . . .
The young girl is white; she has green veins on her wrists, inside her open sleeves. One does not know why she laughs. She cries out all of a sudden, and this is shrill.

Est-ce qu'elle se doute
qu'elle vous prend le coeur
en cœulant sur la route
des fleurs?
On dirait quelquefois
qu'elle comprend des choses.
Pas toujours. Elle cause
Tout bas
Jammes about A.D. 2500 might get a fair idea of our life, the life of a.D. 1913. I think he might get a fairly intimate sense of this life and be drawn into it very much as I have been drawn into some study of medieval conditions by the reading of Dante. Let us compare the four volumes of Jammes with the Divina Commedia. M. Jammes' work resembles the Musée du Louvre far more than it resembles the Acropolis; but after all, the highest symbols of national desire and of our present civilization are our great picture-galleries. Each city must have one, from Edinburgh to Indianapolis, just as in the Middle Ages or in classic times each city would have had its cathedral or its abbey or its temple. I admit that the sensation of transcending one's time is very delightful. Nevertheless if a poet manages to be, in sort, the acme and epitome of his time and of the civilization from which he is sprung, I think it is all that we may justly demand of him. The people were given epic when they were given to building temples, and a "Commedia" when they were addicted to cathedrals. Now they are disposed to hang, in impressive buildings, a multitude of square yards of canvas of all times and countries and to gather biblots, and they have, in return from the poets, M. De Regnier's collection of the antique and the various collections of Jammes. I know that cathedrals are built even to-day, as a sort of "stunt" or propaganda. They are less interesting than such spontaneous creations as the Metropolitan Life Insurance building on Madison Square; they are copies and adaptations. One might say that this new architecture has also its parallels in the attempted epics of Romans or in M. Barzun's plans for a sort of orchestra-tion in writing, of which I will speak later.

As for Jammes and his common sense, he has perhaps put up a good deal of it into the elegy:

"Il va neiger dans quelques jours. Je me souviens de ces choses ne pouvaient pas changer et que c'est une pose de vouloir chasser les animaux qui n'existe pas, Mon derriere et ses pieds. Mais elle sera bête comme une âme deux ans. Elle va jouer. Bénête (joue la valse des elfes)."

Chapter 25 (forty pages further on):

"Le Lendemain Matin (Mme. Larribeau ouvre subitement la porte de la chambre de la bonne. Larribeau encaleton est assis sous la bonne)."

"Mais moi j'étais bête parce que ces choses ne pouvaient pas changer et que c'est une pose de vouloir chasser les choses que nous savons."

Thus far I have quoted from books written before 1900. Jammes had also written two novels, "Clara d'Ellébouse, ou l'histoire d'une ancienne jeune fille" and "Almaide d'Etremont, ou l'histoire d'une jeune fille passionnée." "Le Triomphe de la Vie" is dated 1900-1901, the second part of this book, "Existences," is of special interest. "Et c'est ça qui s'appelle la vie.""

"Huysmans in the preface to "A Rebour,", done twenty years after that book, writes as follows:"

"On était alors en plein naturalisme; mais cette école, qui devait rendre l'impossible service de situer qui personnages réels dans des milieux exacts, était condamnée à se rabâcher, en plétinant sur place..." S'enfourchait à créer des êtres qui fussent aussi semblables que possible à la bonne moyenne des gens... L'Education sentimentale de Gustave Flaubert... était pour nous tous... une vérité biblique... mais il ne comportait que peu de moeurs. Il était parachevé, incomparable pour Flaubert même; nous en étions donc... nous, réduits, dans ce temps-là, à louvoyer, à rôder par des voies plus ou moins exploitées, tout autour."

"Parachevé!" If the Education Sentimentale left little to be done with a young man loose on the town, "Madame Bovary" left an equally difficult problem for the next author who wished to treat "Mœurs de Province."

"Huysmans escaped by putting an exceptionally dull young decadent in the midst of no milieu whatever. Francis Jammes was, in 1900, in much fuller naturalism than was the author of "A Rebour" in '84."

"To write a novel in verse as a series of scenes with the speakers marked as in a play, is nothing new or strange. True, it has hardly been done successfully since Diego Pueceser composed the "Celestina," but no matter. The interesting fact is that Mr. Jammes has done it successfully and given it in "Mœurs de Province"; he has given us more than that, he has given us the life of every small town in France, with the faint rumour of events and countries beyond the province. He has done this in 175 pages, that is to say, in less space and with about one tenth the number of words that he would have had a moment ago."

"Except with Tourganev, I think we often feel that the novelist gives us all of life except the things which need a poet to see them. I think Jammes has left out scarcely anything that a novel writer would have given us. The action moves swiftly, yet he does not fail to convey the air of inestimable boredom. He presents his characters, and they are numerous. He delineates their specific brands of stupidity and detes-tability and their pathos. The book is a vigorous arrainment of provincial life. One cannot imagine a more serious, or the more tragic scenes by lifting them from their context. I take two, from the really dull sortie:

Le Poète (pense)

C'est drôle... Cette petite sera bête

Comme ces gens-là, comme son père et sa mère.

Et c'est drole

Il y a en elle l'intelligence de la beauté.

C'est délicieux, son corsage qui n'existe pas,

Son derriere et ses pieds. Mais elle sera bête

Comme une âme deux ans. Elle va jouer.

Bénête (joue la valse des elfes)."

The book is, however, not only clever but grave. It is exceptionally clever for all that—the usual phrases: not a dull moment, etc., can all of them be applied. And beyond this there are such passages as the reverie in chapter twenty-one where the poet of the story writes "J'aurai bientôt trente-deux ans." It is too long to quote just here.

Having delineated the provinces in such a way that no flâneur, however bored with metropolitan life, will ever be without at least one consolation, to wit, that he does not live in the provinces, M. Jammes evidently attained such celebrity that he was able either to live in Paris or to come there whenever he pleased. I am not absolutely sure of my dates, but shortly after this he began to believe in the divine beneficence, and his next volume of poems bears a note stating that some of them were written "après mon retour au catholicisme." There is a notable difference between the kind of man who "returns," and the kind who gets converted—a difference in favour of the former. I feel that the discussion of this later work belongs rather to a detailed study of Jammes' development than to a hurried and rather superficial survey of the contemporary poetry of Flaubert. I have the life of M. Jammes seen quite clearly, and that the "return" is more than a literary pose. To the critic not wholly in sympathy, literary pose. To the critic not wholly in sympathy,
Readers and Writers.

Mr. Wells invited the Editorial footnote to his letter of last week, for there he was, self-confessedly "bothering about the distribution of his Press copies." Whether Mr. Wells is among the authors who "bother" a very great deal about their Press-notices is another matter. In the absence of any private knowledge of his instructions to his publishers I have only the evidence common to everybody; but from this I can deduce, having been behind the scenes, a little more than most people. My impression is certainly that Mr. Wells, like Mr. Shaw, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Phillips, and others, does concern himself with the "market reports" of his literary commodities, and does bring what pressure he can to bear to determine the nature of those reports. I do not suggest that this is illegitimate or much to be wondered at. Writers whose works make money bring the compliment of their publishers, and the courtesy of their writers; and we are consequently free from the least self-suspicion of obligation. But what does gall my kibes is the spectacle of authors and publishers pretending publicly that they are on the look-out for independent judgment, and privately practising every art of suppressing those very things. In my mind they are little better than politicians.

A recent note on the Socialist Press has brought me a protest on behalf of "Justice" in particular. I am not concerned to deny that "Justice" is the best of the bunch; it is. I have only to repeat my remark that journals which must be agreeable to their patrons and whose element for money are not a source of strength but of weakness. Not one, I think, of the Socialist or Labour papers is within the region of paying; and all have, therefore, to pass round the cap occasionally. The most shameless, undoubtedly, is the "Daily Citizen," whose mendicancy draws tens of thousands of pounds from the trade unions. The remedy, if anybody asks me, for this wretched parasitism of journalists upon wage-earners, is simple: either these journals should be privately subsidised, or their price should be raised to enable them to dispense with advertisements. The third course is to cease publication.

In Washington a "Sociological Fund" has been formed for the purpose, among others, of subsidising "social reform" plays. Already one play—Brieux’s "Damaged Goods"—has been launched from privacy into paying publicity by this means; and now one of François Coppee’s novels has been adapted for production. The "lesson" of Brieux’s play is, as everybody knows, the danger of syphilis—a perpetually attractive subject; of Coppee’s novel, the lesson, if I remember, was the injustice of illegitimacy. A movement (probably two or three people exist) are told in America to legitimise bastardies by giving them a title to their father’s name; and Coppee is brought in to assist it. The idea of the "Sociological Fund" is, as propaganda, excellent. Harnessing the theatre to reform is quite, I think, the probable development that social reformers will take. Nor is there any objection in my opinion to plays being written for reformatory ends. On the contrary, all works of art have a moral purpose or they are nothing in my estimation. Criticism, however, must begin with the questions of the plane on which the evil and its suggested remedy are supposed to operate, and of the adaptation of means to ends by the artist in his moral propaganda. The evils of syphilis and bastardy, though comparatively, are not considerably, are not much more important relatively; and in any case they are not concerned to morals. In other words, I do not think that either of them will find more than a third-rate dramatist to touch it. First-rate dramatists have infinitely greater concerns to mind. The adaptation of means to ends is likewise a matter of judgment. Supposing the grievance to be temporal, the competent dramatist on this level should at least fail in this, he has failed in the lesser mysteries of his art.

