The Special Trade Union Congress that met on Tuesday to deliberate and to formulate a plan for saving Ireland for trades unionism must surely have been the most shameful assembly ever held. At no moment in its procedure did it rise above the level of a "rag," and in its conclusion it was just about as invertebrate. To begin with, it was based not merely upon a lie, but upon a deception of the public and of its own rank and file that may fairly be regarded as a contemptible lie. Everybody knew or was given to understand in the plainest and most explicit terms that the three weeks interval during which the Congress was deferred was to have been used for a rank and file election by special ballot. The risk, it was represented, of a national strike was too shameful a assembly ever held. At no moment in its progress the very people who had assured us that three weeks' delay was necessary to obtain their authority. Again, it was evident at the opening and even before the meeting that Dublin was to be sacrificed to the personality of Mr. Larkin. At the special meeting of the Committee held on Monday evening, the plan of battle was arranged and the word was passed round that Larkin was to be "downed." No earthly reason in the circumstances existed for this decision, save the wounded amour propre of several of the Trade Union leaders who had been criticised by Mr. Larkin. The Congress had not been called at vast expense and trouble to defend these men from Mr. Larkin or to whitewash them for their rank and file. Nor was it of the least public or trade union importance that the Thomases and the Wilsons should be exonerated then and there at the expense of six hundred delegates spent three hours of the time of six hundred delegates in replying to Mr. Larkin, baiting Mr. Larkin and abusing Mr. Larkin; and this in strict pursuance, apparently, of a plan concocted over night to use the Congress for this impertinent purpose.

In this pothouse atmosphere of brawl and clamour it was not to be expected that either a clear view of the Dublin situation would emerge or, still less, a clear policy for dealing with it. With the possible exception of Mr. Coollcy, indeed, no speaker that we have discovered even attempted the first; and, for the second, Mr. Smillie perhaps and Mr. Robert Williamson may alone be said to have attempted it, and without much success. But not only on the face of it, but the deeper the situation would emerge or, still less, a clear view of the Dublin situation can be seen through Irish trades unionism, then indirectly for English trades unionism, and directly for English trades unionism. It is a vulgar error to suppose that the importance of a battle can be reckoned by its size. Time and place in this as in everything else are the all-determining factors. And by time and place the struggle in Dublin is by far the most significant.
trades union battle fought or likely to be fought in Ireland. We have already pointed out that Ireland is now on the eve of Home Rule and that Dublin and what happens to-day in Dublin have a special importance on this very account. The future, indeed, not merely of trades unionism in Ireland, but of Labour in general under the new regime, is being decided at this moment; and of all the things necessary to be done by the representatives of the working classes the most necessary was to convince the type of Mr. Murphy that emphatically he could not do as he pleased with the lives of the wage-slaves. This, however, as we say, was lost upon the fools and worse who packed the meeting on Tuesday with their puppets and then procured a vote of self-praise from them for the defeat of Mr. Larkin. It was lost on them for the simple reason that through the sable mist of their hatred of Mr. Larkin they could see neither Dublin nor sense. Assuredly, if Dublin wage-earners win—as they still may—their thanks will not be due to their “comrades” who met in the Memorial Hall.

* * *

What, we may ask, was the policy the meeting recommended? It sounds almost incredible, but this policy was to continue without one. And undoubtedly the motive present in the minds of the leaders was to ensure by this means that Mr. Larkin should not triumph without a miracle. For it was not the case that there was no policy offered to them and open to them. On the contrary, the simplest reflection showed that a lockout that had been in progress for over three months required measures to be taken against it of a kind different from those already adopted, and more effective in respect of the weaknesses of the previous policy. And what these weaknesses were every soul in the Memorial Hall, including the Thomases and Wilsons who appear to be without one, very well knew: weaknesses due to black-leg labour and to the continuance of trade with England. Common sense therefore dictated that if the siege was to be raised the supplies of the besiegers should be cut off; and as this involved directly only the stoppage of ships and trains, save those conveying food to the besieged, leading into the compass of the locked-out men. On this question alone was there a knot left and was it worth the trouble to risk everything to undo it? Prudence undoubtedly suggested a compromise, and the wisdom of the capitalist Press naturally came to its support. Writing on this very issue the “Daily Chronicle” in its most friendly tone urged that the matter was really too trivial to form a ground for continued war. “Of men,” it said, “who cannot be reinstated there are only about 190. . . . Every trade unionist must desire to get them back; but every experienced trade union leader knows the difficulty of doing so; and the disproportion of indecently spending in strike pay alone about as much per fortnight as these 190 men would earn in a year. Even more disproportionate was the suggestion to try reinstating this little remnant by means of a British strike, costing probably millions.” Very prudent, no doubt; but, in the first place, what has the moral movement of trade unionism to do with prudence when it conflicts with common honour? On the supposition, which we at any rate make, that the proletariat intend to raise their status, greater sacrifices than the one demanded now will have to be made. Only Philistines will believe that moral status can be purchased with money, or a distinction of kind without sacrifice. It is contrary to the nature of man to offer spontaneous respect to individuals or classes that have not earned it by self-discipline, courage or sacrifice. If calculating prudence in its merely material aspect is to govern the choice of the wage-slave to emancipate himself, his emancipation is more than remote, it is impossible. The world will continue to despise him and to laugh at his pains. And, secondly, we should like to know how a paraphrase of the “Daily Chronicle’s” prudential counsel would sound addressed to another class, or even to the nation. Let the trivial matter in dispute be, say, the capture by some military enemy of a company of 190 British soldiers; and let it be supposed that our Generals had returned with the plea for leaving them that the difficulties and expense were greater than the men were worth. Even the “Daily Chronicle,” we imagine, for all its brazen bowels, would not dare to commend them or to defend them. But the case of the
Dublin affair is for us and should therefore be for the Trade Union leaders strictly parallel. What we are witnessing is war, and Mr. Murphy is no less to us than to the chorus of cowards that Capital and Labour may settle their dispute in a friendly and even affectionate manner; but the soldiers of both sides know better. Mr. Murphy is not disposed to make the Trade Union movement a present of any point he can retain. For a twopenny principle, confined in value to a handful of Dublia shopkeepers, he has not hesitated to starve 15,000 men and their families, to imperil his Home Rule and his Catholicism, and to risk his profits and even his capital. All this he has done and nobody has even praised him for it. But on the Trade Union side, what equal sacrifices have been made? Less than a farthing per week per man in England has been spent, and at the prospect of the risk of more their leaders become prudent. We have frequently said that the middle and upper classes will have to lead trade unionism. We have now been organised and would be directed to co-operate with the established order of property, he replied that the problem had been left to the State by the Trade Unions; but these latter, he said, had proved their inability to deal with the subject, and having now given a chance they should be superseded. What, after that, have the trade union leaders to say for themselves? Sneered at and brushed aside as ineffectual bunglers in their own business—and deservedly too! Finally, Mr. Asquith re-opened for discussion the revision of the administration of the Income-tax. This, he said, was to be made broader as well as more regularly graduated. What is here meant by broader? The lowering of the present limit of exemption to, say, a hundred a year? We do not care if this should prove to be the suggestion—it could not be carried out save over the corpses of the present Cabinet.

