Survive, then the garden may grow into an allotment. Curtailment of his tail. If the labourer can physically

Subsequently, at the age, say, of sixty, our dear friend

thrown in.

Time. The dog's food is to be increased by a gradual

stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and

For cultivating his garden." The scheme would there-

ninety he may

THREEPENCE.

Shorn of its verbiage and rhetorical lures, the speech proves that our forecast last week was correct: the Government has discovered that in agriculture an increase of wage will obey the law of increasing returns. Professors Figou and Spooner had previously warned them that in manufacturing industries any further wage-increase would obey the law of diminishing returns but that they might safely adopt an agricultural policy that would force up agricultural wages. How this is to be done remains to be discovered. Mr. George gave us no guidance on the point, and we venture to assert that he does not know. To augment wages by garden products is not to increase the rate of the labourer's wage; it is merely to take more out of his physical reserve. But the Government wants the farmers' vote, and this they cannot get if they propose any increase in the rates of wages. Last week we remarked that wages had not advanced since the time of the Flood. Mr. George tells us that the farm-labourer's wage had not risen since the time of Henry VII. Thus are we gradually educating our rulers. But it is evident that they still have much to learn as to the nature of wages and whilst they are agreed that wages in agriculture must be raised they are puzzled how to set about it. The only fund available for the purpose is that now assigned to rent, interest, and profits. Mr. George emphatically asserts that the present property rights of the landlords must not be touched. That means that rent and interest must remain a charge upon the land. The profits now go to the farmers and the dealers. The scheme, therefore, would seem to be to induce the farmers to pay higher wages, backed by legislation promising increased productivity—laws more stringently governing the preservation of game and limiting amenities—laws giving greater security of tenure, and so forth. But to obtain this great increase of productivity demands a huge increase of capital outlay. The farmer must look to his bank. But the banks never give advances beyond the next harvest. Will the Government lend its aid by extended credit? Mr. George hints at nothing in this direction. Meanwhile, out of what fund is the labourer's increased rate of wage to come? Mr. George is probably looking to Providence to help him out. Nobody else will. The landlords will naturally button up their farms; the farmer's capital is already distributed on his present farm; the banks are limited by urban demands which pay them better. The crux of the problem is not merely farm-wagery but farm-finance.

Running through the speech, it was interesting to observe the recurring emphasis laid upon land as a
monopoly. And monopoly is not only property, but responsibility, stewardship. We do not quarrel with this conception, of course; but oddly enough, Mr. George never seems to realise that the real counterpoise to the monopoly of land-ownership is labour-monopoly. Mr. George quite rightly insisted that farm work is highly skilled. "A good labourer is the work of years. It requires no end of skill and experience to be a good labourer. Therefore labour that is as productive, there is no labour that is as essential to the community. It is the oldest labour of all, and this skilful labour, requiring years of training in the most essential of all industries, this most serviceable, homogeneous; the most human, the most honourable, is that of an Agricultural Guild. The most profoundly disquieting feature of the present position is that everybody seems content to let the State become a foster-parent of the agricultural labourer instead of encouraging him to organise and find for himself. There is no more "Open Letter to the Trades Union Congress" we there suggested that it would positively pay to spend £250,000 upon thoroughly organising agricultural labour. The Congress voted it in. We understand that the Government has practically no funds, but its example should be speedily followed by every trade union in the kingdom. If we are to have a tearing, raging, land propaganda, it is surely evident that the various interests affected will each fight for itself. It follows that the best organised will secure whatever plunder may be available. We do not think that the Government will succeed in detaching the farmers from their present economic affiliation. We may reasonably expect rent, interest and profits to remain out of the bag. Thlre "Times" correspondent admits that "new conditions have come into existence lately and these have not been created; a difficult and dangerous set of problems." A strike is prophesied unless "the companies see the men's case as it is, the men to see the companies' case as it is, and the public and Parliament see both sides." We are next told that "the big fight must not last long. It will require the question of union recognition." It is admitted that the claim for recognition is based upon very solid grievances. The Conciliation scheme is not working smoothly; promotion as a system is practically non-existent; the "rabbit" labour is hurled into the building of railways with a great deal of speeding-up. What's to be done? But we must have regard for the companies' case. They are subject to laws and regulations; they are bound to accept all goods and passengers; to maintain an uninterrupted service; they cannot put up their charges without State sanction. They, in fact, have not the freedom to bargain with trade unions enjoyed by ordinary employers. They cannot lock out their men without breach of the Labour Acts; they are not entitled to strike severities—they cannot grant recognition, and the men ought not to strike! On such an important point we must not risk even a suspicion of distorting the argument, so let us quote: "As they are bound to maintain a regular service, it follows that the companies should be bound not to strike. It thus becomes a serious question whether or not a railwayman has any right to be a trade unionist. The companies, deprived of the power of the lock-out, are justified in declining to deal with an agency that possesses the power of the strike." Nevertheless, the companies are far from happy, and, in fact, do not know which way to turn. Curiously enough, whilst our hearts are wrung with sympathy and pity for the distraught railwayman who is burdened with heavy legal responsibilities, one little factor in the situation is not mentioned. The companies possess a monopoly. Why, then, should not their men? We have repeatedly urged the unions not to strike except for a fundamental change in their wage-system. If the railwaymen mean to strike for recognition, then we implore them to import some real meaning into the word. The only "recognition" worth a thought is the recognition by the monopolistic companies that their men also possess a monopoly—the monopoly of railway labour. Let these two monopolies, each recognising the other, lock horns and see which can survive. We suggest to the railway union a policy that makes for victory. Let them go on for another year gathering in all the non-unionists. Then, they can issue their ultimatum: seats on the directorate and a division of profits; half to dividends and half to the labour monopoly. The half to labour must not be dissipated in dribs and drabs. What is wanted is a good fat cheque to the organisation as such. After that, the Transit Guild is not far off.

We hear rumours that the Dublin struggle may terminate sooner than was anticipated. If it be so, then we have little doubt that A. E.'s letter to the Dublin masters will have proved an important factor. It is in its way an historic document, for it is one of the very few imphatied issues that has really changed an industrial situation. It is known that speeches in Parliament rarely influence votes; in like manner, literary appeals seldom influence business policy. But A. E.'s contribution was so essentially true and timely that it fact modified Dublin opinion to such an extent that a considerable section of the employers were touched with shame. The letter, throwing as it does such a flood of light upon capitalist psychology, warrants more permanent record, and we accordingly reproduce it in this issue. We would hardly fail to notice its endorsement of our own article, "The City of Perpetual Hunger." Even more important than the Dublin lock-out, is the frank recognition, in an otherwise stupid article in the "Times," that the railway directors cannot solve the psychological revolt of their men. A few weeks ago we asserted that the problem of service on the railways had become psychological, and that this was known to those who direct railway policy in this country. Now the cat is out of the bag. The "Times" correspondent admits that "new conditions have come into existence lately and these have not been created; a difficult and dangerous set of problems." A strike is prophesied unless "the companies see the men's case as it is, the men to see the companies' case as it is, and the public and Parliament see both sides." We are next told that "the big fight must not last long. It will require the question of union recognition." It is admitted that the claim for recognition is based upon very solid grievances. The Conciliation scheme is not working smoothly; promotion as a system is practically non-existent; the "rabbit" labour is hurled into the building of railways with a great deal of speeding-up. What's to be done? But we must have regard for the companies' case. They are subject to laws and regulations; they are bound to accept all goods and passengers; to maintain an uninterrupted service; they cannot put up their charges without State sanction. They, in fact, have not the freedom to bargain with trade unions enjoyed by ordinary employers. They cannot lock out their men without breach of the Labour Acts; they are not entitled to strike severities—they cannot grant recognition, and the men ought not to strike! On such an important point we must not risk even a suspicion of distorting the argument, so let us quote: "As they are bound to maintain a regular service, it follows that the companies should be bound not to strike. It thus becomes a serious question whether or not a railwayman has any right to be a trade unionist. The companies, deprived of the power of the lock-out, are justified in declining to deal with an agency that possesses the power of the strike." Nevertheless, the companies are far from happy, and, in fact, do not know which way to turn. Curiously enough, whilst our hearts are wrung with sympathy and pity for the distraught railwayman who is burdened with heavy legal responsibilities, one little factor in the situation is not mentioned. The companies possess a monopoly. Why, then, should not their men? We have repeatedly urged the unions not to strike except for a fundamental change in their wage-system. If the railwaymen mean to strike for recognition, then we implore them to import some real meaning into the word. The only "recognition" worth a thought is the recognition by the monopolistic companies that their men also possess a monopoly—the monopoly of railway labour. Let these two monopolies, each recognising the other, lock horns and see which can survive. We suggest to the railway union a policy that makes for victory. Let them go on for another year gathering in all the non-unionists. Then, they can issue their ultimatum: seats on the directorate and a division of profits; half to dividends and half to the labour monopoly. The half to labour must not be dissipated in dribs and drabs. What is wanted is a good fat cheque to the organisation as such. After that, the Transit Guild is not far off.

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Dillon, on their arrival in New York; next the arrest, punishment, and threatened deportation of Mr. Harry Kemp at Southampton; previously had occurred the proscription by Messrs. Tilling of such of their men who wore trade union badges—a bad example followed last week by the tramway authorities in Nottingham. There was also the case of the Cornish Clay strike, during which the magistrates refused bail to a young man charged with damaging a policeman. There was also the refusal of bail to Mr. James Larkin and Mr. James Connolly in Dublin. At the first blush, there seems no connection between these varied and widely separated incidents. But if we briefly state the facts, Miss Marie Lloyd went to America to fulfill certain contracts. She was accompanied by Mr. Bernard Dillon, who had been cited as co-respondent by Miss Lloyd’s husband. They, in fact, did not disregard their right to wear a badge. The immigration authorities actually charged Dillon, aged twenty-five, with bringing over Miss Lloyd, aged forty-two, for immoral purposes. Miss Lloyd was charged with “passive consent.” They finally had to give a bond to leave the Holy Land by March next. The case of Mr. Harry Kemp is different. He did, in fact, attempt the stow-away dodge to get to England, and probably he is not whining at twenty-one days’ imprisonment in consequence. But the magistrates had recommended deportation after serving his term. Mr. Kemp has roughed it in the Western States where travelling as a hobee is not regarded as a very serious offence. He is something of a versifier, though not a poet. Of our own personal knowledge, we know the mixed-up state of affairs. He is a criminal, not even remotely. Why, then, this vindictive deportation order? It was stated in evidence, irrelevantly and cruelly, that he was the co-respondent in the Upton Sinclair divorce suit. The magistrates of Southampton (where sailors ashore frequent only prayer meetings) were inexpressibly shocked. In the interests of Southampton morality they have recommended deportation for this very harmless and rather foolish versifier. In the case of Tilling, it was assumed that to wear a badge was something so immoral as to warrant instant dismissal. In the Cornish Clay strike, a young man fired off a loaded revolver and wounded a policeman. It is doubtful if he intended it, and, anyhow, the policeman is recovering. Bail was offered and refused. After the strike was over, the magistrates allowed bail. Now the law as to bail is perfectly clear. In committing a man to stand his trial, the magistrates in accepting bail have only to satisfy themselves that the prisoner they were clearly exceeding their duty, either in refusing bail during the strike, or accepting it after the strike. The young man’s case was unaffected either way. Mr. Connolly had to hunger-strike for a week and then was allowed out on his own recognisances. Mr. Larkin had to apply to the High Court. There was never the shadow of a doubt that both would appear at their trial.

So much for the facts. But how do they all come under the same category? Miss Marie Lloyd, Mr. Harry Kemp, the young Cornish clay worker, Mr. Larkin, and Mr. Connolly have all been guilty (without trial) of breaking bourgeois morality. In other words, both in England and America, economic power, knowing the value of this particular brand of morality, does not hesitate to use the law, extra-legally, if not illegally, to punish those who disobey it. No Atlantic liner ever enters New York without bringing some couple who are living together without the sanction of marriage. But if “Lloyd’s” and “Glass” are punished. Mr. Kemp is in a like case but is a much more innocent sufferer. We may at least hope that the Home Office will not issue any deportation orders in his case. We do not appeal to its sense of honour; we are content to appeal to its sense of humour. In Southampton, we had the police pandering to the magistrates’ “respectability,” identifying themselves, in fact, with their masters’ morality. In the proceedings in Cornwall, a new psychological development was observed.
The police, in giving evidence, spoke of members of the public as "criminals." They regarded them as a class apart, bought by the employers to do their share in breaking the strike. An observer of this particular strike, and himself a barrister, puts his finger in (the "Nation") on the spot:—

"When a strike breaks out in a district like this the whole administration of the law is at once inspired with the idea that a striker is already potentially a criminal. He is watched by the police like a dangerous beast; he is threatened long before he does anything; he is made to feel that he is in hostile territory, so much so that in every force representing the organised will of a community, of which he is himself a part, as a weapon in his employer’s hands, a net spread for his feet, a bludgeon for his head."

What have our Labour critics to say to all this? In each case cited, it is painfully evident that economic forces dominate our political system. Do they imagine that a large increase in private or State capitalism would particularly modify the biased administration of the law? We suspect that in each of these cases, the sympathies of the Labour Party would be entirely on the side of the administration. Mr. Pointer, we remember, expressed the opinion that jail was the right place for Mr. Tom Mann. Mr. Snowden is so harmless that he was asked to be the guest of a bishop at the recent Church Congress. We can hardly imagine Mr. J. K. Macdonald drawing the Premier’s attention to these unimportant details whilst playing golf with him at Lossiemouth. Mr. Arthur Henderson would probably point the moral of each case at a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon in some Methodist chapel. If Mr. Hardie were asked to intervene he would probably reply that the Labour movement stands prime among the forces of morality. As for Mr. George Barnes! Unless we watch it, we shall find ourselves moving into a period of sumptuary laws magisterially enforced.

With the blowing up of the Gamboa Dyke, the penultimate stage of the Panama Canal construction was reached. Thus we draw near the close of a gigantic experiment in Guild organisation—so gigantic that it was too great either for private or State capitalism. We have told the story in some detail in two of our chapters on the Guilds, but it is worth while briefly to recapitulate. The private company, financed by France and managed by de Lesseps, lost £70,000,000 over it, to say nothing of the loss of human life to which the French Government took up, bought the plant and railway stock of the French company and proceeded to wonder how it was going to do it. Private contracting was out of the question and the usual governmental methods of sub-contracting proved equally inappropriate. President Roosevelt accordingly fell back upon railway stock of the French company and proceeded to manage by de Lesseps, lost £70,000,000 over it, to say nothing of the loss of human life to which the French Government took up, bought the plant and railway stock of the French company and proceeded to wonder how it was going to do it. Private contracting was out of the question and the usual governmental methods of sub-contracting proved equally inappropriate. President Roosevelt accordingly fell back upon the Isthmian Commission. Throughout the whole belt pay has been the system, wages having been found as inappropriate as sub-contracting. Colonel Goethals has worked for £3,000 a year, performing a task, and proud of it, which no European professor would have undertaken for £10,000. Nothing has been done at a profit, the catering, the drainage, the houses—everything at net cost. Further, the £75,000,000 required has almost been found out of the gold reserves of the Washington Treasury and the canal opens practically net from debt. Amongst the hierarchy and the men a Guild spirit has prevailed. Everybody concerned has worked con amore, and a magnificent example has been afforded a properly organised Guild can do. The Isthmian Commission has been the governing authority. At first it was run by politicians from Washington, but gradually Colonel Goethals quietly elbowed them out and insisted upon every member of the Commission doing some useful work. Thus did economic power dominate the politicians to the advantage of the work, rent, interest and profits having been eliminated. This Commission had many political tasks to perform—law, police, health, relations with the neighbouring Republics. Being composed of men imbued with the Guild spirit, it did far better than the politicians and the diplomatists. It is an entrancing study of the coming form of industrial organisation and an outstanding proof of the efficiency of the Guild.

Of the dispute between the United States and Great Britain (France and Germany also intervening) very little need be said. The "Times" correspondent at Washington announces that President Wilson intends to fall back upon the spirit of the Balfour-Clayton treaty. It does not really matter much either way. A few Canadian lumber magnates on the Pacific coast are adversely affected and that, we think, is about all. Of the merits of the case we might perhaps remark that technically, at least, America is in the right. The treaty was made on the assumption that the Canal was to be constructed through Nicaragua. In that region, Great Britain had something to bring to market having a more or less defined protectorate over the Mosquito Coast. It was afterwards assumed that the same considerations applied to Panama. America’s mistake was in not notifying Great Britain earlier of her changed intentions. We therefore, were right in assuming the validity of the treaty. It was certainly a graceful and politic act on the part of Washington to revert to the previous understanding. The passage of the Home Rule Bill into law would probably clinch the matter.

Nothing has happened during the past week to change our considered view that Ulster must stand in with the rest of Ireland. Mr. Churchill’s speech did not close the door against a conference, but it is doubtful if his own party would tolerate it. Meantime, it is increasingly evident that the Carson movement is collapsing. Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith have returned to the Law Courts, where shekels await them, and their tone is now as soft as sucking doves. They have seen Mr. Bonar Law; Mr. Bonar Law has been to Balmoral. There is generally a balmoral somewhere.

DO STRIKES PAY? (HENRY V BEFORE HARLEUP.)