Mr. Shaw’s defence of his "Androcles and the Lion" against the attacks of the "divines" does not strike me as very effective. Indeed, long after his buzzing brilliance is out of my ears, I find it hard to sum up what he has said. Is there any "gist" in Shaw at all or ever? Does he know the situation? Or is he a "moral" playwright? Is the story of the beast and the prince nothing? It is absurd for him to go on repeating that an honest Christian would infallibly find himself in prison. He knows that such talk is cant. Before the "New Statesman" appeared Mr. Shaw said in an interview that he should consider himself lucky if the hitman who escaped prison (prison again) for a couple of issues. There have been twenty-six; Mr. Shaw, I believe, has read, and our reviews apparently please nobody but ourselves. Besides, with so many libraries, the books can be got without the smallest inconvenience upon the

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written in most of them; he is not only still out of prison, but he and his staff are well on the way to knighthood or some such Government honour. Again, he pretends to find the world shocking and divines in general a set of self-deluded scoundrels; but his language is much stronger than his feelings; in short, it is mere rhetoric. For instance, in his reply to the Rev. Morgan Gibbon, of whom, ex hypothesi, he thinks ill, neither has, in anybody else's opinion, insulted in his life; and bound in good taste, the volume not only contains the general reader nor, I dare wage, the Rev. Morgan Gibbon himself, can sense anything sincerely offensive. Theoretically Mr. Shaw is in a state of manly indignation; actually he is damned amiable. It is not true, either, that Mr. Shaw does not "sneeze" and that when he despies a thing he "insults it in the most unmit-takable direct terms." I remember nothing that he has, in anybody else's opinion, insulted in his life; and sneering is surely only fault-finding without fault-feel-ing. On partial consideration—for I confess that Mr. Shaw is still an enigma—I should summarise his whole doctrine as: Be brilliant or bust. If anybody cares to change or" into "and," I shall not dispute the difference.

* * *

Apart from its contents, which I personally find almost unreadable, the "Prose and Poetry (1856-1870)" of William Morris, issued by the Oxford University Press, is a model publication. No publishers in the world, I think, can equal it. Beautifully printed on good paper and bound in cloth of the same quality as the volume, it not only contains over 650 pages of text, but its end-papers are entirely free from advertisements of any kind. In fact, as far as the publishers can make it, the book is a book. And the price, if you will believe me, is eighteenpence. To the same series belongs "The Pageant of English Poetry," edited by R. M. Leonard. This anthology (600 pp., 15s. 6d.) I may say, has scarcely been out of my sight since first it was published. It contains 1,190 poems by 300 English authors, and it is hardly one I would leave out. The Morris' volume, by the way, contains "The Life and Death of Janson," one of the longest and dreariest poems ever thrice published. His patience at tapestry must have stood Morris in good stead while he was stitching this volume. The same applies to Long's "Marcus Aurelius" and "The Pageant of English Poetry"; the former of which on the spectator is produced at a glance, the latter that I would rather handle it than the existing edition. Smooth covers like those of the new Scott library would, I think, have been preferable. My real objection, however, to the series, is that it began at the wrong end. Outside Messrs. Bell, who says Bohn's Classical Library. With the absurd subscription of Loeb library of classics manifestly missing their mark, a shilling reprint of the famous Bohs would certainly have been successful commercially. From a literary point of view, moreover, such a series is indispensable to the popular renaissance that is now long overdue. I wish Messrs. Bell would begin it at once.

Writing of cheap books, I have recently had in my hands and examined several of Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack's latest publications. Some of them are marvels of compilation as well as of design. I am not referring to the series named the "People's Books" (6d. net each) which now contains over a hundred volumes each by a passable specialist; but to such works as Mr. Innes' "History of the British Nation" (illustrated; 1,000 pp., 3s. 6d. net); "Jack's Reference Book" (1,098 pp., 3s. 6d. net), and now to "The New Encyclopaedia" (1,026 pp., quarto, 7s. 6d. net). Encyclopaedias, I confess are not much in my line. They appear to me always to contain too little or too much; but at a distance from the source of them, I find, necessary even if irritating. "The New Encyclopaedia" is as good as the best of its kind, which perhaps at its price is all that need be said of it.

Neither the reviews nor the sales (up to the present) of Mr. Rosciszewski's "Caricatures" do much to soften my impression of the general state of active intelligence. Of passive intelligence, that is, of a kind of led appreciation, there is a great deal in the world. Under skilful bell-wethering the majority of people are willing to follow in flocks practically anybody. But this kind of affectability is of little use to pioneers who scorn to employ a bell; in other words, to pioneers who are gaining somehow. Of all the reviews that have so far appeared, the best were published in the "Athenaeum" and the "Daily Express." In both journals the writers of the reviews really appeared not only to know something of the meaning of caricature, but to have had the courage to pronounce their judgment. The reviews in the "Star," the "Evening News," and "T. P.'s Weekly" were some of the feeblest that ever appeared in print. "T. P.'s Weekly," I believe, is edited by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, who professes to be a connoisseur in new artists. I confess I take it as a very poor mark, a shilling reprint of the famous Bohns would certainly have been successful commercially. From a literary point of view, moreover, such a series is indispensable to the popular renaissance that is now long overdue. I wish Messrs. Bell would begin it at once.

No reason has been offered by the custodians of "Punch" for the change in the cover of the journal; but the reason is clear to any journalist. The new cover of art-paper capable of taking colour permits the publication of a class of highly paid advertisements hitherto barred. In other words, the change is due to greed of profit. The colour-printing of the new cover is in my judgment execrable; so, too, is the paper employed. In America, whose magazines have apparently been "Punch's" model, at least the colour-printing is competent. Great smears of mustard and the "Punch" for the change in the cover of the journal; but the reason is clear to any journalist. The new cover of art-paper capable of taking colour permits the publication of a class of highly paid advertisements hitherto barred. In other words, the change is due to greed of profit. The colour-printing of the new cover is in my judgment execrable; so, too, is the paper employed. In America, whose magazines have apparently been "Punch's" model, at least the colour-printing is competent. Great smears of mustard and
The Steam Cloud.

With no other object but that of seeking personalities I drifted from the Strand into Charing Cross Station. "Surely," I had said to myself, "in this great terminus, and exit from civilisation, whose glittering arms stretch out to embrace the earth—here, there is surely the possibility of coming face to face with one inspiring countenance—some traveller, maybe, setting forth to a distant land; a human being consumed with joy at the thought of escaping from London." In this mood I have haunted many great railway stations. In disapproving out loud by introducing myself to the nearest porter who chances to be idle. I have discovered that by avoiding all mention of luggage it is possible to make a porter forget his truck. It is not easy, but it can be done. The mistake that the majority of individuals would make in attempting to free the consciousness of a railway porter would be this: they would attempt to break the ice by making a remark either about luggage or about trains. But where these things are concerned the railway porter is impersonal and mechanical; he responds to your questioning without inspiration; when he talks of luggage he is himself—luggage; when he directs you to a certain platform he is nothing more than a sign-post.

That is why in a station that possesses a special knowledge of flowers. Approach this man quietly (without luggage), speak the word "bulb," and the miracle is accomplished. I have talked with this particular porter until the station has become transformed into Kew Gardens, and the smell of engine-smoke into the fragrance of honeysuckle. I saw him this afternoon, shouting "Backs, please!" sweating in front of a huge pile of luggage, which belonged to a smart gentleman who strutted beside him; this gentleman wore a red rose and smoked a cigar. I perceived that the porter had an eye fixed admiringly upon the rose, and the other upon the pile of trunks which he was pushing. But I knew that the smart gentleman would not speak the mystic word, and would consequently miss a very charming and illuminating conversation.

I wandered from the bookstall to the cloakroom, from the cloakroom to the barriers, from the barriers to the entrance, and then back again to the bookstall. The crowd of men and women grew denser each minute. The suburbs mingled with the Continentals, the over-seas with the over-land. Human beings pressed me upon all sides; I was swept here and there, I came into contact with hundreds of fellow-creatures, but this experience was meaningless; they were the unconscious waves of a leaden sea; they did not dance even as do the waves, but oozed steadily forward like black paint squeezed from a tube. I looked into these faces for the joyous personality that I sought, but each countenance was stern, wooden, and unapproachable. They expressed neither joy, nor despair, nor hope, nor fear, nor surprise, nor anything that I could conceive: what was the divine word, I wondered, that would unlock these faces and set free their souls. I looked in vain even for an eager face. The procession continued uninterrupted for half an hour. The bookstall caught them between the barriers and the entrance of the station. They were attracted to it as moths to a brilliant light, their eyes brightened artificially, and were held and fascinated by the cute covers of magazines and novels which were so attractively displayed around the station. Travellers with only a few moments to spare elbowed their breathless way along from book to book. A young lady pushed past me and carefully inspected the covers of several cheap novels, opening the pages of one as if there in a haphazard and altogether pitiful fashion. "Can you recommend this?" she inquired of the boy in uniform who paraded around the stall. This youth assured her of the merit of the particular novel and ventured the information that over one hundred copies had already been sold. "Oh, very well, then," she exclaimed, fishing for money in her purse-bag, "I'll take this one." The paper-boy flipped a shilling over the counter to his chief, I moved round to the farther end of the bookstall and scrutinised the long line of faces which confronted the man behind the counter. He was dealing papers like clockwork. When a paper was called for, his right hand passed unhesitatingly over the wide expanse of journals which lay before him to the one required, while with his left hand he took the money and threw it with an unerring aim into the till behind him. He had an unconscious habit of repeating the name of the journal required—"Tit-Bits"—"(clink) yessir"—"T.P.'s Mail"—"(clink) Yessir"—"Everyman"—"(clink) Yessir"—"Winning Post"—"(clink) Yessir"—"Pall Mail"—"(clink) Yessir"—"Answers"—"(clink) Yessir." It seemed that he had a kind of system which enabled him to serve with this great economy of time. I noticed that he had arranged the more popular journals side by side in a straight line nearest to his right hand. Reading from the left—"Tit-Bits," "T.P.'s Weekly," "Answers," "Ideas," "London Mail," "Everyman," "Winning Post," and "London Opinion."

