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 leader, and have only themselves to thank when Mr. Larkin has engaged, are much to their mind. It is long, 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 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 political-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.

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 political-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.

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 political-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.

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 political-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.
And equally, in our opinion, if the use of the Sympathetic Strike is forsaken, 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.

* * *

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 unforeseen 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 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.

* * *

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 stagyé 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 preposterous cruelty. 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 is it 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 necessarily 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 diminish 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 propitiate its Fools?

* * *

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 unfounded remark to the effect that a statutory wage would beget a statutory return in service. Is it Mr. Long's experience that service is 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-
Not available
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 pledges taken to-day would destroy the Act; and we shall expect Mr. Lloyd George to "admit" it in a few years' time.

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 settlement 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; but it may be noted that 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 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 Reconciliation 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 Harrogate 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, hold 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 is not 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.

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 colonisation 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 dovetailists 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 most as cheaply as possible, the desire of South Africa was 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 a problem of the politicians that is 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, the white South African, 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 quite clear, and we should not be surprised if this time the South African cat has found the porcupine it has been looking for.

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 well understand and appreciate the motives of white South Africa in placing obstacles to the settlement in its midst of Indians, for it is only in the equal terms with itself. But purity of race and civilization, 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 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 cesses and the cry is raised of mixing the races, confusing the purities, and making them equal to the whites. It is in this latter who are now the dominant class in South Africa to-day is the passion for the Indian, the white South African cat has found the porcupine it has been looking for.
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 cut from the joint has, of course, been the land speeches that he has been able to transform his castles in the air into so many marble palaces."—"The New Age.

"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 is his blood."—T. P. on Sir Joseph Lyons in the "Pall Mall Gazette.

"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 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 the amendment of the Shop Houses 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. Verdug.

A ridiculous fuss has been made by the "Matin" in Paris and by the "Daily Mail" 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 Bazrac, 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, and on his return, 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.

* * *

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 Treaty of Paris. 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.

* * *

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.

* * *

It would never do to allow the "freed" Albanians or Macedonians or Epirotas 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.

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 other, except 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 ulase is a specimen of Servian humanity and post-bellum progress, we cannot be altogether surprised if neighbouring Powers show a desire to interfere.

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 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 Piraeus 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 as the case of the Austrian and Italian fleets in the Mediterranean.

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 naval authorities that are naturally attached to the joint visit of the French and English fleets to the Piraeus 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 as the case of the Austrian and Italian fleets in the Mediterranean.
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 its evils, but so far as we know, have not exchanged with each other such finished products as were peculiar to any special guilds. Perhaps—no, it is not possible to do the work of the Co-operative movement. But we have already chosen the National Guild as the model. For two reasons: local Guilds would be altogether ineflectual 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. It is, however, by these first-aid measures 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; for 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, and all the others. All these nations are destined to destroy the trusts both nationally and internationally. The trusts would enable 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. In our foreign relations, the Guilds will be a palladium of economic liberty and so unloose the bonds of the spirit.
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 to demonstrate that the 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 as to the final destiny of 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 the trade unions. We have accordingly urged the 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 twice 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 a return. Yet we grudge 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 it would 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. Is 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 the existence 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-operation with the Unions before long. There is no section of economic society in so perilous a situation as the salariat. They are fast beginning to question whether, 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 a doubt 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 read articles upon the movement towards industrial solidarity by the unions and the organisations of the salariat. When once it has, the trade Unions begin to accept the peaceful capitulation of the profiteers in our midst.

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 capitalisation 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 which 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 as 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 bond and machine, the Salariat might give them, in the 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-payers 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 war 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 vitiate the present paternal 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 have to be solved, not as a consideration of profit but of society’s needs and welfare, the new order will receive as its “hereditas dam Assa” 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.

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 strength of society. They labour in vain who would build only with material things. Behind the work of man’s hands is 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 most 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 have 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, if not unnatural, that 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. In my mind, 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. For Ulster will become a bolder 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 so, it lies at the root 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; 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 Orange is not a conference but Home Rule in principle?