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more! No—back! We have to-day a work aick'ning mad. And we do find that this our foolish warfare Holds in its grasp no promise of that fifth For which we strike; our counsellors do agree That these stuff swine, this hard-favoured rage, This overhanging brow, this tiger’s action; That pageantry of warlike mien to which We crafted while did adjure your grizzled battle Are out of place. Now must we tune our words To mitigate the fierceness of that wrath To which ourselves did urge you. Now forget Those images with which we stirred your blood; Relax those features grim; To order, how in safety best we may Control you; lend the eye a mild aspect, And imitate the action of the cow.

We speak of English dead, all unaware That living men are of much greater worth Than bloody corpses. Now devote your minds To peaceful counsels, and the settled state Of order, how we may compass our present aims, dismissing quite All thoughts of war. There stand the walls of Harleup, Which must achieve be ere this our claim To the fair lands of France can be enforce’d. Let us then cogitate. Shall we dispatch Ambassadors with strings of gold about them To flatter, coax, and fawn upon those Frenchmen, And blandly ask them to deliver up Their town and lives to our sweet mercy? Or shall we play the scarmouch, and, dismissing Our new-found prudence with a swelling port, And breathing forth the most bloodthirsty threats That man’s mind can devise. But soft! here comes the dusk; let us retire; Perhaps the dawn will see the walls of Harleup Flatt on the ground. Perhaps!—BARTHOLOMEW HELVELLYN.
Current Cant.

"How to be a philosopher."—"T.P.'s Weekly.

"London is full of music."—"Daily Graphic.

"Our photographer found Mr. Lloyd George sitting quietly reading the 'Daily Sketch' for the truth."—"Daily Sketch.

"Wages went up in 1912 . . . the movement is continuing."—"News and Leader.

"The people of Great Britain have always, since the electoral duty became general, preferred to bear their burdens and deal directly with their representatives in Parliament or Council, and have never been able to tolerate the idea of having their affairs managed for them by professional politicians."—"The Referee.

"Under the inspiration of the Bishop of London and his Cathedral staff, the Church life of the City is making itself felt."

"Let the cobbler stick to his last, and let us help him to do it."—"Daily Express.

"One of the difficulties awaiting the next Cabinet is the insidious growth of indiscipline, disloyalty, and poisoned Socialism in the Civil Service."—ARNOLD WHITE.

"Trade Unionism is cutting the ground from under its own feet."—"A LABOUR MAN" in the "Daily Mail."

"There is no Ireland."—"Pall Mall Gazette.

"Politics is one of the most consuming passions in life; to men of middle-age at least, it becomes an even more powerful passion than that of love. And like love, it is also one of the noblest passions even when it is distorted."—T. P. O'CONNOR.


"There is not an editor in London who is not anxiously searching for writers with something to say."—HAROLD BROdie.

"How to become a writer."—"Everyman.

"Sir Hubert Herkomer is a Master of Arts, an Honorary Fellow of All Souls', and an Associate of the Institute of France . . . as a film actor, Sir Hubert is judicious and restrained . . . the most interesting thing about these Herkomer Films will be that the public will see a Royal Academician playing in dumb show for its delectation."—FRANK DESPREZ in "The Era."

In order to prove that the Salamander, contrary to tradition, is an animal painfully affected both by fire and heat, the "Éclair" film company have shown upon the cinema a picture in which five Salamanders are placed upon a grating over Bunsen burners. They are also placed in strong acid and obviously tortured. "Éclair" Film, seen last week in Chelsea.

"It is noticed that the King, if he has any distance to travel, never begins his visit on a Monday. Thus his stay with Lord Spencer commences to-morrow instead of to-day. The reason is, of course, to obviate the necessity of travelling on a Sunday, to which his Majesty has a great objection."—"Daily Sketch.

By accompanying the King on the Army manoeuvres this week the Queen has created a new record, since upon no previous occasion has the consort of a British sovereign been present at military operations of this character. Her Majesty is not so greatly interested in the tactical operations, which, truth tells, will be rather uninteresting to a non-military spectator, as in seeing the manner in which 'Tommy' lives when in the field, and what arrangements are made for his comfort and for tending him in case of sickness. Her private motor-car has been sent to Althorp from Buckingham Palace for her use."—"Daily Sketch.

"Honesty is the backbone of business."—"Christian Age.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

There have been rumours of a Naval Conference, but nothing definite has yet been decided. Our Colonies (for I don't think we have yet got into the habit of referring to our Dominions) have given the home authorities to understand that a conference is desirable; but they have not, as one or two papers have stated, actually asked for a conference. It would not be impossible to hold a conference in London this winter to discuss the naval affairs of the Empire at large; but such meetings, if they were held, would be regarded with very great interest by the general public, and only a few members of the Government would take part in them. Yet the proximate inauguration of the Panama Canal will make a Naval Conference necessary in a relatively short time.

At present it is probably correct to say that the public is chiefly interested in Labour unrest, not merely because the forces of Labour constitute such a vast proportion of the public, but because all classes have of late years been affected by Labour disputes and are ready to show more sympathy with the workers than they were a generation ago. The Government, on the other hand, is naturally interested in turning the attention of the public from Labour unrest—a really important matter, as we all know—to some things of less consequence, i.e., Home Rule, the Land, Welsh Disestablishment, and the House of Lords, in the one case; Colonies, in the other. Remember, for a moment, are not particularly attracted by any of these things. Canada, Australia, and, above all, New Zealand, are preoccupied with the Panama Canal; and India has troubles of her own.

Like many another reader of The New Age, I have taken a great interest in the articles contributed by Mr. Grant Hervey, President of the Foreign Affairs Department of the Young Australian Party; and even at times when I have felt myself to be besotted by his mud-slinging I have not altogether resented the experience. Criticism is always valuable; the difference between the old and cultured world and the new and raw world is to be found in the method of applying it. When Mr. Hervey threatens us with Germany (if my recollection is right, he has also threatened us with the United States), he is, I suppose, joking; and I notice that, in The New Age of October 2, a correspondent called our attention to this. One must presume that if Mr. Hervey's party comes into power there would be some sort of alliance between Germany and Australia; if we take it for granted, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Hervey is not joking. Or perhaps between Germany plus United States and Australia? I do not profess to know. But I should like to call the attention of the Young Australian Party and its critics, in The New Age and elsewhere, to another aspect of Australian politics which is at present forming a subject of very keen discussion in those circles in London where Home Rule, the Land, etc., are not regarded as being of any great importance.

By arrangement with the present Government of the Commonwealth, numbers of English naval officers were sent out to assist in the formation of the new Australian navy. Their tasks were difficult; and it is to be regretted that they were rewarded chiefly with ingratitude and snubs. Their efforts to raise the standard of discipline—which was exceedingly lax, as it always is in new countries like Australia and the United States—were not merely thwarted by the insolence and unwillingness of the men under their charge, but also, which is far more serious, by the disposition of the local authorities to support the "jackers" and to punish the offenders, when the offenders were punished at all, with exceedingly light and trivial sentences. In consequence of this attitude
The Young Australian Party has merely threatened us with Germany. The Australian Liberal and Labour parties, however, are suspected in official circles in London—mind, I do not say more than suspected—of being even less patriotic, Imperially speaking, than Mr. Hervey and his friends. For Mr. Hervey's followers would appear to be willing to give us a chance. "Do this, or ..." We can at least understand that language. But we frankly cannot understand the attitude of the Labour party and the Liberal and Labour party. Both these political organisations have shown as much unwillingness as can well be imagined to " meet" the wishes of the Home Government, and chiefly so in all discussions connected with the fleet. The Australians have also agreed that any fleet for which they pay, either in men or in money, shall be kept in Australian waters. The home authorities naturally enough, want all the ships of the Empire to be under some common command. Without some such arrangement, indeed, the result at a period of crisis would be little less than anarchy. We should not know, in time, on whom we might rely; and, to speak frankly, the suspicions of many influential people at home are that we should not be able to rely upon Australian assistance, whether in the form of men, money, or ships.

And now a word on this question of an Australian navy. Australia would not be safe from Japan—Japan is the bugbear—or, if you will, from the United States and Germany, unless she had a fleet at least as large as that of Japan, and a fleet as well manned and equipped and trained. Difficulties of population alone render such a fleet impossible for the Australian people. The only hope, therefore, is for Australia to wish that any fleet from the Japs, is reliance on the help which could be afforded by some strong nation, no matter how far off. If the Japanese, for example, chose to attack quickly, as they have always done, the fleets of the United States and Germany would be as useless as the British Fleet. But the British Fleet, it may be said, should station a strong squadron in Australian waters, or the United States may do so and thus afford protection from Japan.

Now, this is a subject for discussion. The opening of the Panama Canal will not find us unprepared; we are already strengthening our naval station at Bermuda and revising our strategical arrangements to fit the new conditions. But it may as well be stated at once that neither Germany nor the United States can be relied upon to "defend" Australia. It would take the whole American fleet to do that, and if the American fleet were stationed in Pacific waters permanently the way would be clear for them to carry out her colonial designs in South America; and she would carry them out. Germany, on the other hand, would never dream of sending a strong fleet to the Pacific, especially when France has three super-Dreadnoughts in course of construction and others on order. One hint to Mr. Hervey and his friends: how would they, as statesmen, deal with a German-Japanese alliance? That is at least as likely an event as the rise of the Young Australian Party to power. My compliments to Mr. Hervey.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

The immediate importance of Ulster's preparations will be exaggerated or belittled according to the temperament of the critic and his knowledge of Irish affairs. But they have another importance which is in reality far greater, although for the moment overlooked. They mark the end of "law and order," the commencement of an epoch where violence—and what is more, deliberate organised violence will be openly regarded by men as a method of adjusting their differences.

For nearly two hundred years civil war has been unknown in England, and its possibility has almost ceased to be contemplated. "Law and order" had apparently become part of the national character, hypothesising the populace into submission to anything. But Ulster has broken the spell. Whether the Ulster army be serious or a piece of bluff scarcely matters. The fact remains that in this United Kingdom persons, considering themselves to have a vital grievance, have deliberately and in set purpose, organised an army and prepared for civil war; and that where one has started, others may follow. In future it will be of no use telling starving labourers that they should not leave their homes because the State might seem to render such a move as would amount to treason. As a result of this the army and prepared for civil war must be so constituted that any force that may take up arms and fight in order to defend the rather vague and unsatisfying privilege of damning the Pope, they may certainly take up arms to prevent a gang of obscene blackguards starving their wives and little ones to death. Whether that is sauce for Belfast is sauce for Dublin, and sauce for Manchester and Liverpool, and even sauce for London at a pinch. The old "Law and order" lie will never really hypnotise again.

It is, therefore, opportune to consider the chances of an insurrection. At first the conditions of a modern State might seem to render such a thing impossible. Organisation and communications might appear too good. Even as late as 1745 pretenders could land in remote spots (such as the Highlands) and gather a considerable army from the disaffected before so much as the news could reach the Royal forces. But to-day the telegraph would rouse every military station within the hour, and in a couple of days the railway would concentrate sufficient troops at the point of danger to nip the revolution in the bud. It would, therefore, seem as if no hope could be placed in that species of insurrection which requires time to gather force. The revolt must be as sudden and decisive as the measures used to quell. It must spring fully armed upon the scene and be so sudden and decisive as the measures used to quell. It must spring fully armed upon the scene like Minerva from the head of Jove. And that is practically impossible, since no one can organise and arm a modern army in secret under the very nose of the law.

But as a matter of fact the insurrection's prospect is not as bad as this. After all if your modern State is a very terrible and efficient machine, it is also an extremely delicate one. It is centralised to an abnormal degree. It depends for those efficient communications which render it so formidable upon a limited number of nerve centres such as power stations, railway junctions, viaducts, and the like. Those seized or destroyed its terrible limbs are paralysed. Obvious is the potency of the modern army when faced with urban insurrection. Your modern army marches up to the rebellious city and its artillery to bombard the place into subjection; but they have another importance which is in reality far greater, although for the moment overlooked. They mark the end of "law and order," the commencement of an epoch where violence—and what is more, deliberate organised violence will be openly regarded by men as a method of adjusting their differences.
An Examination of the National Guild System.—III.

By H. Belloc

The examination of this type is of particular importance because it is obviously the type to which we can approach most immediately in the present condition of industrial society. Indeed most of those who propose the establishment of what is called "Guild Socialism" speak as though an immediate consummation of this sort—"The Guild working in conjunction with the Employers"—were the object they had in mind.

I shall not here discuss how far the achievement is practicable. The whole question of what is and what is not practicable, and of what is most easily practicable, I shall deal with in the latter part of these papers. I am considering only the necessary consequences of each particular type of Guild as an ideal type. In other words, let us first set up such and such a type of Guild by hypothesis in order to discover how far it satisfies the human end for which Guilds are imagined. Only thus can every type be judged.

Then, when we know which type is the satisfactory one, we can proceed to examine how far our ideal is practically realisable.

Now it should be evident—I would almost call it self-evident—that a Guild the members of which controlled in theory their own labour through their instruments of production and their stores of food were controlled by a Socialist class, would be no advance whatsoever towards the Guild idea and would be as much a negation of it as the first type in which the State was the owner of the capital. For you have in this second type exactly the same dilemma as you have in the first; either the Capitalist class owning the machinery and the stores of food, fuel, clothing and the rest really controls these or only nominally controls them. If it really controls them, if the all-important point of Property resides in the Capitalist class, then the Capitalist class can always and necessarily dictate its terms to the Guild.

You may reply just as was replied in the case of State Ownership that in point of fact the Capitalist class would be beaten in any such struggle once Guilds of this sort were established.

"The Guild having the monopoly of labour," you say, "can by refusing its labour bring things to a standstill." Whether it can do so or not concerns the practical and not the theoretical part of my discussion: it deals with the question, "How Guilds may be made," not with the question "Which Guild is good." But it is obvious that if the Proletarian Guild, by refusing its labour, can force the Capitalist owners to capitulate, then the Guild has passed from type No. 1 to type No. 3. Before its victory it was a Guild of proletarians in association with Capitalist masters; after its victory it will have become a Guild controlling its own capital, and will be a Guild of what I have called the third type, that is, a Guild the members of which hold corporate property in its means of production.

Let us take a concrete case. The Miners' Guild is working with machinery owned by the Capitalist class. It has a monopoly in the labour of mining which certainly no man can learn at a moment's notice. It is "black-leg" proof. It informs the Capitalists through its officials that the men propose in future to work six hours less in the week. The Capitalists reject the proposal. There follows what is called a strike to-day, but what I suppose to be called when these Guilds were working "in association with" Capitalists, a painful disagreement. The Capitalist class is also in control of the Food Guilds, the Clothing Guilds, the Housing Guilds, the Railway Guilds, at least in so far as material objects are concerned. (I know that this is a highly theoretical point of putting it, but I think in practice there will be plenty of leakage and plenty of opportunity for the proletarians of the Guild to accumulate small stores for the purpose of a fight. But please remember that in this first part of my discussion I am carefully keeping to the ground of pure theory.)
It cannot be denied that in such a struggle the proletarians would be by definition entirely in the hands of their Capitalist associates for the simple reason that they could not eat so long as the struggle endured. Strikers can eat to-day while the struggle endures because our laws have not established Proletarian Guilds of this kind with the power to assign over material objects vested in a Capitalist class. One may say that such is the rough plan of society, but the plan is most imperfect, and our Trades Unions, though virtually proletarian, can accumulate to a small extent. Our laws preconceive property as a general right and as an universal institution (though in point of fact it has ceased to be so), and the proletarian groups can own a little and are secure in their control of that little. But in the pure theory of type No. 2 you have Capitalism in theoretic absolute control and the Guild wholly proletarian.

Even suppose that the Guild wins, whether because the system was not ideally perfect (as of course in practice it could never be) or because men in the Food and Clothing and other Guilds revolted successfully and were able to help their fellows in the Miners' Guild. Why then, the Miners' Guild, as an association of Proletarians working "in conjunction with" the Capitalists, the Guild which I have called type No. 2, would be transformed into something quite different. It would have become a Guild of the type No. 3. For if you can beat the Capitalist on one question you can beat him on another. If your monopoly of labour enables you to say how and when you shall work it equally enables you to say what proportion of the total produce you shall have, and naturally you would ask for as much as you can get and the Capitalist will be squeezed out. But if the Capitalist is squeezed out and the Proletarian Guild steps into his shoes then that Proletarian Guild is no longer proletarian, but has become a Guild possessed of corporate ownership in its means of production; that is, it has become a Guild of the third type.

I know very well that this self-evident and deductive reasoning will seem terribly jejune to the fine, confused thinking of our time, and I am a little ashamed to sit down at such length a process of reasoning so exceedingly simple. It is none the less necessary, though it sound repetitive in the ears of the intelligent and though its conclusions be fairly obvious from its premises.

It is necessary to go through this elementary process because, until we are quite clearly fixed upon our first principles, we perpetually tend to sentimental or vague expressions the essential quality of which is an attempt to combine two contradictory things.

Let me for the sake of illustration leave my theoretic method for a moment and put the matter actually, that I may drive home my conclusion.