After twenty minutes I grew so tired of hearing these same names continually repeated that I moved away from the bookstall and strolled into the first-class waiting-room. It was represented by a line of third-class passengers it seemed that their heads had been removed and, in their place, a periodical stuck upon their shoulders. There was Miss "T.P.'s Weekly," Mrs. "Tit-Bits," Mr. "Answers," Master "Ally Sloper," "Uncle "Ideas," Aunt "Red Magazine," and Mother-in-law "Pearson's Weekly." Other close relations were represented by "Town Topics," "The Weekly Welcome," "Everyman," and "London Life." I noted one very important fact; that no matter what paper was being read, the quality of personality was entirely lacking. I walked up to the platform and asked Mr. Mother-in-law "Whether Mr. Mother-in-law is escaping from London, or whether he was stuck in it, or whether he was aware of his existence at all, or "fed-up" with it—this was impossible to tell, and so it was with all of them. I was suddenly overwhelmed with the horror which I had experienced in Madame Tussaud's Waxworks, when I found myself surrounded by yellow dead dummies with staring glass eyes. I left the wax-works hurriedly and went once more into the station. Suddenly an engine shrieked piercingly; it grunted, groaned, spat and hissed, then exploded vast clouds of steam which ascended pure and white into the grimy dome of the station, blotting out the black ribs of the roof.

Arthur F. Thorn.
Views and Reviews.

When I said, in my last article, that the economic problem might be complicated at any moment by the introduction of a psychological factor, I was not offering a merely tentative criticism of an academic argument. I knew, as everyone knows, that all criticism of social or economic problems is an attempt to introduce such a complication, and that in theory, at least, the problem long ago was so complicated. But it will be remembered that the particular complication that I thought might be effective was the refusal of Labour to accept its share of the commodity in the economics of capitalism. There can be no doubt of the revolutionary nature of such a refusal; the mere idea alone suffices to shift the centre of sympathy and of interest from economics to human nature. In Mr. Kenney’s mind, the “men” precede the “rails” in order of importance; he says: “I desire to state the case for a more rational treatment of railway problems in the hope that it will lead to a more humane treatment of the men.”

Mr. Kenney should, as the writer of “Notes of the Week” said, conclude “an argument originally intended to establish nationalisation with a non sequitur in the form of advocacy of the Guilds,” was only natural. The mere economic change involved in nationalisation would do nothing for the men; and if Mr. Kenney jumped from his syllogism back to his premise, no Englishman at least will object to his preference for reason instead of mere logic.

The facts adduced by Mr. Kenney are of such a nature that no merely economic change such as the substitution of State for private monopoly will alter them. The necessity of what is called “economic” working would remain, nay, it might even be intensified; for, apart from the “interest” that would be paid instead of “dividends,” the State would attempt, at least, to obtain some revenue from the railways, the traders would expect better terms than the companies now offer, and the travelling public would howl for lower fares. Expenses would still have to be kept down; and what that phrase means may be understood by a reference to Mr. Kenney’s description of capstan work on the railways.

Last year, he says casually, one in eight capstans was killed or injured; make here a few quotations to enlighten those readers who might not have known something of the subject. “The capstans are bell-shaped and when one of these is pressed down by the capstanman’s hand to be coiled up behind the capstan, the capstan gains greater speed, and the hook swings round and round at a terrific rate. Anyone within reach of the swinging hook is lucky to escape with nothing worse than a broken limb. In our yard a nipper was once caught and knocked to pieces in this way.”

The ordinary person will only need the assurance that there are rules and regulations applicable to this work to enable him to forget that one in eight capstans was killed or injured last year. “Of course,” says Mr. Kenney, “we had rules to regulate our work and prevent us from running needless risks. The nippers must not go below waist height, buffers should never be used for coupling and uncoupling, every wagon must be effectively scotched before being swung round on the turntable, capstans were not to use ravelled or frayed ropes or ropes with knots, no wagon was to be moved until every knotted rope on it had been cut off, no wagons were to be touched by the buffers or the drivers and dozens of other things.” These were the rules. Excellent rules. But had I been unfortunate enough to kill a man during my period, I should certainly have been tried for manslaughter, for I paid no attention whatever to them. I broke the rules every day and all day. We had to accomplish a certain amount of work in a given time, and to do this it was impossible to keep the nippers and buffers from coupling and uncoupling work wagons. “The nippers were of the company’s own invention,” he says. “They were so constructed that the bottom laps grip the rough edges between buffers, shunting poles must be perfectly straight, and must not be frayed or ropes with knots, no wagon was to be moved until it was freed from ropes and knots.”

We would run any risk with a trained man to handle the ropes, but sometimes even a trained man has to handle the ropes. “‘Expenses must be cut down,’ said the manager, ‘and what that phrase means may be understood by a reference to Mr. Kenney’s description of capstan work on the railways.”

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The company must have thought that they had constructed the nippers for the benefit of the workers. “I have dwelt at length on this one matter to illustrate what ought to be a truism, that until the centre of interest is shifted from economics to human nature, no change can be engineered in the working conditions of men. If capitalist economics tend to monopoly, and we are influenced only by economic considerations, the rage for economy of which Mr. Kenney speaks would be at least as noticeable under a State as under a private régime. Capstans would still have to use unravelled ropes, scotches would still be invisible, capstans would still be used though loose in their bearings, and so on.”

It is certain that, until the “men” precede the “rails” in order of importance, there is no hope of any considerable reduction of the mortality among these men, or of
any improvement in their working conditions. Industrial efficiency, measured by "profits" or "revenue," means that a capitalist must work with inefficient tools, for tools cost more than men. As Mr. Kenney quotes: "One reason unblushingly given for doing nothing for railway employees was that, "If railroads kill fifty men to-day, they can get fifty more to-morrow at the same price.""

Whatever economic arrangements may be made, it is certain that there is no way of minimising the risks of railway work except by the men taking over the management of their own labour. The Napoleonic maxim: "La carrière ouverte aux talents": is obviously applicable only to the men. Management of their labour from above is really impossible, unless we are to disregard human life; one can only make rules and regulations of the present system of management, which are rendered ineffective by the main economic considerations which guide the whole business. That the men are at last discovering that, to be reasonably safe in their minds, or thrown up in violent contrast to the welfare read by the readers will read the book. Certainly, if they do they must not be limited by economic considerations, is a fair maxim in their conditions except as a result of their own efforts, is one of the most hopeful signs. Economics is not to be solved by economies: the human will alone can determine the status of Labour, and if the long-suffering of the men is not eternal, we may yet see a revival of human industry.

I am aware that, as a review, this article is not competent. The contents of the book are not indicated, nor have I troubled to state the steps by which Mr. Kenney arrived at his non sequitur. I trust that my readers will read the book. Certainly, if they do, they will find the economic considerations fading from their minds, or thrown up in violent contrast to the welfare of the men. Terms of purchase, nominal capital, consideration boards, Parliamentary interference, and so on, what do they matter when what is forced upon our attention is that the men are not able to take ordinary precautions to safeguard their own lives? That is the primary problem; and it is not to be solved by any elaboration of the present system of management. The State may own, but the men must manage; and it is to Mr. Kenney's credit that he has made this fact perfectly clear to us. That the railwaymen are rapidly realising the hopelessness of expecting any improvement in their condition from a result of their own efforts, is one of the most hopeful signs. Economics is already complicated by the introduction of a psychological factor.

From "Multatuli."

(Translated from the Dutch by P. Selver.)

"But," say the pious, "your comparison is not exact. We know well what is pleasing to our Lord. He has deigned to reveal that to us." Aha? Let's hear.

First Pious Man: He desires psalms.

No, cries the Second Pious Man, I honour him by turning round and round.

Third Pious Man: I speak through my nose. I'm sure he likes that.

Fourth Pious Man: I bore myself every Sunday in his honour.

Fifth Pious Man: I breakfast with Ezekiel.

Sixth Pious Man: I read a book every day, that not a soul can make head or tail of. If that's not enough for him, all I can say is that he wants a good deal.

Eleventh Pious Man: That's all wrong. The right way to get him is in a good temper, to build a large house, and once a week to assemble there and listen to something that you know just as well as the one who tells it, and that you understand just as little as he does. "Indecent," I say, "I'm always calling Nuther that I'm a wretched creature, unfit for any good. That ought to impress him pleasantly."

Ninth Pious Man: I sup four times a year in broad daylight.

Tenth Pious Man: I investigate his Nature, and provide him with: diversion, by the declaration that he is threefold.