If Home Rule 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 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 ever; Orange principles than that of its victory. 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 "damnoa hereditas," and the curse has fallen most heavily on those intended to be the beneficiaries—and they have it. The better. England has long ago bemoaned it. It is hardly the place of the Orangeman, whose "ratio existentiae" 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 placed under the best protective motives as 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 Reform 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 sixteen century criticism are to-day exactly what they stood in the days of Smithfield and Tyburn. The question is, 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. 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 will end Home Rule; nay, Home Rule in politics may merely be a prelude to Home Rule in science—namely, that all men may think as 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 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 the that came from profound Catholics like Frank Hugh O'Donnell, Michael Davitt and Michael MacCarthy.

If it is individuality they represent, then, as against a sort of political officiousness dictating its policy from the Secret chamber—and we realise it is the better. England has long ago bemoaned it. It is hardly the place of the Orangeman, whose "ratio existentiae" 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 placed under the best protective motives as 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 Reform 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 sixteen century criticism are to-day exactly what they stood in the days of Smithfield and Tyburn. The question is, 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. 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.
more glaring than those which have become the trademarks of Irish politics.

Now all this may not be of much importance to the self-complicity 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 to intellectual processes 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 unit.

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 legislation. 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 apocalyptic; 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 art of compromising ways 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 bearer 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 one-sided assembly in any British colony. The very meaning of Parliament is based on 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 constitutional practice, for the actual exercise of the one-sided and sordid scuffle, impeach-
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. Finally, if we consider 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.

II. The first unit of production or exchange would be the one good thing (short of a reformation of men's souls); but it presupposes nothing miraculous but it presupposes nothing miraculous in the material order. Where men still have the virility and immediate, the establishment of the Free Guild, transition would be the inscription of the workers as owners of several property in the purchased works, and that if we mean by "practical" a policy at once easy and immediately obtainable under Capitalist conditions, it 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 a 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 would be the saving of Irish politics under Home Rule.

VIII. 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 man'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 done if a period of transition were thought necessary, why there is nothing easier as it could be granted in Communal property. 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 also 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 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. 

To that question I answer that all history is there to 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 no 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. 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 also a sum or write down a formula. It can be done as easily as one can add the arithmetic. It can be done as easily as one can add 1 and 2. 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 establishment of property would produce), but by positive law. So arrange differential taxation that it is 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. If we define as a factory 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. 

To that question I answer that all history is there to
A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall. XIII.

Eleventh of June.

On May 29 (old style) I had given a lunch for journalists who were to write letters in a room on the other side of the house and further sheltered by the doorknobs, 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 run to 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 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 what the wife was 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.
minds to know that anyone could think that things were going on as usual. This Turkish visitor, although a Unionist, potent in the Abdul Hamid's father'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 much intent upon apologies. The man 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 glowing smile which I have seen upon the countenance of Arab boys when a Turk whom I was going to visit was, I knew, a Unionist Government has fallen never to rise again.

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, in which he saw the greatest talent, and in the machine, the men were everything. It was all personal. Law was not so well established and respected 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 Mahmoud 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 the outcome of an agitation and bad temper that were indeed more sympathetic to me than had been the light philosophy of the Unionist Turk whom I had met 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 set 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. Thence with I rose to go. The master of the house was just then bringing 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 trash, bought with 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"

"For shame, we shall see!" I 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!"
rical 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 civilized 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 is Albanian, 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 assasinated. May God have mercy on him!" uttered with a pleasant smile. The Asiatic Turks are singularly unrepentful 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. "There is no alarm at our condition and advised us all to go to sleep."

"When one is Grand Vizier, one must expect to be assasinated. May God have mercy on him!" uttered with a pleasant smile. The Asiatic Turks are singularly unrepentful 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. "There is no alarm at our condition and advised us all to go to sleep."