I say that a guild of type No. 2, a Proletarian Guild working "in association with" Capitalist owners, fails to satisfy the human needs for which a guild is to exist. Those needs are the choice by the workman of the conditions of his work and the control by the workman of his own life; the escape from dependence and exploitation and the enjoyment of a sense of economic freedom. Now put yourself into the shoes of an engine driver in the Railway Guild. He has had cause to complain to his officials of the quality of the coal supplied to him. He is given coal which subjects him to a perpetual anxiety because he is never certain how long he can keep up his head of steam and his fireman is under a ceaseless strain of stoking which interferes with all the other work on the engine; it is dis- contented and unhappy; they feel they are living in a fashion which they certainly would not live if they had anything to do with the supply of coal. There is already behind this strain and unhappiness, a larger foundation of discontent in the fact that they cannot save, unless they receive their weekly wage, and that predisposes them to worry even over trifles, because it is an inhuman condition.

I will admit for the moment that if the Guild supplied the coal and controlled it the engine driver, as a member of the Guild, would feel that he had some power (I only admit this for the sake of hypothesis at this point). Well, he goes to his official and he complains. The official, being an official of the Guild and not of the Capitalist, can say what he likes. But he says, or rather it is admitted, that the coal is vested as property by law, and that he cannot interfere. So the engine driver must suffer or submit as the case may be. But if the Guild supplied the coal and controlled it the engine driver (a large admission which I again make for the sake of hypothesis), then there is a strike. Take the matter as one of principle and let each side fight it out the Capitalists being the Coalowners and the masters as they were before any Guild came into existence. They control not only the coal but the food by which the man and his family live, and they can shut off supplies. If, in point of fact, they give way and if the rule about the coal is changed permanently, then is that section of the means of production the Guild is the controller for the future. The official of the Guild will only have to report "bad coal," and to refuse it, for other coal to be supplied him. In other words, who happens to own the coal or to control the order of the coal, is indifferent. It is the Guild official who creates the demand and who can effectively obtain the supply. And to that extent—in the one matter of the coal—the Guild has entered into possession of its Instruments of Labor. If it thus supersede the Capitalists in a few points the Guild would still remain under type No. 2 as the dominant type, and upon most matters the engine driver would still remain an unsatisfied and therefore unhappy proletarian. His Guild would not be fulfilling the function of giving him a sense of control over the conditions of his labour. But if the Guild were to supersede the Capitalist on very many such points, then it would mean that the type No. 2 had passed from Guild No. 2 to Guild No. 3, and that the Railwaymen's Guild was more the master of its instruments held in corporate property than the Capitalists were.

But so long as the effective control of the means of production is in the hands of the Capitalists, etc., are to a determining extent in the hands of a Capitalist class, and so long as the Guild remains Proletarian, that Guild does not satisfy the human need.

The truth is that neither Guild No. 1 nor Guild No. 2, neither the Guild whose capital is owned by the State, nor the Guild whose capital is owned by a Capitalist class, are really Guilds at all. Neither is a solution of our economic difficulties; to call such organisation "Gilds" is in the case of both merely substituting pleasant for unpleasant words; while those who tell us that such "Gilds" would lead to a better state of things which they proceed to describe, are merely telling us that they do not make either of these Guilds their ideal and their object.

No one can seriously support the Guild idea unless he has for his ideal and his object one of the two remaining types of Guild, one of the two Owners' Guilds as I have called them, and the serious part of our theoretical discussion must turn upon which of these two is theoretically satisfactory to the human needs we are attempting to supply.

Does the Guild which is in corporate possession of its means of production, or the Guild whose members are possessed of several property, whether in their own Association or elsewhere, best fulfil the Guild function and best supply in theory the human needs which are crying out against the Capitalist system of to-day? That is the question which I propose to approach in my next two articles.
Quantity and Quality.

By Guglielmo Ferrero.

(Translated by R.H.C. from the “Figaro” of October 7, 1913.)

The newspapers have been discussing during last month a problem of fiscal policy which has recently arisen between France and Germany. It concerns the more vigorous application of one of the French fiscal regulations, the purport of which, if I understand it, is to require that objects made abroad shall also bear the mark of the country that imports them, thus: “Imported from so and so.” It is not in favour of so precise a regulation, and doubtless the conflicting interests are at stake. There are, it is true, moment to excuse the public from reflecting much upon the general bearing of a trifling tariff question. All the same, questions of this kind conceal gravest current problems. Nobody will be able to tell one from the other. You Japanese articles. But they have been manufactured in and confuse models with imitations that very soon palmed with perfumes, liqueurs, and devices employed to-day to palm false souvenirs which Oriental the sphere of luxuries over which chemistry wields its magic wand-perfumes, liqueurs, and devices employed to-day to palm false souvenirs which Oriental the sphere of luxuries over which chemistry wields its magic wand-perfumes, liqueurs, and devices employed to-day to palm

Where it to exploit large territories and to organise formidable armies. The nations that to-day can produce much and quickly, enjoy advantages which no age has ever before known. Even the nations that have inherited the traditions of old civilisations find themselves compelled to reckon with the new situation. But quantity, though a force, and a great force, ought not to be the force, unless indeed men wish to be transformed into simple wealth-producing machines.

It would be desirable, therefore, to analyse a little more carefully than we usually do our statistics of industry and commerce, and to see what they imply. The exports of raw material and the exports of manufactured goods may equally enlarge the figures of the returns; but they have a very different moral and social significance. Among the manufactured goods which nations generally exchange there are also considerable differences. Native industries, which are the result of long national effort, ought by no means to be confused with the industries of imitation, for the former alone are the manifestation of the real creative energy of the nation. I do not understand why anybody sells its native original products for a hundred millions should consider itself inferior to a nation that sells imitations of the same things for twice or thrice that sum.

Of course, the perfection of those objects that serve as a model is not absolute. It is obvious that neither Japanese porcelain nor Persian carpets represent a level of perfection which can never again be reached or even surpassed. There are only models of relative perfection, like all the other works of man which have acquired, by dint of prolonged effort, a great reputation. But for this very reason they serve for a time the purposes both of a standard by which to judge objects of the same kind and of the still better. They are, therefore, one of the most important factors in progress. But they cannot play this important rôle if they are constantly being falsified as they are being to-day. The good and the mediocre, I repeat, are now so mixed that it is impossible to distinguish them. Hence it comes that quality is judged by price instead of price by quality. In American journals one already finds advertisements which recommend their goods because they are the most costly. Is it necessary to prove that the dangers involved in adopting this standard of value for the quality of things?

The countries and the industries which have created models ought therefore to defend their authenticity, not only in their own interest, but in the great interests of civilisation. Giving mankind the means of distinguishing the genuine from its imitations is a contribution to the most exalted conception of progress. But the task is far from easy. The resistance offered to so simple and modest a remedy as the declaration of origin is a proof of it. Modern industry is involved in conflicting interests that even the countries whose goods are most generally imitated have great difficulty in organising an effective defence. The spirit of the age favours cheap imitations. And this state of affairs can only be improved by modifying certain ideas which seem to me so simple and expedient a test. A quantity of something is a force; it has always been; above all it is a power in an age like ours which tends everywhere to exploit large territories and to organise formidable armies. The nations that to-day can produce much and quickly, enjoy advantages which no age has ever before known. Even the nations that have inherited the traditions of old civilisations find themselves compelled to reckon with the new situation. But quantity, though a force, and a great force, ought not to be the force, unless indeed men wish to be transformed into simple wealth-producing machines.

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Phileasos, eminent publicists, even, and particularly super-eminent politicians, all find it difficult to express the only unbiased truths of their own Party, or their Party’s, quasi-national and quasi-imperial predilections in current English, and ipso facto, in un-British (as it happens to be) and unnational political phraseology. As a matter of fact, the only unbiased truths postulates peremptory and popularised by the associated factions of an obsolete system makes it impossible either to think (for we think in words) or speak clearly of any British (not English) national problem which exceeds the bounds of a mere junta’s privileged and always only local monopoly.

In this connection, I am assured by two editors—one a Socialist, the other a Conservative—that Imperialists generally aim at no more than some closer domination. In fact, the States of this kingdom (not of five “nations”? surely are not Imperialists—but which, nevertheless, are entirely swamped in the silly frenzied struggle for Party supremacy: (i) Can the natural or any resources of little Britain provide an adequate remedy for her social problems? (ii) Can Britain alone, drained as she is first of money and then of men, no longer pre-eminent even in her foreign trade and foreign markets, in fact, relatively, indubitably, and inevitably retrogressive in both wages and trade, preserve that prescriptive security (not of its Crown. They forget that the empire is subject— to the same effect) including prospective and ex-Ministers, to the same effect) citizens of their own historic national (not Imperial) ex-

But still, an overwhelming majority of leading and—and as Brougham would have put it—“proper” Imperialists unquestionably are Empire Nationals, or (the same thing) Imperial Nationalists, or, to use a more common phrase, Imperial Unionists. In the words of a leading Imperialist daily (and I could quote many leaders, including prospective and ex-Ministers, to the same effect) this stronger section desire— the independence of Great Britain, and the political union in which is comprised the United Kingdom and the Dominions, including the Empire of India and the protectorate over Egypt. It does not matter that in this “unity” British subject negroes, for instance, will outnumber Englishmen. Any imperial imaginations in all its inglorious run of forty or more years, still resist, as it must, economic and terminological analysis, as well as public discussion, argument, or criticism. Nevertheless, in this case, all depends on what is meant by the word “unity,” and whether the phrase, “the independence of Great Britain,” subconsciously or otherwise, postulates English domination. Here we have two kinds of Imperialists, each speaking of unity though aiming at different “ideals,” each even among themselves, confused with and supporting the other, but both (and this is the point which I am trying to make clear) imbued with the extraordinary hallucination that unity, either national or Imperial, can carry with it any form (preferably “English”) of domination together with its corollary subjection.

Usage, I am further told by two other pre-eminent leaders of “the back slums of Fleet Street,” together with the inconvenience of trying to express political thought in other than an adjectival, three-letter, popular, terminology, is the reason why speakers and writers label things which are predominantly British, English. Two years ago the Colonial Secretary refused to define the word “Empire.” To-day the statesman dares to question any interpretation either of that word or the word “Nation,” or offer a precise description of either British or National patriotism. As a matter of fact, no responsible statesman could authoritatively pronounce any judgment in these matters, for the very simple and sufficient reason that, in the absence of any National authority—Executive or Parliamentary, and because Sovereignty has devolved from one to five divided States (the four Dominion States exclusively governing two States, the Empire at large excluding one) there is now, with inter-State, and inter-Party jealousy, no machinery left in any State through which a National pronouncement can be obtained or suggested without risking a charge of intolerance.

Yet, at this time, as every informed thinking man is aware, there are two grave questions involving practically every considerable measure within the now restricted jurisdiction of the Parties, which should overlap all the hubbub of this partisan and unnational localism and provincialism, but which, nevertheless, are entirely swamped in the silly frenzied struggle for Party supremacy: (i) Can the natural or any resources of little Britain provide an adequate remedy for her social problems? (ii) Can Britain alone, drained as she is first of money and then of men, no longer pre-eminent even in her foreign trade and foreign markets, in fact, relatively, indubitably, and inevitably retrogressive in both wages and trade, preserve that prescriptive security (not of its Crown. They forget that the empire is subject— to the same effect) including prospective and ex-Ministers, to the same effect) citizens of their own historic national (not Imperial) ex-

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A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

VI.
Views of England.

One evening when I was returning from Stamboul, I got on board the boat some time before it started. Choosing a seat whence I could see the mosques and the old palace looking down upon the sapphire water gay with little boats, I began to glance through the columns of an evening paper I had purchased on the quay. As it happened there were sitting near me two old gentlemen, also with evening papers in their hands; who presently began discussing the report therein contained of a meeting in London to protest against Great Britain’s Balkan policy. I had read the notice of the meeting in my journal, so knew at once to what their talk referred.

“It seems we have some friends there as in France!”

“Aye, as in France precisely—a few exalted souls like Pierre Loti, who are persecuted and derided! The English, like the French, are full of words—toleration, humanity, liberty, and so on—but when it boils down to deeds those words are seen to be quite empty. The common people are exceedingly fanatical, and common people in those lands control the Government. Please God they will be punished for their perfidy. India is not contented with the course affairs are taking.”

“They say that England has decided to give up India to the Russians some day.”

“I don’t give five paras for that opinion. England will give up nothing she has laid her hands on. The Anglo-Russian alliance is but temporary, as against the Muslims. It is a pure product of fanaticism. As soon as Persia and the Guarded Realms* have been subjected altogether to a Christian yoke, England and Russia will fight furiously for the spoils.

Their conversation soon meandered off to other topics, while I watched the city growing dreamlike as the sun sank. The view of modern Europe as an old Christendom, united by a fanatic hatred of Islam, was nothing new to me. All Muslims hold it more or less, and they are justified by the course of history. The feeling towards us English, who have not been among the active persecutors, would not have been so very bitter among Turks, who are extraordinarily philosophic, were it not for our self-righteousness: the way our diplomats, our missionaries and many private individuals in Turkey have of talking

* Memliki Mahrush : i.e., the Ottoman Empire.
my tone was flippant, I was really earnest in apologising for my country’s failings, they at once began to differ from me, pointing out instances of British uprightness, intelligence, pluck, amiability, and what not, even cited in part of the press of Turkey, and the more I harped on our infirmities, the more enthusiastic they became. When I parted from them in the crowd at Haidar Pasha they were chattering together eagerly, vying with each other in pro-British ardour. If England—the people, not the Government—will stand by Turkey we are saved. It is England’s turn to Russia that has been our death-blow. There is no other country in the world where public opinion is so free and so powerful. If only the English would behold us as we are, a people struggling to be something noble in the world, they would befriend us though we are Mahomedans. They are not really such fanatics as the Serbs and Bulgars. And they would find us grateful, far more grateful than the Christians.”

Those were some of the remarks to which I was obliged to listen. And they were spoken earnestly, not in the smooth and flowery language of convention which (supposing that there had been any fight) would have hailed a loud performance on the British trumpet. In the train I came again upon the friend who, having performed the introduction, had sat listening to our conversation, helping me with words when needed. He beckoned me to come and sit beside him, and at once began:

“What you said to those two old friends was pretty; but you know as well as I do that your Government is very clever, and does not take part against the Muslims from stupidity. Look at Sir Grey, for instance! Is he not a very clever man?”

I said that I had not the honour of his personal acquaintance, but was assured that he was of a very good family, and was considered to maintain the best traditions of the House of Commons in his speech and bearing. He chuckled and looked hard at me a minute.

“Well,” he said, “you will not deny that the Liberals are the fanatics, the Conservatives the progressive and enlightened party in your country. The Liberals hate the Muslims and would welcome their extermination. We have seen it many times in my remembrance. Therefore it is a great misfortune for the Muslim world that a Liberal Government should have held the power in England at this great crisis of our fate.”

I wished some Liberals at home in England could have heard this.

The Liberals, I answered, might be called the English as opposed to the Imperial party (he interrupted with: “I told you they were fanatics”), that is, they gave to home affairs the first place; and, while not neglecting colonial and foreign business would allow it the importance which Conservatives ascribed to it. In fact they hardly viewed the British Empire as a whole, but as England and a number of dependencies. There was something to be said for that opinion, since England still was head; and at a time when, as at present, she was on the verge of a great social revolution, the Government might be excused for being deeply occupied with home affairs. Having assigned the Foreign Office to a highly respectable man beloved of the Opposition, thus precluding trouble in that quarter, they had hoped to hear no more of it. The Balkan war had been a great distress to them, and there was not a man among them capable of dealing bravely with the greater problems which it raised. Their so-called policy had been to drift along from day to day, trimming their sails to every wind that blew or seemed about to blow; and through it all they had been harried by their old tradition, which had made of the Bulgars and Armenian massacres a party cry to rouse fanaticism—a fanaticism which still lived, and which they could not now control.

“That is precisely what I told you. They are the fanatics,” said my friend. “Now listen! They are doing untold harm to England, senselessly. It must be clear to everybody of intelligence that Turkey is no danger to any Power of Europe at the present time. But Russia will become ere long a general danger. Why support her in her great crusade against us, and help her to increase her power? There is another danger which you know, as well as I do. Not until the last Muslim Power has fallen under Christian rule will the Islamic world be reunited in a league of life and death, and the great revolt begin. We do not want this. We consider it would be a great disaster for the Muslims and the world at large, which should advance towards peace and universal toleration. But Europe seems to wish to force it on us. . . . I wonder how much Russia spends upon your present Ministry!”

I said that I believed our Ministry to be examples of integrity. He only shook his head and sighed: “Who knows?”

“We need the help of Englishmen,” he said after a pause, “not of the British Government, but Englishmen, in our endeavour to raise up the people. Your individuals are splendid, there is no denying, and we could trust them to deal fairly with a given charge. But the British Government is treacherous, as we have seen a hundred times. You may be, as you say, the natural consequence of a democracy—but your Government is faithless, inconsistent.”

I said that there was probably no living Englishman who did not in his heart distrust the British Government, even though he represented the other party views, although to foreigners we all uphold it from a sense of patriotic duty.