Eleventh Pious Man: Rubbish! Modern rhetoric... . belief combined with chemistry. That's the real thing.

Twelfth Pious Man: Absolutely mistaken! Codfish on Friday. That's what he likes.

Thirteenth Pious Man: All wrong! Not one of you knows. You ought... .

Stop. Thirteenth Pious Man! "Not one of you knows" Q.E.D.—("Ideen," No. 431-)

I knew a milliner who had an unnatural child. "Unnatural" I say for the honour of the milliner, who was married. Presently I will tell you the father's name.

The good fortune of her child, and dressed it as tastefully as she could. A ribbon here, a ribbon there. Some plain, some gaudy. The mother's only enjoyment was to busy herself with her child's finery.

And if anybody said: That colour is too red, or too yellow, or too faint... . that border too broad, that veil too thick, that gauze too flimsy... . if anybody complained about lack of taste or lack of fitness—nobody thought of reproaching the careful mother of lack of love for her child.

The mother's name was Parable. Poietes was the father's name.

And Truth was the name of the child that the mother was so fond of adorning.

Once she displayed her child, and asked with her eyes:

"How do you like my child, my treasure, my all? Just look at the colour!"

"The yellow stripe is nice."

"Yellow... . those cheeks yellow? That is pink! Yellow?"

"I was speaking about the frock."

Again she displayed her child and asked with her eyes:

"How do you like my child, my treasure, my all? Splendid, isn't it? See how clean, and how red, and the veins!"

"There's too much starch."

"Starch in my child's arms?"

"I was speaking about the frock."

Again the careful mother displayed her child, and asked with her eyes:

"How do you like my child, my treasure, my all? See these limbs, this plumpness, these curves!"

"The body's too short."

"My child's body too short?"

"I was speaking about the frock."

Then the mother grew vexed. It troubled her that nobody looked at her child. True, she liked to adorn her darling, but it grieved her that the adornment prevented people from seeing the child.

Grief makes people unreasonable. Parable became angry with Poietes, who could not help it. She left his beard board, and assumed her maiden name, Ameleia. She tore off the baby's false frock that stole away the attention. Thereupon she showed her child to many people, and asked with her eyes:

"How do you like my child, my treasure, my all?"

"One of the way said:"

"Indecent."

The others said nothing. They had not understood the mother's question, and did not see the child.

That troubled Ameleia. She became reconciled with Poietes, who eagerly agreed. And she called herself Parable as before, and adorned her child as of old.

"Ah," she cried, "now after all they will see the frock and the pretty stripes and the ribbons! Perhaps in the end they will pay heed to my child, and find it more beautiful than its adornment."—("Ideen," Nos. 79-81.)

A very stale joke. Professor Z was friendly with apothecary Y. He invited him to his house to tea, in a note that got lost. The finder knew the flourish in the
signature and deciphered the rest. He found in it a remedy against cramp in horned cattle. Now some-

"Ideen," No. 95.

"Child, do you know where your father is?"

"No."

"Ha, ha, ha... he has no father!"

The child began to cry. And I understood its crying. There is something malicious in the alpha privans of the word atheist.

I know not, reader, whether you are a man or a woman.

I doubt the existence of sea-serpents and political honesty.

I deny the return of yesterday.

Those who "know" often confuse the words I have underlined. And the confusion is to their advantage. Cleverness in expression, gentlemen!

When you hear an individual talking about principles... be cautious. When you hear a statesman talking about systems... be cautious.

When you hear a theologian talking about dogmas... be cautious. —("Ideen," Nos. 98–100.)

If the existence of God is to be proved from Nature, we have to depend upon "ists" and "isms," and the conceptions of God depend upon a speck in the lens of the microscope, upon the error of a millimetre in the graduation of a thermometer or another meter, upon the iron in the neighbourhood of a compass, upon incorrectly calculated refraction, upon defective achromatism in a spy-glass, upon, upon...

Upon goodness knows what in.

Sirius is so many miles away, so: God is great.

Infusoria hold converse with other infusoria, who understand and grasp what is said, so: God is great.

This fish has a fin that enables it to make a turn with an angle of 180 degrees, so: God is great.

All this has been discovered by Professor A, Doctor B, and Anatomist C, and these three God-serving natural scientists are the theologians of the day.

On the following day it turns out.

That Sirius is one mile further away: God is a mile greater.

That the infusoria have been wrongly understood: God is wrongly understood.

That this fish is less agile than was supposed, and for a turn it requires an angle with a nought less in the decimal: There is a nought less in the decimal of the estimation of God.

If, nevertheless, I want to dream and guess and ponder over what I do not know, I keep in with the dreamy, old-fashioned theology. The study of Nature is the best study, but nothing can be learned from it... except Nature, that is, everything. And for the very reason that God is outside everything, he cannot be learned from nature.—("Ideen," No. 102.)

I will tell you how humility came into the world.

Pygmy was small of stature, but he liked to look over other people's heads. He managed that rarely, because he was so terribly small.

He went about travelling, and sought people who were smaller than he was, but he did not find them. But his desire, to peep over the heads of others, became more acute and more ardent.

He came to Patagonia, where the people are of such a size that a child can look over its father's head immediately after its birth.

Pygmy did not like that... in another. But through despair, he were taller than himself, he hit on a plan. He invented a virtue, which prescribed as its first principle:—He who is taller than Pygmy must bow down beneath Pygmy's level of vision. And the novelty caught on. All the Patagonians were virtuous.

If anybody, by walking upright, sinned against the "first principles" of Pygmy's virtue, he was punished in a curious way. All that were humped and virtuous, leaped on the back of the stubborn man, and dragged him down until his head reached the level of Patagonian virtue. And he bore all Patagonia on his shoulders without becoming virtuous, was put in the pillory with a tablet on which was written a Patagonian word, whose real meaning was:—"This man stood in Pygmy's way."

This word is translated into our language as: pride.

("Ideen," No. 109.)

Aristophanes or Tailharde?

By T. K. L.

There are people who become bitter at the mention of Tailharde. These are they that cherish the remnants of hero-worship. Tailharde has limpidly claimed to be the modern Aristophanes: hence hatred of Tailharde. I comfort these grateful friends of the Greek. Consider your Aristophanes bellowing with passion at the indignities of life in decadent Athens. Tailharde, in decadent Paris—grins, my good fellow! Why, Aristophanes himself was a hot-blooded hero-worshipper. You remit his rage at 600,

Witness, ye deities! witness his blasphemies!

You to compare with Themistocles! you!

Tailharde would content himself with two double-entendres against the chiepest low rogue in Paris. He matches its art with the Athenian's. Pardonnez moi! I protest to see Monsieur Tailharde with eyes even more clear than his own. He resembles Aristophanes. Granted. But the Frenchman forgets to price his modernity. We are too much arrives nowadays to compare so precisely with the ancients. You must come at least to Catullus for the beginning of our modern vast large virtue of enjoying the decline of power. Tailharde, bless us, guzzles (he would approve the word) the rot of his nation. The, the Greek vomited united to the modern Tailharde for his attitude towards all traitors. Because he has no attitude! He names his object. He presents it. He makes no comment. He washes his hands of theories. He does not attempt to justify or condemn anybody's ways to anybody or anything else. He is so true to all facts and impressions. Now, how does he compare with Aristophanes?

To revive the vile has ever been accounted just and right.

That is opinionative—Greek! In modern Paris, we don't revile the vile. We grin at the bourgeois. We catalogue such human objects as the excitable call vile, but our most strenuous criticism is our passing grin at the bourgeois. In the following verse Tailharde approaches this sort of criticism:

Upon the little pleasure-boats
The common people crowd and stuff,
With their kids whose nose they wipe,
But do not wipe enough.

Persons have objected that children and their little frailties are not decently to be made objects of derision. Tailharde, that unabashed, unashamed, poet, cares nothing for decency. What is decency to him? An abstraction! He is only interested in Facts. Hear him on the irrefutable fact unobscured by comment:

The ugly women who unravel sonatas
Come out of Erard's the concert ended,
And on the greasy card they jostle Phryne,
Offering for the best offer the gold of her false hair.
They come from hearing Ladislas TappiPoint
The Hungarian pianist praised by "Le Figaro."

This is what is called "rendering one's own time in the terms of one's own time." The very best I can call
Aristophanes is more ambitious than the above clear statement, is mixed with anger, irony, adulterated by unconceivable contempt and hatred of sham which almost destroy one's calm view of the objects.

Demosthenes meets with the Sausage-Seller whom he urges to supplicate Cleon as ruler of Athens.

S. S.: Are there any means of making a great man Of a sausage-selling fellow such as I?

Dem.: Alas! But why do ye say so? What's the meaning Of these misgivings? I discern within ye A promise and an inward consciousness Of greatness. Tell me truly: are ye allied To the families of gentry?

S. S.: Naugh, not I; I'm come from a common ordinary kindred, Of the lower order.

Dem.: What a happiness!

What a footing it will give ye! What a groundwork For confidence and power at your outset!