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 Islam, 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 Islam 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 cowbowing, dogs were crying, 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 shoowing, 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 shrubbed trees were sighing to the moon. The nightingale kept shrieking to the rose, "Gyul, Gyul, Gyul, Achil, Achil, Achil!" (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 i" "Ver da kurtul i!" ("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 were glowing in the haze 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 of that august craft. Now, she is revealed in her beauty to the admiration of her worshippers. Pagar, 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 baton 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 en-swarmed by the beauty of "Enterprise" that I quite forget to inquire who is the creator of this, the most successful 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 and merchant, he enriched the commerce of his country by his mercantile enterprises, and as founder of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, made science tributary to civilization 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, rejoicer 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 it will reveal heads standing on 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. If the children are put in that position that you may see them while yet afar off and to remind you that Liverpool
and beauty frequently had not so many attributes transcribed on her which man is not yet certain, and carry the passions up in the face. The artist keeps her in touch with statues. Then, the artist had to deal with simplicity in a hazy scientific expression in the face. That is what distinguishes it as a work of art. It is just that in- definiteness, that bordering on the shining planes of Abstract Science, that captivates us, and makes us feel that the problem may be solved many a moment, and that we may all enjoy her smile and favours.

Abstract Science were made lucid in a statue. "Enterprise" commands experimental science, but science has thrust her head into the philosophic heavens of Abstract Science, that accounts for the impression 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-day and could 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. How could that! 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 and we are to reverence her breasts as the breasts of a womanly goddess—how can she 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 a graceful curve into the general severity of the design. Whether this great sculptor intended to teach that 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 has he represented the ancient deity 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 it would be difficult to determine which 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!"). 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. 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 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 just above the inscription. And why rot? 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 of more sensuous beauty! This sculptured Ideal where passion is transfigured 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.

* "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 general. The other day I overheard two street-urchins son's between the literary manners here and in other countries. 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 Cosmopoignique. 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 toit, c'est mon Idole,
C'est ma chimere à l'oeil plus doux que l'oeil des femmes,
C'est ma Pallas, au front auguste,
La chair royale et pantelante de lnes vers,
C'est ma chimere

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 hairdressing, 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 dogmatism 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 expectations. 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. 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 hairdressing, 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.

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 4th. 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 the Bohemian poet, Mr. Oppokar, 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, now 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 book-sellers in the Via Vittoria, where he "often sat 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 and 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 frugality, he rarely bought anything. Herr Strecker says No) is worth comparing with Ibsen's "Brand." He fills the reader's soul with horror. The remarkable thing about Otto Hauser (of whom it has now published a new book) 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 gain by 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 which have in Germany which were brought about by the "Verehrbretti" 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 wish to know 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. Ewers, however, on hearing this, "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 accepted 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, however, much more German, 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 to their prose and verse to themes from peasant life. Later Per Stuve, whose novel "Stikke" 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 "Worry 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.""
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 most admirable and meritorious 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 Dr. Bell 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 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-aemia fallacy. Dr. Bell says later: “My conviction is that the condition of the blood which we designate uric-acid-aemia is a factor without which malignant metaporphosis of cells cannot, or at least does not, take place.” The well-known fact about uric-acid-aemia 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 physically 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.” But 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 confinement.” 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 epithelioma, and most probably of every form of cancer also.” Sir William Mitchell Ball has, on the contrary, pointed out 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 the title of the rheumatic diathesis; but he is, as I have hinted, led astray by the uric-acidemia fallacy. Uric acid is not a cause, but a consequence, of cell chemistry; and the phrase, uric-acid-aemia, 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-acidemia 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 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 lies with the cells of the cancer and their polarity. But I at this stage need not be concerned with it, as it 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 pathological polarity in the cells is usually represented by a 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 polar axis of a cell is 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 cells, bulbs at the side of the cells in the pericellular spaces (Ranvier and Beale) are in such cells, particularly 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.” In that 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 pathological evidence. “In epitheliomatous specimens, I have observed that in the palisade cells, at a point where invasion was about to commence, the polar axes of the cells were altered, and, in consequence, the palisade line was irregular, and the centrosomes 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 slaving 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, as is the more commonly the case, 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, hypo-blastic, and mesoblastic Forbes Ross distinguished. 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. That 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...
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 germo 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 completely lacking in polarity, the leukocyte 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. He concludes that the phagocytes are somehow prevented from performing their functions by uric acidemia, or some other toxic state of the blood. There are all sorts of leukocytes, and Forbes Ross has shown that "polymorphonuclear leucocytes and mononuclear 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 and simple, and do not show any quality which would lead one to regard them as having any other effect than excitation to wild, unregulated growth." That this is not mere theory the histological evidence will prove: "If the strict line of invading cancer 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 "coma." This nucleation is a decided morphological change, and coupled with the fact that both in number and in colour the mononuclear leucocytes and, therefore, the potassium starved white blood corpuscles go 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 cell tissue in any other variety of secondary anaemia, except that accompanying sarcoma." This nucleation is a decided morphological change, and coupled with the fact that both in number and in colour 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 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, 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 toxemia, 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. But 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 the irritation 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 digestive function to the real recipient of the suffering, who will otherwise be hopelessly lost." There are numerous cases in which surgery will be useful, or with a patient whose attitude was poor, or capricious, or perverted, as the appetite of cancer patients so often is. Most of them are mere vegetarians, living on 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; he may be trusted 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."
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. Gibb.