“I admire that!” he exclaimed. “Would to God our people did the same thing when abroad. Instead, they grow enamoured of the country they are visiting and pour contempt upon the name of Turkey.” My friend, I may remark, had never been to Europe. “When they come home again they are insufferable. They would alter everything; upon the model of the country they admire. They have no idea of the true national character to a people struggling for existence. They confound patriotism with fanaticism, a boneless cosmopolitanism with enlightenment. The cause is in the lack of education—not mere instruction out of books—but education in the strict religious sense. You English have preserved it; you are very wise!” He paused for half a minute and then sighed: “Give us a dozen of your young administrators for a term of years!”

I asked what cause he had for thinking that Englishmen would serve the needs of Turkey better than any other Europeans. He answered that the men of other European nations when employed by Turkey remained the servants of their Governments against the Turks; whereas it seemed to him a point in the individual Englishman (from what he could hear) to be true to his employer against all the world.

“But Frenchmen make as loyal mercenaries,” I contended.

“Yes,” he agreed, “they would not cheat us on a bargain. But the French, my friend, have this peculiarity: that every Frenchman is a missionary of his country’s language, religion, social chaos. The English, less attractive and less amiable (saving your presence), are the better educators. They do not make their pupils wish to become Englishmen, but by means of discipline, and the natural opposition it arouses, enable them to develop strong character.”

“And the Germans?” I inquired when he had finished speaking.

“We like the Germans,” he replied with a laugh. “With a little practice and instruction they make quite good Turks. But they are too pervasive. We are much afraid of them, desiring, as we do, to keep our country.”

Upon a pause he added: “Has it ever struck you that Germany and Russia have a secret understanding? Think it over!”

With these words he left me, turning in at his own gate.
Theory and Practice.

By Duxmia.

No attentive student of the times will have failed to notice the growth during the last half century of what a great authority (Professor Chump in "The Modernist's Year Book") has styled, "Thought for thought's sake." "Up till about that time," the well-known professor remarked, "our intellects were hindered by constant contact with the realities of daily life. The occurrence at frequent intervals of war and civil tumults, the ever present necessity of earning a livelihood at some commonplace trade—for as yet there was no money in the Higher Thought—tied us by the leg. Our speedlessness, as compared with what we had hitherto been accustomed to in the hitherto virgin fields of hallucination and delirium: we evolve ideas that have no reference to things as they are, and are not meant to have. "Thought for thought's sake" is our motto. Thought is deep in the highest and truest acceptance of the term, and the recognition of this truth may be held to absolve from the execution of ideas whose practice, to put it plainly, might land us in almost irretrievable disaster."

"But," the Professor went on, "in this wonderful twentieth century nous avons changé tout cela. The development of our urban life, the comparative absence of social disturbance, the endowment of science by the wealthy, have all permitted the segregation of the thinking class and its evolution upon lines designed to satisfy, not the multitude, but itself. Unfettered by the demands of reality (which indeed we are already excluded from our existences), we have entered upon the serene and horrible beauty of the Doctor's conscience. In the Professor's words, the principles underlying the production of so many gems of contemporary rationalism. To think all things are permitted—except the practice of what he thinks. It was to the neglect of this sovereign maxim that the impartial observer must attribute the decline and fall of the infant Renaissance of the South Suburban Area, which in its turn will be found to date its inception from the unfortunate catastrophe to Dr. Klapomanski and the Associated Supermen of Upper Tooting, whose history is related in this article.

The trouble arose with the introduction of the publican Bounce. This individual, whose essentially coarse, plebeian nature had been still further degraded by three and twenty years in the ranks of the British Army and by a lifelong indulgence in beer, should never have been admitted to the gatherings of a society devoted to the discussion and propagation of the Higher Thought, but his position as landlord of the Scipio Road Assembly Rooms (where the meetings were held), and as supplier of the excellent Medoc at a shilling a bottle, upon a constant supply of which their success was felt to depend, gave him claims that the qualities of his mind and heart could never have substantiated. Already his vehement description of Nietzsche's, the "tutelary deity of the society, as a 'b—-lunatic'" had suggested his expulsion, but the dislike of unpleasantness natural to Supermen had prevented this being executed in time to avert the fatal blow which killed the movement at its birth. Upon such trifles does the future of our race depend.

It fell during the course of the 132nd weekly meeting when the President, Dr. Klapomanski, was engaged upon the reading of a brilliant and scholarly paper entitled, "The art of seduction: or the Superman's moyens de parvenir." The doctor disserted at length and with elegance upon the theoretical acquirement without which no real Superman can consider his education completed, and it was the universal feeling that a fresh chapter was being added to the literature of a movement which was travelling, in the words of its most eloquent exponent, "beyond good and evil to something sweeter and luxuriously disgusting."

The Doctor had just reached, with peculiar subtlety, the descriptions and efficacy of cruelty in subduing the female mind, when Bounce, whose coarse and material intellect remained impervious to the serene and horrible beauty of the Doctor's conception, and who, like so many of his kind, remained in bondage to the dogmas of an obsolete and servile theology, exclaimed, "Seduce! You little — worm! An' you are to talk abaat seduce? There ain't one of you 'ere would 'ave the courage to seduce a b—-y clothes 'orser!"

"chicken- eared little blighters mouthin' filth that none of 'em would 'ave the guts to perform," after which he rose and left the room. Of such were those who persecuted Galileo and Copernicus and opponents and obstructors of progress in every age.

It would have been more prudent, it would have been more worldly, it would have been more wise had the Superman treated these manifestations of the publican intellect with that contempt which the higher rightly feels towards the lower at every age and in every clime; but the natural métlesomeness of the thoroughbred, intensified perhaps at least to a quarter or three-quarters of aottle of not very much diluted Medoc, suggested a course that cooler wisdom would have deprecated or disallowed. Springing to the platform, Dakappke, whose reputation as a dashing immortal and who has penetrated to the Putney Futurists and was not altogether unknown even among the Progress Societies of Hammersmith and Turnham Green, called loudly upon the excited gathering to disprove this deliberate insult to the virility of a proud and hearty brotherhood. "Seduce!" he bellowed. "I say to you that in expection of this indiginity I will seduce not a clothes horse, nor yet one living female, nor yet fifty, but a thousand and ten! Virgins shall be violated in assertion of our supermanity! Rappers shall be dethroned that Bounce, the publican, may be brought to nought! Balham shall be sweet with blood! Lovely, fair, and terrible things shall be enacted after dark on Clapham Common. There shall be tears in Tooting! Goroo! Goroo!"

Here Mr. Dakappke repeatedly kicked the small boy kept by the society for the especial convenience of members wishing to relieve their supermanity, and the rest of the meeting quaffed great draughts of red wine, gurgling "Gore!"

And thus it was that, starting from the next morning the Associated Supermen began that series of heroic attempts to put their principles into practice, which in the end resulted, alas, in the collapse and discredit of the movement, and the decline and fall of all the infant Renaissance of the South Suburban Area. Sed resurgat. Sweet folly is immortal. As general reporter to the "Brixton Times" and Clapham correspondent of the "Stockwell Sentinel," I found myself summoned by telegram at an early hour to attend the preliminary meeting of the Supermen before setting out upon their various roads. The scene, so beautifully portrayed by the inspired Cubist, L'Artichaut, in his famous tableaux,"Klapomanski's Farewell" was solemn and impressive in the truest, sense. In a room thronged by his followers, the author of "The Art of Seduction" stood gracefully apart and bade a cheerful good-bye to each of his fellow Ubermenschen: his eyes, peering uncertainly through his gold-rimmed spectacles, spoke better than words to those who knew him of confidence, 2nd hope, and the strange, unearthly beauty of the South Suburban Renaissance was adequately symbolised in the flask-like confection of his shoulders and the creases in his boots. "Is all ready?" he inquired, and upon receiving the affirmative, passed to his doom through the double row of Press photographers as quietly and proudly as ever he had passed from his bedchamber to the edges and bawdy lanes of Brixton in pursuit of his subsequent attempt to vindicate the brutality of the
Association by pulling Mr. Bounce's nose were fully related at the inquest.

The scene of the next act in the drama of that remarkable day lay in the Nightingale Lane, where that fair flower of evil, Dakapple, attempted the forcible abduc-

tion of Miss Rooden Gale, a prominent lady resident in that neighbourhood. "Marriage by capture," Dakapple had said, "is the only species of sexual contract worthy of Supermen," and now he showed that he was ready to act up to his opinion. Halting the hireling taxicabber at the gate (for his nervous and hot-tempered temperament, unsuited to equitation, prohibited the employment of the traditional horse), the Futurist knight in a burst of übermenschlicher savagery, effected the breach of an area window; but—such is the uncharity of fortune—the passage of his body through the aperture thus created de-

rived an added difficulty from the attachment of a bulldog to those softer regions surrounding the extremities of the Dorsa Magna from which it can usually be separated only by the application of heated iron. The sais de police had already precluded a return to the cab. At this point the advent of the guardians of a servile morality put a term to a situation which would have been uncomfortable to any man, but which to a Super-

man was double humiliation. The subsequent fine of £5 and costs was borne with greater equanimity than the observations of the magistrate, a totally uncultured person whose daily contact with the lower classes had deprived him of any vestiges of sympathy with the mis-

fortunes of a highly strung and romantic temperament.

Ludovico Sforza Banks, conceiving his will to find its highest expression in the elimination of the unfit, set out with a hunting spear and half a dozen bloodhounds upon the chase of those unfortunate whom he sup-

posed to be resident somewhere in the north-eastern direction of the Walworth Road. However, upon reaching Camberwell he was set upon by three drunken navvies near the "Pint Pot" public-house and all his bones were broken. Scarcely more fortunate was the experience of the three Bawley brothers and the Tripe Girl, who, inspired by Dionysos, stripped naked and ran up Bedford Hill, crying that they were Bacchantes and waving thyrses hastily constructed from pea sticks and hair ribbons. For near St. John's Episcopal Church they found the road up, and, their bare feet proving unable to cross the flints, they were rounded up and captured in the front garden of number fourteen by the police and crowd. The unfortunate proximity of the central establishment of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, suggesting as it did too well what is known to the unscholarly intellect, resulted in their immediate incarceration during his Majesty's pleasure amongst a crowd of other supermen (including King Solomon and the Knave of Spades), whose segregation in an obs-

rantiast world had found the only spectral method of silencing teachers whose message it was unable to hear. Mr. Baldwin Stace, who stood for Tooting as the stock example of almost exactly the sort of beauty that the rest of the French writers have scarcely

learned certain things from him. As an actual fact I think Rimbaud was probably more right than his critics, when he wrote:—

"Que comprendre à ma parole? Il fait qu'elle fuie et vole!"

However, one cannot neglect a poet who has written:

Tendent leurs oenos risibles et têtus.

AUX FEMMES, C'EST BIEN DE FAIRE DES BANS LÍSES

Après les six jours noirs où Dieu les fait souffrir,

Elles bercent, tandis qu'il pleure

Des espèces d'enfants qui pleurent à mourir.

Yet Rimbaud’s work, or at least a great part of it, is perhaps more comparable to the beautiful forms made by chance in some process like the oxidation of silver crystals than to figures carved by an artist. As one often finds, in very early work of one’s own, chance hints of things that are only reacquired with great labour, so one might find in Rimbaud’s work promise of things that the rest of the French writers have scarcely yet acquired. Only the man, it seems, who has written a book, can so build on the poem that we might look for in the next act of the drama. Yet Rimbaud’s work is presented in such a way that I am not sure that we would notice the poem if we had not come, by our own route, to this precise desire.

For what it is worth, Paris had Rimbaud’s work. Certain things had been done haphazard. Paris might have learned from this work a certain sort of concise-

ness. Yet Rimbaud’s work is presented in such a way that I am not sure that anyone could or can be expected to learn from Rimbaud anything that he has not already found out for himself.

By that I mean that Rimbaud should neither be under-
estimated as a poet nor over-estimated as a factor in the development of the art.

As for prose-poetry, I suppose no one will deny that it is as little as old as Ossian. Rimbaud’s “Aube” and “Vierge Folle” do not need; any charm of novelty, and things like “Villes” are a great comfort. It is true that they are bitten with the pox of rhetoric, but a knowledge of them enables one to take the wind of many later poets. “Des groupes de boeufs chantent les idées des peuples” and all that fashion of speaking. Yes, it is often a great comfort to know that bad artists have not even that flavour of novelty upon which they pride themselves. From amateur mystics and from all rhetoricians and more especially from amateur French mystics and from French rhetoricians “Good Lord deliver us!”

Rimbaud does not belong in either of these categories. It is true that he can scarcely ever let out a noun unchaperoned, but in return he must remember that his own faults so displeased him that he left off composing.

It is at least as old as Ossian. Rimbaud’s “Aube” and “stinct with vigour and some of curious interest. I men-
des peoples” and all that fashion of speaking. Yes, day poets in France without taking due count of his pre-
ledge of them enables one to take the wind of many
not even that flavour of novelty upon which they pride
existence, and because they seem to give credit for cer-
rens.

I do not know that he has given a name to his system of metric. We shall probably adopt the Greek system of quantitative verse in English before we try this subtle combination of accords. Also the Greek system is probably more germane to the nature of our speech. I shall not preach Paul Fort in these islands for I do not think these islands want him. Poetry is not like an economic idea, there is no reason why any person, or nation, should accept the kind of poetry it does not like.

Or perhaps this is a misstatement; perhaps I should say that it is in the nature of economic ideators to try to make nations and persons accept distasteful ideas.

The difference is that good poetry is free; it is at the disposal of anyone who wants it; and wealth is not—
hence the difficulty between the position of the critic of poetry and that of the economic ideator. It is the function of the art-critic to bring his public, as expedi-
tiously as possible, to those works of art in which they may take pleasure.

I shall not write of Paul Claudel until I have had further opportunity to read his prose as well as his verse—and then Claudel has the cry. Perhaps he will have a craze like Maeterlinck and Bergson, and then I shall not have to write about him.

Among the men who are neither old nor young, André Spire is well worth attention. He has learned not to slop over. The quality of his charm is perhaps best presented by quotation. “Dames Anciennes” begins with him in his attie, “le poële de faience blanche,” etc.

Mère, le printemps aux doigts tièdes
A soulevé l’espagnollette
De mes fentères sans rideaux.
Faites taire toutes ses voix qui montent
Jusqu’à ma table de travail.

Ce sont les amies de ma mère
Et de la mère de ton père,
Qui cause de leurs maris morts,
Et de leurs fils partis.

Avec, au coin de leurs lèvres,
Ces moustaches de café au lait?
Et dans leurs mains ces tartines?
Dans leurs boucles ces comédiens?

Ce sont des cavales anciennes
Qui mâchonnent le peu d’herbe douce
Que Dieu veut bien leur laisser.

Mère, les mains sensibles
Lâchent les jumets inutiles
Dans les prés, non dans mon jardin!
Sois tranquille, mon fils, sois tranquille,
Elles ne brouteront pas tes fleurs

Mère, que n’y occupent-elles leurs lèvres,
Et leurs trop courtes dents trop blanches
De porcelaine trop fragile!

Mon fils, fermez votre fenêtre.
Mon fils, vous n’êtes pas crétien!

In the earlier work “Et Vous Riez,” he writes with a deal more eagerness; with a rather fine, embittered impatience, first with his literary friends because they persist in concerning themselves exclusively with the craft, instead of attempting to uplift the proletariat; second, with the proletariat because he won’t let him civilise it, and won’t civilise itself in three weeks. The book is a sort of autobiography of the modern Faust in pilgrimage. The modern Faust does not wish to conquer the world; he does not desire to dominate the whole province of knowledge; he desires to arrange the equitable social order. It is a finer ambition. And then, no one has conquered the world —to his own satisfaction, and no one has attained to universal knowledge. So Spire says they told him to sing for the people, dance-songs for their children, etc.,
and "cris pour ses colères," and then he met the best sons of the people.

Les sombres militants, plus tristes que moi-même.

Ils m'ont dit . . .

Assemble les bœufs . . .

Et chante leur.

Mais tenter d'exalter ces hommes sans désirs, Ce peuple qui trahit?

Tu n'as donc pas encore regardé ses yeux vides?

Viens avec nous,

Rhythme-nous des injures pour fouetter son dos mou.

Par crainte de nos coups il lèvera la tête, Il nous le lanceront contre ceux qui l'oppriment.

Il n'a pas relevé la tête. Il a gémis :


J'ai cru longtemps, j'ai cru me posséder un jour.

Mais, chaque fois qu' un peu de sève m'est donnée, L'un de vous me la prend, pour s'en faire homme."

I think Spire is honest and that he writes from himself. Among the young I feel that the work of the show promise and Apollinaire has brought out a clever book.

M. Henri-Martin Barzun has an idea that we should write poems like musical scores with a dozen voices at once. The page would look not unlike the page of Jammes quoted in last week's essay. People do read orchestral scores. I suppose one could learn to read five or ten lines at once or at least to imagine that the five or ten sounds represented in the different lines were all going on at once. There are in this plan both opportu-

nities and dangers. One might save a good deal of time—in dispensing with descriptive passages of the novel for example. One might represent the confusion of metropolitan life where too much does certainly happen all at once. M. Barzun offers a mode of syn-

peration and all sorts of apertures at once you

nearer or in the works of a good artist. One is only

in danger of paralysing thought; of bringing all your other faculties to a standstill. Art is, at least to some extent, selection. If you merely draper an idea in this complicated paraphernalia you have not much advanced. At the same time there is no reason why solos of clear thought or emotion should not emerge like arias from the grumbling of M. Barzun's orchestration.

