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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Having deliberately left the decision in the Dublin matter to their rank and file, the English trade union leaders cannot fairly complain if Mr. Larkin appeals to the former rather than to themselves. For reasons best left unexamined they have shirked the responsibility of leading, and have only themselves to thank when Mr. Larkin endeavours to lead for them. To judge by their temper the rank and file were prepared to go almost any lengths under good leadership to re-establish the principle of Trade Unionism in Dublin; and, as far as we can learn, the denunciations of their officials in which Mr. Larkin has engaged, are much to their mind. It is probable that in a campaign of this kind Mr. Larkin will sometimes be proved to be inaccurate in small things; Mr. Havelock Wilson, for example, appears to us to have replied completely to Mr. Larkin's particular charge against him. But in the main and on the general question Mr. Larkin may be trusted to be more than accurate, namely, to be truthful. Nothing, at any rate, has he said yet that we have not already said and said many times. And the occasion for him is one of necessity, since not only Dublin depends upon its success, but his success depends upon securing at the meeting of December 9 a genuine reflection of the spirit of the English rank and file and not of the official element. We hope, in short, that Mr. Larkin will continue his campaign of well-directed abuse. All his gift of invective will still fall short of the justice of his case.

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For it is not as if the question in dispute were Mr. Larkin's personal reputation as a strike leader in Dublin. Three or four issues of vastly greater importance to him as well as to everybody else are being fought out in Ireland and England at this moment. The issues in Ireland are whether on the eve of Home Rule trade unionism is to be utterly killed in the capital city and whether it is to be killed by English trade unionism; and the issues in England are those of blacklegging by trade unions and the Sympathetic Strike. Any one of these is sufficient, we should have thought, to demand the most earnest discussion and practical consideration of Trade Union leaders; but in their sum they are momentous. If the Dublin union is defeated, not only will Ireland start her new career under Mr. Murphy's influence, with results in future Irish politico-economics of a sinister character for the Irish proletariat, but the latter will have the bitterness of a just grievance which in a country of long hatreds they will know how to repay against the English trade unions. And, again, if the Dublin men are defeated, both wholesale blacklegging by unions one of the other will be, so to say, officially authorised, and, as well, a nail will have been driven into the coffin of the Sympathetic Strike. We will set aside, if it please the leaders who talk so swellingly of the international solidarity of labour, every consideration of the effect of their conduct on Ireland alone. We will assume that Ireland is far enough away in every sense from England not to concern English trade unions in the least. There still remain, however, the two questions to which we have referred, and each of them is vital. If one union may wilfully blackleg another, be the other at the ends of the earth, the principle of trade union solidarity is gone—and gone by spiritual murder.

And equally, in our opinion, if the use of the Sympathetic Strike is forsworn, the strongest weapon of solidarity is thrown away with it. Such are a few only of the issues at stake for English labour in the Dublin affair.

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We are quite aware, of course, that denunciation of the leaders will have no immediate effect. We are equally aware that it exposes those who employ this method to reciprocal abuse and to a powerful boycott. But provided that the abuse is accompanied by positive alternatives to the leaders' present idleness and, again, is likely to be justified by the drift of events, in the long run criticism of this kind will be found to be effective. On both these counts we, at any rate, can plead exoneration from the charge of mere meddlesomeness or spite. For, in the first place, we have put before the trade union leaders a complete plan of campaign carefully directed to accomplish, if it were carried out, the very ends they profess to have in view. And, in the second place, both the circumstances of the moment and the foreseen and inevitable circumstances of the immediate future are such that even if the leaders should refuse to listen to us to-day, to-morrow or the next day they will find themselves, perhaps when it is too late, compelled to adopt the course they now reject. The coming year, it is probable, will be a year of labour unrest on a much wider scale than anything we have yet known. Real wages are still declining in spite of all the good trade which the nation is experiencing. But how much faster they must decline when trade begins to grow slack again, as there are signs it will shortly after next spring. Then will come a time when the capacity for leadership of the trade union officials will be tried as never before; and the question will arise whether it had not been better to criticise them now than to overwhelm them then with unexpected and unmeasured denunciation. While there is still time to amend or end them, without catastrophe, we implore with Mr. Larkin the rank and file and the leaders themselves to consider and reflect upon what may shortly be expected of them. In the unrest of the coming year no weapon so powerful as the Sympathetic Strike can be safely ignored. Also, we are certain, no such cowardice, lack of initiative and treachery as the leaders are now guilty of can be indulged in. Leaders who refuse next year to lead and to lead somewhere will not be left to draw their pay in their offices in peace. They will learn the penalty of opposing even by inertia a massive movement of imperative instinct.

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If the trade union leaders, on whom direct responsibility for the welfare of the proletariat falls, are not aware of the stress that will shortly come upon their class, the other classes, and particularly the governing classes, are well aware of it. At the back of the stagey political performances on the subject of Home Rule are for all serious politicians to-day apprehensions of a real and grave kind that concern the subject of Labour. Sir Edward Carson may to the eye engage the attention of the governing classes, but their minds are preoccupied more with Larkinism than with Carsonism. And at the same time that this disease of mind prompts them to acts of apparent kindness, it prompts them also to acts of preparation for defence. Of these latter we need not write, since we are assured that the responsible Trade Union officials are not ignorant of them. The least, we may say, is the training of the soldiery in the running of trains. But the former it is our duty to discuss, and we may begin with the appeal to employers issued last week by the Council of Christian Witness to pay voluntarily a living wage to all their employees. That such an appeal should be made and by such a body of signatories is, in our view, indicative of the prevailing apprehension; and the terms of the letter are unfortunately such as both to display this motive and to betray a complete ignorance of economics. If, say the signatories in warning to employers, if almsgiving proves to be a failure and the principle of the living wage is denied, "the uprising of labour may force. . . ." Ah, that is the dread alternative. And on economics they say: "No doubt there are grave economic difficulties in the application of this principle." There are—much graver than anybody not practically engaged in competitive business can readily understand, insurmountable, too, by any such action as is recommended by the Council of Christian Witness. For while it may be true that high wages under certain circumstances are not only ethically advisable, but economically profitable, under different circumstances an increase of wages would be fatal to success in competitive trade. To both classes of employers, however, the Council makes the same appeal: to the class whose profits would disappear if the cost of labour were considerably raised, and to the class whose profits would increase with the increased efficiency of higher wages. But if to the latter the Council can safely promise reward, to the former (and a not inconsiderable class!) they can only promise ruin. Again, the application of the principle of the living wage, like that of its fellow, the principle of the Minimum Wage, while serviceable to the labourers who actually find employment, is obviously useless to the labourers who cannot find employment. And of these, under either principle, there would be many more than there are now. It is idle to expect employers, not in business for their health, to pay to any labourer a wage that does not leave a margin of profit. But if the wage-rate is fixed high by statute, the number of unprofitable and consequently unemployed labourers would be increased. What would the Council do with them, and how would the proletariat as a whole be better off for pauperising its Peters to pamper its Pauls?

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Much the same criticism must be made of the proposal to establish Wages Boards and to fix a Minimum Wage in Agriculture. We do not deny that Agriculture is one of the industries in which wages have not yet found their economic level. Increased expenditure upon the commodity of human labour in agriculture might be expected to have the same effect upon profits that increased expenditure on the breeding and feeding of stock has been proved to have; but the actual process of the improvement must also be much the same. That is to say, the inefficient labourers, or those who do not repay in increased efficiency the increased expenditure on them, would be and must be eliminated; and again the problem of what to do with the displaced would arise. Mr. Walter Long, we observe, though from a somewhat different point of view, shares our distrust of the effect of Wages Boards in Agriculture. He agrees with us that many men would be thrown out of employment, if not permanently, at any rate periodically (for an agricultural labourer is not profitable every week of the year); but he adds what in our opinion is an unjustified remark to the effect that a statutory wage would beget a statutory return in service. Is it Mr. Long's experience that services are proportioned to wages and are fixed when the latter are fixed? In exceptional cases it may be so, but in general the quality and quantity of service arise from character and have little or no relation with wages, provided the wage is neither too small nor too large for a reasonable life. We may note that Mr. Leslie Scott, on the other hand, though a member of the same political party as Mr. Walter Long, is as en-

thusiastic for Wages Boards in Agriculture as Mr. Lloyd George himself. It appears as if the unhappy divisions of the Unionists that allowed Mr. George to pass his Insurance Bill will operate to enable him to pass his Agricultural measures with the co-operation of half of his political opponents.

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The attitude the Government would be glad to assume throughout the coming period of Labour unrest was defined by Mr. Buxton, the President of the Board of Trade, before the Institute of Directors on Wednesday last. The sequential procedure he sketched as an ideal was as follows: first, every effort should be made to have every dispute settled locally and by arrangement between the two parties; secondly, if that failed, the Industrial Committee of the Board of Trade should be approached to select a Chairman of Conciliation or Arbitration, or should appoint one of its own; and, thirdly, and only when both the preceding methods had failed, the State by means of the Cabinet should intervene. The reasonableness of this procedure is obvious and we have nothing to say against it except that it must prove more and more impossible as the methods of industrial warfare develop. Assuming that strikes remain local and involve no principle beyond that of the higgling of the wage market, the less the State interferes for the present the better; for its intervention in its present condition of intelligence is bound to be in the interests of the established order. But the strikes of the future will neither be local, nor will they be confined to the subject of temporary adjustments of wages with profits and prices or of hours of labour and conditions of employment. On the contrary, they will tend more and more to become national in extent and revolutionary in their objects. Under these circumstances the most fainéant Government will be bound to intervene sooner rather than later, and definitely with the intention of resisting or assisting the revolution in the nature of national labour organisation. Mr. Buxton may dream, if he pleases and while he can, that his Department will still continue to spare the Cabinet the labour of thinking out a policy, but we assure him that the dream cannot last much longer. Within this decade the trade unions will be partners in industry with or against the State.

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That either policy presents any insuperable difficulty in organisation we decline to believe. It must needs be the case that people who imagine they do not stand to gain by any proposed change will magnify its difficulties to the degree of impossibility and even when more considerable tasks are being performed daily under their eyes; and they are usually the very people either most capable of the task themselves or most inclined to boast of the national capacity for such undertakings. To the machinery for creating a working partnership between either the Unions and the Employers or the Unions and the State (and particularly to the latter) various writers object that it is impossible of construction; but, as we have often said, the machinery of the Insurance Act alone is more complex than would be the machinery necessary to form a National Guild. And in regard to the State side of the control the Canadian Board governing the railways of Canada offers a little model of effective superintendence without direct interference. If the Canadian Railway Commission, consisting only of three persons, can be trusted to exercise adequate State control over the Canadian railway directors, who otherwise have a free hand, a similar Commission representing the State, might as easily be trusted to superintend a Railway Guild here in England while leaving it otherwise autonomous. The difficulty, we repeat, in instituting the arrangement is inconsiderable, while the advantages both to the State and to the railway guildsmen would be immeasurable. The relief of the one and the enhanced sense of manly responsibility of the other would be real gains to politics and civilisation.

Mr. Cole in another column of this issue endorses our forecast that before very long nationalisation will be opposed to the Guild System. There is every sign in the financial world that this will certainly be the case in the railway industry. While, with feeble exceptions, the men's leaders are preparing to plunge head first into nationalisation, the railway shareholders with more caution are preparing to profit by their enthusiasm. Just as ardent as the railwaymen prove themselves to be for State purchase, so will the purchase price against them be raised. It is, in fact, an elementary principle in bargaining that the price is determined by the enthusiasm of one party and the calculation of the other. At the present moment the prospects of the existing railway stockholders are of the rosiest. It is impossible for the "Times" to conceal its gratification at the favourable omens for railway shareholders even of lines on which no dividends have been paid for years. By the terms of the 1844 Act it is true that the purchase price of the railways was to be calculated on the basis of three years' dividends; but with uncommon foresight its framers also provided that where no dividends had been paid the purchase price should be calculated on "prospects." In "prospects," of course, every business, even the most rotten, is as rich as Crœsus; and the "Times" has already begun to paint in futurist colours the "prospects" of companies like the Great Central and London Chatham and Dover which, on a considerable part of their stock, have not paid a dividend for years, and, nationalisation apart, do not seem likely to do so. The effect of all this can only be, as we have already pointed out, to load the backs of the railwaymen under the State with additional burdens; for to the dividends now abstracted from their labour and hereafter to be guaranteed by the State, must be added at least the interest in perpetuity on the capital of the non-dividend paying lines together with a dividend on their "prospects."

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Whither can we look for any effective recognition of this proposed chattelising of the railwaymen if not to the railwaymen themselves? It is clear from the jubilation of the "Times" that there is no disposition on the part of the present owners of the railways to deal gently with the State in the public interest. On the contrary, they mean to have their pound of flesh and as much more with it as they can obtain by force and cunning. And the State itself in the persons of its present representatives is, by all the signs, preparing to meet them at least half way. That at present the State is in league with the profiteering class to maintain the wage-system, if not as a private then as a State institution, is plain from almost every word that proceeds out of the mouth of Mr. Lloyd George. This pinchbeck democrat and friend of the poor is not only as yet completely oblivious of the spiritual injustice of the wage-relation, but he appears almost to glory in the success of his efforts to perpetuate it. As our readers very well know, the worst feature in the Insurance Act was its public authorisation and recognition—the first since the twelfth century in England—of a difference in legal status between wage-earners and the rest of the nation. The Act threatens by its continued existence to hallow by use and custom a distinction among citizens which may well prove to be the foundation of the Servile State. But at the same time that the Act was passed we said that not only was it repugnant to the enlightened instincts of a few of us, but it was unpopular in the most general sense. Speaking at Oxford last week, Mr. Lloyd George had the impudence to make a confession on this very point: a confession which, by the way, gives the lie to the "Daily News" and the other Liberal organs which contended throughout the discussion that opposition to the Act was exclusively partisan. Mr. Lloyd George said: "I will admit that if you had had a plebiscite on the Insurance Act while it was going through it would probably have been thrown out. . . . That is an admission. I don't know whether I have

made it before, but I frankly make it now." Mr. Lloyd George has not made the admission before, and for us it is superfluous. But we now say that the same plebescite taken to-day would destroy the Act; and we shall expect Mr. Lloyd George to "admit" it in a few years' time.

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Not all the efforts of the Unionist Press seem to be able to produce in England a single tremor on the subject of the threatened Ulster revolt; and much the most popular sentiment is Mr. Asquith's when he declares that the Government will see Home Rule through. No less than this, indeed, ought to be expected of him, for no less than this under the circumstances is possible. We defy any man capable of putting himself in Mr. Asquith's place to come to any wiser decision than the one to which Mr. Asquith has come; and we are sure that in the end this country at any rate will stick by him. The fact is, however, that for once in a way the public has better information in its possession than the Unionist Party in particular credits it with. It has no belief in the ultimate seriousness of the Unionists' expressed intention of joining Ulster in armed rebellion, and for two or three good reasons. In the first place, such an action is out of the habit and tradition of party politicians, who may spill ink but not blood for their principles. In the second place, the occasion, as they secretly are aware, will never arise in anything like the melodramatic form they love nevertheless to imagine. And thirdly, it is pretty well understood that the whole campaign is of the same nature as the military and naval manœuvres. Accidents, that is, may occur; and the victory to one side or the other is a little speculative; but, for the rest, the whole affair is being conducted according to programme and will be carried through without a considerable hitch.

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The solution, we may say, of the whole problem, was really arrived at, as we alone noted at the time, by the Conference of Eight that met in the summer and autumn of 1910. The questions then decided between the two front Benches concerned the order in which Irish Home Rule and Federation and the Lords' Veto and Constitutional Reconstruction respectively should be taken and the party that should assume the lead. Our readers may remember that when the Conference broke up and a General Election was fought, the deduction was made by the Press that the Conference had failed. They may also remember that not one of the parties to the Conference either expressed or shared this opinion, but, on the contrary, pronounced the Conference an almost unqualified success. Which opinion has been proved or will shortly prove to be correct, we will leave our readers to discover; but it may be noted that as the time for the production of the sequel to Home Rule and the sequel to the Parliament Act draws near, the politicians most closely connected with the Conference and the Press most intimate with those politicians are beginning to talk of co-operation between the parties on the basis of both an accepted Home Rule Bill for Ireland and an accepted Parliament Act for England. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, for example, who was one of the Eight, recently declared at Bromsgrove that if the Government were prepared to extend to the other part of the United Kingdom similar privileges to those now being given to Ireland, "the hideous dangers now in front of us might be averted." And the "Times," with even more courage, held out the olive-branch in this fashion: "The question of Ireland and of the Constitution must be settled together. . . No reasonable man will deny Mr. Asquith's contention that if Home Rule all round is to be conceded, Ireland may legitimately claim to come first." Well, is not that exactly Mr. Asquith's position, and is it not exactly what the 1910 Conference decided? But after these admissions (or shall we call them revelations?), there is no need for Mr. Garvin to continue baying the moon. The matter is settled and done with. At the psychological moment the Federal scheme and the Constitutional programme will be produced and in their larger light both Home Rule and the Parliament Act will be forgotten.

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The labour troubles in South Africa can all be traced to the tolerated existence in her midst of a practically slave class. For the misuse of men not only the victims pay heavily but those who fancy they profit by it pay even more heavily. In the scale of civilisation South Africa is at this moment at the very bottom of all the white communities; and, to judge by the treatment of the Indians in Natal, she is preparing to descend to still lower depths. For the dominant passion of the dominant class in South Africa to-day is the passion to get rich quick by the exploitation of servile labour upon forced terms; and unfortunately to this end the means exist in the form of cheap coloured labour in all parts of the world. Even with a native population to exploit almost as they pleased, the degraded profiteers of South Africa were not satisfied; and in succession they have introduced, on a scale and by means that would scandalise the memory of Roman Emperors, first, the Chinese and, when Europe forbade it, secondly, Indian coolies. It is these latter who are now the source of a problem infinitely more difficult than the problem presented by the Chinese; for the Indian, coolie though he be, is actually a citizen of the Empire and a fellow-subject with the white South African himself. Moreover, despite his colour, which in South Africa ranks him with the Hottentot, the Indian has political aptitude, often some education, and, above all, has a Government, not to be despised even by South Africa, to maintain at least a minimum of his rights. Under these circumstances the problem is very prickly indeed, and we should not be surprised if this time the South African cat has found the porcupine it has been looking for.

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We are, as our readers know, against miscegenation, the intermixture of races, for nothing but harm in our experience has come from it. We are equally opposed to what may be called economic miscegenation, which is no other than the intermixture of standards of living with bastard results. From this point of view we can very well understand and appreciate the motives of white South Africa in placing obstacles to the settlement in its midst of Indians or any other coloured race upon equal terms with itself. But purity of race and civilisation, like every other form of purity, has to be paid for in the sacrifice of the less pure appetites; and South Africa cannot both satisfy her lust for easy riches by forcing another race to work for her, and escape contamination. Yet this is precisely what she is trying to do. It is not the case that Indian coolies migrate to South Africa of their own accord or as unwelcome guests. Against an unwanted immigration of that kind there are plenty of defences, as British Columbia has discovered. It is, on the contrary, the case that the Indians are deliberately imported, collected in India for the purpose, trans-shipped and welcomed in South Africa; and for no other purpose than to create wealth for the planters and mine-owners. It is, however, when their contracts as indentured labourers have expired that the trouble begins; for by that time many of the Indians are disposed to stay in the country and to become free citizens. Then at once their welcome ceases and the cry is raised of mixing the races, confusing the standards and all the rest of it. But in justice, as the Viceroy of India has boldly announced, the cry is too late. South Africa cannot be permitted to turn out the Indians the moment they cease to be profitable. Either South Africa must decline to admit indentured labourers —the wisest plan—or she must accept them when their time is expired, as citizens. One or the other course is inevitable, and the sooner this is recognised the safer for the Empire.

Current Cant.

"We are most anxious to meet every legitimate demand."—H. H. ASQUITH.

"Mr. Lloyd George with that common sense which is his prevailing characteristic."—"The Star."

"Mr. Winston Churchill, like the Kaiser, has always had varied ambitions."—"Daily Mirror."

"The English leaders seem, for the moment, to have taught Mr. Larkin to respect their authority."—"Saturday Review."

"Our course is clear."—BONAR LAW.

"We reckon to keep pretty well up-to-date in our parish, and it's a busy time we've had. . . . The prime cut from the joint has, of course, been the land speeches of Mr. Lloyd George."—"The Liberal Monthly."

"When one of the characters expressed the hope last night to his newly-wed bride that he and she would soon have 'one of those little things wot Lloyd George gives thirty bob for,' there was quite a roar of delight from the pit and gallery."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"The order that officers of the Guards off duty shall wear silk hats and frock coats when in the streets near Buckingham Palace (exclusively announced in the 'Express' yesterday) applies only to such times as the King is in London."—"Daily Express."

"This clever man of business is artistic to his fingertips: it was as an artist that he began; it is as an artist that he has been able to transform his castles in the air into so many marble palaces. As a painter he started his rush for a place in the sun; *and even as a youngster he was placing painting at good prices. Then he was an inventor, especially in optics; for his father had been in that business, and he had the instinct in his blood.*"—T. P. on Sir Joseph Lyons in the "Pall Mall Magazine."

"Miss Ethel Levy, the revue actress, is to produce a revue based on Shakespeare."—"Leeds Mercury."

"Labour gets out of the coal industry a shilling for every penny taken by capital."—"A Labour Man" in the "Daily Mail."

"Stage technique is one of the simplest things in the world to learn."—HERMON OULD.

"Mr. Havelock Wilson, the president of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union, has come forward in manly fashion and knocked the grotesque person, Larkin, out in once."—"The Academy."

"The Labour Party is, as usual, right in feeling. . . ."—"The Nation."

"We have got Christian London behind us, and nothing can stop us."—THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

"Mr. Churchill and Mr. Masterman were the heroes of a charming informal ceremony yesterday, when they were each presented by the costermongers of London with a model coster and barrow in recognition of the services they had rendered to the street traders by procuring amendment of the Shop Hours Bill in their favour. . . . Mr. Masterman represents an East End constituency, and had a direct interest in the costermongers' case; but Mr. Churchill's action shows him to be possessed of a wide humanity which does him credit."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"Every church which offers sanctuary to the worker during the dinner hour should also offer him something to read for his soul's good."—"Morning Post."

"To-day is a bad day for the average novelist."—ALBERT KINROSS.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

A RIDICULOUS fuss has been made by the "Matin" in Paris and by the "Daily Mail" here about a so-called "Secret" Treaty entered into between Bulgaria and Servia shortly before the outbreak of the war, whereby Bulgaria was to support Servia even to the extent of attacking Austria if Austria claimed the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, or occupied it. No Treaty of this nature could long remain a secret, even if we can imagine King Ferdinand wishing it to remain one. It happens that King Ferdinand himself told the Austrian Emperor about the Treaty and what it contained; and its publication now, as a matter, presumably, of historical interest to readers of the sensational papers, was due entirely to the discredited Dr. Daneff, of whom THE NEW AGE readers have already heard. Dr. Daneff took advantage of King Ferdinand's absence in Austria to have the Treaty published so as to lower his Sovereign in the eyes of the Austrian Emperor. The plan did not succeed. King Ferdinand has definitely stated his intention of returning to his capital; and, whether he does or not—and he does not wish to—I should look well after my health if I were Dr. Daneff. It is not merely that colds are prevalent.

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It is not, indeed, Treaties, secret or otherwise, with which the Balkan States are at present concerned. It is money. The prolonged discussion over the new French loan has almost suspended international financial operations on the Paris Bourse, and every Balkan State is waiting for the long expected redemption of Treasury Bonds. I say the States, and not certain individuals; for there are many well-known Balkan personages, from kings downward, who have made plenty of money by speculating during and since the war.