S. S.: But bless ye! only consider my education! I can barely read . . . in a kind of way.

Dem.: That makes against ye!—the only thing against ye— The being able to read in any way: For now, no lead or influence is allowed To liberal arts or learned education. But to the brutal, base, and under-bred. You may call this "rendering one's time in the terms of one's time," but it is much too much more than just that. It is also rendering one's time in the terms of one's own opinions, that opinions happening there to be held with an almost visibly throbbing anger. I have mentioned Catullus as better comparable than Aristophanes with Tailharde. But even Catullus wanders from the object. His poetic diction frequently needs to be clarified. Tailharde's diction is as plain as the commonest gossip. It is what may be called the "prose tradition" of poetry. What? It may not be called anything of the rubbishy sort! My friend, you are indulging in a personal opinion? What? I am reckoning prose like Molière's bourgeois hero who discovered that he had been speaking prose all his life! Perhaps I am, perhaps I am not. What? Poetry is a totally different art from prose, and is never to be confounded with or mistaken for prose! Well, to quiet you, I reply with the simple understanding that we must think enough of my numerous friends' poetry has actually been mistaken for prose! I can't help it if this age of ours is resolved to make prose-poetry. I merely state the fact. You may sneer about the "stupendous genius" of Aristophanes, and his Tailharde for his parlance "Cockney talent." You will get the success of those who argue that the "great satirists" attacked morals while the others concern themselves only with manners. You will get such a success; but you will not, therefore, disturb the pens of poets who, above all things, abhor a mission. We proceed. Hear Tailharde on the Louvre, aptly catching the spirit of picture-galleries:

These tourists wear waterproofs yellowish-grey. With half-boots such as voyagers put on; In front of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Watteau They halt to consult Guide John.

I absolutely cannot find anything in Aristophanes to compare with this for sheer uncommetioned fact. He will be forever at his opinions.

Then the stripling, their accuser, fresh from training, bold and quick, Pleads in person, fencing, sparring, using every turn and trick. Grappling with the feeble culprit, dragging him to dangerous ground. Info pitfalls of dilemma, to perplex him and confound.

It is no use seeking for bare fact in Aristophanes; and for this reason I opine that Monsieur Tailharde does not belong on the Greek shelf. Even what these two poets really have in common—the double entendre—each employs in such singularly distinct fashion that comparison is nearly valueless. Aristophanes was obliged to use double-entendre, for he dealt with subjects that might easily have involved his head! He was attacking—and attacking men of supreme political power. M. Tailharde uses double-entendre because he will. It occurs to him while he coolly amuses himself with his grocer and the fat nuns who ride in omnibuses. When Aristophanes savagely depicted an Athenian in the act of buying fish in the Agora, the audience knew their cell well enough; its tail was in the pocket of some political jobber! The current slang, in fact, smelled all of politics. M. Tailharde also employs the slang of his time; but without temper or politics.

In der demoiseille a mis un chapeau rouge vif.

It need not arouse any comment—"The young lady has put on a vivid red bonnet." Only the young lady might mildly blush to find M. Tailharde here employing the catchword popular thirty years ago among the "dogg's" of Paris, from whom it descended to the Lycers, where no doubt Tailharde picked it up, indifferently.

Of course it is not that Tailharde never anywhere expresses a predilection. In sacrificing upon the altar of that profound and delicate genius, Marcel Schwob, he appears to choose the offering:

Too much stockfish and copious lentils— Sole refection of the faithful— Adorn with edifying belches

The consecration of the spiritual.

Netheless, you will be hard put to it to discover whether Monsieur Tailharde feels delight or repulsion throughout his clarified statement of his own time—or, rather, of so much of it as he elects to enshrine in his pleasing and erudite poems.

Art.

Raw Material at the Dudley Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ladovici.

In the love of the immature and of the unhandseled so prevalent in England to-day, there is a certain hostility to culture and civilization which is as morbid as it is dangerous. The delight which the common or garden English girl, woman, man or youthlet, feels at the sight of an uncouth landscape of tangled brushwood, bracken, brambles and rocks, has, as Schiller pointed out a century ago, a patently false origin, an aesthetic valuation of a certain naiveté. It is delight in the presence of chaos, of anarchy, or over a lack of restraint, design or purpose. But this is obviously a delight in the very reverse of the pillars of culture and civilization. It denotes a mental attitude which is deliberately, to a set plan and, above all, to the hand of man. It betrays a barbarian's loathing of any principle which would be more powerful than Hobbes' famous "bellum omnium contra omnes," and which would control this eternal ding-dong purposeless battle. At the present day seven-eighths of so-called cultured English people, who throw up their hands in horror at the unbridled deeds of the women suffragists, are yet foolish and muddle-headed enough to admire and enjoy the very principle of disorder in their attitude towards nature. Artistically they are anarchists and barbarians; but as Art has been enasculated and made an innocuous pastime with which even little schoolgirls can play, it is assumed that you can be an anarchist or a barbarian in the matter of pictures, or in the matter of your taste in scenery, without in the least involving yourself in any serious charge of wishing to subvert society. We have grown so recklessly stupid that we imagine that a moral attitude which condemns anarchy and chaos in society is merely an attack on our own personal opinion. Such an attitude in Art can have no bearing on our attitude towards life.

But of course it has. It is one and the same thing with our attitude towards life. And if we see this love of the uncouth, of the uncultivated and of rude, unhandeded nature prevalent to-day, we know precisely why we see it. We know as surely as if the fact were written up in large letters before us, that it is not a
mere coincidence, but a necessary result of the modern barbarian attitude towards everything.

Now what applies to the love of rude, unhandsomed Nature also applies to the undue love and exaltation of children. Schiller, quite the profoundest of the Romanticic Scholastics, in his essay already quoted, says: "Our childhood is the only example of ungarbled nature. It is the refuge of cowards in any age in which culture and civilisation are beginning to show signs of being badly managed, or it may simply be the unutterable attitude of the sentimentalist. In a country like England, however, it may be even less than that; it may simply be the hereditary love of a nation of manufacturers for raw material.

In any case it is completely hopeless. You cannot cure bad maturity by exalting mere immaturity to the clouds. However ghastly our failure as adults may be, there is no reason for disliking modern maturity to the clouds. However ghastly our failure in immaturity may be, we should be able to argue with these wretches, and show them where they stand. In explaining what he conceived to be the essential charm of childhood, Schiller, in the essay already quoted, says: "Our childhood is the only example of ungarbled nature (unverstummelte Natur) that we are still able to find in cultured humanity." Thus, the mere lack of this "garbling" or cultivation, becomes in his eyes something charming. This is, in fact, his chief ground for admiring the child. And it is the chief ground of all those of the present day who unconsciously follow his example. Obviously it involves a negative attitude towards man's culture, and seeks its solace in the canonisation of the mere absence of culture. But even if we grant that there are just reasons for disliking modern civilisation, surely this pig-headed worship of its absence alone, is the most futile and undignified escape from the dilemma!

To console yourself in the meanwhile by adoration of mere potentials is simply because there is still an element of the unknown and of the hopeful about them, is obviously the stupidest thing of all. A man who, after ascending a steep hill from a sweet valley, found himself beset on all sides with difficulties of an alarming nature, would certainly be suspected of nothing short of lunacy, if he sat down and smilingly contemplated for the rest of his days the valley he had just left behind. But this is practically the position assumed by the sentimental worshipper of the immature, and all that it involves. And Schiller almost self-sacrificingly honest on this point. He says we are charmed by children "not because we look down upon the child from the height of our power and our perfection; but because we look up from the narrowness of our state (which is inseparable from the fixness to which we have attained) to the unlimited potentialities of the child." This, however, is obviously the attitude only of the impotent and cowardly failure (not necessarily in material things), who buries his head in the sand rather than look just his tingled or ruined.

All these things are perfectly clear. Every thinker of any status at all knows them long before he reads a page of Schiller, and however valuable Schiller's ingenuous confession may be to him, as a confirmation of his worst suspicions, it is not exactly a pre-requisite for his indictment of the modern cult of childhood. Schiller, who nevertheless hold that poet's views. That which dumbfounds and exasperates such a thinker, however, is to find that great, big, full-blown nabobs of the Press, men who dare to call themselves critics, guides of public opinion, and men of taste, should have the impudence to put a line to paper without having dreamt of ever admiring the child—without having ever imagined that such things were!

For, the worst aspect of the general tendency to admire and court the immature in England, from the undue adulation of the infant to the frenzied censoring of the flapper, is the loss of caste, and with it the loss of order and of proper discipline in the education of childhood, which this worst of all kinds of barbarian madness brings in its train.

An instance of this prevalent vice is afforded by the ridiculous prostrate attitude of the highly respectable Press, before the work of Daphne Allen at the Dudley Galleries.

Put all suspicion of captiousness aside, ye gentlemen of the Press, from Sir Claude Phillips downwards, and listen to me. Why, then, should I be left alone to protect this unfortunate child, Daphne Allen, and, in her person, all the more or less gifted children of England, from your deadly drooling embrace? It is bad enough that a pack of hydrocephalous and gushing adults should be found to every artist or moderately talented child. But the miseries of the British Isles, and when these adults happen to be parents one can at least pity if not forgive their foolishness. But when a lot of grown-up men, with Sir Claude Phillips at their head, join their hymns of praise to the rest, and write pompously about this child's nursery productions, as if they really constituted a serious event in the art world, it is time to protest, for, in such a case we cannot unfortunately set in motion the machinery of the Society for the Protection of Children from the cruelty here is too subtle, too remotely tragic and disastrous, to pierce the thick skulls of this Society's officials. And even if this cruelty affected only one individual in the person of Daphne Allen, one would readily let it pass in a million. Incompetence and stupidity is so general, so asphyxiatingly common nowadays, that the smallest spark of anything a little above it, is stamped flat.