M. Barzun's Hymne des Forces moved me, although I thought it rhetorical. It seemed to me sign-

ificant that the voice of the mass should have come so near to being coherent. M. Barzun is nowhere near being content with the book above-mentioned. The polyphonic method will be justified when a great work is presented thereby. In the meantime there is no use blinding oneself to the fact that the next great work may be written in this manner. It is not an impossibility, and M. Barzun is not altogether an imbecile.

It is not possible for me to discuss all the fifty-three authors contained in Van Bever and Lestaud's antho-

logy. There are a host of younger writers who will doubless receive fitting recognition at the hands of Mr. Flint. My intention at the outset was to write in conversational tone of my personal adventure; of such French poetry of to-day as had seemed of interest to one as easily bored as I am.

A curious objection has been brought forth that I breathe "too freely in the atmosphere of Paris for great respect." Now the good artist is not a mastodon nor the lion of Androcles that one should be constrained or ill at ease in his presence. The good artist is a person whose intelligence functions—at least in certain directions—exceptionally well. As intelligence is as rare as it is charming, one takes delight either in the presence or in the works of a good artist. One is only constrained in the presence of a good artist when he happens to possess very bad manners, and bad manners are not inseparable from the good artist. Of course, bad manners in anyone but a good artist do not make one ill at ease—one merely passes the other way; but with a good artist one's interest in him and his work may have led one into an exposed position, one may have displayed this interest rashly or in such a way that his display of bad manners is sudden and discon-

certing.

Wherever an artistic standard exists one does not demand constraint, one does not demand that the artist be a member of the London County Council, or Sir Dash, or Lord UnTel, in order that one may respect him. Where a scientific standard exists we demand of the scientist or the philosopher that his discoveries or his knowledge be sound and interesting. Where no artistic standard exists a man's work is judged by his respec-
tability and his social position. Only in a state of Victorian darkness can the oversquashing of "Great Figure" exist. Intelligent respect does not afflict one's respiration.

My contention was that Paris is rather better off for poets than London is, or if you like, "that Paris is twenty, at least twenty, years ahead of the other worlds of letters." This is perhaps a rash statement. I have no intimate acquaintance with the state of literary affairs in Tibet, or in Kiev, or in Umhatusugam. It is possible that London is now second or third, but ninth. Still, I do not think Moscow or Rome will enter the contest, nor yet Budapest. Let us, however, be safe; let us say that Paris is better off at the moment than London.

Dante defined poetry as a composition of words set to music. With the passage of the centuries poetry has been gradually divorced from the art of music, as the term "music" is generally used, i.e., from melody of pitch-variation. The art of music which still remains to the poet is that of rhythm, and of a sort of melody dependent on the order and arrangement of varied vowel and consonantal sounds. The rhythm is a matter of duration of individual sounds and of stress, and the manner of the "word-melody" depends largely on the fitness of this duration and stress to the sounds wherewith it is connected.

In determining the relative state of art in Paris and in London, one would consider rhythm, word melody, and the composition of words, of words that is, con-

sidered as language not as sound.

As to rhythm, I doubt if there is in England at the time of this writing, anyone whose rhythm and word melody are comparable to those of Remy de Gourmont or of Paul Fort, or of De Regnier in the "Odelettes." I think there is no one who writes English as well as De Regnier writes French, or whose work has the quality of seeming at once explicit and uncertain. Neither have we a satirist comparable to Laurent Tail-

hardre, nor yet a poet who delineates his time as clearly as does Francis James.

Nor, for that matter, can I see about me any young man whose work is as refreshing as Romains'. It is true that there are a few writers who are attempting a simplification of structure, somewhat like that attempted by the crowd gathered about "L'Effort Libre"; but for the most part both writers and critics in England are so ignorant that if a man attempt these finer acords and simplicities there is hardly anyone who can tell what he is up to. Neither do I believe that the excellences referred to will appear in English writing until at least twenty years after their respective appearances in France. And with that I rest my case.

Readers and Writers.

Mr. Hewlett's "Bendish," the hero of which is modelled on Byron, has been commercially lucky enough to provoke a discussion of the legitimacy of real figures in fiction. Lots of people, raw hands in literature, will buy this paper to see if they can buy the best novellas of the subject. The conclusion, however, to which Mr. Hewlett's handling of Byron will bring them will be superficial in the extreme; for his failure by no means proves that what he has tried without success may not
be tried with success. Everything depends, of course, on the choice of subject and on the fitness of the writer to deal with it. In the case of Mr. Hewlett the personality of Byron is, I should say, a sealed book to him. He could not even write a good biography of the man, let alone play in imagination with Byron’s potential or the possibilities of his life. Tolstoy had simply no point of contact with Napoleon, and could not have brought himself even to record the bare incidents of his life. My own opinion is that real personalities, so they be within the compass of a writer of fiction, are not only legitimate, but they must be made the materials for dramatic invention and imagination. No hero’s life has ever exhausted the sum of his gifts. There remain still in him, when all the calls of circumstance have been made, powers of response which artless circumstance has never evoked—powers which a real creative imagination in dramatic or author might divine and make manifest. To be sure such a supplementary portraiture of a great man would appear, on the surface, different from the man as revealed by chance events. It might contain, in fact, none of the incidents of his real life with which the world was familiar. Profound students of character, however, would know that the fictional and real were complementary. Xenophon’s Socrates and Xenophon’s Socrates are, in all, the same. The method, on the other hand, is not one to recommend to any novelist. Most novelists, I fear, are too blind to realise even what a great man has done, still more to visualise what a great man might have done.

“A Unexpurgated Case against Women’s Suffrage” (Constable, zs. 6d.), by Dr. Almroth Wright, has proved to be disappointing to a public recently fed on White Slave meat. In the private glossary of most of the Press “unexpurgated” could relate only to sex. In consequence they expected from a book with what they now denounce as a “catchpenny” title. I have read the book and my conclusion is that Dr. Wright was unaware when he chose the title of his kind of expectation it would arouse. At any rate, there is not the smallest trace of self-consciousness in his pages, nor, of course, anything remotely salacious. It is a proof, by the way, of the obsession sex has made of itself in the West that many such words as “expurged,” “originated,” and “confined” are to be confined popularly to sex matters. Virtue, content, chastity, licentious, sensual, passionate, lust—these words, I fancy, owe their degradation to novelists and women, in neither of which classes is the brain the centre of intelligence.

A correspondent, still a little puzzled by the unique contempt of New Age reviewers for the work of Mr. James Stephens—notably his “The Crock of Gold”—asks me to look at Mr. Stephens’ sketch in the “Nation” of October 4, and to pronounce it bad at my peril. Well, the risk is not great, as I could prove if space would allow a long commentary. Mr. Stephens is one of those copious writers who can never march on from idea to idea, but must needs stop to elaborate each and every possibility of the suggestion. The business instinct of THE NEW AGE is conspicuous. To be sure such a proposal to break the form of THE NEW AGE (for each issue is obviously as carefully constructed as a sonnet), the business instinct of the suggestion is conspicuously missing. What, I should like to know, would be the attitude of readers of THE NEW AGE towards a publication whose presence was intruded into the midst of, say, these notes? I trust that they would swear never to look at it, never to tolerate its name in polite society, never to think of it without wishing it dead. Only by refusing to buy articles that are vulgarly advertised shall we bring advertisers to their senses. For my part, an impudent advertisement warns me of an impudent commodity.

Of the English edition of Gobineau’s “Renaissance” (Héinemann, 10s.) the best thing, I find, is Dr. Oscar Levy’s Introduction. The freshness, as my readers may remember, I had the privilege of reading before the text of Gobineau’s work was available. I regret now that I have read Gobineau himself. He would have been much more attractive left as Dr. Levy left him in my mind. “The Renaissance” consists of five “plays” or sets of dialogues, each concerned with one of the chief figures of the period of the Italian revival. They are as follows: Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, Julius II, Leo X., and Michael Angelo. In the section devoted to Savonarola are set thirty or forty scenes, distributed between Rome, Florence, Milan, etc.; and in each scene we are presented with a dialogue between two or more of the contemporaries of Savonarola, occasionally with Gobineau himself. To my mind the conversations which Gobineau makes to take place between these historic personages are either trivial or wanting. He contrives, no doubt, to keep close to his book and in some instances to incorporate into his report the details as we know them of characters’ lives, but the effect is far from enabling us to supplement our knowledge with a fresh insight. On the contrary, his figures dwindle under his treatment and become little more than platitudinous puppets. Look, for example, at the conversation (pp. 16–17) between Michael Angelo and Machiavelli. They may have talked like this, but a priori it is incredible.

MACHIavelLI: Ah! my friend, I have come to tell you

Machiavelli: In exordium
quickly what it is that fills my soul with joy. The French
will be here in a few hours.

MICHAEL ANGELO: As friends? As enemies?

MACHIAVELLI: Nothing is known. Negotiations
are being carried on; if friendship cannot be established, we
shall resist like men and defend our country. But there's
more to come! First, nothing more about follies.
Fra Girolamo has come over to our way of thinking,
and is joining the popular party, so that the coming
of the French will cause the fall of that haughty house
whose pride stifles our liberties.

MICHAEL ANGELO: I owe everything to the father,
and will not be reckoned among the foes of the children.

MACHIAVELLI: You belong to this heart; but remember that the
interests of your country come before your own. All
is in ferment; the water is hot, burning, boiling. The
French are in-going, and is joining the popular party, so that
the coming of the French will cause the fall of that haughty house
whose pride stifles our liberties.

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and will not be reckoned among the foes of the children.
The Gypsy's Point of View.

I found old Joshua Gray seated on the ground in the shade of his ornate caravan, mending a chair. He greeted me in the Romany tongue.

"Sa shan, my Râni! (How do you do, my lady.) The missus and I was only talking about you this mornin'. We thought you must be offended with us.''

"My Romany Pal (gypsy brother) should know me better than to think I could be offended with him," I said, as I handed him my cigarette case. "Where's Mrs. Gray?"

"She's gone into the town. She'll be back afore six. Plenty o' holiday folk about, but not much doin'."

"Very little fortune telling?"

Old Joshua shook his head.

"Them town palmists have taken the bread out o' our mouths. The police is down on the lot o' us becos o' them. The missus ha' got to be careful. 'Tis only by sellin' somethin' out o' the basket she can do any dukerin' (fortune telling). I tell her that more than half of the gals have jined them sufferget women. They don't want to know nothin' about future husbands. They haven't no use for them."

"Don't you believe it, Mr. Gray. Most women desire husbands, whatever they may say to the contrary."

"That's just what the missus will have," said the old gypsy, laughing. "She say, them that haven't got a man want one bad, and that are tied up don't feel satisfied—want to change over for somebody else's property. There's some very queer folk about, my Râni. Gals are bred different from what they used to be. Nowadays the women aren't happy if they don't live gadabout lives and dress theirselves up in all manner of bird-scarin' cloes. They want to do everything except stay at home an' have babies. Men aren't men of the gals have jined them sufferget women. They haven't no use for them."

"Look, look!" I interrupted, "here comes a flying machine."

I showed more excitement than the sight of the aeroplane caused me to feel, fearing the subject of wives and their duties might prove embarrassing.

We watched the aeroplane fly over our heads and disappear out of sight.

"Would you like to fly, Mr. Gray?"

Old Joshua shook his head.

"Not if you was to give me a thousan' pounds, my Râni. I don't believe in exasperatin' the Lord Almighty. It's askin' for judgment. If we was meant to fly, nature would have given us wings. Flyin' is foolhardy pluck, and only fools encourage it."

I wanted to point out to my gypsy friend the opinions held by the Army and Navy, but knowing his conservative mind I suppressed the inclination.

"'Tis the same sort o' pluck that folk see who have look up spirits," he went on contemptuously. "Not being able to follow his train of thought, I nodded understandingly.

"Folk see them by chance is not to blame. But there's some man that'll rent a haunted house on purpose to the Lord Almighty for his own amusement."

"What about the religions?" I asked.

"There's too far many on them," was the reply. "At one time there was only church and chapel. Now there's a dozen different kinds at least. An' the parsons—"

Joshua paused when he started to say, "An' the parsons—"

"—the people from the Bible, the Almighty’s own book, they preach out o' their own heads, which, if size count for anything, don't hold much. I haven't no opinion o' parsons. Show me one who'll share all he ha' got with them that haven't anything, who never think about what he shall eat and drink, who'd preach the gospel for nothin', and I'll shake hands with him."

"But there are good parsons as well as bad," I protested, feebly.

"It ain't their livin' in big houses with servants to work for them on Sundays as well as weekdays that make me angry, Râni. I believe in a man havin' all he can get. 'Tis pretendin' to be Christ that's bad: takin' the Almighty’s name in vain. I can look up to a man who does things for money in a straightforward manner. 'Tis human nature to like money. But these parsons—I ask you, Râni, how many on them do you think would try and stop a poor gypsy being sent to prison if he was caught pouchnin' a rabbit?"

"O! many of them would, I am sure," I said.

The old gypsy laughed sarcastically. "Ah, my Râni, I ain't no fool. I know what I’m talkin' about. Parsons are often magistrates, you know. And there's some har' dones that be. Cuttin' up the roads, and 'tis the truth: we poor gypsies, spot on by servant gals and them ha' got no breedin', live more accordin' to the Book than most of them that's got learnin' enough to preach about it. We pouchn in and we enjoy a bit o' sport. And there aint no wrong done. I don’t say we don't in the landowners and farmers when we can by gettin' off early without payin' for a night's camp; an' that aint a big sin to my mind. We are very hard pushed when we steel; an' though that mayn't be quite right, we can't let our children starve. We pay the price if we are caught. There wouldn't be nothin' to pay if we was judged by what the Book say. We never interfere with nobody. When all’s said an' done we’re as honest as any man, an' they would be becos they was the same sort of folk who haven't no excuse for bein' bad. The gâgôs (Gentiles) say gypsies are liars. I don't deny we tell lies. We have to tell 'em to earn a livin', same as other people; only we haven't got the learnin' to tell 'em and not be found out like the rich. They cheat becos they like cheatin'; an' they make money out o' their friends. An' becos they's frightened about tomorrow's bread. They want to grab everything. The more they get the more they want, and then they aren't happy. I don't like their ways. I tell you roads, with their motors and spolin' the pretty flowers with their dirty leavin's. The trees have to be cut down for them and all the tall, beautiful hedges. They'd choke the songs in the little hedges' throats if they could. They spoil all the pretty country. Nowhere now where you can put up a bit o' tan (tent), and make a fire. As for lettin' the gri (horse) help himself to a bit of grass off the roadside, you'd have to pay for it with a good-sized fine. There aint the need for lettin' the horses like there used to be. How any sensible gentleman can want a motor when he can have for the money a pair of beautiful bays is a puzzle. And what's a prettier sight than to see a lady on horseback, dressed neat with high-topped boots patent ones?"

"I don't know that the boots matter," I said, laughing, "but I agree with you that a good horse and a good rider make a pretty picture."

"Oh! it make me angry to think o' them noble creatures an' the use there was for them. Soon they won't be bred at all. What wi' one thing on top another, the world'll soon come to a stan'still, an'—"

Old Joshua stopped suddenly and broke into a merry peal of laughter.

"Dordi, my Râni," he cried out in Romany, "tuti dik trashed. Tuti is pening, to her krokero has jest lal’d dinlo, rokerin' so bôt. Mandi am sâ tatcho, chavie."

("Faith, my lady, you look frightened. You are saying to yourself, has he gone mad talking so much: I am all right, child.")

"I have been layin' down the law, haven't I? As bad as a rashi (parson). But it do me good to get things off my mind. An' you know when I talk about gâgô's ways I don't mean my Râni, my Romany Râni. You is like a true gypsy, not like a gâgô."

It was old Joshua's highest compliment. He had paid it many times before, but his words never fail to thrill me with pleasure.

BEATRICE M. DUTC.
Time Recorders.

According to a very ancient tradition—though I am afraid it is no use looking for it in the Talmud or other Rabbinical writings—for the first two or three years after the expulsion from Eden, Adam had no sort of delusions about the nature of the punishment which he had brought upon himself. To earn his bread in the sweat of his brow was decidedly a curse. It never occurred to him either in his private reflections or in his conversations with Eve to regard it as anything else. But when Cain and Abel had grown old enough to take an interest in things there came a change. In whatever state of weariness Adam crawled into the home at nightfall he started to make a point of pulling himself together in the presence of the children. On these occasions he no longer complained of his lot—his simple spouse grew accustomed to such phrases as “excellent moral discipline” or “the need for an interest in life,” until gradually his ill-reasonable soul grew aware that by some curious process the primal curse had swung round into the most unqualified blessing ever conferred on humanity. And by the time that Cain and Abel had come to years of discretion and were in some danger of lapsing into the condition on this matter, the well-known doctrine had been explicitly formulated. The slightest symptom of revolt brought down on the young men from the patriarch—whose own task by this time lay mainly in the supervision of those of his two—by an immediate discourse on the Essential Amyiability of Labour.