That we had good reasons for the fear, expressed last week, that the Postal servants were being misled by their leaders is now evident from reports we have received of the Leicester Conference, and from the tone, manner and matter of Mr. Samuel's reply to the deputation on his tour to our central offices. From the Leicester Conference, it now appears, the vote in favour of an immediate strike policy would have been carried but for the unconstitutional conduct of the chairman in disallowing some 3,000 votes; and it was only by reason of the ill-humour naturally caused by this and the consequent retirement in disgust of many delegates that the subsequent (and alternative) resolution of the Executive to run four of its members as parliamentary candidates at the next election was carried. Included in the roll were the present Parliamentary Secretary of the Postal Union, and the chief spokesman at the interview with Mr. Samuel on Thursday. Very threatening he appeared to be, and most courageous in his reply to Mr. Samuel that the wage-earners of the railway had undergone during the last few years, and the more he, of the public. To neither of these ends is the service is regarded by Mr. Samuel as the slave and not as the fellow-servant with him, of the public. To neither of these ends is the action of the leaders the smallest step. But for their snobbish infatuation with parliamentary honours they would see. Indeed, that Parliament for them means ruin for their union. When will the unions learn to separate their union necessities from their political fancies?

In his speeches during the week Mr. Asquith has advanced the political situation by several degrees. First, it is now certain that the Irish Home Rule Bill will be carried, though with some modifications by common consent in the direction of Federalism. On this subject the "Times," is innocently surprised, having been, of course, quite unaware of the programme that was mapped out at the Conference of 1910. At Leeds, says the "Times," Mr. Asquith spoke of "a step in devotion"; at Manchester he revealed himself as a "tenderly full-blooded Federalist," but it will be time enough to deal with the suggestions when they reach the stage of a "firm offer." Well, we happen to know, and so does the "Times" no doubt, that the "firm offer" was made and accepted long ago. The publicity of political events is often like the report of an explosion, heard long after the explosion has been seen to have taken place. The explosion in this instance occurred in 1910; and it has taken all this time to reach the public ears. Which suggests how far off from the scene of action the newspapers really are! On the subject of the Land Campaign Mr. Asquith was more lucid, but no more satisfactory than Mr. Lloyd George. It is a simplification of the epileptic messages of Mr. Lloyd George to realise that the first and main item of the new programme will be the establishment of wages-boards in agriculture; but no reply to the criticisms of economists was offered by Mr. Asquith. On the other hand, he joined his colleagues in regretting with us that the problem had been left to the State by the Trade Unions; but these latter, he said, had proved their inability to deal with the subject, and having now given a chance they should be superseded. What, after that, have the trade union leaders to say for themselves? Sneered at and brushed aside as ineffectual bunglers in their own business—and deservedly too! Finally, Mr. Asquith re-opened for discussion the revision of the administration of the Income-tax. This, he said, was to be made broader as well as more regularly graduated. What is here meant by broader? The lowering of the present limit of exemption to, say, a hundred a year? We do not care if this should prove to be the suggestion—it could not be carried out save over the corpses of the present Cabinet.

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From most points of view the visit of M. Anatole France to England must have been as great a disappoint-
ment to him as it has been a disgrace to us. For all his carefully prepared harangues, he said little that was of any value; but in reply he received only words and ideas of less than no value at all. The dinner under the presidency of Lord Redesdale was a fiasco in every respect save in regard for noise, both of which, according to the Editor of the "Nation," were "brilliant." Lord Redesdale's speech on the occasion was something to be wondered at, and as he talked the wonder grew that one small head should carry so much nonsense and tautlessness in it. At the Fabian Society, where Mr. Shaw presided and Messrs. Hyndman and Keir Hardie spoke, M. France was only a little less barbarously entertained. He did, it is true, deliver himself of the opinion that the wage-system would ultimately be destroyed; but the irony of his declaration in face of the Fabian Society's well-known attitude on the matter was too obvious for us to miss—even though he may have missed it himself. The danger of irony is that it ends by deceiving its author!

The "Times" of Tuesday devoted a Supplement to a symposium on the "Teachers' Register"; but, unfortunately for ideals, nobody appears to have taken wine before writing. In a leader summarising the discussion under the title of "What does it all mean?" the "Times" named the most distant peaks of the new vision as the establishment of the teaching profession on a level with law and medicine. This is well enough in its way, but not for such an end simply is all the labour implied worth the spending. Unless the teaching profession has the will to assume responsibility (as, by the way, the doctors do not) for the special welfare of the nation, as well as for its own, its new solidarity is more of a menace than a message to the community at large; for teachers collectively will be accepting privileges of power from in return for responsibility only to themselves. Mr. Michael Sadler, who contributes to the Supplement, writes pawkily on the subject of Syndicalism in Education, by which he means, if he were not a Professor and dared say it, the establishment of a National Guild of Teachers. Stranger things, he says, may happen than the adoption by teachers of " syndicalist" ideas. Nevertheless, he advises them on no account to indulge the ambition to control the educational system of the country. Why not, we ask? To control the system is not to control the policy and direction. The State may very well dictate these, exactly as it dictates the active policy of the Army and Navy; but for the execution of the policy the Teachers' Guild should be as well equipped as those groups of national servants. The measure of Mr. Sadler's depth, however, is to be taken from his contentment that "initiative" on the part of teachers is more encouraged now than it was used to be; and this he apparently believes in face of his own complaint that "elementary education is wont to be rather a shrouded, formal, prosaic and inartistic thing." What! after twenty years of encouraged initiative? But, of course, it is absurd; there is less initiative in our schools than ever; and, unless the teachers indulge the ambition to control their art, their influence will grow less. The "New Statesman," of course, can be relied on to lead reaction by the forelock. In its issue of November 29 this organ of the superman, brains, efficiency, the life-force and Mr. Webb, warns the new Teachers' Guild that teachers must not expect to be "masters and servants at the same time." Why not? That is precisely what every responsible man is!--SIR HIRAM MAXIM.

Current Cant.

"The fashion is always beautiful."—FILSON YOUNG.

"What is the right attitude of a woman towards a man?"—LONDON MAIL.

"The remarkable development of the Picture-play has brought a new field of literary endeavour into existence."—THE BOOK MONTHLY.

"The fraud of Socialism."—DAILY EXPRESS.