Let me tell those adults who are connected with Daphne Allen, and who are perhaps as concerned as I am about the proper duties of adults to children, what I conceive to be the truth about her. Ignore what Sir Claude Phillips says, do not pay any heed either to those other people who, however kindly, tell you that Daphne Allen is a "potential Turner" or that "the talent displayed is perhaps a matter for psychologists as much as for critics" ("Sunday Times"). Comparing this work of hers, which I have now carefully examined two years running, with the work even of talented children (in the same line), there is nothing surprising or even wonderful about it. Thirteen or fourteen—it does not matter! Believe me I have seen better work by children just as young, who never did anything extraordinary in later life. Before she is anything like a good adult painter or draughtsman she will have to undergo a most severe training, and she has only got seven years to do it in. I do not wish to discourage poor little Daphne Allen. In fact I hope she will not see this notice, until, perhaps, ten years hence; for it is difficult even for a nice child to listen patiently to her only apparently hostile critic. I should, however, like the adults about her to see it. Let them take care not to ruin this child and all like her. Let them prevent her from squandering her strength before her very bud has even formed. Let them help her to husband her powers, to study, to be protected from the poisonous hot breath of the ignorant adulator, and in seven years, not less, let us begin to talk seriously about her work and discuss it with proper self-possession and composure. All the rest is sentimental madness.
Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I believe that Miss Lilah McCarthy followed Miss Maud Jeffries in the part of Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross." That was a long time ago, but "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges"; for she is now Lavinia in "Androcles and the Lion," and it is possible to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Shaw has written only a parody of Wilson Barrett's "master-piece." It is a little amusing to remember how ministers of religion gave handsome testimonials to that play; and to notice of religious ministers divided in opinion about Mr. Shaw's parody of it. So officially and officiously Christian was the welcome given to "The Sign of the Cross" that, in 1886, Mr. G. W. Foote, the President of the National Secular Society, published "a candid criticism" of it. It may be of the play is altered. Obviously a real hungry lion could not be allowed on the stage; and to substitute an argumentative passage of the play, then he admits himself incapable of dramatising his own conception. The whole action of the scene is this: "You are the Roman captain tells her that she is not being persecuted, she is committing suicide; and the martyrdom is really the joke of the play. There is no rattling of bones behind a closed door; but Andy-Wandy dances off arm-in-arm with a pantomime lion. Martyrdom is ridiculous, now as ever, in the eyes of Mr. Shaw; and, in the case of Lavinia, as in that of Mercia, it is uselessly presumptuous.

If Mr. Shaw means anything grave, he will have to reconstruct his play. If he identifies himself with the argumentative passages of the play, then he admits himself incapable of dramatising his own conception. The whole action of the scene is this: "You are the Roman captain tells her that she is not being persecuted, she is committing suicide; and the martyrdom is really the joke of the play. There is no rattling of bones behind a closed door; but Andy-Wandy dances off arm-in-arm with a pantomime lion. Martyrdom is ridiculous, now as ever, in the eyes of Mr. Shaw; and, in the case of Lavinia, as in that of Mercia, it is uselessly presumptuous.

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But the very parts of the play ought to convince even Mr. Shaw that he is not serious about it. I know that, as a matter of historical fact, Androclus, although having previously lived on friendly terms with a lion, was terrified when he faced the lion in the arena. As the Roman captain, he was terrified when he faced the lion in the arena. But if the martyrdom is exhibited, the whole character of Androclus, as shown by Mr. Shaw, is an animal actor. The Roman captain tells her that she is not being persecuted, she is committing suicide; and the martyrdom is really the joke of the play. There is no rattling of bones behind a closed door; but Andy-Wandy dances off arm-in-arm with a pantomime lion. Martyrdom is ridiculous, now as ever, in the eyes of Mr. Shaw; and, in the case of Lavinia, as in that of Mercia, it is uselessly presumptuous.

...
At the last, the Emperor pardons the lot of them, and once again we see Mr. Shaw eliminating them very essentials of drama, and calling the result "a play." To take the thing seriously is to be bored to death; to regard it as a parody is to be able to spend as pleasant an evening as is possible at a Barker production. The amateur character of the whole affair is emphasised by the preceding "Harlequinade," which is planned to instruct the audience, in a manner suited to its intelligence, in the real meaning of the harlequinade. That the instruction is conveyed by a young girl, in language befitting her years, is a commentary on Mr. Barker's estimate of the intelligence of his audience.

Pastiche.

TO RUDYARD KIPLING.

"Will they give me their fee when they reach the quay? (Shoo! 'ware shoo!) Not they!"

"Shall I call you parasite, fool or knave, you whom my soul adores?"

"You know the truth, you can see the truth; say if the truth be there, Or dip your flag to a slaver's rag and show that his trade is fair!"

"Where the smoke of an hundred smoky towns drops grit on the open air, Where the barren earth lies pitted and scratched, agape Where the glint of the sun on rustling corn, the glow of Where men sit blinded with leering lies, ticketed, bold And straggle home to a shuttered night that shivers in Hooded and black with crooked back as sickness watching Where the glint of the sun on rustling corn, the glow of Where the barren earth lies pitted and scratched, agape Where the glint of the sun on rustling corn, the glow of

"Do you wonder still, do you understand why the English dead of Gelded Gold."

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"They buy your books and they praise your books when they read your books at all, These said fools of the public schools! I've heard you harry them all, When Thomas sang to your guiding hand, while the adders hissed in the sun, When Tomlinson went down to Hell and his life was barely begun. Have you sold yourself for your stomach's sake? You've reached the fattening time. Have you found that flattery drugs your speech and tickles your drowsy prime? Must I call you parasite, rogue and knave, you whom my soul adores?"

"If you had me into an open grave, you whom my mind abhors."

"You know the truth, you can see the truth; say if the truth be there, Or dip your flag to a slaver's rag and show that his trade is--fair!"

J. A. A.
“profession” depends on externals for ideas? I groaned for the hypocrisy. And my paragraph lay fragmentary.

A day later I had another try. “Everyman’s” two guineas should be mine, I swore. Here was I, a graduate of the Correspondence School for Capturing Literary Prizes, unable to compile a collection of cliches in the accepted manner. Their first rule is: “Smother your conscience,” and mine, (not to mention your), was triumphant. I began on the theme of “Soul-moulding,” braving the hint to spell the word “mouldering.” At last words fit together as offered by instruction. But there the resemblance of those nascent minds. The patient teacher regards each one as an entity, and, by correlated studies, he is moulding the young characters.

Damn Le Bow of Paupers. His grin upset all the piffle I had just written, and a phrase of The New Age completed my discomfiture. No education is possible so long as the classes contain sixty children, said that journal; and, I knew it was true. Each child an entity! The only entity is the crowd of scattered, which, bright as you, reflected you as gay.

But many words of mine now cut my spleen; guineas should be mine, I swore. Here was I, a graduate and now a merchant’s clerk, his work began. TO MY LOVE.

I met thee first upon an evening rare; the world more pleasant, more bare. Its dismal look I had no cause to blame, When, uninvited, you full on me came. Not at your manners need I bend; Your speech was firm and full of candour sharp; Not at your manners had I need to carp; My logic had evolved another part. Before this having cast you all my spite

We entertained me in your parlour dark. Your speech was firm and full of candour sharp; Not at your manners had I need to carp; My logic had evolved another part.

Your sweetest love. There in the dusk we hid a common smile; The world before was grey, of pleasure bare. Hut found that your reluctance more me pained, Though evening light you thought fit not to waste; I Which, bright as you, reflected you as gay.

But many words of mine now cut my spleen; guineas should be mine, I swore. Here was I, a graduate and now a merchant’s clerk, his work began. This time your welcome far the first surpassed, You entertained me in your parlour dark. Guineas upon your company once more I passed

My friend so dear,” you called me, speaking free. “Ay, friendship nobler than love,” I cried. “The ways of love, more rapturous.” You then replied. “Nay, love domestic is a dame so sweet, a Labour monopoly. Mr. Fels, on the other hand, would simply transfer the grey, of one clan to another, namely, Rent, to the State, leaving the other two still to be enjoyed by the monopolists of Capital. Collectivists, I believe, of whom Mr. R. B. Kerr appears to be a apostle, would go further than Mr. Fels and transfer to the State both Interest and Profit as well. But, again, your question is pertinent: how much better off is Labour if provided it continues to be paid as a commodity for all the change in the personnel of its employers? The State under the new circumstances would be in loco parents, but there might be the same officials and even State-provided amusements, and so forth; but I cannot see that wages would rise. Perhaps Mr. Fels will explain

THE EVASIONS OF MR. FELS. Sir,—I can easily understand your reason for not carrying on your controversy with Mr. Fels. He positively cannot repeat accurately the simplest of your statements, and that renders discussion with him futile. Nevertheless, Mr. Fels and his Single tax colleagues are so persistent and controversially so unscrupulous that if you let the matter rest with Mr. Fels’ last letter we shall shortly be told that you have been converted by his logic, of a commodity, alone provides Rent, Interest and Profits; and you propose to absorb all these in Labour by creating a Labour monopoly. Mr. Fels, on the other hand, would simply transfer the grey, of one clan to another, namely, Rent, to the State, leaving the other two still to be enjoyed by the monopolists of Capital. Collectivists, I believe, of whom Mr. R. B. Kerr appears to be a apostle, would go further than Mr. Fels and transfer to the State both Interest and Profit as well. But, again, your question is pertinent: how much better off is Labour if provided it continues to be paid as a commodity for all the change in the personnel of its employers? The State under the new circumstances would be in loco parents, but there might be the same officials and even State-provided amusements, and so forth; but I cannot see that wages would rise. Perhaps Mr. Fels will explain

(i) First, a simple and palpable misrepresentation. In his latest letter Mr. Fels remarks: “I said rent was due to manuring and rotation of crops.” I could not bring myself to believe that you had written anything so idiotic, and accordingly looked up the quotation. It is in your issue of September 18. The reference to manuring and periodic fallow is the obvious reply to a statement made by Mr. Fels that land does not reproduce itself. You answer: “Economically considered, land does reproduce itself . . . If it does not, why the necessity for periodic fallow?” Has Mr. Fels ever heard of manure? It will be first noted that Mr. Fels does not appear to know the difference between periodic fallow and rotation of crops. One naturally expects that particular kind of ignorance from Single-tasters—but let that pass. The point is that you do not say that “rent was due to manuring and rotation of crops.” Mr. Fels, relying upon your good nature, ascribes to you a statement you never made, apparently to make you look foolish. What does it make Mr. Fels look like?