Thus (according to the tradition) arose the doctrine which has been preached with such persistence by those in authority ever since. But humanity’s students have noted that neither in the East nor the West has the employer of labour ever put very much faith in the doctrine, “simple of itself,” as a means to getting a given amount of work done by somebody else. It needed reinforcing—in the East by the taskmaster, the lash and bastinado, in the West by the attitude which has culminated in and is typified by the time recorder. In point of humanity the discerning will perceive that the East has the pull. There must needs be something human and corruptible in the thought of even friendship, about a taskmaster. Whereas there is obviously nothing to be hoped for from a creature whose general appearance resembles that of a penny-in-the-slot weighing machine and whose bowels are of stamped steel.

Therein, of course, lies the extraordinary recommendation to our conquerors, the employers of labour. They ordered this matter better in England in the days before America discovered our unhappy island. A timekeeper, a man and open to the friendly impulses and imperfections of men, sat in a little hut and set down each workman’s time as he came in the morning. But this had serious disadvantages. So much turned upon the man you installed in the hut, for example, there was a certain ironworks in the North which had for a space a then obscure youth called Phil May to supervise the comings and goings of its hands. The result (as recorded by May’s official biographer) was that after a brief period of the completeest astonishment at the sudden and extraordinary punctuality of their entire staff the lords of the said ironworks sought out and installed at their gates a new timekeeper.

But perhaps I go too fast. There may be those who are unacquainted with the time recorder and, as Mr. Belloch would say, “are quite ignorant of the matter over mind. It stands for all that perverted ingenuity has yet accomplished in the way of turning human beings into well-behaved machines. (This enevour, I believe, is gracefully described as “the speeding up of industry”—a process with which, we are assured, is bound up the advancement of civilisation.) The time recorder is sold by misanthropic individuals who are, I suspect, ex-warriors and hangmen dismissed for undue severity, and bought by gentlemen with sandy moustaches, no chins, and pale, protruding eyes, who are hoping to detect in themselves residues of the heroic features of the ideal business man as displayed on the backs of the business magazines. The workman humbly presents himself before it as often as his particular employer decrees and it mechanically registers the time of his movements. It has added a new word to the mother tongue. The workman “clocks on” when he arrives, he “clocks off” when he departs. He clocks off and on for meal times, and in some cases at the beginning and end of a given job. In the necessary intervals he is busy completing in monotonous sequence, some small, intermediate, and extremely uninteresting stage in the manufacture of a finished article which he will never handle in a finished state, nor, indeed, in any save that which he is persistently equipped to perform. To this add his knowledge that his proper output is being calculated to the sixteenth part of a penny by an elaborate costing system—also from America.

It is an engaging picture. And one can see that it is only the workman’s regrettable habit of leaving the premises at night which stands in the way of including him in the annual heads and names under the heading machinery and plant. This difficulty will probably be overcome shortly by the more enlightened employer. The compound system suggests an obvious way out of it. Meanwhile—like the young gentleman who assured, I think Dr. J. K. T. G. T. tried hard to become a philosopher “but cheerfulness kept breaking in”—the human impulse occasionally intrudes. And your workman, beginning to doubt whether he possesses a soul, goes on strike to discover it and to secure for himself a further shilling a week to spend on disorderly living, cheap cigarettes, and sporting editions of the evening papers. I am told that there are people who wonder at this.

But the time recorder has its conquests in other directions. It has invaded—not with very much success up to now—what was once known as the counting house, that region which at one time had a certain air of gentility about it, where the well-behaved occasionally worked their way right through from office boy to junior partner, and even to the great Panjandrum’s private office. (All this, of course, in the days before the limited company had evolved itself and taught the present generation of vipers to replace master and man by “employee,” and a few thousand dim, irresponsible shareholders.) In the field the time recorder goes hand-in-hand with the card index, the vertical filing system, and all the other interesting devices for the complication of labour, whereby the creation or care of any document becomes an elaborate ritual, and a subsequent reference to it a miracle of unnecessary research. It is on the strength of these and similar devices that the trading classes of this country, spurred on by the maxims of certain American monthlies, have lately taken to pursuing themselves—and attempting to persuade the intelligent sections of society—that “business” is now a profession, and the application of the sacred principle each for himself and the devil take the hindmost a pursuit which might very appropriately engage the noblest intellects of the age. A rather grubby, but eminently shrewd phenomenon quickly organised himself a poky office up three flights of dusty stairs, jabs his letters on a stick file in the order he receives them, and for many years now has had his hands deep in his neighbours’ pockets to an extent that would turn many of the professions that we could safely trust our money on his part—when he pauses to consider that type of competitor at all—likens them to children “playing at shop.” It is no part of an honest man’s concern to defend the methods of one rogue against those of another, but I confess that the comparison seems tolerably apt one.

For whatever may be the debatable advantages from some of these devices, I am afraid that the time recorder is not of much practical use in an office. To
some types of employer it may have its points— it is extremely irksome, for instance, and inflicts a certain amount of salutary dishonour on the clerk. But there is no exception made by a clerk than it is to estimate and control that which should be done by a clerk— lest it should swell beyond recognition at the thought of his own successful cunning. He was probably induced to take this step by an advertisement which assured him that if he paid twenty clerks a rate, let us say, of a bare sixpence, and even ten minutes late every morning, it meant a loss of twenty shillings, or five and fourpence, daily. This, a final flourish would explain to him, meant a loss of exactly twenty shillings a week, or fifty-two sovereigns in the year. It is an ingenious proposition, but no one except a business man would be deceived by it. For it is based on the pathetic assumption that to have twenty clerks safely eaged within four walls is necessarily the same thing as to have twenty clerks, with no other character, but he had more sense than this. Plainly, the intelligence of our trading classes has not increased since a catalogue of time recorders. It shows the one thing that is really poetical. In England to-day, very few people believe that God is present at the Grand Prix. To be sure you may often hear that congregation invoking every god ever heard of, and as many devils; but something is lost to-day, in view of the fact that they are all unique. Wherein, then, shall I seek and find, as I must, the distinction of the so distinguished Monsieur Jammes? Let me begin by saying what he is not, and what he does not do— M. Jammes is not a Pindarist. He does not celebrate the Grand Prix by a yell for some god to dignify the “lofty strain.” His strains are not “lofty.” You may excuse Pindar’s invocation perhaps on the grounds which you would allow to an architect who should include Jehovah and the Grand Prix among the religious duties of mankind. Men believed in the deities of the Hellenes, actually believed in the deities of the Hellenes, and yet every other race has its own gods, items our souls that those Grand Prix deities have another odour than Pindar’s gods had for him, or even for the uninitiated Olympic multitudes. Even on secular grounds, Jammes is all there not to imitate the old bards. In days when the bard—bene, for instance, actually toyed with the plectrum, or flattered the Pythian victor (like Pindar), or presented a tragedy with masks (like Sophocles), some one was probably tickled to death, or their sporting instincts were flattered, or they were paid attention, like the Parisclique. Anyway, it was the fashion of the time for bards to ramp about. It is not the fashion now, and so Jammes doesn’t ramp about. You may say, if you wish to say something, that our own times have the full of large event, procession, and catastrophe. I reply that the Poets of our times do not think so. They have a new perspective. The common, the so-called “trivial,” is now seen by them to be the one thing that is really poetical. In England as well as in France, in America as well as in Germany and Bengal, we sing now the eternal Trifl. It is not my doing, is it? I merely state the fact that poetical perspective has changed! Not for Jammes, that almighty pose of Pindar—the tongue of Jove! Not for Jammes the Muse, the lofty poet’s Lyre of Language, the Singing Robes of inspiration. Jammes knows nothing of these appurtenances, and is not going to pretend that he does.

I may as well leave negative Jammes and tell you what he does contain. I have shown you Remy de Gourmont, Imagiste; Vildrac, Humaniste; Tailhard, Helleniste; Romain, Unanimiste, and others, each one in his own unique way bent upon clarifying poetic diction, making a plain statement and scheduling the lofty poet’s Lyre of Language, the Singing Robes of inspiration. Jammes knows nothing of these appurtenances, and is not going to pretend that he does.

To such straits have we been brought by the Shal-
our Gift. M. Jammes makes the famous pilgrimage to the great gift. It is "style" in the fine sense. It is, say, my friend Vildrac. If you are subtle you will write down a simple statement. He has the art of making it his own. Yes, Jammes, nevertheless, writes his novel in verse. He sees, like all modern poets, an immature female person—

This child will be stupid As these other folk, like her father and mother, And yet she has an infinite grace. In her is the intelligence of beauty. How delicious not to let things not exist, Her back and her feet. But she will be stupid As a goose in two years from now. "Elle sera bête comme une oie dans ceux ans d'ici." You see I have not absurdly exalted the poet in translating him. One is tempted. The above is no word you or I might not have said to one another. Jammes always uses our language! Consider that miracle of simple and adequate statement in the scene where Madame Larribea discovers her husband's infidelity with the servant. The poor woman says "Gueu, gueu, gueu...." fifty-three times. Jammes writes them all down. It is all exactly like a realistic novel and done to the life. Jammes is a Realist, and every single one of Madame's noises is to him a natural and mentionableDetail. Shall I therefore call Monsieur Jammes a Naturalist? Why not? He is a Naturalist. He mentions everything. He is a Mentionaliste. He is a part of our normal life. He is a Naturaliste. He produces in his poems the effect of a conversation. He is a Conversationaliste. He says something—so few people do! He is a Somethingaliste. And now, perhaps, we have Jammes. I think I have said that M. Jammes can touch nothing without making it his own. Yes, I have certainly said that. I will say some more about it. It is, I think, the great gift. It is "style" in the fine sense. It is, in the fine sense, literature. Now, perhaps, we have our Gift. M. Jammes makes the famous pilgrimage to Lourdes. He makes the pilgrim's pilgrimage. He looks, sees, and writes down a simple statement. He has the art of the Prosie; he writes prose in metrical lines! Many other poets of to-day do this. Jammes does it as only Jammes can. He is still to be said to have accomplished the difference between Jammes' prose and the prosies of the above were set straight along, whereas Jammes does. Jammes does and becomes a poet. Your reporter does not, and remains a reporter. The metric line is a recognised property of poems. If the above were set straight along, how would one know that it was a poem? The rhymes alone would not sufficiently mark it; they are too delicate. But I object to appearing to defend Jammes. I put the proposition that one of the laws of poetry may be that prose shall be printed in metrical lines (and called Prosie), and pass on. "I've seen," writes Jammes.

I've seen in old galleries Flemish pictures where, in a dark inn, one saw a type... qui buvait de la bière, et sa trés mince pipe avait un point rouge, et il fumait doucement... that sat drinking beer, and his slender pipe had markings of red, and he smoked at his ease. She gave them some broth, without any bread, and whipped them all soundly.... In English this metre is old and sacred to doggerel. But Jammes writes in French! He gives you the Detail, the adulated, unsentimental, simple, adequate Detail. Some think of Jammes as the dullest dog that ever wrote anywhere, the lowliest, as of an incessant and pretentious talker, talking in verse, talking of the obvious, talking, talking, talking, dropping his rhymes like a dude dropping his aitches, insisting on his small letters like a provincial insisting on his hur, staring at everything with the greed of a youth making his living with a Kodak, as of a rude, intrusive, eavesdropping, scandalous, relentless bore. Personally, I find that he gives me distinct pleasure. I have seen lots of the details he mentions. I have, for instance, seen just such an inn as he describes. He freshens my memory. I have, also, seen and heard just such a young miss as he celebrates—

"Oh, my dear! Oui! là là... just imagine... on Tuesday I saw him... I laughed! She talks like that.

Jammes has written "The Life of a Passionate Young Girl," also "The Life of an Ancient Young Girl." In each case he gives the reader the Whole. You might think you were reading Mr. W. W. Gibson; just as in reading M. Tailharde, you think he is Mr. Aleister Crowley; M. Vildrac—Mr. Yeats; M. Romans—Mr. James Stephens; M. de Gourmont—Mr. Arthur Symons. In so supposing you would be neglecting the nuances! I have not, however, said that Jammes is the very greatest living poet. I don't know that I shall do so even now. I don't think I shall ever say another word about him.

Views and Reviews.*

Huxley once said that every scientific man ought to be poix-xated at the age of sixty, as, after that age, he was incapable of forming a new idea. I am not denying the value of Dr. Wallace's scientific work when I say that his latest book has reminded me of Huxley's dictum. To most ecletic minds, Alfred Russel Wallace is, or has been, a powerful and beautiful influence; and if his attempt to segregate the soul of man from the operation of Natural Selection led him to a renunciation of science ("Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed," said Huxley), the value of his witness to the miraculous, at that time of day and in those conditions of thought, cannot be over-estimated. But it is precisely because I have this natural affection for Dr. Wallace once said that every scientific man ought to be pois-xated at the age of sixty, as, after that age, he was incapable of forming a new idea. I am not denying the value of Dr. Wallace's scientific work when I say that his latest book has reminded me of Huxley's dictum. To most ecletic minds, Alfred Russel Wallace is, or has been, a powerful and beautiful influence; and if his attempt to segregate the soul of man from the operation of Natural Selection led him to a renunciation of science ("Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed," said Huxley), the value of his witness to the miraculous, at that time of day and in those conditions of thought, cannot be over-estimated. But it is precisely because I have this natural affection for Dr. Wallace once said that every scientific man ought to be pois-xated at the age of sixty, as, after that age, he was incapable of forming a new idea. I am not denying the value of Dr. Wallace's scientific work when I say that his latest book has reminded me of Huxley's dictum. To most ecletic minds, Alfred Russel Wallace is, or has been, a powerful and beautiful influence; and if his attempt to segregate the soul of man from the operation of Natural Selection led him to a renunciation of science ("Science commits suicide when it adopts a creed," said Huxley), the value of his witness to the miraculous, at that time of day and in those conditions of thought, cannot be over-estimated. But it is precisely because I have this natural affection for Dr.

* "The Revolt of Democracy," By Alfred Russel Wallace. (Cassell's 2s. 6d. net.)

But Jammes prints it in metric. Do not ask me why. I do not explain Jammes. He prints it in metric! With small letters at the beginnings of lines. Eccentric? I repeat that I do not explain. Jammes, reporting, is not a mere reporter. I suggest that the average reporter does not range in metric lines, whereas Jammes does. Jammes does and becomes a poet. Your reporter does not, and remains a reporter. The metric line is a recognised property of poems. If the above were set straight along, how would one know that it was a poem? The rhymes alone would not sufficiently mark it; they are too delicate. But I object to appearing to defend Jammes. I put the proposition that one of the laws of poetry may be that prose shall be printed in metrical lines (and called Prosie), and pass on. "I've seen," writes Jammes.

I've seen in old galleries Flemish pictures where, in a dark inn, one saw a type... qui buvait de la bière, et sa trés mince pipe avait un point rouge, et il fumait doucement... that sat drinking beer, and his slender pipe had markings of red, and he smoked at his ease. She gave them some broth, without any bread, and whipped them all soundly.... In English this metre is old and sacred to doggerel. But Jammes writes in French! He gives you the Detail, the adulated, unsentimental, simple, adequate Detail. Some think of Jammes as the dullest dog that ever wrote anywhere, the lowliest, as of an incessant and pretentious talker, talking in verse, talking of the obvious, talking, talking, talking, dropping his rhymes like a dude dropping his aitches, insisting on his small letters like a provincial insisting on his hur, staring at everything with the greed of a youth making his living with a Kodak, as of a rude, intrusive, eavesdropping, scandalous, relentless bore. Personally, I find that he gives me distinct pleasure. I have seen lots of the details he mentions. I have, for instance, seen just such an inn as he describes. He freshens my memory. I have, also, seen and heard just such a young miss as he celebrates—

"Oh, my dear! Oui! là là... just imagine... on Tuesday I saw him... I laughed! She talks like that.

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Wallace, because I appreciate his influence rather than accept his results, that I wish that he, like Moses, had been translated while yet "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." It is certain that if anyone were to write of the beloved Dr. Wallace, the theory of Natural Selection, with the authority that now attaches to the name of Alfred Russel Wallace, as effectively as he has here written of the economic question, that Dr. Wallace would not be the last to offer criticism of such a work. Much as I dislike anything savouring of disrespect to a man who is not only venerable in age and attainments, but is one of my heroes, the meed of criticism is the due of his authority, although the book itself is of little value.

As a scientist, Dr. Wallace must know not only the value, but the necessity, of exact definition of the terms used; yet he writes of "the problem of wages" with its quoting or offering a definition of wages. This remarkable omission is equivalent to a denial of the reality of the problem that confronts us; it enables Dr. Wallace to suppose that wages are fixed by the good-will of employers. From that he infers that low wages are a proof of little good-will of the employers towards the men, and that the problem can be solved by exhorting the employers to exercise more goodwill. More goodwill, more wages, will then be all right, and thus I may summarise, without unfairness, the argument of Dr. Wallace. He calls upon the State to set an example to other employers by establishing a very high minimum wage for its employees; indeed, he calls upon the Government to set an example, and says:

"Fortunately, we have a Chancellor of the Exchequer who will know how to raise the money required for the salvation of the destitute from the excessive and harmful accumulations of the very rich." Without considering his other proposals, such as that of the provision of free bread to the destitute (which will give them indigence) and the introduction of a system of multiple industrial training (which will decrease the economic value of industrial efficiency), we may say that Dr. Wallace is as far from the realities of the situation as an idealist ought to be.