"That was a magnificent address of yours, my dear Robert Donald, on the 'Future of the Journalist,' and I am studying carefully as I am beginning to be anxious about my future."—GEORGE R. SIMS.

"London just now must be one of the gayest cities in the world. It is combining pleasure and business into one great carnival... Charity is not forgotten... Hotels are full..."—DAILY MAIL.

"When the Labour cause and the women's cause are linked together the appeal is irresistible."—DAILY CITIZEN.

"Mr. H. G. is one of the few men for whom time exists."—WILLIAM ARCHER.

"It is desirable on many grounds that the State should be a model employer."—NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE.

"Used with dignity and restraint, this increased independence is something upon which organised labour has good reason to congratulate itself."—LEEDS MERCURY.

"We should always believe everything we read in books."—RICHARD ALDINGTON.

"We, the lay public, really want more light."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

"The presumed unpopularity of the Insurance Act."—NOTTINGHAM DAILY EXPRESS.

"Mr. Asquith has invited democratic pressure. Let the response be unflinching."—THE NATION.

"The condition of Dublin to-day is a practical instance of Home Rule in operation."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Stage technique is one of the simplest things in the world to learn, if you have any gift at all for creative writing."—HERMON OULD.

"The Government are losing no time in pushing ahead with their Land Campaign."—EVERYMAN ("Notes of the Week").

"Mr. Masefield's wonderful revelation of human nature."—EVERYMAN.

"Why has it not yet occurred to anyone that we need a public storehouse for the newest art of all—the art of the camera?"—HAROLD LASK.

CURRENT FAITH.

"I have invested my money where it brings in interest, and I think this will show what faith will do for a man, especially if it is the true faith which mine happens to be."—SIR HIRAM MAXIM.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdaz.

The panic which has been caused on the Paris Bourse by the attitude of the new Cabinet towards the loan—a panic which has indirectly affected the other great exchanges of the world—has been referred to at sufficiently length in the daily newspapers. Personally I think it would have been wiser for M. Caillaux, the new Finance Minister, to have announced before the thi reads more than the loan had been issued. As a financier, M. Caillaux is more cunning than creative. He may be said to represent now, as he did at the time of the negotiations with Germany which resulted in the fall of his own Cabinet, a group of large capitalists, chiefly French, to whose interest it would be to shift the incidence of taxation from finance and industry to land.

One way of accomplishing this—in fact a very effective way—would be to tax French rentes; so M. Caillaux is anxious to tax French rentes. This national stock is held in France chiefly by the peasant proprietors and by the lower middle and working class, and an income tax from this source would not greatly affect the capitalists. It must be remembered that in France wealth is very much more distributed than it is here, and that in consequence such financiers as manage to accumulate blocs of capital are very anxious to dispose of it to more than ordinary advantage. It is to oblige these friends of his that M. Caillaux has determined on an issue of Treasury Bonds to the extent, so far as his plans have been made known, of £32,000,000. It is clear that if this sum had been issued as rentes, the majority of the people in the country who had money to invest would have been very willing to lend out their small sums of surplus cash at the 3 per cent. rate of interest which satisfies them. A Treasury Bond issue is quite a different matter. The rate of interest works out on a very much higher percentage, and the banks, or rather the financiers at the back of the banks, are the only people who derive any advantage. The small “rentier” will not merely be cheated of his investments, but he will in addition be called upon to provide money, yielding him no return at all, for the interest on the Treasury Bond has been arranged for. The result of this further delay has had a very bad effect throughout Europe, and has not by any means helped to relieve the situation likely to follow upon the spell of bad trade which is due to begin next year.

This is one side of the French financial question which has made the Cabinet disliked. Another side is this: Russian, Turkish, Bulgarian, Servian and Greek loans have been suspended for several weeks, as the Barthou Cabinet, naturally, wish to arrange for the flotation of the French loan before calling upon the country to put its money into foreign investments. M. Caillaux has announced—he could not do otherwise—that these loans must be still suspended until the new Treasury Bond issue has been arranged for. The result of this further delay has had a very bad effect throughout Europe, and has not by any means helped to relieve the situation likely to follow upon the spell of bad trade which is due to begin next year.

Leaving the financial side of M. Doumergue’s Ministry let us glance at its head. M. Doumergue looks (and thinks) like a jovial pork-butcher, and produces in diplomatists much the same sensation as we can imagine in the frigidaire of the Chevalier, suddenly accosted on terms of equality by a sweep. The former Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, though not by any means a clever or brilliant man, had, at any rate, some knowledge of diplomacy and of the state of international politics at the present time. M. Doumergue, who is acting as his own Foreign Minister, possesses neither of these qualifications. We might well leave the perplexed Prime Minister to his own troubles—to reconcile, for example, among the groups that support him generally, those deputies who will vote against him on the question of proportional representation with those who will vote against him on the question of the three years’ military service—were it not for one diplomatic incident which will have to be very carefully handled.

As was stated some time ago, the Germans have once again agreed to undertake the reorganisation of the Turkish army. For this purpose it was generally understood that a few German officers would accompany the new organiser, General Liman von Sanders, to Adrianople. It appeared, however, that the Germans intended to do their work on this occasion with quite exceptional thoroughness. It was proposed to send, not merely the General and his Staff, but several score of officers of lesser rank as well, so that the main body of the Turkish army of about a quarter of a million men would be concentrated round Adrianople, not merely with the German Staff at the head of it, but with a German colonel at the head of each regiment and perhaps a lieutenant or two thrown in. It was further made known that, although Adrianople would be strongly fortified and garrisoned, the army was really going to be concentrated at the camp outside Constantinople.

The effect of this plan, briefly summed up, would have been to turn Constantinople into a German Gibraltar, and as soon as the Russian Government realised what was happening, the Tsar’s advisers approached the French and English Governments with a view to making a protest. It was doubtful for some days what form the protest would take, but it was finally decided just before the Barthou Cabinet resigned that a Note should be presented by the Triple Entente Powers asking the Porte to state explicitly the amount of authority the German officers were to have and how many of them were to be appointed. A communication was actually made, though not quite in this form, but it has been found impossible to follow it up on account of the change in the French Foreign Ministry.

In reply to the Press criticism, the explanation given by one of the most prominent Young Turks, Talat Bey, is not very convincing. What did it matter, he said in substance, if German officers were going to reorganise the army? England was reorganising the fleet and several French officials were being appointed to various high administrative posts in Constantinople. This is quite true, but everybody knows that the Turkish navy is never going to turn the balance in the event of the great war in the Near East, and that the financial rehabilitation of the Ottoman Empire will be arranged in Paris. If ever Turkey has occasion to exercise power by force of arms, she will do so through her army; and her army will be the important factor with which diplomatists will have to reckon.