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 text 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 Swinneys, the Gilman, the Bax, the Shaws, Laurence Housmans, Granville Barkers, Pethick Lawrence, 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 Fawcett, 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 "Forthnightly 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 ought to 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 actions as treasons as yet. The case must not be judged on its 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 votaries 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 laws 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, attacked by a demagogue (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 from the streets and 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 blunder or two in 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," which is untrue and unjust. As far back as 1906 I myself in the columns of "Public Opinion" analysed his contention fully, and after wars have often been done without with no intention 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 ingenuous epithet of condemnation has been used against bourgeois writers. I think Mr. Bax will allow that the "Daily Telegraph" and the "People" as Conservative papers are organs of the bourgeoisie, and both these journals, to name no others, have beamed with letters denouncing the militancy. In the early pages of the year's "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 R. Belfort Bax. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.)
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 new moon is in the sky, and in the corner of the "Palace" registers go 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 rivulets down his cheeks. The archway into which the bright pink tights are patched with per- spiration.

The layer of the "Palace" is crowded with pleasure seekers. They were attracted by the vivid posters which advertise the cruelty of the great Nero. Their souls were caught and absorbed by the blinding glare of the ultra mauve light; and as they pass beneath the great arch-lamps they take upon themselves the appearance of spectres. One by one they enter the "Palace" steps with increasing speed.

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. Viniutius is embracing a courtesan upon a skin-covered couch. Drunken courtiers roll helplessly on the floor. Beauti- ful 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. He 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 pragmatism, 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 trenchant exposes the injustices to poor men. He must also be aware of the iniquity of the law which allows a working man's wife to run her husband into debt, often when the poor woman has given her sufficient for household purposes. Has he ever thundered against these things before? But there is worse. 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. 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 woman has given her sufficient for household purposes. Has he ever thundered against these things before? But there is worse. He is engaged in waging a holy war on behalf of working men.

At the same time I agree with Mr. Bax that the bourgeois 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 and practically finance it, to run it without female inter- vention.

Therefore, I resent my illegitimate offspring—that he and similar demagogues never champion men unless there is capital to be made against the capitalist.

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. Nero is seen committing suicide. 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 swells 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 food of blood and fire. The God from Dublin and the God from Kieff. The God of mirth, the God of shroud-like grief. Both glutted with the food of blood and fire. The God from Dublin and the God from Kieff.

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 swells on.

INSIDE THE "PALACE."

The crowd swells on.

December 4, 1913

The God of mirth, the God of shroud-like grief.

The crowd swells on.

Mr. Bax is here barking up the wrong tree, and it has prevented him from noting an excellent point which I wish he would bring forward.

There are in this country a number of individuals calling themselves Labour and Socialist leaders. They are not the champions of the rights of men, especially poor men. It is their plea. 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 capitalists. 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 excise 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.
Never cease, O fateful words here written!
When you rush in a snare—this 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 shrine.
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 massacred,
To make capital out of the carcass of the reindeer, it is
the classes be appreciably lessened. Of course, my
murder of those who had a long career as useful beasts
instead of throwing good money away, put the
wage-slave cannot be put to some profitable use.
Instead of throwing good money away, put the
The innocent blood you shed remembering,
think nothing of spending—five pounds on
reindeer, the horse, and the elephant
when living but even when scarce and expensive. I venture to say that if
You burned, you stabbed, you massacred,
And spared but those who would their God deny.
From wretched, persecuted, came the cry;
But bloody hands no human thought deferred.
With blind, ferocious hatred you were stirred,
And for his faith condemned the Jew to die.