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Since attention has temporarily been drawn to the Balkans, I should like to add a word concerning an official ukase published in the "Srpske Novine" of September 23 to October 6 last. This is a long and tedious document of more than thirty distinct clauses; but it is of much interest as showing exactly what the Servian authorities propose to do with the inhabitants of what they are pleased ironically to call the "freed" districts. It is unnecessary to go through the whole list of punishments; but one or two may be mentioned. If men whom the Servians particularly want to remain in these districts are so selfish as to take flight and make themselves scarce, the police or the municipal authorities may wait ten days. If the "wanteds" are not back at the end of that time, their families will be thrown out of their houses. On the other hand, there may be men whom the authorities wish to see out of sight. These people will be expelled, and if they dare to show their noses in their villages without special permission they will render themselves liable to three years' imprisonment.

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It would never do to allow the "freed" Albanians or Macedonians or Epirotes to handle lethal weapons or explosives. If, therefore, any of them are found in possession of arms, ammunition, or explosive materials of any sort, the penalty will be a period of imprisonment—minimum three months. If explosives are not merely kept in reserve but actually used, twenty years. If somebody prepares explosives or shows people how to use them, ten years. If a fugitive commits a crime of any sort, death sentence. If a person deliberately tries to damage a railway line, twenty years; if he damages a railway line through pure carelessness, ten years. Damage to telegraph or telephone wires, fifteen years; if wires damaged through carelessness,

five years. If men gather in a group and do not disperse when told to do so, two years for the act of assembling, with additional punishment as may be desirable. Helping a Servian deserter to escape, or to join another army, ten years.

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As I said last week, I am indebted to an Austrian friend of mine for a copy of this significant document. The other punishments, like these, are altogether out of proportion to the offence, seeing that the war is now at an end and that efforts are being made to settle the country. At least, that is what we were told. If this recent official ukase is a specimen of Servian humanity and post-bellum progress, we cannot be altogether surprised if neighbouring Powers show a desire to interfere.

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Downing Street came to a decision last week of which the full effects are not likely to be seen for some little time. This was that Rhodes and Stampaglia must definitely be taken away from Italy, in spite of the Italian designs to make them naval bases and wireless telegraph stations. I have already hinted that this step would in all probability be taken; but this, I think, is the first announcement that the British Government has really come to a decision in the matter after much anxious consideration. When this is borne in mind, much interest will naturally be attached to the joint visit of the French and English fleets to the Piræus at this moment. The demonstration is formidable, and is meant to be so. For the time being France and this country are obviously the masters of the Mediterranean; they can do what they like there. I have heard it suggested that they had better do what they want to do now, before the combined fleets of Italy and Austria become too strong for them. If there are any people who scoff at the suggestion, let me remind them that we let the German Navy grow up without noticing it, and then we were surprised one day to discover how big it was. Seriously, there is every danger that we may do just the same in the case of the Austrian and Italian fleets in the Mediterranean.

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So far I have seen only one incidental and quite casual reference in the Press to the naval stations which the British Government is arranging for in the neighbourhood of Alexandria. This is a particularly important scheme, and one that is destined to strengthen our position in Egypt very considerably. Our Red Sea defences, at the Mediterranean end, are very powerful; but it is the intention of the naval authorities to turn Port Said and El Meks into Gibraltars. (I may perhaps forestall some critics if I say that I know where Alexandria is.)

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An awkward Imperial situation confronts us in Natal. The sympathy of the Home authorities, as I happen to know, is on the side of the Indians; and Lord Hardinge's bitter reference to the South African Government was not altogether uninspired. It has for some time been found almost impossible by officials in other parts of the Empire to work with the South Africans. The faults alleged against the Dutch are that they are dreadfully impolite, that they have no diplomatic training, that they refuse to make distinctions between Hindus and negroes; and, above all, that they refuse to consider themselves as forming part of the British Empire at all. They are, nevertheless, glad to accept the protection of our fleet, towards the cost of which they pay the ridiculously small sum of £85,000 a year. Very nearly as strong allegations, by the way, might be made against the Australians and the New Zealanders; and the French-Canadians, though they are diplomatic and polite, display no expressive interest in Imperial affairs.

National Guilds.

XVIII.

It cannot now be doubted that the commodity theory of labour is at the root of present discontent. However this theory may be sincerely held by profiteers and economists, it remains a trick by which labour is defrauded. Its historical justification we leave to others; the best that can be said of it is that it is a good custom that has corrupted the world. The entrepreneur has doubtless had his function in the earlier days of the industrial system; perhaps he has played a necessary part in the economic integration of society. But when the psychological moment arrives, when the vast mass of the wage-earners perceive the inherent dishonesty of a system that robs them of two-thirds of the value of their labour, from that moment not only is that system doomed, but its destruction is at hand. And it follows that its essential dishonesty bears in its train ethical evils not easily measured. We may affirm with good reason that the unrest that now stirs the pool of the capitalist Siloam is an unconscious protest against the wage system that condemns the great majority of mankind to economic servitude and spiritual prostration. But this protest only becomes reasonable and irresistible when the workers consciously base their claim upon the fundamental fact that to sell labour as a commodity is a degradation; that to reduce the untiring efforts of mankind to the level of cotton and coal is a crime and a sin against the Holy Ghost. The work, then, that lies immediately before us is to impress the wage slave with the modern analysis of wagery. Herein does the coming revolution differ in essence from all previous revolts and insurrections. They appealed to new Cæsars; they were political, or racial, or national; the new revolution must be based upon an æsthetic and ethical proposition —the certain demonstration that the value and significance of human labour are not in the same categoryas the inanimate elements that go into wealth production. A commodity is something that has exchange value; labour is priceless, and, therefore, its value cannot be expressed. To give it any parity with copper or timber is to reduce it to a chattel—in practice, although not in form, to chattel slavery. It is a curious comment upon slavery, or even of peonage, that the owners did not distinguish between the bodies and the labour of their slaves. In their pseudo-patriarchal way, they believed that the human body and the labour residing in it were one and indivisible. The modern industrialist disentangled the one from the other. He put a value upon the labour and, so long as he could procure it in abundance, bodies might rot and souls be damned, so far as he was concerned. Could he extract labour from the dead, then corpses would be at a premium, and the embalming trade supplant medicine and surgery. The release of the human body from the economic demand for the labour inherent in it marked the beginning of political democracy. The return of labour to its natural habitat in the human body will mark the beginning of an economic democracy. When the labour of the worker once again becomes part of himself, then wherever his labour goes, he will go too, entering into and owning its fruits. It will have become a vital part of himself—the instrument of his destiny; it will have ceased to be a commodity.

We must not allow the comparative simplicity of our analysis of the wage system to blind us to its rooted acceptance by the majority of mankind. It may seem monstrous that such should be the case, but we must remember that the social conscience has by long usage

become inured to it. The Christian churches, notably the English Nonconformists, are now betraying deep concern at the dehumanising effects of wagery. They have spent the last twenty years in proclaiming nostrums to cure the thousand evils that palpably spring out of it. Yet nowhere, so far as we know, have the fathers and elders of these Christian communities denounced the wage system and called for its abolition. Amelioration of wage conditions, yes; wage abolition, no. We need not impute bad faith because of this; the simple truth is that they live upon wagery as did their fathers before them. Even to the end there were Christian leaders who defended slavery. It is only too evident that the conscience of those who live by exploiting the conscience is blunted and insensitive to the wickedness of wagery. Nor are signs wanting that those who denounce wagery and seek its abolition will encounter the denunciation of the Christian leaders. We mention these facts, not in bitterness, but rather to show that men may, and do, fail to see the simple solution of social horrors. The complexities of modern life confuse and unnerve them. The struggle for the rejection of the prevailing belief that labour is a commodity will be both prolonged and bitter. Necessarily so; for, apart altogether from the fact that the social conscience yet slumbers, wage abolition ipso facto carries in its train the abolition of rent, interest and profits.

We shall have failed in our purpose if we have not carried our readers with us in this: that the fund out of which rent, interest and profits are paid, disappears automatically when labour can no longer be procured as a commodity. It is only out of the difference between the net cost of labour and the price of the finished product that these charges can be paid. No class willingly allows itself to be displaced, and we may be sure that such a powerful combination as the possessing classes can command to-day will exhaust all its resources in threats, cajolery and even physical force, before it will capitulate. But their most powerful weapon will be the accomplished fact. They can claim that the industrial system, with all its imperfections, at least is a going concern and they will be entitled to ask for the alternative scheme. Unless, therefore, labour sets itself to its constructive task, it is certain that the profiteers will continue in possession.

We have not shrunk from offering our own constructive proposals. Some critics object to the name "Guild." They aver that the mediæval Guilds were employers' combinations, seeking a monopoly. In America, the term connotes a self-contained and selfish group of craftsmen. Whilst aware that there is little in common between the mediæval guilds and those we have pictured, there is one important identity—monopoly. Whilst the early guilds sought a trade monopoly, the modern guild must be built up upon a monopoly of labour. The name has, in fact, evolved itself. We could not use the word "union" because that implies a combination of manual workers — proletarians, whereas the Guild we have predicated is a combination of all the industrial and commercial functions—wage, salariat, administration. This labour monopoly is the only possible alternative, in present circumstances, to the wage-system. There is yet another reason why the use of the word "Guild" is appropriate. Not only was it, in other days, a palladium of economic liberty (masters and journeymen being of the same social status) but the Guilds carried on the work of the world almost undisturbed by wars, party factions or politics. Their function was economic; they fed and clothed the community when kings and politicians would have starved it. Here then is a sign for the modern Guild: it must confine itself to the material purposes of life, in the sure and certain hope that, if they build up a healthy economic community, a healthy national life will develop.

It is not without significance that the guilds flourished in Europe contemporaneously with those in England. Had precisely the same industrial structure persisted down to the present time, it is certain that there would be to-day national and international guild congresses. Arrangements would have been made to give each other trade preferences, and they would undoubtedly have exchanged with each other such finished products as were peculiar to any special guilds. Perhaps—who can tell?—they might to-day be doing the work of the Co-operative movement. But we have deliberately chosen the National Guild as the model. For two reasons: local Guilds would be altogether ineffectual and inappropriate to modern requirements, whilst, having regard to the simple geography of modern conditions, a national Guild is the most effective unit to perform both national and international tasks. In regard to the first point, it must be remembered that the Guilds are to take over from the State every economic responsibility—old age pensions, compensation for accidents, sick pay, insurance of every kind, as well as the regulation of hours of labour and a complete control of output. It is obvious that if this great programme is to be carried out, the responsibility of each Guild is necessarily national: no purely local Guild would be equal to such a burden. In the old days, there were literally thousands of guilds; we need only visualise fourteen producing guilds plus the Civil Service. From the standpoint of efficiency and economy, a national Guild is logically inevitable. Nor is it less imperative when we look beyond our own shores. In our foreign trading relations, the Guilds will evolve two wholly different policies. We confidently predict that the other industrial countries will quickly follow this country in adopting the Guild organisation. They will be compelled to do it whether they like it or whether they hate it: the fact remains that, immediately Great Britain sloughs off the handicap of rent, interest and profit, no other nation could continue with that burden. Therefore, there will be an international Guild policy, the Guilds of France, Germany, Holland, Belgium and America mutually agreeing to interchange their commodities. Thus would be realised the beginning of the federation of the world about which the poets have carolled but never understood. The trusts for the past decade have been feeling their way to international if not to cosmopolitan capitalism. The Guilds are destined to destroy the trusts both nationally and internationally. The trusts would enslave mankind by binding it with perpetual tribute; the Guilds would ensure economic liberty and so unloose the bonds of the spirit. But we must also deal with nations and communities not yet economically developed. They will in all human probability continue the wage-system for generations. With these, the Guilds must evolve a system of exchange based upon some common denominator. In our chapter, "The Finance of the Guilds," we have declared that Guild labour must not be measured by the gold standard; we must reach a labour unit to which gold is unrelated. But in international exchange, particularly with economically undeveloped countries, it is just possible that gold may remain the medium of exchange. Not because we wish it; the long established custom of metallic exchange may compel it.

There is yet another reason why the National unit must be adopted. It is not impossible that the success of the Guilds in Great Britain may lead to grave complications. The profiteers throughout the world might conceivably be strong enough to force some Government—Germany, Russia, who knows?—to declare either economic or military war upon us. The revolution involved in wage abolition is stupendous; its effects circle to the outside edge of the world, uprooting old customs, destroying vested interests and menacing systems of government and religion. It is, therefore, supremely important that the change into Guild administration must be backed by a convinced national consciousness that we march into a new and infinitely more noble era. We do not anticipate any such crisis; on the contrary, we believe we shall show the way where others will gladly follow.

Remain to be considered the problems, disappointments and vexations of the transition period. We think that we have repeatedly indicated our belief that the struggle will be long and arduous. But before facing such a struggle, it has been necessary first to expose the real elements of the wage-system upon which is built modern industrialism and to demonstrate that a new industrial structure free from the evils of wage exploitation, is possible. This double task we hope we have accomplished. We have resolutely set our faces against any Utopian scheme; we have realised that historic continuity is in the blood and brains of the British people. We have therefore taken industrial society as it exists to-day and considered its possible development after the labour commodity theory has been rejected. There is absolute unanimity amongst social thinkers of every school that the Trade Unions are undoubtedly the natural nuclei of future industrial organisation. From such a cautious observer as Mr. Charles Booth to the most extreme member of the "Industrial Workers of the World," the labour union is always the starting point, whatever may be the journey's destination. Now there is no way known to us to abolish wagery except by first securing the monopoly of labour by the workers' organisations. Therefore, the first stage is the widest possible extension of trade unionism. We have accordingly urged the trade unionists to concentrate upon industrial organisation. Some preliminary steps must first be taken. The unions in each industry must either coalesce or federate. Next, they must spend money and men upon compelling every worker in the trade to join them. To spend a million sterling upon this object would be money fruitfully expended. Take, for example, the agricultural labourer. We have urged the established unions to spend £250,000 upon agricultural organisation. They would get thrice that amount returned to them in a couple of years if only they would do it. At the time of writing, over £100,000 has been spent upon the Dublin lock-out. From the English point of view, this expenditure will bring no return. Yet who grudges a penny piece of it? But if £100,000 be thus spent upon a temporary conflict, how vastly more important is it to spend ten or twenty or one hundred times that amount in solidifying labour into a fighting unity? Since 1905, Labour has probably spent at least one million pounds upon its political adventure. During that period, as we know, real wages have fallen. How infinitely better would it have been to have expended that money upon the same organisation of labour to the extent that every union would be blackleg proof? In considering, therefore, the possibilities of the transition period, it will be granted that there is nothing unreasonable in expecting an early movement towards industrial solidarity by the unions. And we know that there is no shortage either of money or men to achieve that purpose. Perhaps in one important particular, there is weakness. There is no central committee with plenary powers. This means that there is no effective leadership. In another respect, too, is there weakness. Too many trade-union leaders dissipate their power by indulgence in politics. If they are economically weak, it is foolish to make pretence of political strength. We know only too well by painful experience that political influence is precisely what economic strength can give it. But, from the Trade Unionist point of view, economic strength can only be measured by its approach to labour monopoly. The workers' property is not their labour but (in existing circumstances) the monopoly of their labour. The Unions are now travelling quickly not only towards co-ordination of their moral and material forces but towards quick decision to meet crises that suddenly arise. Out of this new order of things, we may expect a higher statesmanship and a more efficient administration.

The rise in the cost of living during the past decade has led to serious heart-searchings amongst the salariat. They are fast beginning to question whether, after all, they cannot procure more butter for their bread by co-operation with the Unions rather than by subservience to the profiteers. The railway clerks, for example, are rapidly following in the train of the other railway servants. We should not be surprised to see them federated with the Unions before long. There is no section of economic society in so perilous a situation as the salariat. When the right moment arrives, it will be an easy task for the Unions to force it into communion, if not into organic membership, with organised labour. In the meantime, the Unions would be well advised to open their doors to all the clerks in their own industry. The salariat is divided between accountancy and technique. The skilled superintendents and experts must in due course also choose between the profiteering present and the Guild future. Their numbers are comparatively few and a considerable portion of them hold precarious positions. Nevertheless, their knowledge and experience will prove of great value in the coming reorganisation of society. It is to be hoped that labour will meet them in no niggardly spirit. But looking squarely at the problems presented by the present sectional interests of the salariat and administration, we think their solution is easy. In any event, even to-day, there is a great reserve of technical skill and administrative capacity in the ranks of the workers and we might conceivably contrive matters without their assistance if finally they elect to support the profiteering system.

That the Guild organisation is both practical and feasible has been proved beyond cavil by Mr. Henry Lascelles. Mr. Lascelles is an experienced railway administrator. He knows, probably better than any other living man, the difficulties and intricacies of railway administration. Having studied the principles of Guild organisation, as stated by THE NEW AGE, he gave it as his deliberate view that they were not only practicable but capable of immediate realisation. He accordingly proceeded to prove his contention. Confining himself to his own occupation—railways—he sketched out a complete plan, partly transitional, partly final. In the considerable controversy that has arisen upon the Guilds, nothing has given us greater confidence than the considered opinion of this expert. We esteem it a stroke of good fortune that he dealt with the railway system, because undoubtedly the transit workers hold the key to the position. But others have not been idle and we may shortly expect studies relating to the mines and other industries. If then we have not dealt in great detail with the transition period, it is not because we feared it, but because we felt that each industry must produce its own leader to conduct it across the Rubicon.

Just as we anticipate a peaceful acceptance of the Guild organisation by other countries, when once it has been established in Great Britain, so also do we anticipate the peaceful capitulation of the profiteers in our own country. After all, what have they to fight with? Against the united decision of labour never again to sell itself as a commodity how can they contend? Would they import foreign labour? Where are the ships who would bring it across the sea? If they contrived a shipload or two of foreign blacklegs, how would that help? Falling back upon their undoubted legal rights to the instruments of production and distribution, what could they do? Force starvation upon the population? That would not help them; their dividends would be gone beyond redemption and their property would be valued as scrap iron. No; undoubtedly they would seek for some compromise. They would adopt a policy of wise salvage. For our part, we would help them in this. We have already suggested that in exchange for their present possession of land and machinery, the State might give them, as rough and ready justice, an equitable income either for a fixed period of years or for two generations. Actuarially considered it would probably not matter which course were adopted. But all these probabilities do not absolve the Unions from adopting

more modern methods of industrial warfare. Strike pay to the individual, based upon contributions, must give way to rations based upon the size of each family affected by any dispute, small or great. And in every dispute, the workers must decline to recognise any fundamental distinction between rent and profit. If the profiteers force industrial war, then let the rent-mongers suffer with them. Therefore we have advised the strikers to make it a fixed rule that during a strike or lock-out no rent must be paid, nor must the arrears be paid when peace has been proclaimed. The logic of our argument leads to another important conclusion: if wagery be the enemy, then it is futile to strike merely for some modification of it. Every strike, therefore, should specifically aim at a change of status. In practice that means at some form of partnership. And the Guild theory involves partnership in industry by the Unions and not by the individual members. In no circumstances must the individual members of the Unions be permitted to detach themselves from their natural and economic affiliation by isolated profit-sharing arrangements. Not only would such a course of action dissipate the strength of the Unions but it would perpetuate rent, interest and profits, when the true Union policy must be to absorb them.

Whilst it is a fortunate fact that the Guilds will take over a living and not a derelict concern, whilst the intensely interesting problems of qualitative and quantitative production will remain to be solved, not from consideration of profit but of society's needs and welfare, the new order will receive as its "heriditas damnosa" the human wastage of the existing industrial system. We are not appalled at the prospect, although we have no wish to underestimate its difficulties. If the Guilds are to be efficient and economically sound, it is evident that membership in them must connote a standard of skill and ability greater than that now prevailing. The standard will be fixed with a due regard for the work to be done and the number of workers available. The present pauperised and criminal population will have to be sorted out into its component parts, with results that no man can foresee. But our approach to the problem will not be as magistrates or policemen; it will be as physicians fully imbued with the knowledge that our submerged population are the victims of a system to which they were a practical if "regrettable necessity." Therefore to cure and not to punish will be the policy adopted. And this beneficent work will probably be best left to the State. Let us rejoice that the task will be but transitory. With the Guilds in being, we are probably only one generation removed from becoming a community sound in spirit and body, with a new lease of fruitful life.

If during our long inquiry into the wage-system and in the preoccupation of working out the rough elevation of the Guilds, we have mainly confined ourselves to economic considerations, we trust we have not been unmindful of the spiritual bonds necessary to the enduring structure of society. They labour in vain who would build only with material things. Behind the work of man's hands are imagination, faith, spirit and soul. Better would it be to lapse into national decay if we can only show the peoples of the world a symmetrically perfect system of wealth production. But we have already argued the vital connection between economic and moral life. Poverty of the body almost invariably bodes poverty of soul. If, as a community, we can construct a new national economy, we may be sure that the same energy will carry us into realms of the spirit not yet explored. For we call into activity a slumbering population of infinite possibilities. The thousand spiritual and intellectual problems that will face us in the future may confidently be left to a body politic no longer dominated or biased by economic pressure of a sectional or selfish character. We shall at least have provided an arena where great men can work; the rest we leave to Fate.

An Orange Argument for Home Rule.

(A Last Word on the Irish Question.)

By L. G. Redmond Howard.

THERE are probably few who have followed with more interest this last acute phase of the Home Rule controversy, which proposes the exclusion of Ulster, than the younger generation whom, after all, it will most concern, and it is strange with what unanimity they are arriving at the one inevitable conclusion from every direction of thought. But by far the strangest paradox of all is what I should like to call the Orange argument for Home Rule, which, so far, not a single one of the English papers seems to have noticed, and which, to my mind, is the most powerful argument of any for the establishment of a National Parliament in Dublin.

Let nobody make the mistake that Home Rule is to be the end of the Irish Question: quite the contrary—it is merely the beginning. True, the veto of Irish local affairs will no longer hang like a sword of Damocles over the Imperial policies of Liberals and Conservatives alike; but neither will Anglophobia in Ireland decide everything from the interpretation of Genesis to the acceptance of Tariff Reform. And herein lies the secret of the whole situation, which I warmly recommend to the consideration of Sir Edward Carson.

There is nothing for which I respect English Unionists more than the proposed exclusion of Ulster from the sphere of a parliament of Nationalists in Dublin. It is indicative of the real aversion to coercion which lies at the root of the Saxon character of to-day; but there is nothing I would despise British Unionists more for than if they were to accept it, for in doing so they would be untrue to all their past traditions and betray all their future hopes.

If the worst comes to the worst, so to speak, and Ulster, refusing to be conciliated, asks to be coerced, by all means, if she is right, let her fight—but let her make sure she chooses the most effective weapons. And were I an Orangeman myself, I would sooner trust the strength of the ideas that have made her what she is than a handful of muskets distributed at a garden party. For Orangemen will have a far greater chance of victory in an Irish Parliament than on an Irish battlefield.

The point is well worth considering, for within a year one of the two attitudes will have to be taken up definitely. It is idle to talk of a Conference, for what is Home Rule but a permanent conference, and what is a conference but Home Rule in principle?

It is no use dragging in Empire, Flag and King, for no one nowadays believes they are in danger; and if they were I should be the very first to send in my name for registration in the ranks of the Belfast Volunteers.