A QUESTION TO MY LOVE.
Oh, maiden with the quiet eyes,
The air contemplative and sad,
Thy glances calm a silence weave,
Deeper than lake asleep at eve
A sweet repose unbroken lie.
About thee, such as saint ne’er had?

When I must toss on life’s wide sea?
Is it wisdom makes thee calm,
Or, dearest, mere stupidity?

By EDWARD MOORE.
Compromise.

By L. G. Redmond Howard and Henry Carson.

An article on the present situation by the Nephew Biographer of Mr. J. Redmond and the Son of Sir Edward Carson, the Ulster Leader.

There is an admirable story told of W. B. Yeats which may not be entirely without point at this juncture of the political situation. The quiet Celtic dreamer was once asked whether he believed in the oft-repeated dictum which said that the Irishman was always at his best without religion or politics.

It was a leading question: but the poet refused to be drawn from the eternal peace of his own mysticism, and looking right through the speaker on to the fairies beyond, replied, with a deep sigh, that they had certainly seen him often at his worst.

The remark is a delightful commentary on the real Ireland of to-day—not, indeed, without religion or politics—for the Celt has probably these faculties more highly developed than any other race in the world—but it is true of that social Ireland where, everybody keeping his own ideals, respecting those of others, all energies are thrown into the love and the laughter which make for true amity, and hence real union.

Indeed, beyond the two political parties now apparently in the throes of a fatal struggle there is all the rollicking geniality, the sparkling humour, and the whole-hearted enthusiasm for which the Irishman is best without religion or politics.

The crisis, however, is not confined to Ireland: crises rules everywhere, and not only is the politician at a loss to know what to do, but the layman is utterly at a loss what to think. He sees in Mr. Asquith, who once had so proudly declared that he would never accept office independent on the Irish vote, a Prime Minister than whom few have made more fundamental changes in our constitution at the behest of the most powerful personal dictator of our history. He sees in John Redmond the only real rebel who has been allowed to keep an army openly under arms with the avowed object of resisting by force a legal measure so that the Unionist is the Home-Ruler, strictly speaking, and the Home-Ruler the real Unionist. Yet the one appeals to a constitution in which he does not believe, and the other believes in a constitution which he refuses to obey, the dominant and therefore deciding partner meanwhile being bound hand and foot, and the only party which could possibly act as champion to the rescue being intellectually bankrupt of ideas and absolutely paralysed by arid Conservatism.

Even a General Election could be little more than a lottery. For, according to the logic of the ballot-box and the philosophy of the Division Lobby, if one believes in Tariff Reform one must support the Church of England; if one believes in Home Rule one must destroy Referendum; if one believes in the old rights of property one must defend Clericalism; and yet, again, if one believes in the unity of the Empire, one must be ready to continue a Parliamentary system by which local affairs must always dominate national affairs.

As a music-hall turn it would be worthy of a Shaw-Karno collaboration: but as a spectacle for patriots it is sad and beyond tears, and is gradually reducing that old representative Government of ours, for which we were once world-famous, to the level of buffoonery, and there is an ever-growing cry for "curtain."

The initial mistake was the Parliament Act—which, if passed at all, should have been immediately followed by the Reform of the House of Lords, and the electorate should have been freed from vital fundamental changes during the change from the old machinery to the new—though even the electorate cannot be expected to assume the duties of statesmanship for which they have elected representatives. Yet even then the Irish Question would probably have blocked the way, as it must always block the way until it is finally solved instead of merely shelved to complicate some future issue; so that, in a word, the key to the Irish Question is really the key to the English question, and hence the political situation.

The crisis is as great as any in our history—possibly even greater, for it is infinitely more complicated: the scares of invasion, whether Napoleonic or Teutonic, are far more simple. We are in the middle of a constitutional revision of our fundamental principles, and the Englishman has just as much right to resent the "union" which places it at the mercy of an Irish dictator as the Irishman has that his country should be under the English Parliament.

The interests of the Empire being fundamentally one, the party system must be to a certain extent superficial, but the present state of the Parliamentary machine is sending more and more to paralyse that body as a thinking centre. Rival policies are grouped together at hazard under one word, much on the principle of the toys in lucky stockings given to children by Dady Xmas, and elections are a kind of paternal tossing-up—"who should have which"—till the whole process is almost meaningless.

The Suffrage Bill was the first great measure which for many years came forward as one of national importance, and yet was judged upon its own intrinsic value (the antithesis of the party value), and justly so; the Irish Question should be the same; indeed, every question should, but the Irish Question especially.

The colossal mistake of Pitt, by which he failed to distinguish the subject-matter of jurisdiction while amalgamating two co-ordinate assemblies, has, instead of subordinating Irish local affairs to Imperial necessities, merely ended in the very opposite, of Irish local affairs dominating all the affairs of Great Britain and until that mistake is remedied, the whole constitution is incomplete, looked at as a system of world-domination, for which the English-speaking race has been apparently chosen.

To-day everyone, as "Unionist" and everybody as a "Home-Ruler," simply because experience has shown us by Pitt's awful mistake that there is really no difference between them, taken in the broad sense—that is, thinking Imperially—for no one at this stage wishes for the disruption of the two countries, just as no sane thinker wishes to perpetuate the present system which every decade places the whole Empire under the heel of a dictator; but unless some "via media" can be discovered something like this must always inevitably follow.

The right of revision is the very first principle of dual-chamber government, and, constitutionally speaking, no fundamental alteration should be made during the kind of political interregnum between the abolition of the absolute veto and the creation of an elective upper house on democratic lines; for in the words of Lord Lansdowne, the present situation is merely this, that one House can vote and not speak; the other can speak and not vote. It gives a Ministry five years' carte blanche—no one knows how near or how far the next added to the Sovereign all the responsibility of deciding whether a certain measure was really consented to or not by the electorate—in the sense in which it is about to be passed; and it places an almost absolute power in the hands of any Cabinet that chances to be in office.
Yet, while regretting that the Irish Question should dominate this Imperial Question, the blame must be put down to Pitt, and if it would be perhaps asking too much of Nationalists, who have suffered so much by his mistake, to risk its continuance, and one can only plead for a compromise at least of spirit and temper in view of the situation, which is almost as delicate as any operating in the crisis of a new constitution commenced a series of appeals to the Imperial Parliament it would only end in chaos. Nor could anyone very well blame the Prime Minister for seeing the danger ahead, should shirk the responsibility of enforcing at the point of the sword a Bill the full details of which had never been placed before the country.

It would be the triumph of the new lay spirit of conciliation and the victory of that ever-growing protest against professionalism in politics, which is getting a dangerous form of misgovernment conceivable to the mind of man: she may yet become the model of Empire, for the Celt is by instinct the greatest political race in the world, and in that national settlement Ulster must be.