E. WASSERMAN.

SONNET.

Lord, it was good! I mean that raging sonnet
Of Sheeny Wassereman's to Belloc's pup,
Who thinks the seconded system will break up
Unless Rome's holy water's sprinkled on it.
If Cowley has a cow, 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 does a man a toper.
And as for Cowley's reasons—well, by crimes!
They're just about as many as his rhymes.

J. STERKSM.

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 skimmer is enough
to make capital out of the carcass of the reindeer, it is
a reflection on our boasted civilisation if the carcass of a
rare and expensive. I venture to say that if

... Or, if the skimmer is enough to make capital out of
... It's almost entirely a destructive criticism of things as

"The Future of the Theatre." By John Palmer.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW wrote a play in a fort
tnight, called it 'The Great Catherine,' and it had it produced
on November 18 at the Vaudeville Theatre. The 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 believes that there is 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 "producer" must go; and, although he does not say so clearly, Mr. Palmer is certain that the
... No; I am quite willing to allow the poor to die in their
... 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 does a man a toper.

... Or, if the skimmer is enough to make capital out of

... It's almost entirely a destructive criticism of things as

"The Future of the Theatre." By John Palmer.

... Or, if the skimmer is enough to make capital out of
... It's almost entirely a destructive criticism of things as

"The Future of the Theatre." By John Palmer.

... Or, if the skimmer is enough to make capital out of
... It's almost entirely a destructive criticism of things as

"The Future of the Theatre." By John Palmer.

... Or, if the skimmer is enough to make capital out of
... It's almost entirely a destructive criticism of things as

"The Future of the Theatre." By John Palmer.
revolutions. He says himself that "English art is invariable killed under an academy, being individual and lawless"; and indeed, we have 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 figures-heads, quiddnuncs, 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 repetition which will not be different in quality from that now played in private theatres. It is the pride of the English that the National Memorial Theatre will contain a clause in private theatres. It is the pride of the English that the State does not lead but follows the lead of the struggle of human wilfulness with human will," is a truism that you cannot make people moral by to the stage, and, behind the scenes, denies that concert perform- art is there denied, and only the barren formula of democratic drama, the "apron" stage, is there stated. 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 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 the limit of 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, and 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 performed without the presence 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 actors of that art, but abolishes the dramatist. The importation of foreign plays and foreign ideas has had the same effect. 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; art is there stated.

The New Age December 4, 1913

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

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

Nor so very long ago a correspondent, whose name I have forgotten, attacked me for giving 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 purely poetic spirit, by not done 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 a poet-legislator, therefore, is not an age without other architecture or its handmaiden, 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 life, and faith in some kind of order; or at least 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 joy. His enthusiasm as a man expressing life? Purpose of the graphic arts? 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 paths or directions in the graphic arts. This is genuine tolerance indeed, and one feels a certain 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 I should ever be so content as 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 paint 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 visibly 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.

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 long seeing to 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. 75-79), Geoffrey Richter (see the latter’s “Transport,” for instance), and even then, one asks oneself how much is not borrowed from the old and much abused hour of day and dawning light. It is not surprising that all poets to whom the palmed, 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, the Hill” (No. 16). Mr. John Nash is obviously without braining. What, there-
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 the Guilds qua Guilds would be given no power at all. We have maintained that this was not the case, and that we had maintained any other position than the exact contrary of the position attributed to us by Mr. Kennedy. In his reply, 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 economic, 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 exercise political power. We expressly concede to the State the predominant political power by virtue of (1) its monopoly of the labour of the State Citizens, and in the support of the National Industrial Guilds. With this by its control, its political supremacy is amply guaranteed. The remaining points of Mr. Kennedy’s letter are equally due to a misapprehension: that rent, interest and profits are in partnership with the employers. But this is to misconceive the economic character of Rent, Interest and Profits entirely. If these phenomena, the wage-systems 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 rationalisation of 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 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 “believer,” not as a truth-seeker. Each person who uses occasion to become reasonably drunk, but of a blustering 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 effectively 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 staking. I have no relations with Dionysos except such as YOU. I can, however, assure you that even if I never so much as heard of the nasty creature prior to reading last week’s THE NEW AGE, I could not fail to notice your only reply to this is PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR. So, let us turn your words against you, and ask you to defend them. I have tried to work up a political and economic solidarity of to-day are normal and not abnormal persons. Although the long run. To reform a society there is required 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 political and economic solidarity. Thus we see how in America laws which have not this power—prohibition laws, “morality” laws, etc.—become head laws in a week. I, therefore, went on to make the very simple and very practical point that an economic system of Guild Socialism imposed upon the nation should be preceded by the religious and moral reformation necessary to make it work. The practicality of this were due not to any “inevitable law of economics,” but to the growth of an abnormal individual 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 uncontrollable lust for gold, there will be suicide, crime, 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 that the desire of economic solidarity is shared by the workmen, the wage-systems being the true expression of the anti-social passions. 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 determined to 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 religious conviction. 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 determined to do it, and signs made upon pieces of paper (which in all laws are unsupported by moral conviction) will certainly not stop them.