The real issue is concerned with internal policies, and if it be true that the Ulster counties really stand for loyalty, aristocracy, industry and individuality in politics and religion, what it behoves the statesman to find out is not whether there will be riots in the dockyards of the Ulster capital, but whether the ideas which Ulster represents are likely to be imperilled under Home Rule with the higher classes of thinkers; for the Crown is the protection of principles, not persons.

I am not one of those who calmly dispose of an objection because of the numerical insignificance of its supporters, for minorities are, to my mind, more sacred than majorities, by very reason of their defencelessness; and when I object to the exclusion of Ulster, I do so purely upon Orange principles.

First of all, it would be highly unjust to the Protestant Unionists of the south, who would be in a worse plight than Ulster itself under Home Rule; and, secondly, it would be unjust to that ever-growing discontent with the programme of the official Nationalists, who, once a Dublin parliament is in being, will probably break up into half a dozen new combinations,

some of which will have not a little in common with those at present following the banner of Sir Edward Carson. By all means let safeguards be insisted upon in the shape of proper representation, even redistribution—prior to the Act becoming effective. Anything, in fact, to precipitate or conciliate consent; but exclusion, never: for it would defeat its own ends.

Indeed, by exclusion Ulster would lose the chance of obtaining a power far greater than she has ever been able hitherto to exercise in Ireland. In fact, one might say nothing has been so fatal to Unionist principles as Unionist politics.

The papal diplomacy of 1801, which fell in with Pitt's union on the promise of emancipation, for example, could not have devised a more subtle leverage over Orange principles than that of an independent Catholic body ever holding the balance of power between the two Protestant parties in the English Parliament; nor could Wolfe Tone's hatred have excogitated a better scheme for holding perpetual sway over all future Imperial policies than the constitution which makes John Redmond, or any other Irish leader, an absolute dictator every decade.

The whole thing has been a "damnosa hereditas," and the curse has fallen most heavily on those intended to be the beneficiaries—and the sooner we realise it the better. England has long ago bemoaned it. It is hardly the place of the Orangeman, whose "ratio existentiæ" is the representation of England, to stand in the way of reform; for both religion and politics have suffered enough by the prejudices which the anomaly only perpetuates.

The question for statesmen to decide at the present day is, therefore, what effect the constitutional change will have upon those principles for which Ulster has stood during the past thirty years.

Frankly, I confess, I think, and, I may add, have heard many prominent Catholic Nationalists say, they most sincerely hope they will become stronger than ever; in fact, so confident am I myself of their victory that, were I an Orangeman, I would consider that they would justify—even at the cost of all the Castlereagh corruption—a forcing of Home Rule upon a Catholic Ireland as reluctant to accept the new Redmond Parliament as the Catholic Hierarchy was once unanimous in wishing to destroy the old Parliament of Grattan; and this for the simple reason that both religion blocks the political question and politics block the religious question.

If, as Orangemen never fail to remind us, their party stands for loyalty, individuality, aristocracy, and industry, and that the danger is separatism, bossdoms, demagogues and sentimentalism, then the sooner this is faced from patriotic motives and upon national lines, the better for the people of Ireland.

The great mistake of the Orange Party has been to call upon England to protect by force ideas which, given fair play, without interference, were quite strong enough to take care of themselves, and which, presented to the native intellect, are far more in accordance with its peculiar genius.

It would no doubt be an interesting speculation, for instance, to see how far the intellectual emancipation of the Reformation Movement would have been successful had it been native instead of foreign to Ireland in its initiation; but what is certain is that the controversies raised by sixteenth century criticism are to-day exactly where they stood in the days of Smithfield and Tyburn. The religious question, in a word, can hardly be said to have begun in Ireland—it is still politics. Had there been an intellectual entente cordiale prior to a scientific discussion, we should have heard of a Dublin movement and not an Oxford movement. Catholicism is far too often merely the theological form of Anglophobia. Protestantism, as the philosophy of freedom, has never yet been presented by the democratic instincts of the Celt uncoloured by alien consideration. But from the first moment it sheds its English garb it will be respected for its inherent qualities.

Home Rule alone can end Home Rule; nay, Home Rule in politics may merely be a prelude to Home Rule in science—namely, that all men may think and say the thing they will upon their own concerns; but in any case, Orangeism as a political party is ruining Orangeism as an intellectual movement.

If it is loyalty for which Orangemen are fighting, then let them not stand in the way of that fusion of races in one common assembly in local affairs in Ireland, or become a stumbling-block to a union of hearts which has behind it not only the sincere wishes of Conservatives and Liberals alike in this country, but the voice of every self-governing colony in the Empire, not to speak of the hearty sympathy of the most bitter opponent of English rule, namely, the United States of America.

If it is lay thought they represent, then look to the possibilities of secularist allies who already exist in the ranks of the Irish nationalists, for I doubt whether there have been any more powerful denunciations of clericalism than those that have come from profound Catholics like Frank Hugh O'Donnell, Michael Davitt and Michael MacCarthy.

If it is individuality they represent, as against a sort of political officialism dictating its policy from the secret chambers of leagues and boards, then let them remember that they have already in Cork, and in Mr. William O'Brien, the nucleus of a powerful reaction against Home Rule which is only ineffective to-day because it is premature and, under the circumstances, obviously unpatriotic.

If it is aristocracy they represent, then, in the recall of the Irish gentry to an interest and an importance in National affairs by Home Rule, they will be given, in the words of Sydney Brooks, one last chance to save themselves from the ignominy which attached to those "emigrés" nobles of France who, during the Revolution, abandoned the country they might by their light and leadership have saved; for if it has become a question whether Nationalists really represent the nation, it might also be questioned whether Unionists still represent the Union.

If it is industry they represent, then they have already with them the whole economic movement which is taking the place of the vapid oratory which peopled Ireland with starving patriots and shipped to the four quarters of the globe thousands willing to die for country, when all that was needed was the knowledge how to live in it.

Orange leaders have certainly not done justice to Orange principles in Westminster. They may yet redeem their failure in Dublin. The bankruptcy of thought which has for a century approached the Irish "enfant terrible" in the "go-and-find-out-what-the-child-wants-and-tell-him-he-can't-have-it" spirit has, apart from fulfilling all claim to gratitude when it was eventually found that the wants were merely those of nature and reason, has landed the whole legislative machinery into the worst chaos since the days of Walpole, until words have almost lost their most obvious meanings.

In order that the municipal affairs of Skibbereen may be dictated from Downing Street or Westminster, the whole policy is placed under the thumb of Tammany Hall. Lest Nationalists and Orangemen should be allowed to adjust their domestic affairs by compulsory conference in Dublin, the whole Policy of Empire—nay, the whole constitution—is placed at the mercy of the minority that holds the balance of power, and openly professes its indifference to all larger issues. Catholicism, the most bureaucratic religion in the world, is allowed to masquerade under the cloak of democracy; Protestantism, which was the pioneer of intellectual freedom, is disguised under an officialism as antiquated as that of Spain. All the noblest and most English instincts of the Celt are damned as sedition; all the methods most foreign to our British Spirit are upheld as loyalty till the mind reels before the spectacle. Even the brain of Chesterton could hardly devise paradoxes

more glaring than those which have become the truisms of Irish politics.

Now all this may not be of much importance to the self-complacency that believes it can always bungle through somehow in the end; for Ireland can always be held down by force of arms if force of argument fails. But as an intellectual process it will inevitably end in mental paralysis; and if this is to be our training for the treatment of the great issues of Empire, once similar problems present themselves in its component nationalities, it will undoubtedly spell disaster. There is hardly a mistake possible to statesmanship which has not been made in Ireland, and the sooner we learn the lesson the better.

For the moment I am willing to admit the truth of the Orange contentions, but for that very reason I am the more sceptical of the present Orange policy.

We seem to have forgotten of late the very essential primary functions of Parliament. In Burke's day the member was a representative and the assembly deliberative. We are trying to reduce him to the position of delegate, and cut down his powers to a mere voting unit.

If the old ideal is to remain with us to become a brain to the nation, then for God's sake let reason prevail. If the new ideal is to take its place, then there is no room for the discussion of legislators. We might as well abolish Parliament and either fight things out in the streets or conduct legislation entirely by correspondence, getting reply-paid letter cards for every clause in a Bill—the only perfect system of referendum.

Home Rule is apologetically worn; it is almost a constitutional fact; but its strongest argument is, to my mind, the Orange argument.

Sir Edward Carson is by profession a pleader, and nowhere has he shown greater brilliance than in the uncompromising way he has handled his "Orange" brief. Yet, if he be a philosopher, he must know in his heart of hearts that his cause is doomed at the bar of a democratic generation such as this. But if, in addition, he be a statesman, he may not be beaten yet, for the principles he represents are far more powerful than the party which he leads, and, what is more, they will survive it.

Carson representing lay, industrial, aristocratic and individualistic Ireland in a native Parliament against, say, the clerical and coercive official bloc, would be a far more powerful opponent to Redmond's prime-ministership than he is to-day as the forlorn hope of a privileged class, every day becoming more out of touch with English political parties. Even merely counting votes, he would command about thirty to forty per cent. instead of a miserable sixteen in an assembly of six hundred. If he determines to fight, his prestige is shattered like a crystal vase; a sordid scuffle, impeachment, prison—and there is an end of the affair, without the redeeming glory of some great principle. But if he accepts the inevitable, his best safeguard for the future will be the principles themselves which he embodies.

The younger generation, believe me, do not want Orangemen as victims—they look to them as leaders. Catholic Ireland is, democratically speaking, what her Protestant leaders have made her; nor am I one who believes the newer creed has exhausted its fertility, as far as Ireland is concerned. It only needs very little knowledge of that world beyond what is technically called the "Church" to recognise, not only men as zealous, as tolerant and as beneficent as any of its members, but to recognise in its principles assets of value alike to science and democracy which will only cease to possess an "odium theologicum" once they have dissociated themselves from their present political antagonism to the nation. And it is the appreciation of this fact which is gradually making the Orangeman, even upon his own principles, a Home Ruler.

The present position of Sir Edward Carson is mostly composed of shifting tactics; but they are desperate tactics far more likely to prejudice than to forward the principles they pretend to defend. There is nothing finer than Civil War—it is the only war worth waging—and both France and England owe their present freedom to the Civil Wars of 1793 and 1649 far more than to any other war. A fight for toleration, for equality of rights among fellow citizens, for democracy, for freedom of conscience, for the safety of the Empire—if ever occasion should offer—would be a noble fight. He could put me down any day for them whenever—if ever—they are imperilled; but a fight against the one chance of giving them complete effect in Ireland is unthinkable, and he may rest assured that if ever there is a fight against clericalism, it will be under Catholic and not Protestant leaders. I may, speaking entirely for myself, say that if it ever occurs I should rather see the whole hierarchy hanging to the lamp-posts of Grafton Street than that a single veto of theirs should be effectively exercised over the free, unanimous, democratic decisions of the new lay assembly of the Irish people, which within a year or so will be sitting in Dublin; but if anything has strengthened the power of their class up to now, it is the fact that Protestantism has so far been identified with English officialism, so that the Orangeman stands, as it were, between Nationalism and the whole current of European thought since the Reformation. A parliament in Dublin, where the Ulster party was not represented and, consequently, the Ulster spirit is absent, would be the worst form of tyranny conceivable—the tyranny which identifies patriotism with one particular race, one particular class, and one particular creed. Nor would any statesman with any intuition ever dream of establishing such a one-sided assembly in any British colony. The very value of our Constitution is in the diversity of the component parties; the very meaning of Empire is based on diversity of races; the very meaning of Parliament is a conflict of opinions. That is why we require Ulster to make Home Rule complete, because Ulster will be the greatest asset of the New Ireland.

That Catholics like Cardinal Cullen, the Duke of Norfolk and others should oppose Home Rule, I can understand, just as I can understand the Vatican diplomacy fighting the uniting of a free Italy; but that the Orangeman who, by his creed and race, should be the very pioneer of democracy should oppose Home Rule, leaves me dumb, and I can only look to the inevitable future for hope that he may yet redeem in an Irish Parliament the prestige which he has lost by his association with the English Castle Government; for, if a burglar could not escape conviction for theft on the plea that he was whistling "God save the King" at the moment of his arrest, neither should such blind fanaticism as we see ruling Ulster to-day claim our constitutional respect merely because the lunacy goes to the tune of "Rule Britannia."

"Full steam ahead" is not the insolent word of command of a dictator, but the pious wish of an impatient generation which sees that delay will only mean another decade of futile controversy, and bitter misunderstanding, and that all the while problems are growing in complexity, and there is no machinery able to cope with them; and they suggest: "Give Ulster such a preponderance as will ensure an effective opposition, and let them work out their salvation upon its own merits."

"Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right" may yet be true; but iron nuts will not smash superstition—officialism will not create loyalty—Protestantism will not become a liberative force by persecution. A native aristocracy will not gain respect by indifference to national issues; lay thought will not dominate by ceding will-power to the clergy; individuality will not be fostered by keeping the country separate like two omnipotent plagues; nor will the British Empire gain by having every great issue decided upon Irish national principles.

If the Orange Party really stands for this, then I say, in the name of the Orange spirit: "Full steam ahead!" for nobody will benefit more by Home Rule than will the Ulster which now opposes it. But Home Rule

without Ulster would be more of a curse than a blessing—a curse alike to Orangemen and to Nationalists. It would be like trying to divide England geographically into Tory, Liberal and Labour countries, under Tory, Liberal and Labour Parliaments.

No. Home Rule, by withdrawing the Nationalists from Westminster, may be the saving of Imperial politics; but it is the presence of the Ulsterman in Dublin which will be the saving of Irish politics under Home Rule.

An Examination of the National Guild System.

By H. Belloc.

VIII.

I SAID in my last article that of the two types of True Guild the most "practical," that is, the most easily and immediately obtainable under Capitalist conditions was the Communal Guild: and this because the Capitalist knows very well that everybody's business is nobody's business, and that he can control through bribed officials a body of men whom he could never control if they were true independent owners and therefore economically free.

I begin, therefore, this last article with the admission that if we mean by "practical" a policy at once easy and immediate, the establishment of the Free Guild, that is, of that one of the True Guilds which depends upon several property, is the least "practical" of all.

I will go further, and I will say that I think the chances of achieving this good thing by the vital forces remaining in a diseased Capitalist State are very small indeed. None the less, I believe that if it were done it would be the one good thing (short of a reformation of the mind) which an energetic reversion towards health in the commonwealth might achieve.

The machinery (if men desired the end) could be as easily found as any other machinery for a clear object. The first unit of production or exchange *purchased out of revenue* could be granted in Several property as easily as it could be granted in Communal property. Such an action does presuppose a sort of revolution of men's souls; but it presupposes nothing miraculous in the material order. Where men still have the virility to demand Property it can and has been accomplished: witness Ireland.

I should imagine that the simplest form of such a transition would be the inscription of the workers as owners of several property in the purchased works within the limits which I shall presently describe. If that were thought too abrupt, if a period of transition were thought necessary, why there is nothing easier than to fix the period of time within which such a transition should be accomplished. But the essential of the process is the desire to convert what the State has taken by taxation from the few rich to property in the hands of the many poor.

I am chiefly concerned then—since this is a perfectly easy thing to do—with the highly practical issues of stability and permanence.

A Guild (I have said it would have to be privileged and at first exceptional) thus started would have to be secured in the first place by the domination of Guild control. It is here that the mere ideal of several property must be modified by our sane recognition of the complexity of things. Produce a Guild of Owners in a society used to ownership and it would work itself. But produce a Guild of Owners as an exceptional privileged experiment in our diseased society and it would succumb to the disease which would still flood round it like an ocean. The best mind I ever conversed with in these matters said to me in connection with the French formula, "The Mine to the Miners," this sad and true thing: "They would drink it."

They would. In a society long proletarian they would. We must prevent that. And you can best prevent it by the simple but profound modification of the rights of several property which consists in making the Guild the invincible manager.

There is a rule in some States of Europe that the majority of the shareholders in any concern, or, to be more accurate, the majority of the shares in any concern shall not determine the fate of that concern; but that the votes of not more than so many of the shares shall be preponderant. Transfer this idea to the Guild of Owners and you have the solution. I, or rather, my family, own shares in a factory wherein I work. Whether I can get rid of those shares or no will depend upon regulations to be further discussed, but I shall not by my mere ownership of shares be able to divert the management of the factory. This management must reside in something corporate and communal. It must reside in those men who are subject to the public audit, in those men who are concerned with the actual working of the machinery, and their election (if election is the machine preferred) must lie with those who not only own the means of production in the business, but who also work therein. That right must be quite inalienable (under modern conditions) if we are to avoid falling into the rut of Capitalism again.

So much for the first principle. The Guild must be the moral and spiritual master. It must not be the servant of the owners merely because they are the owners. It must be their master because it is the worker.

There is another modification, equally important, to be observed. The working of a Guild must, modern things being what they are, be audited, that is, inspected, by the State. I do not mean that all Guilds must ultimately fall under such a restriction: that would be mere State Socialism in the long run. I mean that your first experiments must be of this sort. For the State is doing you the kindness of forming these Guilds—that is one point. And the State will, of course, take its first experiments in departments where, as in the case of the Railways, it can most easily act—that is the second and much more important point. I think that a lively democratic society will be careful to watch the State demand for rent (which is only another word for privilege), and to fight it at every point; but we must begin with that demand: we must begin by admitting it, precisely because the first experiments must be made by the State in precisely those departments where the State has the best right to speak.

Now as to the inalienability of shares held by several owners. Property is not property if the owners cannot deal with their ownership at all. But property remains property though it be canalised in its expression. Let them sell. But let them sell under very different conditions according to how they sell.

To-day every advantage is offered me to sell a tiny fraction in the means of production, in no way sacred, utterly divorced from personality, to any cosmopolitan filth that comes along; and to-day the whole machinery of law and of taxation is to the advantage of the mud that is swallowing up the separate crystal of society. Well, reverse that, not only in custom (which the re-establishment of property would produce), but by positive law. So arrange differential taxation that it pays a family to remain within its own Guild; that it is more difficult for it to sell out of its Guild and that, if it does sell out, it cannot sell out to a large owner save at a ruinous tax to the latter. That is not Utopia, it is arithmetic. It can be done as easily as one can add up a sum or write down a formula.

Your Several Guild thus established and easily established suffers one strong criticism. It suits the nature of man, it goes with a happy humanity. It is not the product of Capitalism (as common Socialism is) but a reversal of it—and to reverse your enemy's plans is victory. There is no doubt that if we could restore property in the diseased patches of Europe we should restore the old European happiness. . . . *But would it last?*

To that question I answer that all history is there to

tell us that it would. Well distributed property differentiated by men's appetites, occupations and interests, is normal to man as we Europeans know man: Not as we know him in books, but as we know him through our own selves and through our human attachments and from our own record of our past: not in Asia nor in some hypothetical prehistoric period; nor among silly dons, but here and in our own fleshy selves.

Such a normal human institution produces co-operative work: no other does. Not "elections," nor "bosses," nor "class consciousness."

Property is manhood, and freedom (which without property is not) is but one aspect of manhood. Return to that through the Guild: It is a backward sort of way but it is the only way you have just now. Build your Guild upon any other foundation than manhood, which demands first the first expressions of a man, and only second the second expressions of a man, and you will fail. You will not fail in building *a* Guild—any fool can build that—but you will fail in satisfying the needs of man: even within the rough limits wherewithin they can be satisfied on this rough earth.

I could prolong these articles by showing how the Free Guild would expand more naturally and more rapidly than any other, even under our modern conditions: in societies where property still holds it would of course sweep the field. I could show how Several Property thus organised would, under licence from the State, spring up upon every side and rapidly, easing the transfer from the few to the many as rich man after rich man died and meeting the not quenchable instinct of man for freedom as a support of dignity. But I think I have written enough.

Let me recapitulate. Your way back to health from the cancered body of industrialism is towards Property. You cannot take one of any number of ways because disease has narrowed your opportunities. You have but one way open which is towards the Guild. Follow that.

You have only four possible types of Guild, only four arithmetically possible. Two are Proletarian Guilds and two are True Guilds.

The Proletarian Guild, whether working under the State as slave master or under the Capitalist class as slave master will never win to freedom. The Proletarian thing cannot transform itself. If, therefore, you establish the Proletarian Guild because it is easy and because you hope that it may later do something heroic in the way of a strike or, as you call it, "Withholding its monopoly of labour," you do not understand mankind. The proletarian will demand proletarian good and nothing more.

The True Guild may be either Communal or Free. It may either be a Guild the members of which are wholly dependent on their officials and on their absurd public meetings, etc. (God help them!), or it may be a Guild of men who own and can be weaned back through a Guild system towards virile and complete ownership. Establish the Communal Guild and it will be nobbled. The Capitalist will get it as surely as a terrier gets a rat. You will have "leaders" and "Parliamentary Committees" and the rest of the rubbish. Establish the Guild in which Several Ownership exists and in which a man is a man saying: "This is mine," and you will begin, very doubtfully, to restore your country.

If you ask me this last question, "Which of all these things is most likely to happen?" That I can answer you quite simply. The thing so much the most likely to happen that it would almost seem certain is the partial establishment of Proletarian Guilds subject to compulsory labour. These if not corrected will give us back the old servitude from which we sprang before the Catholic Church came to our redemption. If they are corrected they will be corrected by forces from outside, and at some severe expense of pain by operation upon the diseased body of the State:—Not by the citizens of such a State as ours.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XIII.

Eleventh of June.

ON May 29 (old style) I had gone up after luncheon to write letters in a room which, being on the shady side of the house and further sheltered by the deodars, remained comparatively cool amid the noonday blaze, when Misket Hanum rushed in without ceremony and, collapsing on the sofa, burst out sobbing.

"They have murdered Mahmud Shevket . . . . five men . . . . fifty bullets! What wickedness! Mr. Aramian has just come with the news."

She was completely overcome, incapable of a connected narrative. My wife came in to sit with her while I went down to interview the bearer of the tidings. This was the husband of an Armenian lady who, with her daughter had been with us for some days. I found the three of them in the small drawing-room, their faces indicative of extreme concern, for they were Unionists. The man, it seemed, had but that day returned from Egypt where he had a business. Arriving in the middle of the morning, he had been surprised to find his flat at Pera empty and, hearing that his wife had gone to Misket Hanum's, set off at once to fetch her. Having some time to wait for the next steamer at the bridge, he had looked into the Bourse at noon, and there had heard the news of the assassination of the Grand Vizier, which meant, he thought, another revolution.

Mahmud Shevket Pasha had been going from the Ministry of War to the Sublime Porte, as his custom was at eleven o'clock each morning, when, in the open space before the Mosque of Sultan Bayazid, his car was forced to draw up to let something pass. At once, as at a signal, certain men who had alighted from another motor-car sprang on to the steps and fired on him at close quarters. An aide-de-camp who flung himself across his chief was killed at once; the Grand Vizier expired some twenty minutes later in the lobby of the Ministry of War. The assassins had made good their escape, and were doubtless now engaged on other murders as disastrous to the State. He (the narrator) having heard the news, had come straight on to Misket Hanum's to bring home his wife and daughter.

I suggested that the news might possibly prove false, to give some comfort to the women; but, remembering my talk with the conspirator that evening by the sea, I had no doubt but that a revolution was in progress. The wickedness of internecine strife at such a time, when Turkey needed all the strength of all her men; the devilish wantonness of killing Mahmud Shevket, the one man of his party who must, one would have thought, by all men be regarded as superior to party hate, the most hard-working and sincere of patriots, lightly, as men kill a noxious beast, made me, a lover of the Turks, feel downright ill.