(ii) In his last letter Mr. Fels charges you with defining wages as “equal to the subsistence level of the proletariat.” He puts these words in quotation marks as though it is your definition. And again he does it deliberately to make you look foolish. I will quote him accurately to prove his mala-fides. He says: “You do not assist your readers to see through my alleged fallacies, for in discussing wages you substitute a measure for a definition. Just as the statement that ‘a steamship is a thousand feet long’ is no definition of a steamship, so it is no definition of wages. To say that wages are ‘equal to the subsistence level of the proletariat.’” Again I wondered if Mr. Fels had the slightest justification for presenting you to your readers as a conventional idiot. Here are your ipsissima verba: “But wages are not a residue after other charges upon industry have been met; they are the cost of the raw material called labour. And

Letters to the Editor.
this cost is roughly equal to the cost of the production of labour—that is to the subsistence level of the proletariat."

This gross perversion of your words is not accidental, as the context of the words I have quoted clearly proves. Mr. Fels misdescribed his own trade products as unscrupulously as he misquotes you he would very certainly in jest. Now, is it you or he who looks the more foolish?

(iv) I have merely to remark that these misrepresentations are mere misrepresentations, but Mr. Fels relies upon them to make out some sort of a case. Being deliberate misquotations, they vitiate his whole argument.

(v) I have not yet contended that Mr. Fels's falsification of your words. I quote again from his last letter: "You contend that 'the only obstacle to the use of land is the provision of capital.' This is decidedly Greek to me. Capitalists to-day cannot get the use of land; small-holders backed with the public credit are denied independent living and are driven into the hands of the hands of the farmer at 12s. a week; a firm like Cammel Laird and Co. were driven from Newport by the attentions of Mr. Carstairs Matheson—professional journalist—M. Matheson—Mr. Matheson, Forward! "Guild Socialism," says this comrade, is a regular mess. It appears in a "weekly journal [presumably by a cad], a "pseudo-cad," ready again!, wads as its contributors, and written for the delection [everybody ready!] of cads of the pseudo-cultured "cad," [be guv'nor—?] is that the "love of comrades is the hope of the world." Poor old world!

ECONOMIC POWER FIRST.

SIR,—In your abstract way, you constantly assure us that economic power precedes political power. Those of us who have been brought up in an older school are a little reluctant to accept your dictum. Occasionally, I regret to tell you, something happens to give us old stagers the shock of having been so slow

We may now estimate the exact value of Mr. Fels's contributions to this controversy. He seems to think that the editor and readers of The New Age are as foolish as would be the buyers of land upon which a progressive tax was levied, whilst they were well off and solvent. Personally, I do not think that (except jerry-builders) there are so many fools to buy land Single Taxed as Mr. Fels supposes.

THE NEW AGE AND THE PRESS.

SIR,—You, I and all of us should be greatly honoured by the attentions of Mr. Carstairs Matheson—professional comrade and a contributor to your Socialist contemporary "Forward!" I say, but it was quite the less important persons. The scheme of the National Guilds is, I verify believe, now quite safe in the keeping of the national public. Even in The Times, the "Athenaen" and the "Daily Herald" each mentions the question and names and mentions the question of wages as the price paid in the competitive market for labour as a commodity. If Mr. Fels misdescribed his own trade products as unscrupulously as he misquotes you he would very certainly in jest. Now, is it you or he who looks the more foolish?

October (6d.) is a long and, as I read it, an accurate summary of the social proposals and analyses made familiar to your readers during the last year or two. The author is Mr. Rowland Kenney, who happens also to have just published a book. If the definition of wages we might forgive Mr. Fels, but you the context of the words I have quoted clearly proves. If Mr. Fels misdescribed his own trade products as unscrupulously as he misquotes you he would very certainly in jest. Now, is it you or he who looks the more foolish?
only if the President himself sets out on an oratorical campaign in the late autumn. It was my critic in his letter published in your issue of September 18, and not 1, who referred to the Tariff Bill. I did not imply that the extra session of Congress was over, as my actual words, quoted in your issue of September 25, sufficiently show. Why Dr. Wilson should be praised (by implication if not directly) for an attack on the Tariff Bill is, I imagine, because his attack was "popular," I do not know. And, of course, a foreign policy may be conducted in a vulgar way; my word is directed to the underlying policy; my critic's word "indefinite" was out of place as applied to an ironclad. On re-reading the articles and letters connected with this little dispute I cannot agree with Mr. Lamb that the evasions, perversions and retorts, are on my side.*

* * *

AN URGENT APPEAL.

Sir,—One, John Carney, of Belfast, has recently appeared, by leaflet, to workers to refuse to enter the military or police forces on the ground that these governments are not owned by the people, but are being systematically used by Government to crush his fellow-workers—to whom he becomes a traitor by enlisting.

For making this ruinously important and essentially pacific appeal—an appeal I for one emphatically endorse, as, no doubt, do many of your readers—Carney has been prosecuted, and now awaits trial for sedition! Yet we know what is going on in the British dominions; the privileged parliamentary clique are permitted by the same authorities to incite and organise armed resistance to merely political change, without any fear of prosecution or retribution being made: indeed, "The Daily News and Leader" recently admitted, in a burst of candour (6.8.13), "That the Government's intention of proceeding against the Ulster leader (Sir Edward Carson) who is personally most popular in Ministerial quarters!"

Well, it is to be hoped that such flagrant anomalies and perverstions of law will at last really be excepted from his thesis the Jesus of the Sermon on the Mount. The plain Jesus, however, the Jesus of the earlier century, the Jesus the wage system, must have realised that Mr. Randall's article has delivered the Socialist movement from Jesus. Actually Mr. Randall safeguarded the gnostic and socialist principles, the whole language could be as easily proved against Mr. Lamb that the evasions, perversions and retorts, are on my side. *

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THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS.

Sir,—I was considering how long Mr. Randall's patience with Mr. Loftus Hare would last, and am relieved to find that the plain Jesus is the only one that for each age man they silence for such action a hundred will rise in his place: or must we resort to Russia where Tolstoy—who made like appeals to the workers to refuse to enter the military and other services of legalised murder—was left untouched?—OWTAY M'CANNELL.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC.

Sir,—I wish one of your contributors would collect a column about "Current Women." I append three or four cuttings from various journals, which show the hopeless mental obscurity and tastelessness of the modern angel.

"A 'Votes for Women Fellow' writes from Roumania:—'It may interest you to know that a big band of the best kind are on the ground; he had had to depend almost entirely on women for the harvest, and that he has never had a more satisfactory constitution without women for the sick. Of course, he is a careful reader of the whole controversy, Mr. Randall has proved that the only Jesus commonly known, the only Christianity commonly accepted and practised, the only parts of the program with a practical object, are all emphatically in support of capitalism. To prove that these are Socialist, Communist, Anarchist, is a mere notion, impossible. There only remains to be made now the separation of the popular Jesus from the mystical Jesus, the latter of whom, I imagine, is as much concerned with Capitalism or Socialism as the doctrine of the Mythical Birth with gynecology."—NATIONAL GUILDSMAN.

"A 'singer who is also a Suffragist writes from Roumania:—'I append three or four cuttings from various journals, which show the hopeless mental obscurity and tastelessness of the modern angel.

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THE NEW AGE

October 9, 1913

My fourth reference is to the reported conduct of Mrs. Fitzgerald at the meeting of the Johannesburg Trades Federation. When I read one of your correspondent's eternal rant, meddlesomeness, and assumption of plaudation of this woman, I very nearly wrote Fitzgerald at the meeting of the Johannesburg Trades Federation. But such women as fancy they hold the strings of the end are never in her presence. They would have kicked a man out! Truly, there is a man that thinks of doing public business with a woman." Only men could do it without shame whose male energies have already been absorbed." Shame belongs to men. Physical modesty, the virtue born of fear, belongs to women. When they break loose, they forget even this—witness Breslan! None of the girls committed suicide.

My fifth and last reference is again to the "Statesman," a number of whose parochial readers have set up a "Day-Servants' Hostel" for the relief of girls with illegitimate children. It is a pretty title, but what will the average day-servant think of it? There they are, all these "unfortunates," herded together under one widely patenting roof. It is true that they are uniform and have done with it? The newest development is to be similar hostels for fallen typists, fallen schoolmistresses. Who but women would be so damned mercilessly charitable? My vocabulary gives out.