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 from thinking and everything (whereas religion, of course, implies adherence to something, and, therefore, rejection of everything opposed to it) which you are so anxious to get rid of. You do not wish to cling to religiosity any longer. I have always wished to cling to religiosity any longer. I have always wished to cling to archaic, that is, of a time long past. As such a member of a society are determined to do it, and signs made upon pieces of paper (which in all laws are unsupported by moral conviction) will certainly not stop them.
although their methods of arriving there may differ superficially. You, on the other hand, who, consciously or subconsciously, put such an issue as persons, can only avoid immediate anarchy, because you depend upon a rigid uniformity in superfluities. You cannot afford to appear disunited—because you are so.

You 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. Keeping the value of systems as 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 because the ideas behind them were different. My Guild-Socialism would be utterly different in essentials from your Guild-Socialism. Even if we were outwardly the same at first, the inner difference would soon make itself apparent. I doubt whether you 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 system as an immediate practical remedy for immediate ills. A certain minority of the population will be determined by the ideas behind them, I see that such an idea of yours would be illusory: 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 we were outwardly the same at first, the inner 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.

December 4, 1913

THE NEW AGE

M. D. Fowle.

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 I did it, especially since the writer is a member of His Majesty’s Government:—

Mencius, who was a sociologist, and excels not only Lao-Tze, but also Confucius, puts 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 they have not a fixed livelihood, it follows that they will not have a fixed heart.” (Legge’s Mencius, p. 49.)

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

“CROOKEDLY ARMS BROADLY”

HORACE COWLEY.

Sir,—I must begin by thanking you for the notice of my book, “The World of Labour,” in your issue of November last. After reading your review I was very much occupied with its most important points of those chapters with which it dealt—which were, indeed, the most fundamentally significant. I allowed myself 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 earlier page: I can only assure you that my regrets and endeavours to correct, though not to excuse, the fault. I revised the chapter to which you refer in haste and at the last moment, and, being in the 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, thank you specially for your report and apologise. I ask your permission to return to the question in December, when I shall be able to look up the necessary references, and I specially regret that such a mistake should have occurred, because, had I realised the aspect of your proposals arihgt, there might well have been less room for difference between us.

I pass now to the point upon 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 object is, of course, to anticipate your repudiation, and to 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 the question of the rank and file need enlightenment; they want as it is of producers to decide how they shall decide how they shall be made. This point, however, I, at least, should be decided by the workers themselves: they are, after all, at the moment the fundamental questions of Socialism, and I, therefore, make no apology for desiring to sift them thoroughly. My whole attitude is led by the importance of abolishing wagery, which your whole attitude seems to me to overlook.