A little later in the afternoon, at three o'clock, a noise of firing from the direction of the city gave us all a thrill; but a Turkish gentleman who called about that time assured us that the sound we heard was but the ordinary cannon practice, of which the customary notice had been given in the morning's papers. We did not quite believe him at the time, though it relieved our

minds to know that anyone could think that things were going on as usual. This Turkish visitor, although a Unionist and a great partisan of Mahmud Shevket, was much more philosophical than we were. Indeed, his chief distress appeared to be on our account, that we should take the incident so much to heart. He agreed with me that the assassination of a man so useful would be senseless and a great disaster to the country, and hoped with me that the report was false. In hope to learn the truth at once he sent off one of the gardeners with a note to the district chief of the police, who was a friend of his. The answer he received, I well remember, was: "It is a thing you must not ask" (Sormamali bir shey dir). But when my wife and Misket Hanum spoke in pity of the murdered man, he differed gently from them. "When one is Grand Vizier one must expect to be assassinated," he said, smiling, and went on to proclaim the beauties of a sudden death. Death was as natural as life. It came to everybody. Why should that individual be pitied, to whom it came in swift and easy form? If one believed, as he supposed we all did, in a future state where virtue meets reward, the man who died thus in his country's service, working for the Faithful, should be envied. He was evidently puzzled by my attitude, which lacked philosophy, and concerned at the deep sorrow of the women, whom he strove by coaxing methods to bring back to smiles.

As it happened, I had promised for that afternoon to call upon a neighbour who was kept indoors by illness. In the excitement I forgot this duty until rather late, and went at last with mind intent upon apologies. The man who I was going to visit was, I knew, a fervent Liberal, but so well educated that I felt assured that he would share my feelings on the tidings of this murder. I had made up my mind, however, not to speak of it since it disgraced his party, when as I walked up through the garden to the house his little son called out to me in glee: "Have you heard the news? Mahmud Shevket Pasha! Fifty bullets in him! They did well!" The child put up his hand as if it held a pistol and made "Click!" with his tongue repeatedly.

I cried "For shame! They did extremely ill. It is probably the end of Turkey, do you understand?"

He cried out: "Mother! Come and listen! The English Bey says Mahmud Shevket's killing is the end of Turkey!"

His mother then came round the corner of the house, and eyed me with the sort of gloating smile which I have seen upon the countenance of Arab boys when torturing some bird or beast in order to get money out of tourists. She triumphed in her own immunity from what I felt.

"The end of Turkey?" she said superciliously, in French, quizzing me the while from half-closed eyes. "I hardly think so. Turkey, I fancy, will survive the death of *that*! If you are so upset by this small matter, what will you be to-morrow when you hear that hundreds of that canaille have been killed?"

I was going to reply when the master of the house appeared and bade me welcome in sardonic tones. He ushered me indoors into the great reception room, where I found a Jew or an Armenian, I cannot say which, since the man's name was not mentioned in my presence, in the seat of honour—an evil-looking, black-browed, hook-nosed man with predatory eyes. To this personage I was presented, with a mocking laugh, as "Monsieur Pickthall, le fameux Unioniste." The tone my host employed throughout the interview was downright rude to me. But I could not hold him quite responsible for what he said, since it was evident that he was wildly agitated. He could not keep still a moment, but kept striding off to the remotest corners of the room, returning to discharge some fresh offence at me. I believe that the Armenian visitor—he must, I think, have been an Armenian, for the Jews are almost wholly of the Young Turk party—was a hanger-on of the Conspiracy. In all the passionate, disastrous quarrels of the Turks there is a Christian somewhere playing Mephistopheles, as it would seem, from pure and simple love of mischief for its own sake. At any rate he had just come with news of the assassination. He gave me a few details that I had not heard before, as that what caused the stoppage of the Grand Vizier's motor-car was a Muslim funeral.

"They suspect that it was not a real funeral," put in our host with mock solemnity, and then went off into another of his nervous laughs. "However that may be, this mighty personage is dead—as dead as Nâzim! Do you understand?"

The Armenian then—to change the subject, seeing I disliked it—inquired politely whether I enjoyed my stay in Turkey. I forget exactly what my answer was; but, whatever it was, it brought my host back in a flash from the far corner of the room. He came close, but did not confront me, while he cried:

"You make all this fuss about the man they have just killed! Was he anything to you? Was he a friend of yours? Did you know him at all well? Have you a clear idea what sort of man he was?"

He then began to pour abuse upon the character of Mahmud Shevket Pasha, vowing that he spoke from knowledge of the man. I suppose my listening face betrayed disgust, for the Armenian, who was watching me with his hawk eyes, said softly:

"I perceive that you are disappointed in the Turks."

His smile, and a slight shrug his shoulders gave, appeared to be directed at our host in some derision.

I had borne the rudeness of the latter calmly, for it was obviously the outcome of deep feeling. His agitation and bad temper were indeed more sympathetic to me than had been the light philosophy of the Unionist Turk whom I had left at Misket Hanum's. He was a friend of mine, and I could see that his offensive tone proceeded from annoyance that I should have seen him thus thrown off his balance. The man at any rate possessed a conscience which tormented him for some small share that he had had in the conspiracy. His rudeness could not fill me with the deep disgust I felt at the attempt of that Armenian, a bad angel of the Turks, to claim a fellow-feeling with me.

"Not altogether; but I hate their parasites," or something of that sort was my reply. Therewith I rose to go. The master of the house was just then saying that the incident of which I chose to make so great a fuss was really of but very small importance. He tried a careless laugh. I said that, as I was no Turk, I could not take a cheerful view of public crimes. I regarded them as so much stupid, brutal, useless sacrifice of lives whose value to the country at that moment was inestimable.

"As for useless, we shall see!" he answered from set teeth. "At this moment, it may be that the Unionist Government has fallen never to rise again." Then, breaking sharply off, he added: "Oh, you English! How can you understand what we endure? I have always said that French and English people are too far off from us to understand. You well-fed men, you blame the hungry malefactor!"

Everything in England, he declared, ran smoothly. There was a vast machine which worked almost of itself; the men were of but slight importance as compared with the machine; whereas in Turkey there was no machine, the men were everything. It was all personal. And law was not so well established and respected but that men who had a grievance, or ideal, killed for it.

While he was declaiming thus, I bowed to the Armenian, saluted him and marched out. The lady of the house—a delicately pretty woman—and her little child were still in the same place underneath a bower of banksia roses which just then caught the colour of the sunset. "You know what is going on there now," she cried at my approach, stretching out her arms towards Stamboul, in which direction a hill with some fantas-

tical kiosks upon it stood up in silhouette against the setting sun.

"Stop and listen for one minute!" the small child called out. "They did well, I do assure you, to kill Mahmud Shevket."

"Wait till to-morrow! You will think of this as nothing then!" his mother sent behind me with a merry laugh.

My friends had changed beyond all recognition. From highly civilised people they had turned to savages, in a moment, at the scent of a blood feud; for that was the true nature of the party struggle in their eyes. The savagery was Balkan, hardly Turkish. The Turkish attitude towards bloodshed is exemplified in the remark of our Unionist friend upon the tidings of the murder: "When one is Grand Vizier, one must expect to be assassinated. May God have mercy on him!" uttered with a pleasant smile. The Asiatic Turks are singularly unrevengeful for so brave a race. It is the European—chiefly the Albanian element, so strong among the richer classes—which calls for murder in the party strife.

Our little company was so distressed that evening that the Greek maid in surprise rebuked us, saying that the murder of a Turk was no such matter of concern. Her challenge failing to produce the usual argument, she felt alarm at our condition and advised us all to go to bed.

Few people, I imagine, in our village got a wink of sleep that night, for all believed a revolution would have taken place before the morning. As a lover of Islâm, I was myself a prey to great anxiety, for the man who had been killed that day was the one man whom I knew to have the will and the capacity to save his country from the hundred enemies, inside and out, who threatened its existence, and so save Islâm from undeserved humiliation and a consequent revival of fanaticism. If the government held firm there might be still some hope; in case of revolution, which seemed then the far more probable event, the reactionaries would obtain the power, such as it was, and, hated as they were by the majority, would lean for their support on foreign Governments, known enemies; the end might be deferred awhile, but it was sure, in that case.

I leaned out of my window after midnight, listening in the direction of the city. But the task was hopeless, for the night was full of noises. It was bright as day with moonlight. Three nightingales were singing loudly close at hand, the frogs were quacking raucously around the lake; cocks were crowing, dogs were howling, and a bekji (watchman) in the distance was shrilling the accustomed cry of "Yanghin Vâr!" (There is a fire). His cry drew nearer, and I then learned that the fire in question was miles away, at Buyuk-dereh, up the Bosphorus. Desirous as I was of catching sounds more distant—sounds of shooting, if any such were in the air, I was astonished by the volume of the common noises of the night which seemed to me unusual and conscious. It was the perfect Turkish midnight of the poets. The shrouded trees were sighing to the moon. The nightingale kept shrieking to the rose, "Gyul, Gyul, Gyul, Gyul, Achil, Achil, Achil!" (Rose, rose, rose, rose, open, open, open!) The frogs about the lake discussed their business also in Turkish words distinctly audible: "Omar Agha!"—"Neh var o?"—"Burjum var!"—"Ver da kurtul!" ("Omar Agha!"—"Yes, what's the matter?"—"I'm in debt!"—"Pay, and get free!")

Gusts of perfume from the garden came and went. The few kiosks discoverable from my point of vantage showed lighted lattices. Their inmates had no thought of sleep that night. Beyond the farthest shapes discernible, a pearly horizontal gleam, a kind of netted radiance, marked the sea. Man's kingship over nature was an empty boast. The world belonged more truly to the frogs and nightingales, who have. it may be, doubts of man's existence.

The Muse of Commerce.

"Enterprise."

A statue to this goddess erected to perpetuate the memory of the late Sir A. L. Jones, a rich Liverpool merchant.

AT last we have raised a statue to our tutelary goddess. Now that she is bodied forth in such perfection, who can stand before her and not feel humbled? Formerly she was hidden in the mysteries of commerce known only to the priests and elect of the race; now, she is revealed in her beauty to the admiration of her worshippers. Pagan ungrateful wretches forget that they owe their being to her; the circumstances of their lives, the advantages of her great city. These degenerate moles who live in the holes of her great temples, and batten on the overflow from her granaries, will not learn that the cause of their being and only reason of existence is to do her service. In other cities they may cease to adore her and use her ships to carry food to men who will not bow the knee; but, in Liverpool, her paradise, no false divinity will be enthroned. They may even wish to commemorate such rebellious deeds and erect a monument to "Brotherhood," but we know that brotherhood is untrue to nature; and god and monument would crumble to pieces before our symbol of devotion to the "permanent characteristics" of man. I have been so entranced by the beauty of "Enterprise" that I quite forgot to inquire who is the creator of this forerunner of commercial goddesses. He, no doubt, will be delighted and will be content to remain in oblivion!

Aspiring youths of this favoured city, approach this divine personification of abstractions and read the inscription at the base of it!

"In Memory of Sir A. L. Jones, K.C.M.G. A shipowner strenuous in business, he enlarged the commerce of his country by his mercantile enterprises, and as founder of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine made Science tributary to Civilisation in Western Africa and the Colonies of the British Empire."

No one can judge a work of art unless he knows the motive of it and the traditions out of which it has grown. Liverpool art has a great tradition of women representing enterprise. I discovered one in the Museum on the side of a jar made at a pottery erected in 1794 on the site now occupied by the Herculaneum dock. The lady is sitting on a rock looking over the ocean. She is dressed in a picturesque costume which falls in graceful folds round full limbs. The inscription on it is "Hibernia, rejoice in the freedom of your extensive commerce." Ah! she is but an Irish lady on an ale jug, and the designer but a potter! If you do not look at "Enterprise" from the point of view that I have indicated you may be angered and read base motives into it, and cast reproaches on its beauty. For instance, if you happen to approach the monument from the back you will read:—

"Enterprise,"
"Erected by his fellow citizens,"

and you may think that Sir A. L. Jones was erected by his fellow citizens; and if you do not, and unnaturally think that it has reference to the statue, you will be greatly puzzled and may read there an androgynous nature in the expression of the face. The artist may have intended this, for Dionysus is represented as having the soft limbs of a woman; and in many of his statues the face is like that of a maiden. If you happen to approach it from an angle and see two heads standing out from the foot of the statue like the skulls in the emblem of the Anarchist Society, do not jump to conclusions. If you have vague memories of children being brought down the river in tug boats to work in our factories do not revive them, for those children are put in that position that you may see them while yet afar off and to remind you that Liverpool

cares for her children. Even more cruel judgments have been passed on it. There are so many faddists in our city.

Consider the daring of the great artist who could face the chaos of the Twentieth Century and work into this "Divine Allegorical Being" those principles of which man is not yet certain, and carry the passions up into the intellectual region, and chisel it all into one harmonious figure. Let us consider the various elements the artist had to deal with. Keep well in mind that the statue is to "Enterprise" and do not think of Pallas Athene! You will never realise the beauties of "Enterprise" if you continually hark back to a goddess who did not rule over so wide a province and consequently had not so many attributes transcribed on her statues. Then, the artist had to deal with simplicity and beauty; now he has to deal with complexity and ugliness, and yet produce beauty. Notice how cunningly he has transcended all human qualities, emotions, and passions, and concentrated their quintessence in a hazy scientific expression in the face. That is what distinguishes it as a work of art. It is just that indefiniteness, that bordering on the shining planes of Abstract Science, that captivates us, and makes us feel that the problem may be solved any moment, and that we may all enjoy her smile and favours. It would not be art if "Abstract Science" were made lucid in a statue. "Enterprise" commands experimental science, but science has thrust her head into the philosophic heavens; and that accounts for the indefinable expression in the face. The artist keeps her in touch with the human by placing a ship mounted on a sphere in her extended left hand—this also denotes the goddess' particular province—and with her right hand she is beckoning man to come and conquer. Her arms are not placed in that position to hide her breasts. The artist who could give such a bold slope to the upper parts of the breast, could have finished it in graceful lines to the waist, but this would have been out of keeping with his design. In carrying out his plan, the artist had to consider what would be the essential feature of a statue to "Enterprise." What better than the gown? He could not put a mortar-board on her head! He reserved the head for a better purpose. The gown is the key to the statue and is also in keeping with the best art traditions. Athene—Oh! damn her!—well, then, the Caryatid of Erechtheum has the chiton, or robe. How could the artist have shown the City Coat of Arms so clearly on front of the statue if he had not thrust out the breast and allowed the gown to fall straight down? Notice with what delicacy and restraint it is all done. We know that Science is a woman, therefore breasts are essential; but a full-breasted scientific goddess—how can he overcome the difficulty? By simply placing the arms extended from the elbows. But he does not leave them jutting out like lifeless stumps. The gown is held with a button at each shoulder-blade which allows it to fall straight down from the right shoulder, and from the left in a graceful sweep to the right foot. The position of the arms holding so much drapery may make the statue look a little awkward and bulky; but the slight bend in the left leg, which throws the greater part of the weight on to the right one, redeems this, and imparts a graceful curve into the general severity of the design. The head-dress represents nothing I have seen except the upper part of the turrets of a model of the Ancient Liverpool Castle. There are two small towers on it, one at each side. The hair is drawn from the temples to the back of the head and rests in two spiral twists on the shoulders. This does not mar the ethereal aspect given to the statue by the swan-like neck. The rendering of the neck is one of the artist's most inspired similes, and I claim the honour of making the meaning known to the public—civic and foreign. I do it the more willingly as at first the neck was a great stumbling block to me. I could not understand why the artist had broken with the tradition which he has maintained so well throughout his work. To the ancients, a long thin neck meant chaos and want of purpose, and I thought that the artist had pandered to the public. But, no, he has only shown his reverence for our last emblem of totemism, our sacred bird—the Liver!

Let us examine the figure at the left of the monument. She is sitting on a low throne leaning forward, her legs bent under the seat, holding the caduceus in her left hand, and in her right hand she holds a vessel of fruit which rests on her knee. There is a fillet round her brow and wings on her head. I thought this was the petasus, the winged cap of Mercury. But there is no cap; and Mercury is never seated. Her face is thin and has an anxious, eager look. Underneath the figure is the inscription:—

"The Fruits of Industry."

What does it all mean? Is that thin face an epitome of a race of industrialists? Perhaps so, but a sculptor cannot break with the past. However, that anxious, eager face is in keeping with the attributes of the various gods which she has appropriated. How cunningly he has represented the ancient deities as being subservient to "Enterprise." The serpent is sacred to Minerva, as it was the agent employed by her to inflict punishment, and to Hygeia because of its medicinal properties in curing the distempered. But to neither of these goddesses belongs the caduceus. Mercury alone has held it since he received it from Apollo, who used it to drive the flocks of King Admetus. The serpent is the emblem of vigilance (remember the inscription—"strenuous in business"), and the wings the emblem of diligence. The wings on the head and the fillet round the brow denote that she is quick of thought—in her own affairs. Enterprise is always fortunate, and, as the cornucopia would have been out of keeping with the group, he gives us a vessel filled with fruit, which is much more appropriate. He had a taste for Liverpool's staple fruit (of which we sing in our rustic song*). How tempting they look hanging over the rim of the vessel. If you are not yet surfeited by beholding so much beauty; if your mind still holds, and your feelings still remain normal, look at the modern goddess of ecstasy. She is seated at the right side of the monument in a similar position to "The Fruits of Industry." Her name is "Research." If you yet remain dumb; if your blood is not fired, if your feet do not immediately leave the ground, then know that you can never partake of the joys of the Twentieth Century. But for her, Enterprise would have remained a tribal idol. There is an open book on her right knee and a horologue resting on it. In her left hand she holds a tablet. There she sits with a wistful, dreamy look, as if by a strained inward mental gaze she would read the future ages. I had almost forgotten Sir A. L. Jones. There is a low relief of his head and shoulders on the base of the monument just above the inscription. And why not? The delicate Trimalchio had himself painted with Minerva at the porch of his own mansion!

Whether this great sculptor intended to teach that man cannot conquer his higher passions; but, by creating an ideal, he may turn them into a new channel, and the baser ones will be turned out; or whether he intended that man should "quiver with life on the giddy brink of space," as a modern poet puts it, I do not know. No man knows his own greatness! No more will I sit and sigh myself into blissful moods in my heaven of cold prints of colder and broken statues. No longer may I find relief from the hard practical present in vague contemplation over mere sensuous beauty! This sculptured Ideal where passion is transfused into thought and thought ascends into the extra-material world, draws me by the power of its embodied abstractions and the graceful contour of its limbs; passion no longer wars with thought but lives on it, and thought drinks of the fiery liquid while I tremble and hold the reins of life lest I am hurled into her abyss of vague realities.

J. SMITH.

* "Have a banana."

Readers and Writers.

ONE of the objects of these notes is to make comparisons between the literary manners here and in other countries. In doing so, I am well aware that there is some danger of confusing the particular with the general. The other day I overheard two street-urchins discussing the metric system. Now that particular and quite unusual case would be of no value to anyone collecting information about the habits of the English street-urchin. And any comparison based upon it would be, if not odious, at any rate erroneous—which is perhaps worse still. In dealing with foreign matters, people are apt to draw pseudo-comparisons of this sort, because they are not familiar with the general run of cases.

* * *

I hope, therefore, that I shall not be accused of making or of having made my comparisons blindly or recklessly. At the present moment I have before me a list of lectures to be held during the winter term at various German, Austrian and Swiss universities. Picking more or less at random, I find such subjects as these :— "Main currents in the European literature of the last two decades" (Münster), "August Strindberg" (Berlin), "Le théâtre moderne et contemporain en France" (Giessen), "Norwegian literature in the 19th century" (Bonn), "Ibsen and Björnsen" (Hanover), "Emile Zola et le naturalisme" (Zurich), "History of Modern Czech literature" (Vienna), "La littérature contemporaine en Allemagne" (Geneva), "History of South Slavonic literature in the 19th century" (Graz). And so on, all down the list.

* * *

It does not concern me much how these subjects are treated by the various lecturers. (In many cases it would need a genius in academics to make them dull.) But look at the subjects themselves. If some historian a century or so hence has the inspiration to search through university calendars for ideas about intellectual progress in this century, he will be left wondering what the English professors were up to for so many years. My own studies at an English university were concerned largely with the pre-Germanic un-shifting, and the peculiarities of the East Midland dialect six hundred years ago. But perhaps I was abnormally unfortunate.

* * *

The only thing that interests me about the new poem announced by Mr. Masefield is the title. For "The River" is one of Antonin Sova's most remarkable poems. It appeared in 1897 and consists of about seventy-two lines of an irregular rhymeless metre. There is an undulation about the movement of this poem which suggests the rise and fall of water. Clearly the form was not chosen haphazard. I am tempted to quote a few lines, which at the same time will give some notion of Sova's general lyric qualities. Take the following :—

O passing winsome it was in the murk of the night,
When the forests were ending their song unto it,
And it poured into the moonlit plain from the hollow.
How the black clattering mills seized it
Craftily into their unwieldy circlings,
That, grievously crunched into lissom dust,
It screeched and simmered, stormily tumbling.

As if stunned, upon tip-toe it slipped through the grass,
As if stunned, softly upon tip-toe,
To the sorrowful glades, where the silver of the moon
Soldered the spare birches to their ground-plots
And the osiered fields in the twilit hazes.

The river flows into the heart of the city, and
Here mockeries of mortal beings were revelling,
Here shrieked the song of unmolested espousals,
Writhing orgies of man the carnal,
A herd that has huddled and clutched to itself
A share in the pangs of inherited sins.

The contrast between the purity of Nature and the vileness of Man is a bit old, but Sova has underlined it with strokes that are neat for all their thickness.

* * *

"La Vie des Lettres" for October (English agent, Erskine Mcdonald) shows that the younger generation of French writers is fiercely in earnest. Thirty-six pages of this number, for instance, are filled up with "L'Homme Cosmogonique. Poème Paroxyste en trois chants" by Nicolas Beaudin. This poem has points, but the author should remember that poetry which talks about power does not necessarily contain power. These continual spasmodic outbursts with such items as "Clameurs annonciatrices," "Voix des Nouvelles Générations," "Chant des Locomotives" with their noisy murmurings about dynamos, automobiles, linotypes, tramways and whistles are tiresome after a few lines. At the same time, this "Sturm und Drang" is better than the slimy and maudlin productions of the decadents. In spite of its Southern gesture there is reserve strength in "Ame Latine," a poem by the Brazilian, Egas Moniz (Péthion de Villars). There is something more than words in such lines as these :—

L'Italie avant tout, c'est mon Idole,
C'est ma chimère à l'œil plus doux que l'œil des femmes,
C'est ma Pallas, au front auguste, à qui j'immole
La chair royale et pantelante de mes vers,
Sur le cippe de fer
Forgés pas mes aïeux—les bruns Conquistadors—
Ivres de Sang et d'Or,
Dans la nuit des combats, cette nuit merveilleuse
Où triompha ma Race
Aux larges grondements de la Mer Ténébreuse. . . .

* * *

But towards the end the poet is led away into such rhetoric as this :—

J'aime à voir, aux bémols de pleurantes mandores,
Molles et vibratiles,
Les Strophes zigzaguer ainsi que des reptiles,
De fabuleux crotales
Ocellés de rubis, damasquinés d'opales. . . .

This is nearly as bad as those modern painters who stick bits of coloured glass and ornaments on their canvases.

* * *

Of the other poems and articles in "La Vie des Lettres," I was most interested by "Un après-midi chez Moréas," where Marcel Coulon describes Moréas thus :—

He has a lofty brow and a sturdy bearing. His glance is keen and his face full. His waving hair which comes low upon his forehead, is tinted with the dull silver of a medal tarnished by much rubbing. His bluff moustache always protests against the prevailing fashion in hair-dressing, but begins to imitate it. And I am gladdened at the sound of that remarkable intonation : resonant, distinct and from the throat, unwavering and without harshness. . . . .