EDWARD STAFFORD.

THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—"R. H. C." has recently complained more than once that the extraordinarily good work done by some of your contributors passes without notice—or, at least, without drawing from your readers any signs of appreciation. Now, this disheartening silence may be due to diffidence rather than to dullness or indifference. It is not incongruous that readers of the "Daily Mail" should write expressing their love of truth, courage, patriotism, and what not; but there is a suggestion of impertinence, to my mind, in writing in praise of THE NEW AGE. Besides, you must realize so well the value of the work that you publish that we hardly expect you to be moved when that work is praised. One may write sonnets to the moon, but one does not expect you to be moved when that work is praised. One may write sonnets to the moon, but one does not expect you to be moved when that work is praised.

Seven years ago I was at Cambridge, hanging, in a futuristic fashion, on the skirts of the group of Fabians accurately depicted by Mr. Wells in "The New Machiaveli," and I began to cast about for a periodical embodying more satisfying views than those set forth by the Socialists Press on the one hand and by the papers in the college reading-room on the other. (You can imagine the latter: the "Daily Citizen," the "Punch," an illustrated weekly or two, and—Harmsworth fly away with it!—the "Spectator.") Somehow I came across a copy of THE NEW AGE, then under nondescript management and apparently on its last legs. This was only a little better than nothing; but when, shortly afterwards, you became sole editor, I realised that I had found what I wanted—a paper worthy of its readers' respect. From that time I have never missed one copy of THE NEW AGE, and I have never wavered in my opinion that it is not one paper I cannot do without. When it arrives a post late I am keenly disappointed; when a servant of mine, during my absence, used some back numbers to light fires, I was so annoyed that I did not notice for some days that a silver necking ring and various other articles had disappeared too. (No, Mr. Pickthall. The servant was neither a lying Druse.) When the recent mobilisation of the Roumanian army took place, my first thought was that my NEW AGE would be indefinitely delayed. But what is this to you, sir, when you have one of your editors' reasons for not mentioning his mighty support of "R. H. C." Then remember the picturesque "Maids Comedy," your "Unedited Opinions," and "R. H. C.'s Men Only." But I have not time to copy out the indexes to THE NEW AGE, as I should have to do to mention all its good things.

Please hand to your business manager the enclosed cheque: it is to cover two subscriptions to THE NEW AGE, each for one year, and the cost of a copy of "Tomt's" caricatures.

BILMEM KIM.

Constantinople.

ON CRITICISM.

Sir,—Your correspondents (at least, those who honour me with their letters) are becoming impossible. A fortnight ago, I quoted some figures which, I said, estab-lish the fact of a "marriage rate" amongst a certain class of educated women. "H. E. H.," in your last issue, tries to be ironical at my expense. "One may not absolutely assume," he says, "that girls out of college (on an average) for five years—(1900-1910) the date of the census—have an equal chance to get married with girls out of college for a period of 65 years," these figures do prove my contention. I need not quote "H. E. H." against himself, for I never made his assumption. The women," he says, "who have on an average run out of college 65 years, and do prove therefore, about 90 years old or thereabouts, have managed in these 65 years to get married to the extent of 85 per cent., but not the assumption that men marry in equal proportion at every age above 20, they should have married at the rate of 312 per cent., which is absurd." Who but women would demolish an assumption that I never made! Anyone can arrive at an absurd conclusion if he begins with an absurd assumption; but it is necessary in controversy to understand your opponent's case before disputing it. Genuinely I could not have made these assumptions, because I did not arrive at the conclusions of "H. E. H." The assumption that I made, but did not state that the most favourable age (statistically) for marriage is 25-30, and therefore that one is entitled to assume that at least a majority of the marriages occurred during the decades which included the graduations. It is nonsense to suppose, for example, that there are 39 per cent. of spinsters among the graduates of 1866-69, because they have been out of college only while their bride runners, who have been out of college for 60 years, have only 15 per cent. of spinsters among them. If "H. E. H." means to tell me that during the next twenty years, the graduates of 1860-69 will reduce their percentage of spinsters from 39 to 15, I can only say that he has a peculiar idea of the proper manner of handling figures. As they stand, these figures do prove what I said they proved; for the women who have been out of college only five years have actually a better statistical chance of marriage by any of those who graduated before them. On the assumption that I made, that most of the marriages were consummated during the decade of the graduates do "establish the fact of a progressive decrease in the marriage rate amongst these women."

The second attempt of "H. E. H." to prove that I am "absolutely incompetent and incorrect," as he says, ought to be addressed to the "Daily Citizen," not to me. I was proving only that the "Daily Citizen" did not know the nature and meaning of evidence; and it is to be inferred, at least, from my remarks, that I was com-plaining of the inadequate treatment given to its own figures by the "Daily Citizen." To tell me, as "H. E. H." does, that "a live critic would have sought contradiction or confirmation in the import returns of foodstuffs and raw materials" is to direct me to a criticism that really belongs to the "Daily Citizen." I may mention that the import returns could not authoritatively confirm or contradict these figures: not all the things considered are of foreign origin. I was writing on criticism, not on the rise in the cost of living. It was not my business, at the moment, to check or contradict the figures of the "Daily Citizen." I only attempted to show that those figures were inadequate, and to these figures by that paper was inadequate, and the conclusions drawn from them unsatisfactory. "H. E. H."

I have done what he said that the English people refuse to do: he has drawn conclusions out of a set of numerical data, and I have questioned the evidence. He has not eliminated from consideration all but the essential facts, and therefore he is one of the people of whom it may be truly said that "he has the truth on his side." It is really an example that helps to prove my argument, and I am grateful for the assistance he has unconsciously given me. But I find him, none the less, a bore.

A. E. R.
Simplified Spelling.

Sir,—In “R. H. C.’s” note about Sir William Ramsay and Spelling Reform, three mistakes occur in five lines. (1) Sir William Ramsay did not read a paper on the subject; he took part in the discussion; (2) he did not suggest a spelling of the word “usual”; he gave what the Simplified Spelling Society proposes; (3) “ynzyhual” is the form; not the one printed by the Society of which he is only a member.

But three mistakes in five lines is typical of the general attitude and the prevailing lack of knowledge on the question of spelling reform. Granted that “usual” in its new form looks strange, so did the first motor-car, the first umbrella—and so on. The awkwardness of the form can be got over by the use of new letters; but that is an advanced reform which cannot yet come. One thing the proposed “yn” notation does: it clarifies unity where there is chaos. Think of all the spellings for that sound: “new, tune, duty, ewe, sue, ence.” Which pleases your aesthetic eye? Supposing it is the last: the “eu” of “enceual,” then you get “enxeual.”

SYDNEY WALTON, Secretary.

Simplified Spelling Society.

44, Great Russell Street, W.C.

[“R. H. C.” replies: I shall never forgive myself for having mistaken a speech delivered for a paper read; or for insinuating that Sir William Ramsay himself suggested the new spelling of “usual.” When, in fact, the blame belongs to the Society of which he is only a Vice-President. The form, however, of the word I copied correctly from the “Times” report. If the New Age was wrong so was the “Times.” Regarding an alternative “notation” for the uniform spelling of words like “new, tune, ewe,” etc., I not only do not demand one, but I deny that one ought to be attempted. If the “nu” spellers’ were not tone-deaf, ill-bred in English pronunciation or infatuated with their absurd notions, they might recognize the nuances of pleasing difference in the proper enunciation as well as spelling of the words they wish us to spell to disastrous uniformity.]

THE CAXTON BALZAC.

Sir,—I wonder whether any of your other readers have met with the same experience as I have, or whether my case is a rare and special one, due to some favourable planetary conjunction at my birth. Some time ago I sent for a prospectus of the Caxton Balzac. It was foolish, I admit; but I had been so often assailed by Caxtonian publications in the public Press that one day my heart was moved, and I sent the Caxton Company a bright and friendly little postcard. The note that they sent me with the illustrated prospectus was even more bright and friendly than mine. But partly because my interest in Balzac had now begun to wane, and partly because I did not wish to allow my ideal relations with the Caxton Company to be sullied by sordid sovereigns, and for a variety of other reasons, I handed the prospectus to my librarian, with instructions to catalogue it, and then supposed the incident at an end. But this was merely a prologue. A week later, a lachrymose missive arrived, imploring me to ascertain whether, in the rush and scurry of mundane affairs, I had overlooked their tender gift and the accompanying epistle. My ruthless silence, I suppose, appeared to them a base lie? In this quandary, I once more took the “eu” to decide was to be advantageous at all cost, and a week later they were prepared to sacrifice much for me. They would send me their book that might have happened, I know not; but about this time I was set 4d. by telling them bluntly the true facts of the case. Was I to shock these delicate eyes? I not only do not want one, but I deny that this Hamlet-like failure to decide was to be assailed by the “nu” spellers’.

A week later, I did not. For I had in the meantime squandered my possessions, and how should I purchase the Caxton Balzac, whose faithfulness to the original and freedom from expurgation has pleased Scottish divines? Besides, I did not want it. Therefore the envoy and I conversed together for a space and then parted, not without some slight dissension. For he saw in Balzac salvation for my soul, but I did not.

Sir, those who value their peace of mind would do well not to demand prospectuses from the Caxton Company, however moving their supplications.

THE NEW AGE.

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