You mean business. Nationalisation of railways, mines, etc., I hold, therefore, will have nationalised the threatened industry. How certain this is to happen we were shown too catastrophic. Long before all the workers are awake, say that such a strike would, in the end, succeed, many particular section that is ahead of them in ideas—the State will have secured a sufficient 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 and 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 made it the Great industry. How certain it is to happen if we are shown very clearly only the other day. The immense growth of the movement of Railroadmen and the 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, which the Guild menace becomes apparent, is inevitable, whether the Fabian Society and the Labour Party choose to welcome it or not. 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 man could be refused; but I hold that the principle 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 the industry. Such a concession would, no doubt, be made much more readily if the union concerned were so strong as to be dangerous 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 above. You quote my "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 sure that the future as it 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. 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 Guild's production is improves advantages by the State, through a decentralised system such as my book very roughly sketches (and such as I hope to make experiences of in a book I have in mind), I think should 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 free 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 Guild Congress is that it still represents producers and consumers, whereas it is as much the business of consumers to decide how they want to be made what is it of producers to decide how they shall be made. This point, however, I, at least, should be decided by the workers themselves: they are, after all, at the moment the fundamental questions of Socialism, and I, therefore, make no apology for desiring to sift them thoroughly. My whole attitude is led by the importance of abolishing wagery, which your whole attitude seems to me to overlook.

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 to gather powerful patronage and to use it for the benefit of the State. I have, therefore, been led to value your opinion of The New Age on such a work as mine far more highly than that of any other journal. If I show my appreciation by my prolixity. I will see to it that you are not misrepresented in subsequent editions.


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 for the benefit of the State. I have, therefore, been led to value your opinion of The New Age on such a work as mine far more highly than that of any other journal. If I show my appreciation by my prolixity. I will see to it that you are not misrepresented in subsequent editions.

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 the Government inspec-
tor. If we are not mistaken, its immediate object is the abolition of the wage system. On this, and on this alone, every nerve should be concen-
trated. For the moment the Guild promises nothing but 
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 Guilds. No, doubt, in that event we 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. The child of clerks is public face absurde. Clerks will undertake the clerical work of those trades in which they are now employed. Conse-
quently, before the conversion of the unions of those trades into a Guild is impossible.

Every worker in a trade union office from top to bottom of the N.U.C. unless that body is opposed to the ethics of Guild-Socialism. Your readers, no doubt, in that event fancy that they possess no economic force unless they are supported individually, has no value for 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. Politically it is a consideration.

"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 increased by a belief in the ballot, but the general result of the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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:

"I think that the Cesar of industry we would invite such people (as the authors) into our court to lend it intellectual distinc-
tion, but such a belief is a fallacy and a fraud, and those who attack the wage system root and branch have the remotest logic in their sentiments. The silly woman of the political world, who seems 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 a pair, 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 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 of the fine line between Futurist and other modern artists? It is by no means so strongly marked: for the Futurists only draw the logical consequences which the modern artist himself acknowledges. They courageously express what the modern artist is too cowardly to express: Anarchy and Anarchism. In other words, modern art is half decadent, Futurism is only 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 future progress. "Progress where to?" Disraeli used to ask. Futurism gives the answer. It is all very well for Mr. Wells to describe the extraordinary physical and mental differences between modern women and men. But the pruriency of this collection of articles is far beyond being their chief fault. Mr. Belfort Bax is out-spoken, Sir Almroth Wright is outspoken. The Suffragettes have, in one small pamphlet, made the efforts of their "Antis" to transgress the rules of commonplace. For sheer, unbridled hypocrisy, for a whole galaxy 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.

It must be borne in mind that this pamphlet, while aimed at women—especially at a time when she ought to be exclusively occupied with the Christian pulpit—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 them. 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 try and surprise a chance admission of guilt. I don't in the least wish to claim women's privileges 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 would give me a correct definition of "woman." Here are the "Antis"! It is not these women who are excited over Miss Pankhurst's "revelation" to the impressionable young girls and comfortably married women who think their daughters for ever stained.

The trouble with Miss Pankhurst is that she possesses the popular journalistic gift of having a very perceptible effect on the women who vote 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 fidelities from their wives and womenfolk, her readers at once begin to suspect their brothers, next their husbands, then their fathers, and finally themselves, in a sense of guilt that they have acted 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 "revelation" to 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. It is very much aggravated by economic causes, but the pruriency of this collection of articles is far beyond being their chief fault. 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 stability. 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 convinced enough to value these qualities in man and to want women to share them and become less and less accustomed to them—"women's 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.
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 comedy 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; all that suffering differs as widely as that 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 he is all wrong about women's necessities—god-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-stockin 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 of a different form 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 with Hood! Why should he be worrying if he were not bothering about us? We can manage!]

BEATRICE HASTINGS.