In all this article there is much of that small-talk which often has more significance than a good deal of big talk.

* * *

"Die Aktion" is a Berlin weekly in favour of whose pleasant dogmatics I often lay more complacent journals aside. And when I heard that a special number had been prepared, devoted entirely to lyric poetry, I opened the paper with anticipations. But the poems themselves did not cause me delight. I sympathised with the man who complained that he had failed in his search for pearls, although he had come across many of the swine before whom they had been cast. This "Lyrische Anthologie" (issued at sixpence) contains the work, or rather the trifling, of nearly forty poets, or rather, let us say, actioneers.

* * *

I watch with admiration the zeal with which "Press-cutter" tracks down allusions to THE NEW AGE in the English papers. Quite recently another correspondent

obliged us by the discovery that THE NEW AGE had obtained frequent honourable mention in a leading German review. It is therefore pleasant to be able to record that the fame of THE NEW AGE has spread even farther afield. I have a copy of a Ruthenian paper "Dyelo" (Work), published in Lemberg, which contains a column of extracts from the article by Mr. George Raffalovich on "The Future of the Ukraine," which appeared in THE NEW AGE for October 23rd. Another Slavonic journal, the "Zvon" (Bell) of Prague, also had appreciative references on more than one occasion to the interest that THE NEW AGE has shown towards Czech poetry. And perhaps I shall be pardoned for my personal pride in mentioning that I have just received a letter from Otokar Brezina, expressing his appreciation of my comments on his poetry in these notes.

* * *

A correspondent has forwarded me a cutting from the "Neues Wiener Journal" with some strange details of Nietzsche's later life. It seems that Herr Karl Strecker has been making inquiries at Turin from people who knew Nietzsche during that period. His former landlord, a newspaper vendor named Davide Fino, relates that a few days before his collapse, Nietzsche caused a crowd to collect in the street by weeping on the neck of an old cab-horse that had aroused his sympathy. We also learn that he paid frequent and lengthy visits to the German booksellers in the Via Maria Vittoria, where he "often sat for a long time reading new books but, owing to his great frugality, he rarely bought anything." Herr Strecker thinks it curious that Nietzsche should have chosen to live amid such gloomy surroundings and in a district which has, on an average, 107 rainy days every year.

* * *

Since my last month's observations on Andreyev, I have been reading an essay on modern Russian literature by Professor S. A. Vengerov. It originally formed his inaugural lecture at St. Petersburg University in 1897, but since then it has been published and revised several times. I think we may accept Professor Vengerov's judgments as authoritative. From his criticisms of Andreyev I extract the following typical passages:—". . . he fills the reader's soul with horror . . . . almost everything that he has written is a literary nightmare filled with gloom, hopeless misery or downright madness. It is all set out in an impressionistic style—without clear and definite contours, in patches which scarcely give any definite general impression. . . . The flavour of Death—both that which does not lie within our power, and that which is voluntary—is wafted through all Andreyev's productions. . . A considerable part of what Andreyev has written is completely concerned with psycho-pathology. . . ." Is that what the "Manchester Guardian" would like to have translated?

* * *

A few days ago I whiled away an odd hour in reading a little book called "Das Cabaret" by Hans Heinz Ewers. Although H. H. Ewers is a person of appalling blatancy—there seems no limit to his cravings for unliterary sensation—he has given quite an interesting account of such centres as "Le Chat Noir," "Le Mirliton" and their counterparts in Germany which were brought about by the "Ueberbrettl" movement. Of the latter Ewers can speak with a certain amount of authority, as he was in the thick of the business. He complains bitterly of the censor, although anybody who has read his novels will, I think, agree that he has little cause to grumble on that score. But the following episode may interest those who imagine that England is the only country where censors are endowed with the mental faculties of very old women:—Under the title of "Jesus and the dead dog," a fable, adapted by Ewers from the Persian poet Nisami, was to be recited at a cabaret performance. (Briefly, it is to the effect that while the disciples are repelled at the sight of a drowned dog, Jesus alone sees nothing loathsome about it, but admires the beauty of the gleaming white teeth.) The Berlin censor approved of this, but insisted on the substitution of Buddha for Jesus. Now later on, during Easter week, the programme had to be rendered specially blameless. After discussing the whole matter with the censor for over an hour, Ewers was graciously permitted, in consideration of Holy Week, to substitute Jesus for Buddha. "I was deeply moved," says Ewers, "expressed my thanks and murmured 'Jesus.'" When, however, Holy Week was over and Ewers still continued to say "Jesus," a police inspector paid him a visit and intimated that he must henceforth return to "Buddha."

* * *

There is some talk in Norway of setting up a standard Norwegian language, and a government commission has been investigating the matter. This "Landsmaal" is, of course, nothing new. Ivar Aasen, who was born a hundred years ago, is generally named as the founder of a language movement in Norway, that is, the attempt to form and employ for literary purposes a language based partly upon Old Norse and partly upon the living dialects. The language of Norwegian writers outside this movement is simply Danish, coloured, at the most, with a few local expressions. The earliest writers to use the "Landsmaal"—Aasen himself and O. A. Vinje, for instance—confined themselves in their prose and verse to themes from peasant life. Later Per Sivle, whose novel "Strike" I read some years ago with pleasure, and, above all, Arne Garborg, showed their language could be used effectively for more general topics. Garborg is, indeed, one of the leading Scandinavian novelists. His "Weary Souls," "Menfolk," and "Peasant Students," with their bold treatment and various social problems loosened many tongues in the 'eighties and 'nineties. His play, "The Teacher," which discusses the question of practical Christianity (to the possibility of which he says No) is worth comparing with Ibsen's "Brand."

* * *

Last July I mentioned Otto Hauser's Book on the European novel in the 19th century. The same author has now published a uniform work on European drama (Das Drama des Auslands seit 1800. R. Voigtlander, Leipzig. M.2, unbound, in cloth 60pf. more). The remarkable thing about Otto Hauser (of whom it is recorded that he has never passed an examination or sought an official post, although he is an Austrian) is that he unites immense knowledge with critical but delicate taste. And without some such qualifications as these, it would be unprofitable to try and pack into less than 150 pages the dramatic litter accumulated by a continent during a century. Herr Hauser's chief aim is a didactic one, and it leaves him little time or space for stylistic flourishes. English readers will find very little to gainsay and a good deal to admire. Apart from his scrupulous accuracy, he traces the development of the English drama with a good understanding of the various factors and influences at work. The margin of my copy has numerous ticks and very few question marks. This, for example, has a large tick:—"Just as the naturalistic drama makes its appearance as the result of artificial grafting, so also the 'Irish' drama, which is cultivated by a few English littérateurs of alleged Celtic descent. They derive their 'Celticism' from Maeterlinck, who in his turn gets it from the pre-Raphælites. . ." In the case of Galsworthy he suggests somewhat too confidently the influences of Brieux (cf. "The Silver Box" with "The Red Robe"), of Hauptmann (cf. "Justice" with "The Fur Coat"), and of Wedekind (cf. "Joy" with "Spring's Awakening"). Too confidently, I say, because without more tangible proof than this, I should hesitate to credit Galsworthy with any knowledge of these authors.

P. SELVER.

Views and Reviews.*

THAT cancer is really a curable disease, I personally have no doubt. The researches of Dr. Forbes Ross amounted to a precise demonstration of this fact, and the success that has attended Dr. Bell's treatment adds weight to the conclusions of Dr. Forbes Ross. But, strange to relate, the name of Dr. Forbes Ross does not appear in Dr. Bell's book, nor, if I remember rightly, is the word "potassium" to be discovered in the 324 pages of this book. Yet, in its essence, Dr. Bell's treatment is the same as that prescribed by Dr. Forbes Ross, and, as I have said, its success is a confirmation of the teachings of that authority. But the demonstration of Forbes Ross was precise: Dr. Bell seems to have hit on the right method by the merest empiricism, and really rates a medicinal measure above the provision of suitable cell food as the principal element in the cure. It is with the hope that, by introducing the researches of Dr. Forbes Ross to the notice of Dr. Bell, he may apply his experience more precisely, and find scientific warrant for his empiricism, that I write this article.

The empirical vagueness of Dr. Bell is manifest everywhere, but nowhere more so than in his chapter on "The Genesis of the Cancer Cell." He there states: "I am convinced that cancer—or, rather, the elements of cancer—are present in every individual, whether it manifests itself as a disease or not." The basis of this sweeping assertion is the uric-acid-æmia fallacy; indeed, Dr. Bell says later: "My conviction is that the condition of the blood which we designate uricacid-æmia is a factor without which malignant metamorphosis of cells cannot, or at least does not, take place." Now the well-known fact about uric-acid-æmia is that the person who suffers from it is well aware of the fact; that, although he may never be ill, he is never really well, as Dr. Haig says. At the very least, there would be occasional periods of malaise, which, in the majority of cases, would send the patient either to bed or to the doctor. But Dr. Forbes Ross says: "The patient usually introduces himself or herself with the following statement: 'Up till now I have seldom seen a doctor since childhood; in fact, I have never seen a doctor, nor have I been ill in any way whatever during the last five (or ten) years.'" Dr. Bell himself, speaking of the early symptoms of cancer, says: "When, therefore, a woman who, up to a certain date, has been robust both mentally and bodily, begins to," etc.; he quotes Dr. Lewers as saying: "It is equally important to bear in mind that patients suffering from cancer of the womb may, and generally do, for a comparatively long period look quite well. They may be well nourished, or not unfrequently even fat, and as regards the aspect of their face, they may appear to be in perfect health." Dr. Bell himself records a case of a woman who "enjoyed remarkably good health all her days—in fact, until the recent illness, had never been a single day in bed, except during confinements." There is nothing in these facts to justify Dr. Bell's assertion: "I look upon the rheumatic diathesis as a most important predisposing cause of epithelæoma, and most probably of every form of cancer also." Sir William Mitchell Banks indicated, and Dr. Forbes Ross agreed, that the stout, robust, red-faced, gouty, plethoric type of person was the one most liable to contract cancer.

Dr. Bell, of course, includes the gouty diathesis under his title of the rheumatic diathesis; but he is, as I have hinted, led astray by the uricacidæmia fallacy. Uric acid is not a cause, but a consequence, of cell chemistry; and the phrase, uric-acid-æmia, like so many other phrases, blinds us to the significance of other facts. It may legitimately be doubted whether auto-intoxication of any kind is really possible; the normal habit of the body is to eject poisons, which are formed naturally, and not to take on a morbid habit of working in their presence. Those who hold, with Dr. Bell, the uric-acidæmia explanation of cancer may well be challenged to show why the presence in the blood of a poison naturally produced by the body and naturally disposed of, should induce the body cells to forget their normal habit, and convert stimuli to function into stimuli to proliferation. What the body normally produces, and normally evacuates, does not seem likely to have the power of making the body cells forget their function.

I am not theorising without my book; I am only noticing that Dr. Bell, although he says that "the cancer entity is, in its original state, a normal cell, which has from a combination of circumstances become altered in character, not towards degeneracy, as I construe the term, but to increased activity," does not inquire precisely concerning the acquisition of this increased activity, principally of growth. The problem seems to be a problem of physiological memory, and is probably concerned with the nervous supply. Now, Forbes Ross said: "The genesis of cancer, and, indeed, of malignant growths generally, appears to be probably a question of alteration of cell polarity." The physiological polarity (I am still quoting Forbes Ross) is based on an axis line drawn through the epithelial cell from its basal end, or source of nervous and food supply, to its free end, or end for discharge of its functions. If, then, the polarity of the cell should be altered, it is clear that the nervous and food supply may be not so efficiently maintained. Dr. Forbes Ross says: "It can be gathered that cubical, columnar and other epithelial cells whose nerve supply is in the form of end bulbs at the side of the cells in the intercellular spaces (Ranvier and Beale) are those cells peculiarly liable to cancerous growth, and such is the case, as a review of the known pathology will support, and shows that the method of nervous supply determines partially the liability of a cell to take on cancerous growth if suitably influenced." If that seems to be mere theory, here is the histological evidence. "In epitheliomata specimens, I have observed that in the palisade cells, at a spot where invasion was about to commence, the polar axes of the cells were altered, and, as a result, the palisade line was irregular, and the centresomes were seen to be at the side of the nuclei and not towards their free surfaces as normally. In other words, the polar axis was at right angles to the normal axis." It would seem that the alteration of structure implied by this slewing round of the cell would, at least, disturb the nervous supply, and thus render the cell less liable to the control of the physiological memory of the nervous system. The fact that cancer is not known to arise in cells of fixed polarity, and more particularly the fact that "no malignant tumour formed of neuron cells has been described," shows us how important this question of polarity and nervous supply really is.

But it should be clear that the mere lack of nervous force and control could not confer a new property on the cell; it could only provide the condition of the acquisition of this property. "It would appear," says Forbes Ross, "that the nature of the stimulus leading to alteration of polar axis and breaking of alignment of cells in precancerous stages, was certainly not a negative one, nor was it a loss of nervous control alone; otherwise the planting of a skin graft, or the subcutaneous injection of epithelial cells, would give rise to cancer, which is certainly not the case, as attempts to produce true cancer in this way have failed." The primitive function of growth (so characteristic of the cancer cell) is the peculiar property of the original gametoid germ cell, from which the epiblastic, hypoblastic, and mesoblastic cells are all derived. Forbes Ross shows that epiblastic cells have properties not possessed by hypoblastic cells, and vice versa; and he argues, reasonably enough, that neither cell is capable of reverting to the condition pertaining to the original germ cell unless the quality lacking in itself, but possessed by the other, is restored to it. The mesoblast is derived from a combination of cells in the original epiblast and hypoblast, and possesses attributes common to both of them. If, then, epiblastic or hypoblastic

* "Cancer: Its Cause and Treatment without Operation." By Robert Bell, M.D. (Bell. 5s. net).

cells could conjugate or amalgamate with mesoblastic cells, it is apparent that the product of the union would probably possess the primitive function of growth possessed by the original gametoid germ cell.

Now the mesoblast possesses cells of immutably fixed polarity, such as striated muscle cells; but it also possesses cells of variable polarity, and cells of completely unfixed polarity, the leucocyte being an example of the latter class. Dr. Bell notices that cancer is a disease in which phagocytosis does not occur; in other words, that there is no curative inflammatory reaction against the progress of the cancer cells; and he concludes that the phagocytes are somehow prevented from performing their functions by uricacidæmia, or some other toxic state of the blood. There are all sorts of leucocytes, and Forbes Ross has shown that "polymorphonuclear leucocytes and multinuclear leucocytes all appear to confer stability of polarity, if their presence in scar tissue and in malignant tumours counts for anything. On the other hand, the mononuclear leucocytes, whether large or small, seem to concern themselves with proliferation pure and simple, and do not show any quality which would lead one to regard them as having any other effect than excitation to wild, ungoverned growth." That this is not mere theory the histological evidence will prove: "If the strict line of invading cancer cells and tissue about to be invaded be carefully examined, the following will always be noticed: the tissues in the immediate track of the invading column of cancer cells will be found to be cut up and segmented in all directions and to be invaded by mononuclear leucocytes; the connective tissue fibrils are broken and fragmentary, and the connective tissue cells are swollen and fragmented, and some of their nuclei show included lymphocytic cells." Sir Almroth Wright has shown that the liquefaction of tissue by white blood corpuscles goes on most easily in the presence of blood serum, and the argument amounts to a demonstration that a certain sort of leucocyte, instead of trying to prevent the growth of cancer cells, does actually conjugate with them, does liquefy tissue and thus prepare the way for the invaders, and does confer on the normal cell the power of unrestricted growth.

It is when we come to consider the red corpuscle in relation to cancer, that we can add precision to Dr. Bell's treatment. Red blood corpuscles are not normally nucleated; but Forbes Ross and Da Costa agree that "it may be stated as an accepted fact that nucleated red blood corpuscles (erythrocytes) occurred in cancer more frequently than in any other variety of secondary anæmia, except that accompanying sarcoma." This nucleation is a decided morphological change, and coupled with the fact that both in number and in colouring matter the red corpuscles in cancer are enormously reduced, it tends to show that the red corpuscles convey a substance which is in great demand in cancer. That that substance is potassium, Forbes Ross has shown; and I regret that I have not space here to summarise his proofs. But that the condition in which cancer arises is due to a disturbance of the alkaline balance, caused by a deficiency of potassium, is practically demonstrated by Dr. Forbes Ross.

Now turn to Dr. Bell's treatment. The diet is practically restricted to vegetables, fruit, milk and eggs; in one case, the patient refused to take any medicine, and yet recovered in about three months. But this is practically a potassium diet; for although calcium is present in vegetables, most potassium is obtained from vegetable matter; and, therefore, the potassium starvation from which cancer patients suffer is being remedied. Yet although Dr. Bell says: "So much importance do I attach to dietetics in the treatment of cancer, that I am quite convinced there are many instances in which regulation of diet may be proved to be the only treatment really necessary, always, however, with the proviso that it is conjoined with approved sanitary and hygienic precautions"; he seems to be unaware of the real reason why the alteration of diet has this effect. This lack of precision would probably be a handicap when dealing with a patient whose appetite was poor, or capricious, or perverted, as the appetite of cancer patients so often is. Most of them are meat-eaters, who do not like vegetables or fruit; and while they are cultivating a taste for these foods, the cure is really being delayed. Forbes Ross is too decided against change of diet, but there is no doubt that the precision of the prescription does make the physician's task easier. "When treating an advanced case of cancer, or indeed a recurrence not suitable for operative aid, the question of diet need not in any way exercise the calculation of either physician, patient, or surgeon, as the sufferers may be permitted to partake of any and every article of diet which their capricious appetites invite them to; because if the various reasons set forth in previous chapters hold good, the artificial administration of potassium salts will meet every circumstance and existing condition."

The administration of thyroid gland extract, although probably very valuable, cannot be regarded as a curative agent. Forbes Ross argues very reasonably that if the secretions of the various glands cannot prevent cancer, it is unlikely that, by themselves, they can cure it. Primary cancer of the thyroid gland occurs, and so does primary cancer of the head of the pancreas; and if trypsin by itself has failed, so will thyroid gland extract fail. But Forbes Ross has shown that "the thyroid gland is the active metabolising agent of potassium salts of the body in health and disease," and he says further that "all rational treatment of cancer should take the thyroid gland into practical consideration." Dr. Bell does this, with marked success; but, if his book is any proof of his state of mind, he quite evidently does not know why. His treatment, successful as it is, is based on the merest empiricism. He injects formic acid into a cancer: Why? He does not say; he only notices that it frequently has a beneficial effect. A layman may be right without knowing why he is right, but the excuse can scarcely be permitted to a doctor in charge of cancer research at a London hospital; and for this reason, I beg to bring to Dr. Bell's notice the work of Dr. Forbes Ross.

If he reads it, he will not be inclined to consider the "cancer house" idea of cancer seriously, or to offer ridiculous explanations in support of it. Even if it could be shown that the so-called "cancer houses" had sewage contaminated subsoils, impure water supplies, vitiated air supplies, and so on, this theory obviously would not explain the comparatively extraordinary prevalence of cancer in Hampstead, for example. The theory of toxæmia, from whatever cause, as applied to cancer should be capable of some proof, if true; but Dr. Bell advances nothing more definite in its support than the vague argument that it must depress general health, and thus render the person more liable to disease. Dr. Forbes Ross, on the contrary, has demonstrated the specific condition of cancer, and has fortified that demonstration with innumerable and apparently exact proofs; and has further shown that the alteration of that specific condition results in a retrogression of cancer cells to their normal type.

A word about surgery. Surgery as a *cure* for cancer is a delusion, and Dr. Bell does rightly to denounce it. But Dr. Forbes Ross has shown that, as an accessory to the cure of cancer, surgery may play a considerable part. For example, "complications in the treatment of cancer will arise in connection with certain particular situations of the disease, for example, in cancer of the head of the pancreas. Anyone attempting to treat cancer by the methods recommended by the author will be hopelessly handicapped, because the flow of bile into the intestine will be obstructed, the patient will lose the benefit of the nutrition derived from its normal intestinal functions, and will die from inanition and poisoning due to fermentation in the intestine. It will probably be necessary for the surgeon to step in and effect a direct union between the small intestine and the gall bladder, and so restore one of the vital digestive functions to the sufferer, who will otherwise be hopelessly lost." There are numerous cases in which surgery will be useful, or

even imperative; but remembering that, in the presence of potassium salts, a cancer may be exfoliated or irritated with impunity, there is no reason to fear the surgeon's skill. It is because potassium salts are probably the chief agent in the restoration of the alkaline balance that defines the cure of cancer, that both surgery and medicine may be precisely applied to the cure of one of the scourges of civilisation. A. E. R.

The Fraud of Feminism.*

By Arch. Gibbs.

In perhaps the most scathing essay ever written—Lord Macaulay's Essay on Berère—occurs the following: "A man who has never been within the tropics does not know what a thunderstorm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Berère's Memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie." Had Mr. Belfort Bax thought of it he might by deleting the words "Berère's Memoirs" and substituting "the writings of the Feminists" have found a very good test for the dazzling book he happily entitles "The Fraud of Feminism," and which is mainly devoted to "gibbetting the infamous falsehoods" of Feminist writers—the Swinnys, Stopeses, Gilmans, Swanwicks, Bernard Shaws, Laurence Housmans, Granville Barkers, Pethick Lawrences, and the rest of the unlovely tribe.

Not that this is by any means new ground to Mr. Bax. As readers of The New Age will be aware, in 1908 Mr. Bax made short work of Miss Millicent Murby, a clever lady who has long dropped out of Militant Suffragism; and in "Essays in Socialism," "The Legal Subjection of Men," "Daily Chronicle" correspondence, "A Creature of Privilege," in the "Fortnightly Review," and elsewhere, he has from time to time propounded his favourite theories as to the radical inferiority, physical and mental, of women to men, thus disentitling them to political equality, and as to the privileged position, socially and legally, which owing to a spurious chivalry they enjoy.

Mr. Bax stands out among Anti-Suffrage and Anti-Feminist writers. He attacks every possible position which a Pro-Suffragist could assume and demolishes every argument that has ever been put forth in support of Suffragism, Feminism or Suffragettism. To him Feminism is a deadly upas-tree which blasts and poisons everything in the social system with which it comes in contact, a malignant and cancerous growth in the body politic which needs the scalpel of expert opposition. And he sets about his task as if he loved it. Of course such a style as his has its defects of over emphasis, and it seems a pity that the old lady who complained after reading George Borrow that she felt as if she had been talked to for hours by an angry man could not have lived to read "The Fraud of Feminism."

In addition to a preface and introduction the book contains eight chapters, headed respectively "Historical," "The Main Dogma of Modern Feminism," "The Anti-Men Crusade," "Always the 'Injured Innocent,'" "The 'Chivalry' Fake," "Some Feminist Lies and Fallacies," "The Psychology of the Movement," and "The Indictment." To give some idea of the extraordinary amount of erudition in it I may say that in one chapter alone citations are made from the works of the following writers:—Weiningen, Maudsley, de Varigeny, Mason Good, Thomas Stevenson, Thomas Buzzard, Thomas Luff, Savage, Janet, Miller, Paget, Still, Sainton, Mall, Pitré, and Herbert Spencer. So that the purchaser, whether he agrees with the deductions or no, will have some value for his 2s. 6d.