The great point is that in the new generation there is really fundamental unity and good fellowship, and a general feeling that much that Carsonism stands for is as instinctively right as Redmondism, and it only needs the spirit of conciliation to bring about a happy consummation.

Social Ireland is one, commercial Ireland is one, and the new generation is gradually shedding all that religious and political animosity which still too often characterise those veterans who have really seen the bigurities at their worst. Surely upon such a basis some sort of “via media” could be erected whereby another decade of fruitless brainwear could be avoided, when everyone knows that Unionism means Home Rule, Home Rule Unionism; and, as a matter of fact, Redmond has all to lose and Carson all to gain by any change that can take place in the direction of decentralisation.

A mere General Election at the present moment would leave the electorate as perplexed as ever: possibly peremptory, through the sheer impatience to get English issues: for Home Rule ceased to be a danger when it ceased to be disruptive. As a measure of decentralisation they would rather welcome, it provided they could do so with safety, and it behoves both the Irish leaders to look rather to themselves than to the English electorates, which is quite as likely to throw over the one as the other.

Force is no remedy, however, and a revolution always goes beyond the bounds of anticipation: the guns may be dummy, but the spirit is real, and a scheme which does not conciliate Ulster can secure its co-operation, and if an Orange party with real hostility to the new constitution commenced a series of appeals to the mind of man: she may yet become the model of Empire, for the Celt is by instinct the greatest political race in the world, and in that national settlement Ulster must be.

One must negotiate where oneself is, but one can only plead for what will procure the &

The whole measure, then he must be prepared to justify the Unionist Government should come suddenly into power. If obtaining the “Home Rule” principle is over the head of Ulster and before the dockers would have their army, the miners, the railwaymen, a general feeling that much that Carsonism stands for is as instinctively right as Redmondism, and it only needs the spirit of conciliation to bring about a happy consummation.

Social Ireland is one, commercial Ireland is one, and the new generation is gradually shedding all that religious and political animosity which still too often characterise those veterans who have really seen the bigurities at their worst. Surely upon such a basis some sort of “via media” could be erected whereby another decade of fruitless brainwear could be
England and Islam.*

Great Britain has tried the two alternatives of being either friendly or hostile to the Mohammedan world. England at least owes gratitude to the then Commander of the Faithful, H.I.M. Sultan Abdul Majid, by whose proclamation to the Indian Muslims, the Indian Rebellion of 1857 was more swiftly quenched than might have been expected. But now that England is more or less hostile to Islam, she is dearly paying for it, at least in the loss of her popularity in the East as the champion of liberty and emancipation (to say nothing of the threatening aspects in India and elsewhere).

To the legal mind it is quite reasonable that these writers and politicians who organised and carried out that undeserved campaign against the Crescent in supporting the Cross in the recent Balkan wars should by this time realise that they have really been fighting against the ends which they erroneously thought they were promoting. I have been expecting in vain to see any of the leading English papers proclaim that it is high time that English politicians should renounce in the light of events their recent and unjustified hostility to Islam.

Pierre Loti, the eminent French writer, has courageously stepped forward to the rescue of the Turk; why do not English writers other than Mr. Pickthall do the same to enlighten the British people?

Much as a Mohammedan must feel grateful to an Englishman like Mr. S. H. Leeder for this work on Egypt, the English people ought to feel more for his efforts to bring to their knowledge the nobler aspects of Mohammedan life. He has made an attempt to consider with all fairness questions which most others fail to understand through wilful misconception. Pointing out the might of Islam as a political force, he says: "Napoleon at one period of his life thought to use this great force in his project of a world-conquest, and declared that he might even become a Moslem himself. In our present day we have seen the approach of Germany to Islamic Turkey, with an undoubted eye on the idolator, with whose Moslem may not associate. With the Christian and the Jew he may join both in social intercourse, at meat, and in any business connection; and the Moslem may marry from among them. With the idolator, or infidel, as he is called, all this is forbidden, and even friendship is impossible. Of Christians the Holy Koran says: ‘Thou shalt certainly find those to be nearest in affection to the Moslems, who say: We are Christians. This because some of them are spiritual teachers, and because they are free from boast.’ (Sura V, 85.) Allah says: ‘I will place those who follow Jesus above those who believe not.’ (Sura III, 48.)"

Again the Koran says: "Verily those who believe (Moslems), and those who follow the Jewish religion, and the Christians, and the Sabellites, whoever of the people of the Book believe in God and the Last Day, and do that which is right, shall have their reward with their Lord; fear shall not come upon them, neither shall they be ashamed." (Sura 111, 48.)

During my short stay in England I have been struck by the Caliphate of Islam; the Kaiser going so far as to speak of the Sultan as the Caliph of the Moslems. In Cairo I have heard the suggestion, from Mr. Carl Peters himself, which in one of his recent books of travel he puts into precise words: 'There is one factor which might fall on our side of the balance, and in the case of a world-war might be made useful to us; that factor is Islam.'

In dismissing the erroneous saying that Mohammedans do not revere Jesus Christ, he states in referring to the Bishop of London's former misconception: "Moslems everywhere were amazed and hurt that this could be said to turn out the name of Christ as evil, the name they revere equally with the name of their prophet, and whose virgin mother they never mention without terms of deep respect."

During my short stay in England I have been struck as though with a thunderbolt to hear English people from various classes ask: "As a Mohammedan, do you not worship Mohamed? Do you really believe in God, or in any God other than Mohamed?" To such ignorant but innocent people Mr. Leeder says: "It is at this point that a Christian critic should admit that the Allah of the Koran is precisely the Jehovah of the Old Testament, a divine king of kings, dwelling in the highest heaven, a God of goodness and severity, of mercy and of vengeance, who rules the world with almighty and irresistible power, but which can yet inspire the poet's heart with tenderest yearning—like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God. . . . And it was here that Mohamed could say to the Jews: 'Know that you are the earliest inspired word of God had been sent: 'Our God and your God is one.' (Sura XXIX, 45.)"

Disowning the false abuse by Mohammedans of Christianity the author gives it on the authority of Sheikh ul Islam: It is absolutely untrue. It is absolute in the idolator, whom a Christian may not associate. With the Christian and the Jew the idolator may marry from among them. With the idolator, or infidel, as he is called, all this is forbidden, and even friendship is impossible. Of Christians the Holy Koran says: "By the religion of Islam." By S. H. Leeder.

* "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt: And the Religion of Islam." By S. H. Leeder.
Letters on War.

By "A Rifleman."

Before we begin to discuss war it would perhaps be just as well to understand clearly what war really is. This sounds a truism, but it is unfortunately one more frequently honoured in the breach than in the observance. One may say in fact that the greater proportion of the voluminous literature anent war is based upon a fundamental misconception of the function of war in the evolution of Society. We are told perpetually that war is a purely destructive process, we are told perpetually that armaments represent a dead loss to Society, and we are gravely warned that the increasing expenditure upon armaments to-day involves a grave menace to economic stability throughout Europe. This sounds a truism, but it is unfortunately one more purely destructive process, we are told perpetually that armaments represent a dead loss to Society, and we are gravely warned that the increasing expenditure upon armaments to-day involves a grave menace to economic stability throughout Europe.