If I wanted to chop logic I should argue that, unless you know what wages are, you cannot know whether it is possible to raise or lower them. To call them the product or proof of goodwill is to do more credit to the heart than to the head. Unless we are merely sentimental about the matter, we cannot suppose that the rise in wages that followed the Black Death, for example, was due to an increase of goodwill among the employers of labour that Parliament legislated against the increase, and that the landowners frequently complained in Parliament that the Statute was ineffectual. In this case, as in most other cases, wages rose, as Dr. Wallace would say, "automatically in obedience to some mysterious economic law"; there was neither exhortation nor denunciation of goodwill. Employers regretted the economic necessity of paying high wages, but they had to pay them just the same. Labour was scarce at a time when it was most needed, and, in addition, the men had the alternative of self-employment, an alternative that is no longer open to them. If the Black Death practically emancipated the serfs, as Thorold Rogers declared, the employers carefully relieved them of everything but their freedom, as this passage from "Work and Wages" proves: "I have protested before against that complacent optimism which concludes, because the health of the upper classes has been greatly improved, because that of the working classes has been bettered, and agriculture, have become more familiar and cheap, that therefore the country in which these improvements have been effected must be considered to have made, for all its people, regular and continuous progress." I contend that from 1863 to 1884 a conspiracy, concocted and carried on by the labour parties interested in its success, was entered into to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him 'into irremediable poverty. In a subsequent chapter I shall dwell on the palliatives adopted in order to mitigate the worst and most intolerable burdens of his life—palliatives which were not considered necessary by no faults of his but by the deliberate enactment of Parliament. For more than two centuries and a half the English law, and those who administered the law, were engaged in grinding the English workman down to the lowest status, in stamping out every expression or act which indicated any organised discontent, and in multiplying penalties upon him when he thought of his natural rights. I am not deceived by the hypocrisy which the preamble of an Act of Parliament habitually conceals, and the assertions which are habitually contradicted by the details of the measure. The Act of Elizabeth declares that 'the wages of labourers are too small, and not answerable to these times,' and speaks of the 'grief and burden of the poor labourer and hired man,' and thereupon enacts a law which effectually makes the wages small and multiplies the labourer's grief and burden, by allowing those who are interested in keeping him poor to fix the wages on which he shall subsist, and to exact a testimonial from his past employers and the overseers of the parish wards when he quitted a service, which he had to show before he entered another."

It is to a State with this history, to a Parliament with these traditions, that Dr. Wallace looks for a reformation of social and industrial conditions. He speaks of our Chancellor (Mr. Lloyd George) as "I am convinced that when the social legislation which adores Mr. Lloyd George, is unable to present an increase of prices coincident with a supposed increase of wages. It is safe to say that any evil legislative enactment that is supposed to diminish profits really results in an increase of prices. Mr. Chiozza Money, for example, argued that the employers' contribution to the cost of National Insurance actually raised the wages of every employee by 3s. per week. But in his "Insurance v. Poverty" he quotes Herr Schmidt, president of the German Tobacco Manufacturers' Association, on the actual results of Compulsory Insurance in Germany, to this effect: "I am convinced that when the social legislation was introduced, and for the first time the large contributions for sickness insurance had to be paid, many of our employees. To-day, however, these contributions, which occur every year, are borne either to the general expenses account or the wages account, for they are in fact a part of wages, and they are naturally calculated as part of the cost of production, and eventually appear in the price of the goods, though perhaps not to the full extent in times of bad trade." If Dr. Wallace were to write of his beloved Spiritualism, or the theory of Socialism, although the book itself is of little value. Much as I dislike anything attached to the name of Alfred Russel Wallace, as in-
REVIEWS.

Subsole. By Charles Marriott. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

This is not a book about gardening, but a novel. An artist, troubled about his technique, goes to Cornwall and paints pictures with a pickaxe, as one of the characters describes them. He discovers many things as a consequence of this visit; for example, a somewhat amiable woman with a boy. Said woman suppresses her physical and mental advantages at home; she is really only waiting for the death of her husband so that she may take London in her arms. Does so, and, of course, instinctively furnishes the model that is most in accord with the new spirit of art. Complications of all kinds, of course, the artist developing more and more in the modern tradition, loses his fiancee, who disapproves of his development, and of the fact that the Cornish woman is the symbol and focus of the movement. More development and complications, and then the artist proposes to the Cornish woman. She loves him, but she had also loved a young novelist who mistook her in the streets for an improper female; said novelist marries the artist's fiancee. Everything but sex, therefore, between the Cornish woman and the artist; and the new movement in art expresses itself in an imitation of the William Morris factory, with this difference, that there is no autocracy of the artist. The spirit of brotherhood is the theme, and all the arts gather around the Cornish woman to aid in its expression. Moral: go to Cornwall!

Musicians of Sorrow and Romance. By Frederic Lawrence. (Kelly. 28. 6d. net.)

These five sketches of Grieg, Chopin, Tchaikovsky, Schumann, and Wagner, may be recommended with a warning to all young ladies. There is a time of life when we can take a more liberal view of morality; but the risks to health and sanity in so doing are considerable. Tchaikovsky, for example, is a vampire when one is in this frame of mind; it is impossible to hear his "Pathétique" symphony without being physically exhausted. Sorrow is a depressant, and its physiological effects when expressed in music by certain people are bad. Wagner is a subtler antagonist; it is only years afterwards that we realise the damage done by the hyper-excitation of the nerves. The whole five of these musicians have something feminine in their composition; they take strength, and give technique, as a woman will give charm in return for the energy transmitted by a man. To approach such composers in the frame of mind of Mr. Lawrence, in that feminine mood of self-surrender, is to ask for trouble and to get it. There are individual works of all these composers that do not have this effect of depletion; no one is weaker for hearing the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin," or the "Capriccio Italian"; but what is needed is not this sentimental raving about sentimentalists, but a warning against their seductions until the hearer has learnt the art of self-protection. A compulsory course of Beethoven, as a preliminary, would probably secure most people against the physiological effects of these other composers; but vampirism will always flourish while people are willing to be vampirised.

Famous Artists and their Models. By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)

By the very nature of its subject, this book could be no more than a compilation. The number of artists who have used models, from Apelles and Zeuxis to Gainsborough, is too large to allow of more than very cursory treatment; and cursory treatment is not really adequate to the subject. True, Dr. Rappoport begins with a couple of chapters on morality and art, and thus introduces the very sense of impropriety that he denounces; and the subsequent biographical sketches have neither psychological nor aesthetic interest. The book is simply a series of descriptions of women who "exposed their charms" to the gaze of the painter, to quote Dr. Rappoport's cliche, and who had no motive other than that of serving Art by unveiling Beauty. Pauline Buonaparte is one good example, not mentioned, we think, by Dr. Rappoport; and Miss Chudleigh, who became the famous Duchess of Kingston, is another. The truth is that the question of morality ought never to have been introduced; and any relation but the artistic between the artist and the model should have been excluded. The precise value of the model to the artist is not to be determined by any account of their sexual relations; and whether the model exhibited herself for love of art or of the artist, the fact remains that she concerns us not at all except in the picture. Dr. Rappoport has added a value to an otherwise superfluous volume by an appendix of brief biographical sketches of the artists. The volume is illustrated.

William of Germany. By Stanley Shaw. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

Somehow this book reminds us of a ribald rhyme that children used to sing of their schoolmasters, which, being adapted, would probably secure most people, or aught to know. William of Germany's a very good man; He tries to teach us all he can, In reading, writing, arithmetic; And he don't forget to give us the stick. Certainly, Mr. Shaw's friendly portraiture and gentle criticism cannot make anything of him that resembles this. A king who reigns "von Gottes Gnaden" (by the grace of a philosophical hypothesis), and, therefore, claims the right to dictate canons of art, systems of education, and to state the whole duty of women, is merely a pedantic person. His objection to the Social Democrats is obviously only a professional objection to the diversion of the spirit of loyalty; and an Emperor who is compelled to give assurances to his Chancellor that he will not repeat his "indiscretions" is not really able to combat that diversion of loyalty. When Mr. Shaw concludes that "with the Emperor time for five-and-twenty years appears to have stood still," we understand that the Emperor, like most other leaders, marches in the rear of his people. There is a good deal of the customary drivel about the Emperor as husband and father, but, on the whole, the book is a fair statement of the life and importance of the German Emperor. But the economic history of Germany is more interesting.

The Complete Athletic Trainer. By S. A. Mussabini. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

This is a welcome addition to Messrs. Methuen's "Complete" series, for, although Mr. Mussabini splits his infinitives (actually begins his book with one), his directions are very clear and intelligible, and are very sound. He has said nothing of pole-vaulting, discus and javelin throwing, or cross-country running, for the very excellent reason that he has little practical experience of them. But of sprint-running, 200 and 300 yards, 440 yards, half-mile, mile, and long-distance and Marathon (ridiculous term!) racing, he has said everything that a trainer ought to know. There are chapters on track tactics, time training methods, track and road walking, hurdles, the long jump, high jump, hop, step, and jump, putting the shot, and hammer-throwing; while the important subject of shoes has a chapter to itself. An important feature of the book is the schedule of average times for each distance; and the practical hints that Mr. Mussabini gives to the trainer concerning the necessity of judging a man's track-running by his foot-prints, are invaluable. In the main, his chapter on general health hints is valuable, but we question the value of beginning training with a course of "Black Jack." Proper diet and exercise should do more to correct irregularities than any dosing; and purging is not half so sure and sound a method of cleaning the liver as is the Russian leg dance and other exercises prescribed by Mr. Mussabini. Leave the "Black Jack" alone.
Pastiche.

I tell my novelette,
As the fashion is,
In verse.

Well, I sat
In the Memorial Hall,
Waiting to hear Larkin Speak.

One chair on the platform was empty.
Who was it for?
I forgot about the chair, Thinking of Larkin,
The Man of the Times.
And then she came in,
And leered across the platform, and took the vacant chair amidst faint applause.
"By George," I said,
Between my teeth,
"I might have guessed it.
Here's a man.

Whom Everybody’s discussing.

LA BELLE DAME SANS BEAUTE.

Trust the old girl to turn up
And get in her limelight."
Then silently I addressed Larkin.
"New Man," I said,
"La Belle Dame sans Beaute
Is at her usual games, this time with you!
I pity her!
I really do feel a spark!"
Then the spark died. Wretched bag of the nobility, Confidant of Rosebery, Hostess of Hearst, Hostess of the Pat Press,
Thus I addressed sotto voce:
That lovely lady,
That serpent of Old Labour, in What the hell are you doing here? What would Fat say if Mrs. Workingman Turned up at their funerals And dropped a wet tear On their troubles?

MAMMON.

Enthroned on mountainous summits of man’s greed
I sit above the world. I am his heaven,
His sun by day, his moon and stars by night.
From me his fortune springs, to me returns.
He is the slave within my palaces;
He lieth with his ear against my door,
I sit above the world. I am his heaven,
From me his fortune springs, to me returns.
The deep sea opes to him her treasuries.
Past fires that scorch him, barbs that tear his flesh,
Fierce lustful eyes and maniac arms, he runs
Honour
I fling at his feet, and naked blaze: before him,
Stumbles through quagmires, pants toward his goal,
Thro’ storms of blinding dust that sting his face,
Listening to catch the whisper of my breath.

Honour
I have of thee, 0 man
MAMMON.

He prides himself—and from desired heights
He serves so well that to his master’s use
He binds creation. Free is he? Nay, but bound
Himself his captor, prison, warder, chain!
He is their Monarch—and the perfect slave.

That serpent of Old Labour, in What the hell are you doing here? What would Fat say if Mrs. Workingman Turned up at their funerals And dropped a wet tear On their troubles?

PALLISTER BARKAS.

THE WORKMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT IN
GARRATT LANE, TOOTING.

Come let us sing of Death, and let us make
Flower-crowned altars for his royal throne.
Imperial monarch, with thy dreadful sting
Now transformed into arms of sleepless bliss,
With blood-shortages and faces made for tears.

Imperial monarch, with thy dreadful sting
Now transformed into arms of sleepless bliss,
With blood-shortages and faces made for tears.
These poor creations of some lunatic;
His worship is not stinted. Million lives
Pour out their love and beauty like sweet oil
Between my teeth,
Whom
You tucked in your muff,
Your somewhat mothy muff,
Are all dead as doornails.

Now we've got down to
Too old
For the new spirit
That loves go-betweens
Like hell!"
Thus I addressed
That Bad Fairy,
That sink of
Many a reputation.
But again, when I looked
At the New Man,
I almost felt another spark! She looked so . . . the poor old girl!

The rivers work his will. The vibrant sir
Shudders his mandates o’er the seas. The Earth
To him reveals herself; her vital heat
Gives to his hand. The lightnings carry him.
He is their Monarch—and the perfect slave.
He serves so well that to his master’s use
He binds creation. Free is he? Nay, but bound
More surely in the chains of his desires
Than are the mountains rooted to the earth.
O perfect slave, who hath himself enslaved,
Himself his captor, prison, warder, chain!

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PALLISTER BARKAS.

THE WORKMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT IN
GARRATT LANE, TOOTING.
No weary days of toil,  
No passing sighs nor tears;  
His soft arms fold  
My body cold,  
And Life at last I foil.

Let all the earth resound  
With praise of him the King,  
For Life is dead,  
Its spirit sped,  
And never will be found.

William Repton.

TOURIST SONG.

The long waves quiver with a lifting shock,  
Calling "Won't you come and taste for us a day?"  
The slow waves shiver and the quick winds mock,

"Oh, won't you come and meet us for a day?"

Fare thee well—fare thee well!  
Fare thee well, my fairest fay!  
I'm off to net in measure from the vasty deeps their

Fare thee well—fare thee well—
Fare thee well, my fairest fay!

Don't you stand here while it's raining or you'll sure get wet complaining,

And I hope you'll never keep me all the day.

The black waves sizzle round the gurgle of the bow,

"Heads," to a beggar,  
"Heads!"

Here's a beggar, and—a landing net.

Caleb Porter.

An Open Letter to Dublin Employers.

[The following letter by "A. E." (Mr. George W. Russell) appeared last week in the "Irish Times." We reprint it here with acknowledgments to the author and to the journal.]

Sirs,—I address this warning to you, the aristocracy of industry in this city, because, like all aristocracies, you tend to grow blind in long authority, and to be unaware that you and your class and its every action are being considered and judged day by day by those who have the power to shake or overturn the whole social order and whose restlessness in poverty to-day is making our industrial civilisation stir like a quaking bog. You do not seem to realise that your assumption that you are answerable only to yourselves alone for your actions in the industries you control is one that becomes less and less tolerable in a world so crowded with necessitous life. Some of you have helped Irish farmers to upset a landed aristocracy in this island, an aristocracy richer and more powerful in its sphere than you are in yours, with its roots deep in history. They, too, as a class, though not all of them, were scornful or neglectful of the workers in the industry by which they profited; and to many who knew them in their pride of place and thought them all-powerful they might have continued unquestioned in power and prestige for centuries to come. The relation of landlord and tenant is not an ideal one, but any relations in a social order will endure if there is infused into them some of that spirit of human sympathy which qualifies life for immortality. Despotisms endure while they are benevolent and aristocracies while "noblesse oblige" is not a phrase to be referred to with a cynical smile. Even an oligarchy might be permanent if the spirit of human kindness, which harmonises all things otherwise incompatible, is present.

You do not seem to read history so as to learn its lessons. That you are an uncultivated class was obvious from recent utterances from some of you upon art. That you are incompetent men in the sphere in which you arrogate imperial powers is certain, for many years, long before the present uprising of labour, your enterprises have been dwindling in the regard of investors, and this while you have carried them on in the cheapest labour market in these islands, with a labour reserve always hungry and ready to accept any pittance. You are had citizens, for we rarely, if ever, hear of the wealthy among you endowing your city with the munificent gifts which it is the pride of merchant princes in other cities to offer, and Irishmen not of your city who offer to supply the wants left by your lack of generosity are met with derision and abuse. Those who have economic power have civic power also, yet you have not used the power that was yours to right what was wrong in the evil administration of this city. You have allowed the poor to be herded together so that one thinks of certain places in Dublin as of a pestilence. There are twenty thousand rooms, in each of which live entire families, and sometimes more, where no function of the body can be concealed, and delicacy and modesty are creatures that are stifled ere they are born. The obvious duty of you in regard to these things you might have left undone, and it be imputed to ignorance or forgetfulness; but your collective and conscious action as a class in the present labour dispute has revealed you to the world in so malign an aspect that the mirror must be held up to you, so that you may see yourself as every human person sees you.

The conception of yourselves as altogether virtuous and wronged is, I assure you, not at all the one which lookers hold of you. No doubt, you have rights on your side. No doubt some of you suffered without just cause. But nothing which has been done to you cries aloud to Heaven for condemnation as your own actions. Let me show you how it seems to those who have followed critically the dispute, trying to weigh in a balance the rights and wrongs. You were within the rights society allowed you when you locked out your men and insisted on the fixing of some principle to adjust your future relations with labour, when the policy of labour made it impossible for some of you to carry on your enterprise. Labour desired the fixing of some such principle as much as you did. But, having once decided on such a step, know how many thousands of men, women, and children, nearly one-third of the population of this city, would be
affected, you should not have let one day pass without correcting it. We have found a solution of the problem.