Many persons will be inclined to ask: "Why 'Fraud of Feminism'?" In a general way of course it would be the height of absurdity to describe as fraudulent an attempt to remove undoubted disabilities. However much an opponent has disagreed with the aspirations of Irish, Indian, or Egyptian Nationalists, he has hesitated to describe their ambitions as fraudulent. But every case must not be judged on its own merits. Here you have a set of persons, described by Mr. Bax as "Political Feminists," who formulate definite political, judicial and economic demands on the grounds of justice, equity, equality, and so forth, as general principles. Anon you find them as "Sentimental Feminists" positing something entirely contradictory—asking that women on account of their weakness should be treated with special consideration. A woman is to be at once the equal of man and his superior in point of material advantages. Outside a Gilbertian opera or the pages of "Alice in Wonderland" have ever such theories been propounded as are propounded by the extreme voteries of Suffragism and Feminism? Women are entitled—nay, morally obliged—in their own words, "to stagger humanity," yet if an empty match-box is thrown at one of them it is a heinous offence. They may strike, but they must not be struck back. They may refuse to pay taxes, yet they are entitled to all the protection that tax-paying affords. They may deny the validity of the law as concerns themselves and yet, as at Hastings recently, they are fully entitled to set it in motion for their own advantage. Women are to be treated with every leniency, especially for offences against men (indeed it is often contended that men have no right to punish them at all), and yet men for offences against women are to be treated with the utmost severity—sent to prison for speaking to a woman without an introduction or sending one an unsolicited letter. Since Mr. Bax has written his book, Suffragettes, incited by a demented British officer (formerly a member of the South African Treason Committee!), have been drilling in the East End to battle with men. Yet they have stated times out of number that in the last resort men dare not fire at women. Is that cricket? Well do I remember Hugh Arthur Franklin—at one of the Raids—persistently admonishing the police: "Remember you are dealing with a girl!" The police knew they were dealing with a girl. They were in a very difficult position. Acting on instructions they were keeping the Suffragettes on the move instead of running them in. Yet here was a person who held that women were fully entitled to resort to militancy to further their own ends, demanding for them that chivalry which is only extended on the distinct understanding that it should not be taken undue advantage of.

In dealing with these amazing sophistries Mr. Bax is at his best. But a blemish on his book is his failure to do justice to the work of humble gleaners in the same field. Unconsciously perhaps he continually conveys the false and mischievous impression of Bax contra mundum. Indeed on page 115, in dealing with the monstrous Suffragette "Political Offender" fallacy, he distinctly uses the words "save for an occasional protest by the present writer." This is untrue and unjust. As far back as 1906 I myself in the columns of "Public Opinion" analysed his contention fully, and other writers have often done so; indeed, without wishing to advertise myself, I may say that if Mr. Bax had never been born I should have dealt, as I have done, with many of the fallacies he trounces. Similarly, Mr. Bax is quite correct in his statement that the bourgeoisie have palliated militancy. Every ingenious epithet of condemnation has long ago been exhausted by bourgeois writers. I think Mr. Bax will allow that the "Daily Telgraph" and the "People" as Conservative papers are organs of the bourgeoisie, and both these journals, to name no others, have teemed with letters denouncing militancy. In the early part of the year the "People" invited suggestions for dealing with the Suffragettes and some of the thousands which poured in would have done credit to Torquemada himself.

* "The Fraud of Feminism." By E. Belfort Bax. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Bax is here barking up the wrong tree, and it has prevented him from noting an excellent point which I will proceed to develop. There are in this country a number of individuals calling themselves Labour and Socialist leaders, who specially represent themselves as champions of the rights of men, especially poor men. It is their pose. Yet I emphatically assert that not one of these men, from Ramsay MacDonald down to Larkin, is a champion of the rights of men at all, except where capital can be made against the capitalist. I will take one—Mr. George Lansbury—a typical unofficial Labour leader, and examine his record. Mr. Lansbury is a man whose friends admit that he has faults of judgment, but excuse him on the ground that he has such a magnificent heart. According to himself he is engaged in waging a holy war on behalf of working men. Let us see. He lives in a district where he must be aware of the terrible injustice caused to poor men by the Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Act as it now stands without a corresponding Act for men. He must be also aware of the iniquity of the law which allows a working man's wife to run her husband into debt, often when the poor fellow has given her sufficient for household purposes. Has he ever thundered against these things? But there is worse. Mr. Bax refers to the case of Beal, the youth of nineteen, about whom I wrote in THE NEW AGE last year, and who was executed for the murder of his sweetheart, a crime which he denied. Beal lived in Mr. Lansbury's own district, and Mr. Lansbury was in the House of Commons at the time of his trial and execution. Did he raise a hand on the lad's behalf? In the House he worked himself into a towering passion against Mr. Asquith, upon whom he made a most cowardly and disgraceful attack, knowing perfectly well that the Premier, who is by no means deficient in courage, was prevented by reason of his august position from retaliating by word or blow. I shall be told he did this on behalf of women who, in the jargon of suffragettism, were being "tortured." Precisely. And men unconnected with the suffrage movement have been "tortured" in exactly the same way without the fact eliciting the least protest from Mr. Lansbury. But there is worse still. Mr. Bax trenchantly exposes the injustices to poor men of the hypocritical Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1912. Mr. Lansbury supported this Bill throughout its stages—in fact, he went further than anyone, for he demanded flogging for clients as well as procureurs. Therefore, I repeat my allegation—that he and similar demagogues never champion men unless there is capital to be made against the capitalist.

At the same time I agree with Mr. Bax that the bourgeoisie and men in general show apathy in resisting feminism. It is high time that they roused themselves. It is useless to nod and wink behind the slowly dying fire of male ascendancy while a hungry feminism creeps nearer and nearer. They must get up and stoke the fire and resist the insidious foe. By heavens! their rights are worth fighting for—the right they undoubtedly have, as they have put the show together and practically finance it, to run it without female interference or dictation.

Anti-feminists are not unreasonable. They simply demand that a woman shall be a woman—not a frump who can only be called a woman because she cannot be called a man, not a prim inspector sniffing around drains and investigating the details of noxious trades, not a bespectacled pundit poring over blue-books, not a fury slinging the flame of invective and sowing the dragons' teeth of sex-hatred, not a monster hatching forth the cockatrice brood of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, still less a being with murder in her heart, whose instinct is that of the tigress—to destroy; but a true woman who attends to the ways of her household, whose mouth speaketh wisdom, and on whose tongue is the law of mercy; an angel in the house whose sympathy is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and whose inspiration is as the light of a pharos on a story sea.

Pastiche.

"QUO VADIS."

OUTSIDE THE "PALACE."

The three arc-lamps that fizzle and splutter above the Sentinel's imitation brass helmet are so powerful that through their rays you may see the dust rising from the crowded Strand. It swirls around the mauve-tinted globes, and lies thick upon the gilded chains of the chandelier. A thermometer hanging in the foyer of the "Palace" registers 90 odd degrees, but the Sentinel does not appear to feel any conscious discomfort. An observer, however, would notice that the rouge upon his face is running in little streams down towards his neck; and that his bright pink tights are patchy with perspiration.

The foyer of the "Palace" is crowded with pleasure seekers. They were attracted by the Sentinel, and by the vivid posters which advertise the cruelty of the great Nero. Their souls were caught up and absorbed by the blinding glare of the ultra mauve light; and as they pass beneath the great arc-lamps they take upon themselves the appearance of spectres. One by one they enter the "Palace": Men, women and children.

The Sentinel retires into the rear; and when he returns to take up his position, spear in hand, upon the "Palace" steps, his face is no longer streaked with sweat——, it is thickly powdered. . . .

INSIDE THE "PALACE."

Nero is seen singing his hymn to Venus. Vinitius is embracing a courtesan upon a skin-covered couch. Drunken courtiers roll helplessly upon the floor. Beautiful women (also intoxicated) are prostrate at the feet of Nero. The Fall of Rome is at Hand.

OUTSIDE THE "PALACE."

Someone emerges from between the plush curtains. It is the Manager—a stout, evil-looking man, slightly drunk. His appearance in the foyer indicates the end of a "spool." He comes out for a "breather" between the films. The Sentinel straightens his tired back. The girl who has been yawning behind the wire caging suddenly becomes animated. She jingles the money, and rattles the checks. The Manager smoothes his dirty white waistcoat with a jewelled hand, and chats with the Sentinel in a thick voice. Side by side they stand, drenched in the mauve glare from the arc-lamps; two ages united by the science of civilisation.

INSIDE THE "PALACE."

Twenty forest-bred lions are let loose upon the Christians. The wild beasts are seen tearing the bodies to pieces. A child in the audience shrieks.

OUTSIDE THE "PALACE."

It is growing late. The "'Tivoli" is emptying. The crowds in the Strand become denser. Taxi-cabs twist, turn, dodge, and fight for fares. Wheels revolve backwards, sparks of fire fly from beneath them. Monstrous men in absurd uniforms stand upon the kerb and blow whistles. The Sentinel watches the Public House opposite, and moistens his grease-painted lips. . . . .

INSIDE THE "PALACE."

The "Feature-Film" is clicking out its last length. Nero is seen committing suicide. The Apostle Paul meets the Spirit of Christ upon the Roman Road.

The film flickers for a second, then blacks out. A coloured portrait of King George is then flashed upon the screen, and the audience exits into the Strand.

OUTSIDE THE "PALACE."

The mauve arc-lamps die down and glow; then, suddenly, with a trembling flash, expire. The "Palace" is now a patch of darkness, and from its narrow shelter peers the white face of a girl. Her painted lips smile mechanically. . . . The crowd swims on.

ARTHUR F. THORN.

A SONNET.

TO E. C. AND E. W.

Bring out your Gods both fond of blood and fire,
Both glutted with the feast of low desire.
The God from Dublin and the God from Kieff
The God of mirth, the God of shroud-like grief,
And in our faces fling these mean-souled things,
To mock our brightest dreams of Man's release
From fears of burning hell and from the springs
Of priestly falsehoods that will never cease.

Never cease, O fateful words here written!
When one man sneers, a curse is the reply.
Friends, let your hands meet, and lies be smitten.
Ye do not live for ever; all things die.
Your Gods are cowards hiding in their shame
A human father thus would soil his name.

WILLIAM REPTON.

SONNET.

TO E. COWLEY.

You lie! In every hateful word you lie!
You burned, you stabbed, you racked, you massacred,
To murderous lust for blood you ministered,
And spared but those who would their God deny.
From wretched, persecuted, came the cry;
But bloody hands no human thought deterred.
With blind, ferocious hatred you were stirred,
And for his faith condemned the Jew to die.

We keep our fathers' faith, a lovely thing.
And though your lust is still insatiate,
Your persecution long has lost its sting.
Of gracious love and spirit you may prate;
The innocent blood you shed remembering,
We hate you with an everlasting hate.

E. WASSERMAN.

SONNET.

Lord, it was good! I mean that raging sonnet
Of Sheeny Wasserman's to Belloc's pup,
Who thinks the soundest system will break up
Unless Rome's holy water's sprinkled on it.
If Cowley has a cowl, I wish he'd don it,
Count beads, eat fish, and drain the holy cup,
Till psychologic guns are all stamped "Krupp,"
And every Romish bee has found a bonnet.

At least I hope, for every poet's sake,
He'll stick to prose—or sing for "Ally Sloper."
His seventeen lines no more a sonnet make
Than one swift swallow makes a man a toper.
And as for Cowley's reasons—well, by crimes!
They're just about as many as his rhymes.

J. STEEKSMA.

THE ECONOMICS OF DEATH.

When one considers the usefulness to Man of all his beasts of burden, not only when living but even when dead, one marvels at his resourcefulness. Consider the reindeer, the horse, and the elephant.

But one receives something of a shock as one realises that the human beast of burden ceases to be of value when he is dead. Surely, if the Eskimo is clever enough to make capital out of the carcass of the reindeer, it is a reflection on our boasted civilisation if the carcass of a wage-slave cannot be put to some profitable use.

Think of the vast sums of money frittered away in funereal pomp. I am given to understand that the poor think nothing of spending five pounds on a burial. Now, apart from the fact that it is a danger to the public that the poor should have such large amounts stored away for this purpose, would it not be a real kindness to them to do away with the necessity for saving these sums of money?

There must be numerous manufacturers of meat extracts and owners of bone factories, who find raw material both scarce and expensive. I venture to say that if a little scheme I have in mind were adopted, there would be such a boom in these industries that fortunes would be made.

Perhaps you have grasped my idea. It is simple. Instead of throwing good money away, put the corpses on the market, do a deal, and pocket the proceeds. Thus rich and poor alike will benefit, and the friction between the classes be appreciably lessened. Of course, my scheme has nothing in common with the one outlined by that scoundrel Dean Swift. He was an Irishman, and lived in Dublin. He openly advocated the cold-blooded murder of those who had a long career as useful beasts of burden still before them. Such a callous, and, at the same time, foolish proceeding could receive the support of no respectable social reformer.

No; I am quite willing to allow the poor to die in their own good time.

There is certainly money in the idea, and, personally, my imagination is fired at the possibility of using a comb made from the bones of my own grandfather.

GEORGE A.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW wrote a play in a fortnight, called it "The Great Catherine," and had it produced on November 18 at the Vaudeville Theatre. I need say no more about that. But Mr. Palmer's book* has some interest at this moment, although, in the absence of any presage of the coming of a dramatist any prophecy of the future of the theatre is futile. Indeed, Mr. Palmer shows quite clearly that he knows little or nothing of the future of the theatre; his book is almost entirely a destructive criticism of things as they are, and he is really only concerned to show that almost everything that is now propounded as a necessity of drama must be abolished before drama can come to its own again. The Censor, of course, must go; for, although the cry of Pilate: "Why, what evil hath he done?" meets with no effective reply, the fact that he cannot, by the nature of his office, do any good, is sufficient to condemn him. No Censor ever inspired a work of art, and therefore the artist has no use for him.

But the Censor is not the only person who must go. The dramatic critic must go, the actor-manager must go, the "producer" must go; and, although he does not say so clearly, Mr. Palmer is certain that the dramatist, as we know him, must go. The reasons given by Mr. Palmer for the disappearance of these people are usually interesting, and often precise. He can see no reason for dramatic criticism in the daily papers, for example, except that it is cheap and acceptable copy to the editor, and cheap advertisement to the actor-manager. Mr. Palmer supposes (and, I think, supposes rightly) that there is a public for the theatre that is not the same public as the musical-comedy, music-hall, or cinematograph show public. He contends that the mood in which one goes to a theatre is totally different from the mood in which one goes to these other forms of entertainment; and that mood is not inspired or determined by the criticism of the daily papers. If you want to go to a theatre, you look at a list of announcements, and choose, without any reference to what someone wrote at midnight, within an hour of seeing the play. The fact is that dramatic criticism is not dramatic, nor is it criticism; and its value for the public is a minus quantity. Its value to the actor-manager is really no greater, except as it flatters his vanity; and the convention that now ordains that an actor-manager shall dispense first-night hospitality to his critics loses its validity whenever the critics begin to criticise. Mr. Palmer suggests that, before dramatic criticism dies a natural death at the hands of the National Memorial Theatre, it will enter into some sort of formal alliance with the managers of theatres. Editors will choose "safe" critics, that is, men who can be relied on not to criticise, no matter how great the provocation may be; and the managers will "nurse" these critics, will introduce them to the actors and, more particularly, the actresses, will allow them to enter the Green-Room, and occasionally dine together. This does not occur now, at least, it has never happened to me—and I do not think it ever will; but that it has some validity in relation to the daily Press, few who know anything of that Press will deny. Mr. Palmer thinks that dramatic criticism will exist, both in newspapers and weekly reviews, not as journalism but as criticism; written at leisure, and as reflections on the tendencies of the modern stage in relation to the whole body of English fine art. But this obviously depends on the value of the development of English drama; and it would be more accurate to say that *if* English drama becomes a fine art, dramatic criticism may be born of it.

But one feels that Mr. Palmer's great first cause is not really adequate to the performance of all these

* "The Future of the Theatre." By John Palmer. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)

revolutions. He says himself that "English art is invariably killed under an academy, being individual and lawless"; what reason, then, have we to suppose that the institution of a National Memorial Theatre will provide, if not the impulse, at least the conditions of an English drama? Do we not know before we begin that its governing body will be composed of figure-heads, quidnuncs, and cranks? That it will be arrogant not only in its treatment of dramatic critics, but in its treatment of the public, is certain; we know the ways of endowed bodies in England; but that its arrogance will be synonymous with the renascence of English drama, is too great a strain on our credulity. It may adopt the repertory system, but the repertory will not be different in quality from that now played in private theatres. It is the pride of the English that the State does not lead but follows the lead of the people; and it is not inconceivable that the charter of the National Memorial Theatre will contain a clause ordaining that no man under sixty years of age shall be eligible as a member of the governing body.

Indeed, by the time that we come to the last chapter, we are convinced that Mr. Palmer has made the usual mistake, and put the cart before the horse. It is a truism that you cannot make people moral by Acts of Parliament; nor can you make them artistic by the same means. Shaw said years ago that there could be no drama without a new philosophy, a phrase that may or may not be true accordingly as we interpret it. But, philosophy or no philosophy, it is certain that we cannot have a new drama without a new life. "Not till the national conscience is again single and at rest shall we recover the capacity to build great art upon the struggle of human wilfulness with human will," says Mr. Palmer. But what that national conscience may decide is itself, at present, a matter of speculation. It is not inconceivable that I may have to take my own article on the economics of drama much more seriously than I meant it at the moment; everything real seems to await the economic revolution as the necessary condition of its existence. Modern art, and more particularly drama, is only a symptom of our national disease. The picture-frame stage is symbolic of the unreality of art, of its separation from the life of the people. Mr. Granville Barker, being a Fabian, attempts to democratise the drama by adding an "apron" to the stage, and, behind the scenes, denies that acting is an art by limiting the liberties of the actor. That self-expression that is the very impulse of art is there denied, and only the barren formula of democratic drama, the "apron" stage, is there stated.

It is interesting to read Mr. Palmer's book from this point of view. The idea that English drama is bound up with, is an expression of, English life grows more clear as we read; and the onslaughts that have been made on English drama apparently partake of the nature of treason to the English life. Wagner, with his idea of the union of the arts, led the attack; and drama and acting, the only two arts that can be allied in this connection, have declined in value as Wagner's ideal has gained adherents. Wagner's music became the all-important part of his music-dramas; and so little do his "dramas" matter, that concert performances of his works are at least as satisfactory as the properly staged representations of them. The gang of "producers" who have fastened on drama have reached their logical conclusion in Mr. Gordon Craig, who not only abolishes the actor but abolishes the dramatist. The importation of foreign plays and foreign ideas has had the same effect. The so-called "naturalist" writers provide no work for the actor, and no literature for the public. Mr. Palmer quotes a passage from Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son" in illustration of this point. Freda has just told Bill that she is going to have a child as a consequence of their little affair. "Freda says, 'Oh, Bill!' and Bill makes the three following speeches: (1) 'Freda!'; (2) 'Good God!'; (3) 'By Jove! This is———.' Whereupon the curtain saves him from committing his author any further." Shaw, of course, has denounced us for possessing the very quality that produces drama, viz., romanticism; and, taking the whole lot together, it would seem that a gang of conspirators has captured the English stage with the intent of destroying the English drama. How well they have succeeded, only those who go to the performances of modern plays know.

The simple fact is that the future of the English theatre is bound up with the future of English drama, and that is bound up with the future of English life. If we are to evolve into the Servile State, the National Theatre will be the symbol of that State, and it will have remarkably little to do with English drama. Exotic ideas alone will occupy the thinkers and artists of a nation that has forgotten, or has been made ashamed of, its own genius and national spirit; Shakespeare himself will probably be too English for an English National Theatre. The only hopeful thing that can happen is the de-centralisation of the whole system that would follow the abolition of the wage-system; the revivification of local life, and with it, the growth of a native drama. In the service of drama, the most effective theatre that we can look for will not pretend to be more than a municipal theatre; but the English instinct for private enterprise is sounder in art than in economics, and, personally, I look to private persons for the renascence of English drama.

Art.

The Goupil, the Alpine Club, and the Dorien Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Not so very long ago a correspondent, whose name I have forgotten, attacked me for giving him inadequate enlightenment on the subject of Augustus John. He implied, that though I seemed to despise the other critics for their comments upon this artist's work, I certainly did not succeed in doing any better than they. At the time I had neither the leisure nor the inclination to reply to him; nor indeed did I really believe that there was much to add to what I had already said. Now, however, that the opportunity has arisen to restate my views, I shall immediately proceed to do so.

The graphic arts, to my mind, are dependent arts. When an age is animated by a great spirit, the graphic arts will be great by expressing the spirit of that age; when an age is animated by a pusillanimous spirit, or by none at all, they too will be poor in spirit or utterly devoid of it. The graphic artist does not create a state of affairs, or an order of existence, a scheme of life. A far greater artist does that, and he is the poet—or artist-legislator. It is the exuberant joy of the graphic artist over the order that the artist-legislator creates, and over the spirit that animates it, which impels the graphic artist to his work. The first minor artist to feel the force of this spirit is the architect, and the others follow. An age without the poet-legislator, therefore, is perforce an age without either architecture or its handmaidens, sculpture and painting. And in such an age graphic artists are in a sorry plight. They literally do not know what to express. Some turn to the peasant—to the moribund spirit of agriculture—others to the hearth and the home in general—to the moribund spirit of the family; others to the life of the streets—to the moribund spirit of what was once healthy humanity. But there is little enthusiasm left because there is little faith, and faith in some kind of order or scheme of life, is the basis of the subject picture. When in 1860, owing to the long absence of really exalted poet-legislators in Europe, the subject picture died, that which was wrong was not the painter who still tried to paint this picture—for he, poor fellow, only followed the traditional instinct of his craft—it was the fact that the man who gives a general spirit and a general faith to a whole

people had long ceased to exist. The remedy sought by the graphic artists of the time—the regalvanisation of the graphic arts by awakening a feverish interest in a new technique—was as feeble as it was futile; because it did not go even to the stem, much less, therefore, to the root of the real trouble. Painters would have done much better, had they simply laid down their palettes and declared art to be so difficult as to be almost impossible, unless a fresh poet-legislator arose, to give fresh spirit and a fresh faith to listless, anarchic and purposeless humanity.

Divorced from a general ruling scheme of existence, the graphic artist, therefore, now drifts upon the high seas of modern life like a rudderless derelict. Everyone goes his own way; everyone tries to whip his own blood into some kind of joy and enthusiasm over a self-discovered spirit; everyone is miserable, and everyone is beginning to whisper under his breath: "What is the purpose of the graphic arts?"

Very well, then, in such a state of affairs, if we take a man's technical skill for granted, as I certainly do in the case of Augustus John, what is there left by which to judge his position as a graphic artist? After you have finished marvelling at the stupendous beauty of his means in these jewels of pictures at the Goupil Gallery (Nos. 212-225), I simply ask you, according to what criterion are you going to judge this man's artistic joy—his enthusiasm as a man expressing life?

You have but one criterion—the nature of the subject. Where does he go? What does he like? What has he chosen? The answer to these questions will show you what he is. Is he a cow like most of our painters, does he love green grass for its own sake? Is he a crow, does he like the trees for their own sake? Is he a fish, does he like water for its own sake? Or is he a human being, a human lover? Shall I tell you why I like John? Because in the chaos of this abominable age, he not only seeks out the finest and healthiest type of man or woman, but seems to find joy only in the expression of that type. In this way he reveals his taste, and the man who reveals his taste places himself.