Perpetual pictures are drawn of national bankruptcy looming ahead, of a crushing weight of taxation grinding down productive industry to a vanishing point, of untold woes awaiting the rising generation unless the steady movement of increase in armaments be checked by the prompt adoption of the various Liberal and Pacifist nostrums guaranteed to achieve the speedy arrival of the millennium. When, however, we look into history we observe a curious paradox: the further we look back in the dawn of history the more and more does war play an increasing part in the social life of mankind, the more and more frequent do wars become, a greater and greater proportion of the national wealth is expended on armaments. There was a greater proportion of the national wealth spent on armaments in the year 1813 than in the year 1913 alike in this country and abroad; wars were more frequent in the eighteen-century than in the nineteenth century, and as we look further and further back so wars become increasingly frequent and armaments involve a greater proportion of economic production, until finally we reach the semi-nomadic horde, the earliest social organisation of mankind, which, in an atmosphere of perpetual warfare and in which the warrior's weapons form his only tools, and war and the chase his sole occupation. Bearing in mind this fact: that warfare involves a greater proportion of the energies of mankind the further back we progress back to the dawn of history; if warfare be a purely destructive process, doesn't it strike one as being distinctly curious that the great social organisations of to-day should have managed to evolve at all? Surely at the very early period in the history of mankind, in ages long previous to the historic era, the nations of the world should have achieved the sad fate of the famed Kilkenney cats and accomplished their mutual destruction!

It appears then that there is something lacking in the Pacifist creed, that the processes of warfare cannot be as wholly destructive as is commonly alleged, and that we pause and reflect upon the subject, when we consider that the history of mankind is in the main a history of wars and conquests, that we recall that the arts of warfare are universal in every age and every clime, common sense tells us that an art which has played such an immense part in the drama of history, which in all ages has absorbed so large a portion of the population, of the energy of every race that has stamped its impress upon our civilisation, cannot be devoid of sociological significance. Behind every phenomenon alike of history and of present-day civilisation there lies a sociological purpose readily apparent to the earnest student of our social system: Can it really be suggested that the Art of War is a solitary exception to the rule; to be attributed to sheer Diabolical agency?

The Pacifist case against war rests in fact upon a fundamental misconception of the function of warfare in evolution. For the processes of warfare are in reality not destructive processes but creative processes, and warfare fulfils a function in evolution of immense sociological importance.

Let us consider this function. Glancing back into the history of mankind we note that man has evolved the highly organised complex social fabric of to-day but by countless generations of slow and painful effort: but by a process of slow evolution from a chaos of animal instincts. What has been the mainspring of this process of evolution? What has been the power which has caused the earliest rude groupings of mankind to gravitate round centres of social life and coalesce with ever-increasing momentum throughout the ages until we come to the great civilised states of to-day? The motive-power when we come to analyse it is neither lofty nor sublime, whilst the processes by which this coalescent movement has been accomplished are processes with which the lofty ethical sentiments of the modern Radical journalist have singularly little to do. For ethical sentiment is not itself a motive-power but a reaction from accomplished economic fact.

The mainspring of all progress, however masked by religious shibboleths and conventional hypocrisy has been the desire to gratify animal instincts. It is the desire for the pomp and vanities of this wicked world, the cravings of the sensual appetites of mankind that is truly responsible for the present organisation of society and is still the most potent motive-power for good and evil among us. When the Socialist urges levyward schemes for the reorganisation of mankind, he not unconsciously urging forward the claims of the oppressed classes under our present social system to more readily gratify their animal instincts? The same desire to gratify animal instincts is at the bottom of all our moral codes and religious systems. The motive-power based upon the subjection of women was developed by a community of married men to protect their property and enable them to gratify, undisturbed, the animal instinct of reproduction, the single moral code but is an extension of the not unconsciously urging forward the claims of the oppressed classes under our present social system to more readily gratify their animal instincts? The same desire to gratify animal instincts is at the bottom of all our moral codes and religious systems. The double-moral-code based upon the subjection of women was developed by a community of married men to protect their property and enable them to gratify, undisturbed, the animal instinct of reproduction, the single moral code but is an extension of the not unconsciously urging forward the claims of the oppressed classes under our present social system to more readily gratify their animal instincts? 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warriors roam far afield in search of game. The women in their spare moments, cultivating berries and herbs, develop with all this a note of agriculture in the course of centuries, as game becomes more and more scarce, the tribe becomes completely settled down, the base-camp develops into the permanent village, the land adjacent, whilst held in common, is divided by strips among the heads of families, and each sovereign in mining in metals, and spinning and weaving cloth have been acquired. Animals have been domesticated. Marriage by purchase has developed into an established institution, descent is traced in the paternal line and with the demand for children in the tribe, there has as a reaction developed a demand for chastity in the young girl. This latter, formerly allowed promiscuous sexual intercourse, is now held in tight bands and educated into paths of strict virtue." The foundations of our present social system have been laid.

It is important to consider the function of the Art of Warfare in this process of evolution. First of all we note a truth of sound sociological significance, but one which is ignored by philosophers of the Norman Angell school. This is that success in war carries with it the potentiality of the highest form of economic development. This is obvious when one looks into it. The tribe which is the development in the primitive age of the most fertile territories, the lands most rich in all that is requisite for the development of civilisation. This again is readily apparent. The Saxon invaders of Britain, for instance, secured by dint of sheer predominance of the strongest arm, the immense economic resources of England, they secured the favourable position of Great Britain for participation in the world’s commerce, they secured in fact every one of those advantages which, utilised by their descendants, have ensured the British people to the leading position among the world’s commerce. And all this was gained for the English people as distinct from any other people, directly as the result of military conquest.

Again, success in warfare, carrying with it access to fertile lands and readily accessible economic resources must necessarily carry with it the potentiality of the highest form of physical and mental development. The people which has by success in war seized upon fertile lands necessarily obtains more plentiful and more regular supplies of food than the peoples driven into less fertile regions, there develops in consequence a stronger physical type, whilst again in fertile well-watered lands intercommunication between village and village with the consequence in developing civilisation is much more readily achieved than in barren mountains, desert, or tangled forest. The fallacy of intervals with the consequence that his digestive organs and mental outlook is bounded on every hand by unreasonable customs which, handed down from father to son for centuries, as game becomes more and more scarce, the tribe becomes completely settled down, the base-camp develops into the permanent village, the land adjacent, whilst held in common, is divided by strips among the heads of families, and each sovereign in mining in metals, and spinning and weaving cloth have been acquired. Animals have been domesticated. Marriage by purchase has developed into an established institution, descent is traced in the paternal line and with the demand for children in the tribe, there has as a reaction developed a demand for chastity in the young girl. This latter, formerly allowed promiscuous sexual intercourse, is now held in tight bands and educated into paths of strict virtue." The foundations of our present social system have been laid.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime. By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XV. The End and Cause of the Conspiracy.