What did you do? The representatives of labour unions in Great Britain met you, and you made of them a preposterous, and worse than useless, proposition. They did not accede to it you closed the Conference; you refused to meet them further; you assumed that no other guarantees than those you asked were possible, and you determined, deliberately, coldly and with the inhumanity of the population of this city, to break the manhood of the men by the sight of the suffering of their wives and the hunger of their children. Was it ever in the Dark Ages, humanity could not endure the sight of such suffering, and it learnt of such misuse of power by slow degrees, through rumour, and when it was certain it raged. Its bastilles to its foundations. It remained for the twentieth century and the capital city of Ireland to see an oligarchy of four hundred masters deciding openly upon starving one hundred thousand people, and refusing to consider any solution except that fixed by their pride.

You, masters, asked men to do that which masters Gf the aristocracy of land if you do not now show that you are still prepared to do anything for your workers, you will have no humanity still among you. Humanity abhors, above all things, a vacuum in itself, and your class will be taught to curse you. The infant being moulded in the womb will have breathed into its starved body the vitality of hate. It is not they—it is you who are the devils. The souls you have got, cast upon the screen by the cinematograph. The souls you have got, cast upon the screen by the cinematograph. The souls you have got, cast upon the screen by the cinematograph. The souls you have got, cast upon the screen by the cinematograph. The souls you have got, cast upon the screen by the cinematograph.

What the Workmen Think. On this abstruse subject Mr. Kennedy claims to possess a more intimate knowledge of the minds of workers than any other man, and while they have all, it seems, been discussing Labour unrest without having taken into account the most essential element—namely, the workman's point of view. But fortunately Mr. Kennedy is able to correct this deficiency of knowledge with some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us, though perhaps, some consideration from us.

We may now turn to his analysis of the existing industrial situation. It is plain to the least careful observer that the major facts are, first, that real wages are falling, and, second, that neither trade union action nor political action has succeeded in stopping the fall. The questions that have arisen in consequence of a general recognition of these facts amply explain the existence of "Labour unrest," both among the proletariat and in the Press; for the former feels the situation while the latter talk about it. With the economic causes of the fall in wages Mr. Kennedy discreetly does not concern himself overmuch; but he adds to the fall of wages a second and, in his opinion, a more important factor: "It is the fact that the workmen really wish to restore the title of his article in the New Age during the last six or seven years, but in all that time his conversation with workmen has been con

Sir,—In the "Nineteenth Century" for October is an article by one of the most eminent of Mr. J. M. Kennedy to wit. As an ex-contributor, Mr. Kennedy deserves, perhaps, some consideration from us, though not more, we fear, than a casual reader. Mr. Kennedy by his later articles in The New Age was leading your readers to believe that he supported the best of his abilities to the propaganda of National Guilds, your readers, we believe, will agree. Mr. Kennedy, being young, has many changes yet to go through before he arrived at anything like faith in belief. Did we not see him cast off National Guilds, and his friends were his only philosophy at the first challenge? For this reason we were not surprised to find him attacking the National Guild system a week or two ago in defence of it in your pages. In another week or two, if we judge his principles correctly, he may be defending it again. But God forbid that we should hope for it.

The title of his article in the New Age was "Labour unrest in the proposed Guild system within a week or two of his attempted cure of labour unrest, Mr. Kennedy examines three remedies. The first is Socialism, of which, he says, he would have sat night and day with the representatives of labour trying out or that solution of the trouble, mindful of the women and children, who at least were innocent of wrong against you. But no! You reminded him that it was you who square meals a day while it went hungry. You went into conference again with representatives of the State, because, dull as you are, you knew public opinion would not stand your holding out a threat to your spokes

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our selves here. The third, if we have penetrated Mr. Kennedy's meaning, is Trade Unionism, of which the Guild Socialism would be an unusual skill with the editorial writers of THE NEW AGE is a constructive variant. Of Guild Socialism, or, as we ourselves call it, the National Guilds system, Mr. Kennedy says, in his well-known style, that it is as brilliant and unsteady intellects, as ideal in its way as Plato's Republic. Father parallel with Plato's Republic, would however, please us as much as Mr. Kennedy was acquainted with either term of the unsteady intellects; it is as ideal in the right of the Platonick Republic described as “brilliantly simple”; and it is unfortunate that Mr. Kennedy should display in his book an incapacity to grasp with as much as his finger “the brilliantly simple” notion of the National Guilds. Not to put too fine a point to Mr. Kennedy's mind the smallest inkling of what we have been driving at. Indeed, we go so far as to say, as we ourselves “...dispensary to Mr. Kennedy’s mind the smallest inkling of what we have been driving at. Indeed, we go so far as to say, as we ourselves very probably the sympathetic strike, has done anything to the Brotherhood of Syndicalists, even though you do suggest a quality of control of the instruments of production which Syndicalists regard as impossibly, impossible, and undesirable. Perhaps the following quotation from my pamphlet, “What is Syndicalism,” will support my contention that Syndicalists do not organise to control the instruments of production in the Unions as opposed to the community. As to the authority of the pamphlet, I would say that it has been read and approved by practically every well-known Syndicalist in this country as well as abroad.

The Syndicalist is both nationalisation and municipalisation of industry with more or less indifference. The essence of Syndicalism is the control by the workers themselves, be they intellectual or manual, of the conditions of their own work.

The growth of the machine process has divorced the worker from the control he formerly exercised by his individual ownership of the tools of production.

To-day the capitalist owns and controls the tools formerly owned by the worker, with the result that the worker is practically his slave.

Syndicalism proposes that this control of the technical processes now exercised by the capitalist shall pass to various groups of organised workers of the various industries. The product of property of the capitalist would become under Syndicalism the property of the community.

Syndicalism has no thought of arranging industry upon the basis of each group of workers in each industry holding up the community to the full extent of its economic power and the greatest amount of reward for its particular form of labour.

The remuneration of the worker will be determined either by deeds or by need, as may hereafter be decided, but most certainly not upon the basis of allowing him a reward according to the importance of his industrial product to the community, for that would be merely changing the present system, with its small number of capitalist exploiters, to a worse system, with a myriad of exploiting workers.

Both Syndicalism and Socialism look to a world-wide democratic organisation of the workers for co-operative production and distribution. But whereas Socialism looks to social organisation proceeding from the present Capitalist State downward to the workers, the Syndicalist looks to the evolution proceeding upward from the workers to organised society.

Instead of the State giving industrial control to the workers, as the Socialists fondly hope, the Syndicalists look to the workers taking such control and giving it to the community.

To the Syndicalist it is not so much as to what a man may think he is or may call himself as to what he does that constitutes for instance, has referred to the National Guild System and to the other night at the Syndicalist meeting in Holborn Hall, Ben Tillett, preliminary to making a rattling good Syndicalist speech, was very careful to explain that he was not a Syndicalist, with a genuine general sympathy. In fact, we anticipated his criticisms and applied them to Syndicalism as against our own suggestion of the Guild system. Mr. Kennedy continues as if we had proposed to endow industrialists as such with political power. “The working men,” he says, “are not merely incapable of exercising the high political power which Guild Socialism would confer on them; they do not wish to do so.” Quite so, but who said they did, and where in THE NEW AGE has it ever been suggested that the working men should be given political power? It is true, of course, that Mr. Kennedy proceeds to criticise against the political hegemony of the manual classes he has derived, with everything else in his article that is true, from THE NEW AGE. As a matter of fact, we anticipated his criticisms and applied them to Syndicalism as against our own suggestion of the Guild system.

THE NEW AGE, October 16, 1913
the Labour Party or with Trade Unionism you have repeatedly said that, being on the wrong track, it is surprising how low the Party has fallen. And as for Trade Unionism, you have said that it is the hope of the world. But Mr. Thompson, I gather, does not want to be very much of a fighting man, and if so, his own counter-proposals. He says, to be sure, that he has studied all the alternatives to Socialism and that he still prefers Socialism. The reason he finds it impossible to make his concept stick is that someone has been attacked. The failure of his views or of his own counter-proposals is not to be wondered at, but it is surprising to see the two bodies that have been hard at work for so long treated with such contempt by the Labour Party. The only difference, I think, between you is that Mr. Thompson is not concerned about what will happen, whereas THE GREAT 'ILLUSION.'

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If critics of Mr. Norman Angell's views would only read his book, "Great Illusions," before attacking him, they would find his theories, they would be saved from many an error.

S. F. SYMOND COCKS.

A SUFFRAGETTE LIE.

Sir,—In the latest issue of "Votes for Women," which is published every week, the "righteous war on behalf of liberation or defence." This remark appears to be the result of a very common error of reasoning, i.e., the failure to see the two elements in a duplex fact. A war of liberation implies that someone has been attacked, which means that someone has been attacked. The use of armed force originated the evils from which your "righteous" wars are to be given "justification." The belief of nations or of one side in war is to be the result of a common error of reasoning. The news of the day, in the first instance, the enslavement or the attack.

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THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC ACT.

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A few ignorantomuses of the lowest labouring class have been flogged for living with prostitutes. That is all. But we had "abominations of the lowest class"? Had we not? Meanwhile Mrs. Gow finds still occasion to say "dogs aloud. I notice that men seem to like the word less than ever.

Someone writes reminding me that that champion of the miners, Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, actually returned to the Johannesburg Trades' Federation meeting after her first polite disclaimer, declaring that "Loraine!" "probably on her side; she had consulted a lawyer. I suppose, above all its enemies, the proletariat loves a lawyer!

A correspondent of "The New Statesman" who reads like a woman, deplores the destruction of nesting birds to decorate human females. The letter suggests everything except the common-sense remedy—to prosecute the lasts. Mary Fitzgerald, actually returned to less than ever.

of immigrant women's hats these "bargies of cruelty."

Sir,—Mr. Stafford has evidently learned that Mrs. Fitzgerald, like Jenny Jennys and Louie Michel, "has a way with her." She stands committed for trial on a charge of "seditious conspiracy." Had miners and their leaders on the Rand rendered themselves as doughty ten years ago, there had been more happenings. Probably the miners whom Mr. Stafford mentions will breathe more freely (according to the lung power left) when Mrs. Fitzgerald is under lock and key to sit before a court for British intervention, Chinese labour or its repatriation, or for Labour candidates without the taint of Socialism. Mary Fitzgerald, as an illogical woman, cries, in season and out, "Down with Capitalism!"

S. M. HAMMER.

THE PLAGUE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sir,—I see that the promoters of the Bill to regulate advertisements are coming forward again. Now while, as a patriot, I applaud their efforts, as a selfish individual, I really am greatly beholden to those who oppose advertisement. I live somewhere (no particulars shall escape me) because of the slum-like appearance created by the many advertisements. I live somewhere, as scarcely a motor road passes through and a large inn was built in expectation of custom. Thank goodness, the greedy brewers hoisted an enormous staring advertisement on the greenutterly destroying all rural charm. Besides this, a lovely little red cottage opposite has suffered the addition of the ugliest grocery shop and post-office ever committed by iniquity incarnate. The shop which is a most insufferable pest to the peace and quiet of any cottage, sticks out so as to obscure not only the cottage, but a grove of trees and gardens, and is literally plastered with soap and pills and other advertisements, while a wire-fenced plot of grass contains the mechanical sort and two rusty-looking slot machines. You might fancy you were passing by a section of a London slum; and the aforesaid brewery with its utterly neglected pub on their hands (the present innkeeper is giving up in despair) have just made another splash on the green with a staring red board affixed to the old-fashioned sign! Why on earth they spare the rural inn-post, I cannot imagine—it takes up as much room as a spanking fine modern board, with nice new plain letters everyone could see! I profit by all this, as scarcely a motor ever sets down here. The place looks sordid. There is no other word for it. So ten miles of country is left practically unmarred by the beastly tripper. Why? Who are the greedy brewers, the dog that barks much ought to be prosecuted for neglect; the dog's voice is itself evidence of cruelty in most cases; in any case, it is evidence that the owner knows nothing about dogs and ought not to have charge of one. The "sane and healthy," etc., in this district are mostly either common cowards who feel safe behind the bark of the law and whistle and view the dog with a sneer, or perhaps become possessed of a dog somehow and don't know quite how to get rid of it. The law for dogs must be in a rotten state when these animals can be treated so as to make a whole country bleed of their passage.

F. J. WILSON.

RELATIVITY IN CONTINUITY.

Sir,—I have read with much interest the thoughtful article, "Relativity in Continuity," which "M.B.Oxon." contributes to your issue of September 25. As the author rightly remarks: "Psychical Research is a double-edged sword." This is so because people have not yet recognized that with the human mind all sorts of results can be obtained; whereas what is really desirable is that results should be obtained through the action of Divine Mind, God—the Principle of Good. One accomplishes this, not by thinking of persons, circumstances, etc., but by turning in thought to reality—heaven brought down to earth, if your contributor likes, but by no means "dragged in the mud." This little man, Mr. White, deals with in a recently published work, "Life Understood," by F. L. Rawson, a well-known engineer and man of science (Craven and Moore, Ltd., 36-39, Maiden Lane, W.C.). Apropos of "M.B.Oxon.'s" pertinent remark that, in his opinion, Sir Oliver Lodge "gave his 'discovery' to the world prematurely, as it has happened with other discoveries, and usually with similar results," the following passage from "Life Understood" will be of interest:

"A friend of mine, one of the leading chemical authorities in England," the author writes, "confidentially gave me details of . . . chemical experiments which had just been carried out under the best conditions by a select body of leading scientific men, and had been pronounced by them as wholly inconsistent with any conceivable
theory of matter. These experiments were shown to them to establish priority of date for the discoverer, who did not care to publish until he had found the one reason for the results.

With regard to your contributor's hint as to the probable difference between "matter" and "substance," I may say that he would have misunderstood the passage from "Life Understood" that may be information to some of your readers:

"It was only a week ago that Professor Osborne Reynolds, F.R.S., L.L.D., M.Inst.C.E., Professor of Engineering at Owen's College, Manchester, one of the ablest mathematicians of the day, gave the world the result of twenty years' hard work, showing the "Rede Letters" [for 1902, p. 29] that he had proved mathematically that matter was a non-reality." The italics are mine. "I have never heard, nor have I read any suggestion that he has made a mistake in his mathematical proof." * * *

THE LENGTH OF POEMS.

Sir,—Your reviewer, in noticing my little book of "Lyrics and Other Verse," exhibits some curiosity as to "how long a poem may be according to Poe," referring to Mr. Malloch. "May I say that I cannot speak for Poe: but for myself I should say that "The Excursion" was a "long" piece of verse," or "Harold." A few hundred lines I do not call "long."—I have written many pieces of that length, and would be glad to see some of them printed in The New Age.

So many people have found fault with this deliberately restricted book of lyrics because it does not contain "long" poems! It is really exactly what it was intended to be. Perhaps, my dear Sir, I ever find the publisher for it, will convince your reviewer that I am capable of longer flights. Meantime it may be interesting to recall that what is called every-so-calling poem consisted of a series of passages of such beauty that they stood out as poems by themselves, connected by more or less wearisome bits that might almost as well have been in prose. In verse, however, we get the pleasure of reading the pleasure we derive from those beautiful passages, a pleasure heightened on a second reading by anticipation of the whole daisy world which was not in verse, but only glimpsed through the heavy intervening lines. That or something like it was what Poe meant, and many readers of poetry will agree with him. * * *

GEORGE RESTON MALLOCH.

"THE ECONOMICS OF JESUS'S." 

Sir,—As few of your readers can be blessed with Turkish servants who burn the back numbers of "Hi; NEW AGE," may I approach them with the real original Rabbi of July 17 or the duplex theory of which

William Blackwood told me that an old gentleman was, and in that hot-house he had nurtured his tender incoherence of mind. Now, at last, I know. The old gentleman was your reviewer, and the hot-house was the office of The New Age. This it is impossible that the author of "Blackwood's Magazine," the late Mr. Harvard Blackwood, would have been influenced by the colour of blackmail when, Arnold Bennett having ceased to contribute his weekly article to it, his next novel was made the subject of a frothy and malicious attack. It is still dishonest to criticise a reviewer to brand my book as "filthy" without having read it. For he has not read it; he has glanced at the first story, been content to slander it crudely, and to write of the book as though it were a novel, and not a collection of tales. If, in spite of everything, he would still maintain that he did his duty by looking through the book before he bespattered it, there is the case of an earlier book of mine, which he credited in his review with containing anecdotes, one in particular, which it does not contain. Perhaps, however, he did not review that book, and falsehoods of this kind are common to all New Age reviewers.

You will observe that I do not complain of your reviewer's impetuousity, but only of his and your dishonesty. I find it natural that experiments in the short-story form should fail to interest you; you are pre-occupied with those extremely long poems and letters which may serve to mark a commonplace intelligence with a seeming of singularity. But your need to attitudinise for a living can never satisfy the word "filthy" to a book which is, in no sense and under no construction, "filthy" at all. So to characterise it is to make a ruthlessly use of words, to deceive those eager readers of yours who might buy my book in the hope of finding the filth you promise them, and to darken the already sufficiently questionable character of The New Age.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

[Mr. Gibbon's letters call for no reply from our reviewer. We may say, however, that his amiable Fleet Street assumption of an unusual relation between a novel and Mr. Bennett's work is grotesquely untrue. Mr. Bennett, of course, knows this as well as we do.—Ed. N.A.]

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