What surprises me nowadays is the extraordinary catholicity of taste shown by the Gallery owner, even of distinction. A glance round Messrs. William Marchant's rooms reveals a positive labyrinth of possible paths or directions in the graphic arts. This is genuine tolerance indeed. And tolerance is always a sign of indifference. Perhaps, however, Messrs William Marchant will reply, "Tous les goûts sont dans la nature," and purveyors to the public must not be pickers. I wonder whether this is really so. I wonder whether this is a claim which is altogether suited to the dignity of a purveyor of works of art.

The best of the John's are: "The Orange Apron" (No. 215), "The Blue Pond" (No. 216), "On the Slopes of the Arenig-Fach" (No. 218), and the "Lily at Llwynythyl" (No. 222).

At the Alpine Club, where the New Society of Water-Colour Painters are exhibiting, there is a good deal of very interesting work. Foremost among the painters with genuine good taste and remarkable mastery of their medium, I would mention R. G. Eves. There is a wonderful directness, precision and simplicity about his "Cliffs near Petites Dalles." A variety of planes are carefully sought and found, within a gamut so small that the average painter could do nothing with it. Numbers 2 and 3 are particularly good. Though they are not devoid of serene poetical feeling, there is no trace in them of that disingenuous inclination to dramatic effect, which so often takes the place of real feeling, and which, I am sorry to say, I find in some of the work of men like William Monk and H. Davis Richter (see the latter's "Transport," for instance). Mr. Eves is not so happy in "A Lane in St. Martin" (No. 5), and I wish he had not exhibited it. It spoils his group. Frederick Catchpole is particularly good. He has a great command of his medium and his people are all breathing and alive. "Refreshments in the Garden" is excellent. D. Murray Smith, like most Northerners who go South, carried his own repertory of moods with him. When the Italians wanted him to sing "Santa Lucia," quite methodically he intoned the songs of his Scottish ancestors, and when they called for the "Carnevale di Venezia" he gave them "On the Banks of Allan Water"—pardonable and comprehensible errors! The best of the group is "Old Houses in Florence" (No. 45). Here, the artist really seems to have found something in the South which was to his taste, with the result that, as is usual with him when he is at home with his subject, he has produced a delightful picture. A. Romilly Fedden is a careful worker, inclined to be perhaps a little bit trite. Pictures like No. 50 and No. 137 are good, of course, because they say clearly and ably all one can say about moonlight and the mystery of sleeping houses; but Mr. Fedden must be aware that all he can say about these things has been said again and again before. Let Mr. Atkinson paint the South Downs; I like his sheep-shearers and his group of horses, but surely the South Downs are also important personalities on the Downs! I must say that I am longing to see a painter give an adequate expression of all one feels on the marvellous hills in Sussex. Mr. Frederick Whiting would do well to pay heed to his drawing. The apparent ease and dexterity of his treatment are marred by the feeling that his drawing is not sound. Among others worthy of notice, upon whom I have not space to comment individually, are Walter Taylor (Nos. 76-79), Geoffrey Birkbeck (especially Nos. 80 and 84), Douglas Fox-Pitt (Nos. 85 and 88), Gerald Ackerman (No. 97), Gerald Leake (No. 101), Archibald Barnes (No. 103), Charles W. Simpson (No. 198), and Terrick Williams.

At the Dorien Galleries, South Kensington, there is an exhibition of pictures by the brothers Paul and John Nash, which has many very stimulating aspects. It contains the work of two young people, one of whom has undergone some schooling and the other none. The work is fresh, very often exuberant, and in many cases—especially where Mr. John Nash is concerned—quite exhilarating. Frankly, I am not quite convinced by Mr. Paul Nash's trees. Only here and there does he seem to make them of human interest (as in No. 5, for instance), and even then, one asks oneself how much is not borrowed from the old and much abused hour of day so deeply loved by Maeterlinck and all poets to whom the pallid, mysterious, vague and ghostly glimmer of moonlight is an eternal inspiration. I should really like to talk about these trees with Mr. Paul Nash. So far, I have not had an opportunity of doing so. But, after all I do not like trees as trees, for a subject. Pictures by Mr. Paul Nash which I infinitely prefer, are "Sunset in a Corn Valley" (No. 26), and "Green Hill" (No. 28). These really show some poetical feeling and a nice mastery of colour. It is in these pictures alone that Mr. Paul Nash makes any genuine appeal to me, if I could wish anything in the matter it would be that he might keep to this style. Mr. John Nash is obviously without training. What, therefore, is his charm? His charm is that of almost all untrained expressers—he is fresh, ingenuous, serene, frequently quite lucky in surpassing by intuition even trained dexterity, and he is as definite as a child in knowing what he wants to say and the best means within his power to say it. So much for his qualities, and they are evident enough in such works as "Evening under Sinodun" (No. 8), "The Fold under the Hill" (No. 9), and "The Train" (No. 16). But the appeal is always, to my mind, the appeal of a child. It is difficult to forget its immaturity. "Trees by the River" (No. 19), for instance, is as fresh and as beautiful as a child's cheek. But—I will not say more. Let Mr. John Nash understand this about schooling. Greatness and strength do not necessarily consist in avoiding a school, the best proof of their existence is very often shown in surviving it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. KENNEDY AND THE GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—We regret that Mr. Kennedy appears as a controversialist to be more ingenious than frank. His statement in the "Nineteenth Century" which we challenged was to the effect that workmen were not to be trusted with the large political powers conferred on them by the Guilds. We asked for any reference in our articles to justify the statement that the Guilds qua Guilds would be given political power at all. We denied, in fact, that we had maintained any other position than the exact contrary of the position attributed to us by Mr. Kennedy. In his reply (November 20), he fails to produce a single reference (as we knew he must fail), and merely argues that the economic power implied in the Guild monopoly of labour would result in a corresponding political power. Even this, however, is not true in the sense in which he employs our aphorism that economic power precedes political power; for he assumes that the political power consequent upon economic power is of the same magnitude. But the monopoly by a Guild of the economic power of its members, while naturally complete economically, is not politically complete. After all, there are other Guilds, and above all the Guilds there is the State. Each has a monopoly of its own labour, but not each of them can have a monopoly of political power. We expressly concede to the State the predominant political power by virtue of (1) its monopoly of the labour of the State Civil Guilds, and (2) its suzerainty in the matter of the National Industrial Guilds. With these in its control, its political supremacy is amply guaranteed. The remaining points of Mr. Kennedy's letter are equally due to an imperfect knowledge of economics and of trade union affairs. He imagines, for example, that Rent, Interest and Profits can be continued, or, as he says, taken for granted, even if the Unions are in co-partnership with the employers. But this is to misconceive the economic character of Rent, Interest and Profits entirely. If these are shared by the workmen, the wage-system is ipso facto destroyed, since the wage-earner has ex hypothesi become a partner in industry and does not pay to himself as separate accounts Rent, Interest and Profits. That a generation of workmen who have endured the Insurance tax without protest is unfit for the creation of Guilds we would agree; but, as you have pointed out, the Insurance Act is not by any means an accepted fact. Wonderful and past all whooping is the certainty that if not the Unionists the Liberals will be compelled to repeal its servile features. What will Mr. Kennedy be able to say then?

THE GUILD WRITERS.

* * *

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

Sir,—The "Guild Socialist's" reply is too "simplist." It would, no doubt, facilitate my destruction if I could be treated as a "Dionysian," not in the sense of a person who uses upon occasion to become reasonably drunk, but of a blithering idiot who repudiates the existence of form and matter. I can, however, assure you that even if I possessed congenital tendencies towards that particular form of idiocy, my religion would effectually check them. A proper regard for form and matter is demanded by Catholic philosophy, and has frequently been enforced in Catholic countries by the application of the rope and stake. I have no relations with Dionysos except such as appertain to the occasional drinking of the cheaper qualities of wine, and as for Purusha, I can assure you that I never so much as heard of the nasty creature prior to reading last week's NEW AGE.

I recognise the existence of form and matter as much as you. You recognise the existence of liberty and motive as much as myself. It is in the matter of when and where we recognise them that we differ. In matters political and economic, form and matter are represented by system and laws. Laws may be roughly divided into two sorts (a) those which are imposed upon the mind and will of the individual by his own conscience, guided by the precepts of a religion or philosophy, and (b) those which are imposed upon his social actions by society. For instance, a man may abstain from the beastly sin of usury: (a) because he has been educated by the Church or any other guide into feeling it wrong, and (b) because, even though he has no individual repugnance to it, it is forbidden by law. My contention is this: that the (a) class of laws are what really determine the character of society, and that the (b) class are only effectual in so far as they accord with and are the unforced fruit of the (a) class. In other words, statutes are no use unless backed by the genuine conviction of the people.

Thus we see how in America laws which have not this backing—prohibition laws, "morality" laws, etc.—become dead letters in a week. I, therefore, went on to make the very simple and very practical suggestion that any system of Guild Socialism imposed upon the nation should be preceded by the religious and moral reformation necessary to make it work. I maintained that the evils of this were due not to any "inevitable law of economics," but to the growth of an abnormal individual pride, avarice, and "fluid-mindedness." From this it follows that the proper remedy is the reformation of the individual mind and motive by religion. That effected, political and economic regulations will naturally follow, since there will always be an evilly-disposed minority to be coerced by force. But these regulations are in themselves unimportant and scarcely worth discussing at this stage, when the preliminary reformation of morals and motives has not so much as begun, and when, owing to the unpredictable flux of things, it is quite impossible to foresee the circumstances with which we shall have to deal at its finish.

You, on the other hand, will not accept this way of doing things. You make the tacit assumption that the mind of the individual is irreformable: that the exploiters of to-day are normal and not abnormal persons: that the pride, avarice, and "fluid-mindedness" of which I complain are irremediable in men. If that were so, there would be no alternative to "throwing up the sponge"; since if men are determined to indulge an uncontrolled lust for gold, they will surely find a way of indulging it, and a system of guilds will be turned to the purposes of their avarice as surely a system of private enterprise. I do not question the value of economic and political regulations when resting upon a sound foundation of religious conviction. But I do assert that it is no better than a waste of time to begin at the wrong end of the stick, and to attempt by mere unsupported economic bye-laws the reformation of a society whose individuals you have left as determined as ever to pursue their evil courses. If you assert, as I know you do assert, that mere religion or conscience is insufficient in itself to mitigate the fierceness of the anti-social passions: that masters always will sweat their servants, and large capitalists always will stamp out smaller ones, creed or no creed, then I will reply that, although I think you grossly undervalue the potency of religion, yet there are plausible and logical arguments for your contention. But also that if you really believe it, you had better close down THE NEW AGE and go and shoot yourselves, for if the majority of the members of a society are resolved to do evil, they will do it, and signs made upon pieces of paper (which in all laws are unsupported by moral conviction) will certainly not stop them.

Your only reply to this is to show that you have not forgotten the religious psychological factor: that you appreciate the importance of a preliminary moral reformation as much as I do: that you have plans for it, and that you have started to carry it out. If you will seriously maintain this I am ready to answer you. For the present I will only remark that it is not enough to show that you have tried to work up a political and economic solidarity upon certain points. That sort of thing is simply a working agreement useful only for immediate purposes. It does not reform, it scarcely affects men's minds in the long run. To reform a society there is required a mystical exaltation, an almost fanatical conviction which experience has shown may originate in supernatural religion, Catholic or otherwise, but which certainly never has, and certainly never will, spring from politics or economics pure and simple.

The truth is, however, that the religious method is not open to you since it requires a surrender of that mental anarchy, of that philosophic freedom to believe anything and everything (whereas religion, of course, implies adherence to something, and, therefore, rejection of everything opposed to it) which you cling to so tenaciously. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that no two of you yourselves are in real agreement upon first principles: and yet you hope to bring the world into agreement with you upon those second principles, so to speak, which are determined by the first ones. It is, of course, this anarchy of first principles which forces you to such rigid unity in second principles. We, who are rigid in our religion and our philosophy, can allow ourselves a certain amount of latitude in our politics and economics: for we know that persons who set out with the same object will arrive more or less at the same spot,

although their methods of arriving there may differ superficially. You, on the other hand, who, consciously or sub-consciously, cherish as many different aims as persons, can only avoid immediate anarchy by an insistence upon a rigid uniformity in superficials. You cannot afford to appear disunited—because you are so.

You will therefore understand how I am not moved by any suggestions that we should agree upon the Guild system as an immediate practical remedy for immediate ills. Knowing, as I do, that the value of systems is determined by the ideas behind them, I see that such an agreement would be illusory: that even where we seemed to walk together we should be diverging: that even where the appearance of our actions was the same, the reality would be different. My Guild-Socialism would be utterly different in essentials from your Guild-Socialism. Even if they were outwardly the same at first, the inward difference would soon make itself apparent. I doubt whether we should even agree upon what we detest in the present state of society—let alone upon its remedies.

After all this it is, perhaps, unnecessary to re-explain my attitude towards "wagery." Catholics recognise nothing inherently wrong in the wage-system. But they maintain that in a Catholic society the proper distribution of capital will be ensured by the desire of the majority for property for themselves and the respect for it in others. A certain minority of the population will always be maintained by wages, at any rate, for a portion of their lives and until they have accumulated enough to "set up on their own." But there is nothing wrong in this so long as such persons are decently treated—which they will be in a decent society. Your contention that wages will always sink to subsistence level is nonsense. It rests upon the tacit assumption that employers will always endeavour to force them down to it: and in a decent state of public opinion this is not the case, although it may be so at present. This idea of yours that all men *must* be sweaters and extortioners for ever because of some "economic law" is what I referred to when I said that you repudiated free will.

E. COWLEY.

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Sir,—It was a very proper modesty that made you concentrate on what, knowing your limitations, you might hope to understand and explain—the economic, the material factors in the Guild System. You very nicely left the spiritual aspect to your betters. It's all right. Mrs. Sidney Webb supplies what the Webbs call "the mystic touch." In the next lecture, Mrs. Webb expounds "the socialist ideal rooted in mysticism."

Thereafter, some will return to the crudest view of the material interpretation of history. I think they will be forgiven hereafter.

Incidentally, I often wonder why the thirteenth century ever left off.

M. D. EDER.

* * *

Sir,—Reading Mr. J. M. Robertson's "Short History of Freethought" lately, I came upon the passage (Vol. I, p. 85) which I thought might interest you, as it did me, especially since the writer is a member of His Majesty's Government:—

Mencuis, who was a sociologist, and excels not only Lao-Tze, but also Confucius, put his finger on the central force in Chinese history when he taught that "it is only men of education who, without a certain livelihood, are able to maintain a fixed heart.

"As to the people, if they have not a fixed livelihood, it follows that they will not have a fixed heart." (Legge's Mencuis, p. 49.)

So clearly was the truth seen in China over two thousand years ago.

HORACE C. SIMMONS.

* * *

"THE WORLD OF LABOUR."

Sir,—I must begin by thanking you for the notice of my book, "The World of Labour," in your issue of November 20. Your reviewer did, I think, emphasise the most important points of those chapters with which he dealt—which were, indeed, the most fundamentally significant. If I intrude upon your space, it is in part to explain myself further upon some points of disagreement, but still more to offer an unqualified apology. You tell me that I have misrepresented the structure of the Guilds upon an essential point: I can only express my regrets and endeavour to condone, though not to excuse, the fault. I revised the chapter to which you refer in haste and at the last moment, and, being then as now out of reach of my accumulated copies of THE NEW AGE, I had only my memory to rely on. It was then I inserted the passages of which you complain. I am, unfortunately, still unable to refer to the articles in question, and I cannot, therefore, do more than take your repudiation on trust, and apologise. I ask your permission to return to the question in December, when I shall be able to look up the necessary references. I especially regret that such a mistake should have occurred, because, had I realised the aspect of your proposals aright, there might well have been less room for difference between us.

I pass now to the points in your review with which I am in a position to deal. You criticise me for my "failure to pose the true implications of wagery" in my opening chapters. My omission was, as you surmise, intentional. I hold, with you, that the "abolition of the wage system" is the necessary preliminary to social reconstruction; but I hold also that, in one sense at least, it is not yet practical politics. In my chapter on the Labour Unrest, I endeavoured throughout to avoid introducing my own theories, borrowed or original, except in so far as I could seem already at work in the world of Labour. I was trying to describe and not to reconstruct. Any definite discussion of the abolition of wagery—there is much said of it by way of implication—would have been foreign to my purpose at that stage. The plan on which I built up my book, that of proceeding from the simpler to the more complex, from the indefinite unrest to the definite reconstruction, may, or may not, have been a bad one; but, such as it was, I adhered to it consistently. I still hold it to be the best way of approaching the question.

Secondly, you draw attention to the "unconscious humour" of my definition of Syndicalism. I ask you to give me credit for enough humour not to be entirely unmoved by the spectacle of English Syndicalism endeavouring to be logical. When, however, we have had our laugh, we may as well recognise that we cannot expect of a new movement that complete lucidity which is the result of long years of trial and error. Syndicalism as a logical theory is, in fact, like the Holy Roman Empire of which you speak, "at present, nowhere."

You go on to give an extremely kind description of my chapters on the Labour movement in France, and with what you say on this head, I have, naturally, no quarrel. Where, however, you criticise my view of the American movement, I feel justified in reaffirming most of what I said. It is true that the Steel Trust controls less than 60 per cent. of the American iron and steel industry, and that a close ring in this country controls a far higher percentage. It is true that the cartel system in Germany is "a higher form of industrial organisation than anything in America." But this does not radically affect my position. The "cartel" and "ring" systems are not, in their effect on the relations between labour and capital, identical with the trust system. The "cartel" and "ring" systems involve far less uniformity, far less crushing out of the element of diversity between different employers, than is the case with the trusts. Moreover, my point was largely that in America the normal unit of production is very much greater. The firms outside the Steel Trust are not isolated small firms; they are, in all save name, really competing trusts. America is far more dominated than Europe by the trust spirit in industry; I do not hold that its capitalist organisation is more perfect. As, however, I cannot make a complete answer on this point without running to an impossible length, I must be content to leave it at that.

Further, you say that I exaggerate the importance of the difference between "native" and "immigrant" labour, and here, I think, you a little misunderstand me. My point was not so much that immigrant labour is less intelligent, though as the immigrants come more from the backward parts of Eastern Europe, I think this will be increasingly the case. I admit that the immigrants include many highly intelligent and "revolutionary" persons; but I think I made it quite clear that my ground for holding it useless to preach to them the abolition of wagery is that wages and nothing else, are what they come to America to get. America is for them, as I said, "a hell that is not eternal, a place where wages are to be earned."

I come next to your criticism of my treatment of the general strike; and here, I think, we reach our most important point of difference. You accept my demolition of the general strike as a weapon of politics or anti-militarism, or as an attempt to overthrow society as a whole; but you regard it as important in connection with a demand for the abolition of wagery. Here I draw your attention to a distinction—I do not accuse

you of overlooking it—which I made plain between a *National* strike of one industry, or two or three acting together, and a *General* strike of all industries. It was against the latter alone that my criticism was for the time directed. I hold that to suppose the workers sufficiently alive to the importance of abolishing wagery for a general strike to be possible is to hold them awake enough to dispense with it. The notion is, to my mind, too catastrophic. Long before all the workers are awake, some particular section that is ahead of them in ideas—the railwaymen, for instance—will have secured a more or less complete Guild organisation, and be running smoothly. I hold, therefore, that the question of the possibility of striking against the wage system must be considered in relation to the National and not to the General strike. Here I come to the fundamental point which your whole attitude seems to me to overlook. You say that such a strike would, in the end, succeed, even if "the employers of Great Britain were as effectively organised as were the employers of Sweden in 1908." But, as I hold, and as I stated in my book, this view overlooks an essential element in the situation. Long before the workers are ready with their National strike, the State will have stepped in and, whether we like it or not, will have nationalised the threatened industry. How certain this is to happen we were shown very clearly only the other day. The immense growth of the National Union of Railwaymen and the half-conscious evolution towards Guild-organisation has been followed immediately by the first steps in the direction of nationalisation. The Government has paved the way for taking over the industry as soon as the men clearly mean business. Nationalisation of railways, mines, etc., in fact, of any industry in which the Guild menace becomes apparent, is inevitable, whether the Fabian Society and the Labour Party choose to welcome it as a triumph for Socialism or not. Your National strike, therefore, will have to be directed, not against the organised employer, but against the State. I do not deny that, State or no State, the important thing is to educate the workers up to making such a demand, and to persuade them so to strengthen their union that no reasonable demand they make can be refused; but I hold that the position is fundamentally altered when the State, and not the organised employer, is the enemy in prospect. The results of a gigantic conflict between the State and the organised workers in some one great industry would be so appalling, and the issue, moreover, so doubtful, that we cannot afford to leave unexamined the possibility of a voluntary gradual concession by the State to the unions of the control of industry. Such a concession would, no doubt, be made very much more readily if the union concerned were so strong as to be dangerous, even to the organised power of the State.

Lastly, I should like to refer to a few points in your review which refer to my conception of what is involved in the abolition of wagery. You quote my "fears of Guild-profiteering." My actual remark is that "the objections to Guild-profiteering are as fundamental as the objections to any other sort of profiteering." You do not deny this; but hold Guild-profiteering to be impossible. I quite agree that it is, on your system; but my remark referred, not, I fear, so explicitly as it should have done, to foolish advocacy of the Guild-system. Such foolish friends are not unknown even to THE NEW AGE. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* I quite agree that your complete Guild system involves the abolition of rent, interest, and profits; but I am not clear that the future will be as logical as you would rightly wish it to be. Is not a wrong Guild system, which would admit of profiteering, possible, and therefore not negligible? Many Syndicalists who borrow your ideas seem to me to advocate such a system, and it is clearly the aim of the Industrial Democracy League and the energetic Syndicalists of the South Wales coalfield. The authors of "The Miners' Next Step," clearly contemplate such a future. I confess, however, that I failed to make myself clear, and I therefore bow to your rebuke. The question whether the amount and character of the Guilds' production is to be determined by a Guilds' Congress or by the State, through a decentralised system such as my book very roughly sketches (and such as I hope to make more explicit in a book I am now writing), seems to me to be a minor point. I am not clear that it is necessary that "the State must be absolutely relieved of all economic preoccupations." That it must be freed from controversial economics I fully agree; the point here at issue is merely one of convenience, upon which I have no wish to be dogmatic. The objection usually advanced to control by a Guilds Congress is that it still represents producers and not consumers, whereas it is as much the business of consumers to decide what goods they want as it is of producers to decide how they shall be made. This point, however, I, at least, should be content to leave unsettled. I have, perhaps, been led to insist on it too much from living in the atmosphere of Fabianism, where it is almost the only question discussed when mention is made of Guild-Socialism.

I fear my reply has run to inordinate lengths; but these are, after all, at the moment the fundamental questions of Socialism, and I, therefore, make no apology for desiring to sift them thoroughly. My sole apology is for having misrepresented your position. I value the opinion of THE NEW AGE on such a work as mine far more highly than that of any other journal; and you must pardon me if I show my appreciation by my prolixity. I will see to it that you are not misrepresented in subsequent editions. G. D. H. COLE.

* * *

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Sir,—My only concern in sending this letter is to express the annoyance (mixed with amusement) caused to the Ottoman Committee by Ali Fahmy's sixth "suggestion," viz., "To establish an Ottoman Committee to counteract at least the evil work of the Balkan Committee." Ali Fahmy knows very well that the Ottoman Committee is already established and working successfully under powerful patronage, for (1) he has copied his phraseology from one of our leaflets issued two months ago, and of which I enclose a copy; and (2) he was, *for a short time,* a member of that Committee. I enclose evidence of our existence, and that Lord Mowbray is our president, Lord Lamington and Sir J. D. Rees, M.P., our vice-presidents. We are in direct touch with the Committee of National Defence (Constantinople), and have been complimented by the Heir-Apparent to the Ottoman throne for our work on behalf of Turkey.