It was surprising, when I came to think of it, how many persons whom I used to meet continually had disappeared about the time of Mahmud Shevket Pascha’s death, being summoned suddenly to Europe or to distant parts of Turkey. The Government had had an inkling of the plot for many weeks and had said to Kaimil Pasha, ‘‘governor of the city under martial law’’ (governor of the city under martial law) had warned the ringleaders that they were being watched, which may account for some of those abrupt departures. But as the said Jemal Bey was one of the first dignitaries who were amongst those who have been murdered, the majority of the suspected laughed at him, believing that their plans were too well laid for failure. Indeed the overwhelming confidence of the conspirators—without the least foundation, as it proved—is, psychologically, the most curious feature of the whole affair. For example, they sent notice to the foreign embassies that there would be a change of Government on such a day, and asked that sailors might be landed to protect the Christian quarter; the idea behind this action being to create a panic favourable to their designs, which, they never seemed to doubt, were pleasing to the Powers of Europe.

That they had a little ground for this presumption cannot be denied; for the Russian and the British Embassies, especially, had in the past been hostile to the Young Turks and were all the more influential to Kiasm Pasha’s party, of which the aim was to establish something like the old regime. More astonishing was the undoubtedly sincere belief of the conspirators that they were popular and that the nation as a whole would welcome their return to power. They viewed themselves as savours of their country and deemed their cause so plainly righteous that it must appeal to everyone. In point of fact they were detested by the common people, at any rate within a ten-mile suits; it is the virile warlike peoples that seized upon the environments most suitable to the development of civilisation, and the qualities that have led them to success in war have in differing environment rendered them equally prominent in the arts of peace.

We have noted that success in war carries with it the potentiality of the highest form of economic development, and we have also noted that the same success carries with it the potentiality of the highest form of physical and mental development. When we turn to the phenomena of the modern world this is readily apparent. The triumph of Great Britain over France during the century carried with it the potentiality of the economic exploitation of India and our colonies; can it be seriously argued that has been productive of no economic gain to the dominant class of English capitalists? Has it had no effect upon the economic life of the English nation? And can it be seriously argued that this profound influence exerted upon the economic life of eighteenth and early nineteenth century England by military conquests has had no influence upon the social life of the English people and the social development of England? It was the economic development of eighteenth century England, itself the fruit of military conquest, that led to the development of labour-saving machinery, the rise of the factory system and enabled us to secure the already existing wealth in fertile lands and readily accessible economic resources. And all this we know to-day! The point of view therefore that would rule out the whole phenomena of warfare throughout history as an unnecessary and purely destructive agency in human progress would seem to rest upon a basis of shallow and short-sighted reasoning.
radius of the capital. During my stay in Turkey there were only two occasions when I noticed anything resembling public feeling, as we understand the term in England; that is, in the form of a quiet people on political events—a phenomenon unknown in Muslim countries formerly, when public sentiment clung only to religious questions. One was the fall of Adrianople; the other the assassination of the Grand Vizier. They remain as I now write them in the memory of two of our Laz gardeners, cursing some friends of ours well known to them from the time of the fall of Adrianople; the other the assassination of Kiamil Pasha. I remember overhearing two of our gardeners cursing some friends of ours, well known to them, the Grand Vizier. I remember overhearing two of our gardeners cursing some friends of ours well known to them from the time of the fall of Adrianople; the other the assassination of Kiamil Pasha. I remember overhearing two of our gardeners cursing some friends of ours well known to them from the time of the fall of Adrianople; the other the assassination of Kiamil Pasha.

Men, mere instruments, whom such as they had bought for Liberals. The head gardener was of opinion that they needed hanging much more than did Kyuraz. The country and the army thought of them. The speaker wished that the government might take them all.

Each day we had news of fresh arrests—in our own village there were five one morning—until the prisoners were numbered by the hundred. Pera was thrown into a panic by the noise of firing in her midst, a battle raging in its worst, fair vengeance for the death of Nâzim, which was not endorsed by any Turk outside that party. Dire punishment was looked for, and it came. Some who had fled the country were condemned to death by default; many more were exiled; twelve were hanged. To show the value of a punishment which seemed to me excessive, a very peaceful, law-abiding Syrian merchant whom I know, being in Stamboul, went to see the bodies hanging on the gibbets and touched one of them. He told the tale with placid satisfaction. "Then I felt more comfortable," he concluded, "for then I knew that what I have a Government." When I have dwelt too long upon the state of parties in Constantinople, it is because false views are current on the subject. I myself was utterly misled, in England and elsewhere, by the account of men in a position to be perfectly informed thereof; and went to Turkey with a prejudice against the Unionists which obscured my judgment for the first three months. There is to be observed in Western Europeans generally a tendency to scoff at the bare thought of Muslim progress. But Eastern Europeans take a different view. They believe in the Turkish tradition, and the Turks who have been foreseen.

As it was, after the first five minutes they never had the least chance of success against a great community such as Ismail Bey. For days the hunt went on; men of all conditions were arrested; the documents of the conspiracy were found, among them a full list of members of the Kiamil Pasha party; and for once the envoys of the Powers forbore to intervene. I mention this, because it was much remarked among the Turks. My chief friend in the current of affairs considered it extraordinary. He said he wished that someone would inform the British Government of the injury that had been done to British prestige in Constantinople by our government having remained without comment. When I asked to know precisely what he meant, he told me he referred particularly to intrigues on behalf of Kiamil Pasha and his colleagues just before the Balkan war. All Turkey had, he said, been given to understand that Kiamil Pasha had the support of England. The British Embassy had, he declared, worked hard for Kiamil, and he must suppose that it had acted in this case without instructions from the British Government, since no support whatever was vouchsafed to Kiamil. This was the first time I had been exposed to the manufacture of such a 'firing in her midst, a battle raging in its worst, fair vengeance for the death of Nâzim, which was not endorsed by any Turk outside that party. Dire punishment was looked for, and it came. Some who had fled the country were condemned to death by default; many more were exiled; twelve were hanged. To show the value of a punishment which seemed to me excessive, a very peaceful, law-abiding Syrian merchant whom I know, being in Stamboul, went to see the bodies hanging on the gibbets and touched one of them. He told the tale with placid satisfaction. "Then I felt more comfortable," he concluded, "for then I knew for certain that we have a Government." When I have dwelt too long upon the state of parties in Constantinople, it is because false views are current on the subject. I myself was utterly misled, in England and elsewhere, by the account of men in a position to be perfectly informed thereof; and went to Turkey with a prejudice against the Unionists which obscured my judgment for the first three months. There is to be observed in Western Europeans generally a tendency to scoff at the bare thought of Muslim progress. But Eastern Europeans take a different view. They believe in the Turkish tradition, and the Turks who have been foreseen.