ARTHUR FIELD, Acting Secretary.

* * *

Sir,—Is it permitted to a friend of Turkey and of the Turks to record a mild protest against Mr. Ali Fahmi Mohamed's article. It is a piece of irresponsible mischief, inaccurate, untimely, and offensive. If repeated, it would counteract to a great extent the good results obtained by your other writer on Turkey—an authoritative and curbed pen, this—Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall. I might respect Ali Fahmi's written opinion of Egyptian affairs. But he merely muddles through things Turkish.

(1) Djavid Bey himself said it, the financial boycott is, thank God, an impossibility.

(2) How can England or anyone else restrain the people who call themselves leader-writers and editors in this plastic country? Why should the Turks mind the "Pall Mall Gazette" or the "Times"? We do not.

(3) If the Young Turks object to certain members of the British Embassy staff in Turkey, they can easily obtain their recall. I am an ardent admirer of the Young Turk leaders, and I feel confident that they know their own business better than Mr. Ali Fahmi Mohamed.

(4) Finally, Sir, there *is* an Ottoman Committee in London, and I have the honour to serve on it. It is young but full of hope. The interference of people like Ali Fahmi is most undesirable to them. I cannot silence him but he worries me. Are there not enough *mouches du coche* in the world? GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

* * *

CLERICAL LABOUR AND THE GUILDS.

Sir,—Mr. Percy Bastow does not understand why I am no longer a member of the N.U.C., because he is only superficially acquainted with the principles of Guild-Socialism as enumerated by the writers of the articles. He would appear to believe that the pristine precepts of trade unionism are the essentials of the later doctrine. He says that, while the N.U.C. idea is practical, a Boilermakers' Guild, comprising all the workers in the trade, productive and non-productive, is relatively a dream. There we differ. Why, then, does he and the assistant secretary of the N.U.C. marvel at my resignation?

Your correspondent agrees with me that the Guild-system will be inaugurated with the assistance of the clerk. Surely, then, the clerk should be educated not in the ancient dogmas of trade unionism, but in the wiser teachings of Guild-Socialism. I am also of the opinion that the rank and file need enlightenment; I cannot, however, recognise the necessity of leading them gradually

up to the Guild ideal by the discredited paths of State Interference and the Minimum Wage. If I comprehend it aright, Guild-Socialism is something more than a compulsory wage minimum of 35s. per week and office inspection by Government inspectors. If I am not mistaken, its *immediate* object is the abolition of the wage system. On this, and on this alone, every nerve should be concentrated. Further, as the establishment of the Guilds implies the conversion of the *trade* unions to that idea, I fail to conceive of a reason for the permanent existence of the N.U.C., unless that body is opposed to the ethics of Guild-Socialism. Your readers, no doubt, in that event would be pleased to learn the objection. Jack of all trades, master of none, a metamorphosis of the N.U.C. into a Guild is impossible. A Guild of clerks is primâ facie absurd. Clerks will undertake the clerical work of those trades in which they are now employed. Consequently, before the conversion of the unions of those trades into Guilds is an accomplished fact, the unions must open wide their doors to the mental workers.

I am not at all surprised to hear that clerical workers in trade union offices are poorly paid at the present time. I should be astonished if it were otherwise. At the moment, unions are non-productive, and are simply kept alive by the subscriptions of their members. They do not exploit the earth's resources to their own and the State's advantage; they are, or should be, endeavouring to create a labour monopoly in their own industry. In such work there can be no remuneration. The chains of the worker will not fall to the ground without a violent struggle. The gyves of the slave will not break when the cross is made on the ballot paper. Industrial action is industrial war; it is not a prayer for charity nor a supplication for capitalist doles; it is a battle for freedom. In the fight for liberty who so despicable as to dispute his pay? Every worker in a trade union office from top to bottom should be obsessed with the cause. If he looks for material advancement he has mistaken his calling; he should have entered the Church. As it is, he often enters Parliament. Pay and honourable employment is preferable to the highest wage. There *is* a psychological factor!

In ten years' time, we are told, at the actual rate of increase, the N.U.C. will have mustered in its fold every clerk in Great Britain. Six thousand per annum join—fancy that! I am obliged to Mr. Bastow for this information. It makes me thrill. At one time I must have been a member of a great secret society into the mysteries of which I was never initiated. What is the sign of mutual recognition? London is crammed with clerks; 'bus, tram, and tube are choked with them. The room in which I toil is packed with them. Naturally one would expect to hear such a vital thing as the N.U.C. discussed, applauded, and appraised. Where I am engaged, three out of three hundred I know are members. In a recent public demonstration by the N.U.C. many of the participators were masked. Is the N.U.C. ashamed? That cannot be. Mr. Bastow reassures us. It is a force, because numerically it is a consideration.

Judged, however, by his action and general deportment, the unit has little faith in this combination as an economic power. He is wise. Clerk with clerk has joined hands merely to sing "Auld Lang Syne," to masquerade. Clerks know if their salary is to be increased they must still apply to the boss. They understand that Asquith, Bonar Law, and the rest of the political worthies cannot assist them. They have grasped that elemental fact in economics. They know, too, that it is no use striking; they possess no economic force unless they are supported by the unions of manual labour. There they must be invited to join; they will welcome the opportunity. It must be conceded them if wagedom is to be annihilated. I am waiting for nothing else but this.

REGINALD CLOAKE.

* * *

WAGES AND VOTES.

Sir,—The following extract from Frederick Roger's "Labour, Life and Literature," may interest you and your readers. He says:—

"It is believed by many workmen that wages can be influenced by votes, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the soundest logic in their contendings. The silly women of the political world, who seem bent on proving the truth of Schopenhauer's dictum that the woman is the inferior animal, believe—or think they do—that wages can be influenced by votes, but when votes and wages are brought together, the result is corruption and monstrous births."

One hardly expected support for THE NEW AGE views from such an old man in the labour and trade union world, but it gives us hope for the younger men.

F. J. ORCHIN.

* * *

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—In a review of "The New Democracy," the editor of the "Irish Homestead" writes as follows: "If we were the Cæsar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinction, but we would take care to keep under lock and key such lean and hungry folk as the Editor of THE NEW AGE, who appears more like the Cassius who is to put an end to the dominion of capital." Pleasant suggestion, isn't it? The "Clarion" has published, according to announcement, a Synopsis of the National Guilds System by one of the several writers who have, I understand, collaborated with you in the work. The synopsis is extremely able and has been given the place of honour. A symposium is promised, and I shall look for some good material in the "Clarion" for my future comments. Poor old "Justice," on the other hand, all behind as usual, has not the temerity to mention the Guilds even in a review of a book full of the subject—Mr. Cole's "World of Labour." The "New Witness," I think, is mentioned once by Mr. Cole; THE NEW AGE and the Guild System at least a score of times specifically, and many more indirectly. "Justice" quotes the reference to the "New Witness" (an anti-Socialist journal), but not THE NEW AGE. The review is signed by the Editor. Silly baby! Mr. Walkden, in the "Railway Clerk," urges his men to combine in order to have some representation on the controlling authority of the railways and also "to improve their position.' The former has some appeal in it, but the latter, being loaves and fishes individually received, has no value for a union appeal. Men who can be induced to join a union to improve their personal position can be induced to desert it for the same purpose. It is a better status for their class that the unions must strive to win. The literary causeur of the "Glasgow News," having referred to THE NEW AGE writers as "curious people who fizz like damp squibs," Mr. J. H. Benzies replies in defence, with a neat exposition of the National Guild System, and asks if that is a damp squib.

PRESS-CUTTER.

* * *

A "NEW WITNESS" FORECAST.

Sir,—It is not often that a journal has the courage to make a specific forecast. I, therefore, ask you to record the following from the "New Witness" of November 20: "There is certain to be a General Election within the next six months—probably sooner [sic]. As a result of that election it is practically certain that the present Government will be dismissed, and the other team [will?] take office."

D. V.

* * *

NIETZSCHE AND FUTURISM.

Sir,—The "Daily Herald" of November 28 publishes a letter from "A Working Man," which is of great value, inasmuch as it draws a sharp line between Nietzsche and Futurism. As there seems to be an impression that Nietzscheanism and Futurism have some points of similarity, I think that the concluding portion of the letter is well worth reproducing:—

"In conclusion, these Post-Nietzscheans (i.e., the Futurists) shall speak for themselves: and Nietzsche, writing before them, shall answer them:—

"'We are too much of warriors, we Futurists, to have children, we who will that a masterpiece shall be burned with the corpse of its creator, we, who have a horror of working for immortality.' Thus the impudent ones (i.e., the Futurists).

"And Nietzsche's scornful answer:—'I would have thy victory and freedom long for a child. Living monuments shalt thou build to thy victory and emancipation. Beyond thyself thou shalt build. *But first of all must thou be built thyself, upright in body and soul.*'"

(Thus spake Zarathustra.)

"The desire for destruction, change and becoming, may be the expression of overflowing power, pregnant with futurity; but it may also be the *hatred of the ill-constituted, destitute and unfortunate,* which destroys and must destroy, because the enduring, yea, all that endures, in fact, all being, excites and provokes it.

"(The Joyful Wisdom.)

"A WORKING MAN."

Our working man is quite right: there only remains one thing to be added. The line between Nietzsche and

the Futurists is very marked: the two creeds are like day and night. A true Nietzschean at once scents the decadence of Futurism: he likewise knows whence the decadence arises. But what about the line between Futurist and other modern artists? It is by no means so strongly marked: for the Futurists only draw the logical consequences of the values which the modern artist himself acknowledges. They courageously express what the modern artist is too cowardly to express: Anarchy and Nihilism. In other words, modern art is half decadent, Futurism is wholly decadent. Their quarrel reminds me of a story I heard in America about a dispute between two coloured women, of whom one cried to the other: "Go on, you brute, I'm not half as black as you!" Futurism, therefore, *has* a certain value, not in itself, of course, but as a danger-signal to those who are somewhat slow in diagnosing the malady of the age, to those who perhaps still indulge in an easy optimism about our future progress. "Progress where to?" Disraeli used to ask. Futurism gives the answer.

I need not add, for those who know, that what I have said of art is also true of politics—with this one difference, that art invariably anticipates politics in the discovery of new movements and ideas. OSCAR LEVY.

* * *

SUFFRAGETTES AND "SEX."

Sir,—Well may the "Daily News and Leader" hold up its hands in pious horror at the "unprintable" portions of Mr. Belfort Bax's "Fraud of Feminism." Well, too, may the "Times" and other superior papers superciliously cast the aspersion of bad taste upon Sir Almroth Wright's narrow-minded generalisations. The wild Suffragettes have, in one small pamphlet, made the efforts of their "Antis" to transgress the rules of reticence seem trivial and commonplace. For sheer, unbridled hysteria, for a wholesale orgy of erotic nonsense, Miss Christabel Pankhurst's booklet on "Plain Facts About a Great Evil," which Mr. Nutt printed last week, takes the unchallenged palm.

But the pruriency of this collection of articles is far from being their chief fault. Mr. Belfort Bax is outspoken, Sir Almroth Wright does not beat about the bush. And if goody-goody people are shocked, good, not harm, has been done. The world would be all the better if people could be shocked more often.

And, for the sake of argument, I am willing to forget that for every doctor and professor that Miss Christabel quotes in support of her fine sounding, but absolutely meaningless, ideals, one, if not two, can be found to advocate the opposite.

The trouble with Miss Pankhurst is that she possesses the popular journalist's propensity to rush into print on a subject she has only half grasped. And she is far more dogmatic than the greatest expert would dare to be. Miss Pankhurst may perhaps herself remember how many years ago, with a pigtail hanging down her back, she challenged a Roman Catholic bishop at a garden party to justify his belief in Christianity. The good man, who had risked his life a hundred times accompanying expeditions into Egypt and Afghanistan for the good of his faith, laughed at her, of course. But that did not cure Miss Christabel: she is still the same.

It must be borne in mind that this pamphlet, while addressed to the whole world in general and naughty men in particular, is going to be read only by a relatively small section of women—the author's own admirers. It is all very well for Mr. Wells to describe Suffragette literature indulgently as the "cackling of geese." This stuff is having a very perceptible effect on the women who dote on it, and they already exist in sufficient numbers for its influence to be felt throughout the community. Apart from the exaggerated importance they attach to the vote, there are these absurd notions on other matters which they want to put into practice. And they do this on those around them.

The effect of the writings of single women, with their incomplete experience of life, and consequent narrow outlook, on a half-baked mass of impressionable young girls and mature women who are just awakening to thought, is vitiating in the extreme.

A really advanced mind must admit that the transformation of "idealist" women into "realist" ones, in the jargon of Mr. Bernard Shaw, ought to make for the betterment of the world. But they may be for ever spoilt in the process if they are fed on these false values, these false interpretations of reality, and their fine rebellion will be against the inexorable. Worse, it will leave their daughters for ever stained.

Miss Lena Ashwell, in words of inspiration the other day, reached the very crux of the matter. She was speaking of a certain class of play. Her words apply exactly to this noxious pamphlet. Because Miss Pankhurst alleges that certain men behave in disgusting ways, and that they indulge in petty deceit to hide their infidelities from their wives and womenfolk, her readers at once begin to suspect their brothers, next their husbands, then their fathers, and, finally, their own sons, of all acting in that way. As a matter of fact, several women in the Suffrage movement undeniably have been very shabbily treated by the rotten men their ignorance allowed them to trust. So have many outside it. But it is not these women who are excited over Miss Pankhurst's "revelations." It is the impressionable young girls and comfortably married women who think their eyes have been opened, and who start playing the spy to try and surprise a chance admission of guilt.

But the evil of Miss Pankhurst's writings does not stop at creating trouble among grown-ups. She openly advises mothers to let their daughters read her. I myself a little while back found a little girl reading a number of the "Suffragette," in which these articles first appeared. Imagine the unholy quagmire the mind of that formerly charming child of twelve must have become for her to ask me: "What is this syphilis they talk about?" Even the most callous and superficial will agree that a little more delicacy should be employed in dealing with such questions towards our young.

MONTGOMERY BELGION.

* * *

Sir,—I little thought that, in replying to Mr. Hood, I should call down the wrath of Mrs. Hastings upon me; especially at a time when she ought to be exclusively occupied with the Christmas puddings! She lies in wait for any of your correspondents who do not uphold the traditional idea of woman's position, and, of course, she at once proceeds to label me a "Suffragist." Why, I cannot imagine. I expressed no opinion whatever on the desirability or otherwise of the vote. I suppose she finds it easier to deal with me when she has this red rag in front of her, especially when I particularly want to avoid the confusion of thought and quagmire of falsehood surrounding this subject of the franchise.

With regard to functional disturbances, I certainly can only repeat that man certainly *is* subject to them in a less degree. I am even prepared to make the qualification more emphatic if that will satisfy Mrs. Hastings, but to go further would mean entering into a physiological discussion which has been rendered quite unnecessary since "A. E. R.'s" statements on this subject.

Perhaps Mrs. Hastings will believe the facts given by Mr. Belfort Bax in "The Fraud of Feminism." Will she tell me this—Can she read Chapter II of this book, describing the extraordinary physical and mental differences between man and woman, and still dare to tell me, bearing in mind the higher animals, that these differences are natural and healthy? Again, does Mrs. Hastings uphold suppression of birth as natural and healthy? Yet, surely, its necessity is at least in some measure due to this same excessive differentiation with its accompanying abnormal sex appetite.

This is why prostitution is almost as old as mankind. It is very much aggravated by economic causes, but this is its root.

"Women are born and not made," Mrs. Hastings declares. Surely "woman," as Mrs. Hastings conceives her, is both born and made. She is tending now to be less and less "made," and this will gradually affect the amount of traditional "woman" born in her.

Mrs. Hastings claims that Nature is on her side. This is where we differ fundamentally. I say that woman's traditional position was not natural, and that it has wrought enormous havoc with her physical and mental physique.

I don't in the least wish to claim women's privileges or to give up any claim (only a *claim* you notice) to physical and mental stability which Mrs. Hastings is good enough to grant me. It is only that I am conceited enough to value these qualities in man and to want women to share them and become less and less accustomed to her "privileges." I want to get rid of this eternal sex obsession in both man and woman, this everlasting pandering to the base side of a necessary function. Until something of this nature occurs I don't see that man can progress alone very far.

I am quite incompetent to discuss Sappho with Mrs. Hastings. From what I remember of her she would only

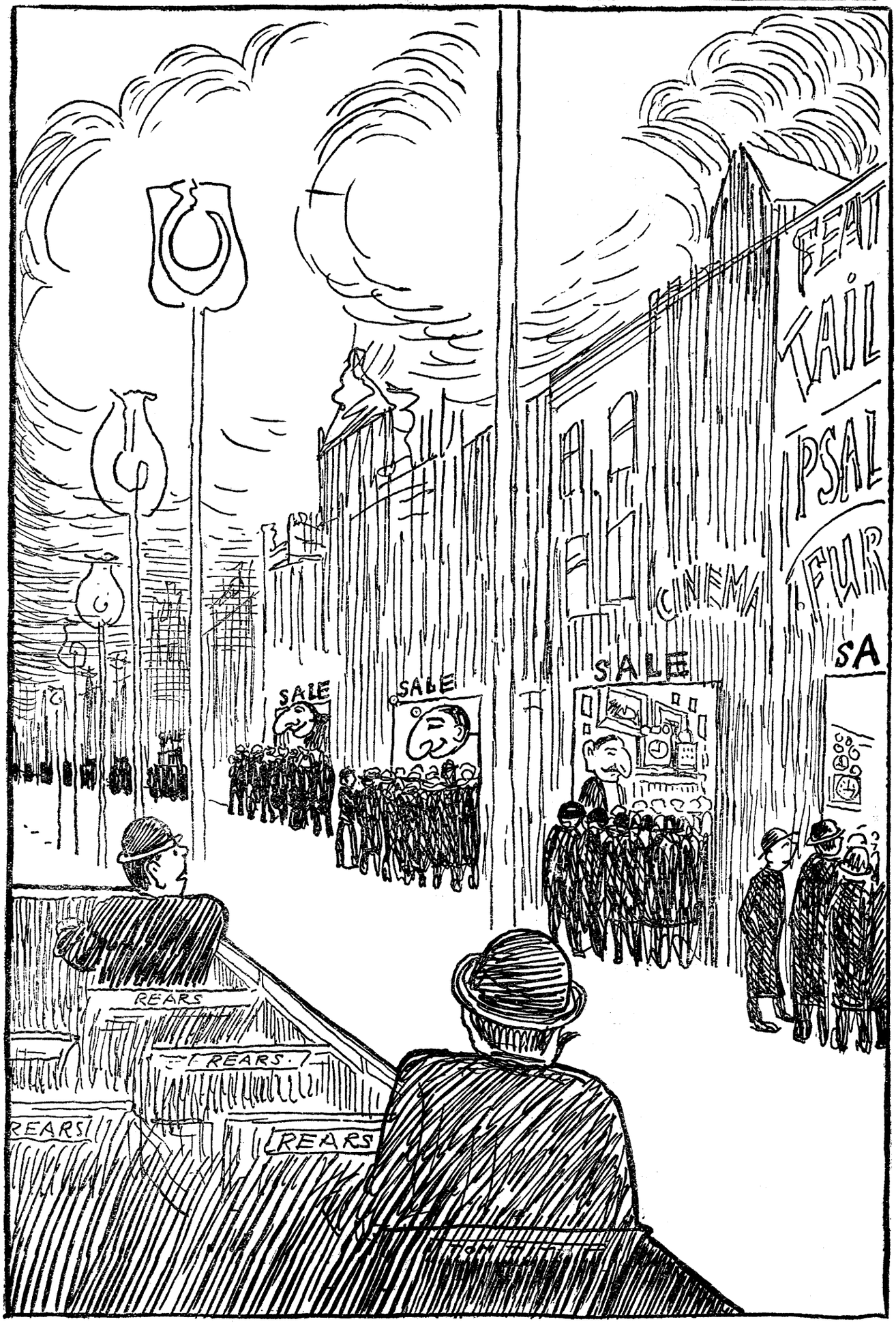
bore me, whereas I find Mrs. Hastings most interesting, and can only regret that the interest is not mutual.

J. A. FROME WILKINSON.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: Mr. Frome Wilkinson named me with Mr. Hood. Why should he not have expected me to reply? I replied that any physical parallel between men and women is preposterous. The disturbance in women is as certain and so important to us that even the Law takes account of it. I refuse to "bear in mind the higher animals," or any animals. The common physical and psychological facts about men and women are serviceable, whereas we know little about animals; and the first of facts for a woman is that she must prepare against a regular physical disability—or pay for her neglect; loss of beauty, mannish appearance, and premature age are the least of the penalties. The traditional conduct of women is rightly based on this fact. Our instinct is for privacy. I believe that much of the mysterious indignation of married women against men will subside as women find out that they can really get rest and privacy by merely asking for it. I find that middle-class Englishwomen are afraid to ask for their own room for fear of offending; this is an absurd mistake which makes many marriages unhappy. A woman must have some place to herself if she means to remain interested in things, and comely and charming. To conclude the physiological discussion which Mr. Frome Wilkinson induces while feigning to avoid it, let me give my opinion that the question of maternity had better be left to the woman to decide. I have long since learned that most women want one or two children and many a large family; also, that their sufferings differ as widely as those of Leah and Rachael. For my part, I would as soon volunteer for the rack, and the warnings of "A. E. R." would not move me in the least, as his accumulation of horrors is to my experience very unlikely, but what I know, I know. I suppose I never miss children because everybody's baby is mine, and I get a family wherever I live, but this is by the way.

I did not mean to suggest that Mr. Frome Wilkinson had really no more than a claim to masculine physical and mental stability. I did mean to say that I think that he is all wrong about women's necessities—good-naturedly so, but we have suffered so much lately from strenuous masculine good-nature. It has allowed us to grow repulsively athletic, to get the street face, the blue-stocking face, the commercial face, to acquire the clerk's fear of illness and age, to take responsibilities that make our lives one grind and "scrap" all feminine variety—in short, these too obliging men have led, if not driven, us to demand an exposed position which we have already begun to hate—and to beat against a defended one which was mostly to our advantage, and which may be nearly as difficult to recover as it was to abandon. I do detest the male feminist and suffragist (I continue to regard Mr. Frome Wilkinson as such until he denies it), because even when he is sincere, which is seldom, he is no better than an unintentional enemy. Mr. Frome Wilkinson cannot endow women with a masculine physique, and, without this, his attempt to plaster masculine qualities on women is no service to us. We have already gone all wrong in imitating men's education and works. We acquire the education, but we cannot use it in works—a miserable pretension. It seems to me quite possible that there may be a feminine culture as well as a masculine one, and our efforts should go to discover it. Its basis is social, I feel certain, not competitive. Our life-drama is other than men's, and in this difference we must stand for any originality. Men's pleasant contempt of our flattering imitation of their naturally objective works and habits is too small a reward for all our pains. Even Mr. Frome Wilkinson appears to try and disconcert me about the puddings, and to make fun of Sappho. You might conclude that women would be wrong with him whatever they did—and you would probably be right to conclude so. Women do eternally bore the male feminist, hence his meddling! Mr. Frome Wilkinson means to disconcert me both about literary and domestic work, and I am thankful to think that he cannot, however good-naturedly, interfere with either. He mollifies me in his concluding sentence which he would never have addressed to a man! I conclude, on my part, that he would be quite interesting if he were not bothering about us. We can manage!

BEATRICE HASTINGS.]



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