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Some Aphorisms of Bismarck.

(Translated by P. Selver.)

The following aphorisms appeared in the “Vossische Zeitung” of October 30. They are advance extracts from a book entitled “Prince Bismarck, 1890-1898,” which will be issued shortly by the “Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft.” The author is Hermann Hofmann, formerly leading political editor of the “Hamburger Nachrichten.”

My whole life was high play with other people’s money. I could never foresee with certainty whether my plans would be successful. This management of other people’s wealth has always been a tremendously heavy burden on my sense of responsibility, as must be the case with every minister who has any honour at all. But that was the only way; I had to press on, if I wanted to reach my goal. Sometimes I still have sleepless nights, when I consider how differently everything might have turned out.

If I had told the king where I was bound for, he would not have accompanied me. (This refers to the period before 1866.)

It has been my endeavour to guide the politics of Prussia, in a way that judging from its history, its nature and development, seemed to me the intention of divine providence, who had assigned to Prussia the solution of the German problem.

No government is so harmful to the interests of the country as a weak one. A government must be, above all, firm and energetic, proceeding where necessary, even with severity. That is needful both for the external and internal preservation of the state. A government that suffers from the tendency to avoid conflicts, to keep out of necessary struggles, and even to be always giving way to the wishes of foreign powers, is doomed to inevitable ruin. It will very soon get to such a pitch that it can hang together only by making concessions, one following in the train of the other until absolutely nothing of the constitutional authority is left.

The task of a monarchial government consists in taking such precautions for the future, that the basis which supports the state and the works of the governing apparatus, may remain safe and durable, so that nothing may get out of order and cause further damage.

It is impossible to have a government programme that would suit all times, because times change. There are some that govern in a dictatorial or a reactionary manner, and others in which liberal and progressive tactics must be adopted. When my opponents reproach me with having previously—that is, under other circumstances—recommended different politics from now, it is only another proof of the incompetence of such sticklers for principles, who believe that they can govern every country at every time by the same recipe.

The programme of the Conservative party to-day would, under Friedrich Wilhelm IV, have fallen into the category of liberalism; under Friedrich Wilhelm III, into that of revolution.

To demand from a statesman “consistency” above all, is to deprive him of the liberty of making his decisions according to the changing needs of the State, the difference of attitude adopted by foreign countries, or other important reasons. He must always take his cue from conditions that predominate for the time being; he cannot hold sway over the facts and tendencies that crop up, but merely use them skilfully for his own purposes. He must observe or seek every favourable opportunity to carry out what seems to him the right and proper thing for the interests of his
country. Whether, in so doing, he acts consistently, is a matter of complete indifference.

Politics is less a science than an art; it cannot be taught, a person must be gifted for it. Even the best counsel is of no use, if it is not carried out in the best way. It is like riding on horseback. You may give a rider the best directions, but if they are beyond him, or he does not carry them out according to the nature of his mount, in the end the horse will throw him off.

Politics is a thankless business, chiefly because everything rests upon conjectures and chance happenings. One is compelled to reckon with a whole series of probabilities and to base one's plans on this reckoning. If one has correctly estimated uncertain factors, all is well, and success is the result; if a mistake has been made, things go awry, and not only does this lead to censure, but the country suffers damage.

The politician always remains an unfinished product as long as he lives. In seeking to attain his ends, he has to rely too much on the collaboration of others. That is uncertain and variable. He has to reckon with casual disturbances, as the farmer with sudden changes of weather. Even after the greatest success he cannot say with assurance: "Now that has turned out well, I have finished," and look back with satisfaction on what he has achieved. A short lapse of time can make it questionable again. Decades must pass before it can be clearly decided whether a really lasting or only an apparent and transient success has been attained. In the politician's life there is no period when he can say to himself: You have finished off well. Separate matters can, indeed, be brought to a conclusion, but that is always done without definite knowledge of the consequences that the affair will bring in its train. Recently a newspaper contained something to the effect that, if I had said I never felt at ease during my tenure of office, and if it were so, then moral pleasures were simply incompatible with the management of State affairs. That is not correct, but as long as one lives, one is uncertain about one's own achievements. Only one's children or grandchildren can feel satisfaction or distress at what has been attained. In this respect, the statesman is much worse off than, say, the banker. When he has completed a transaction on the Change, he can immediately reckon out his profit to the nearest cent. Each forms its own stage. He is for ever plagued by the uncertainty whether what he has passionately worked for and attained as a patriot on behalf of his country, is really the right thing, and whether it will not finally bring about harmful results. He never has full light on a matter. Politics has a kind of similarity to forestry. A certain school of forestry bears the inscription: "We reap what we have not sown, and we sow what we shall not reap." It is exactly the same in politics. The definite result of the statesman's action is never to be recognised at any particular time. In this respect the general is in a better position than he is. If he has won a battle, he can be aware of it immediately and quite beyond any doubt. Such a thing is never possible with the politician. Even after the conclusion of an apparently very brilliant stroke of business, he cannot with certainty record a balance in his ledger. Even after so splendid a declaration of peace as that of Frankfort, I could not do so. The correspondence between the old Emperor Wilhelm and myself, together with the rest of the historical documents published, prove plainly enough, that in politics there can never be certainty and definite results, but that it is all up hill and down dale.

Politics demands, above all, the ability to recognise intuitively in every fresh situation, where the right path leads. The statesman must be in time to see things coming and make his arrangements accordingly.

If he neglects that, his measures will generally be too late. If the train has passed the wrong points and reached an incline, if, moreover, the screws of the brakes are loose, no power can keep it from being dashed to pieces.

Patience is an indispensable requisite of the statesman. He must be able to wait until the right moment has arrived, and he must not precipitate matters, however great the temptation may be. If the finest pastry is taken from the oven too soon, it will crumble to pieces.

A correct estimate of one's opponent is another indispensable factor of success. Here caution must be observed. A move in chess must never be made with the completely sure assumption that one's fellow-player will make a particular move. For it may happen that this move is not taken after all, and then the game may easily be lost. One must always reckon with the possibility that the opponent may at the last moment move differently from what was expected, and make provisions accordingly. In other words: one must always have two irons in the fire.

Foreign questions are not questions of justice, but of power. They cannot be solved by theories of jurisprudence or national law. As far as they do not have to be settled by the sword, it is always better to come to a material understanding rather than split hairs about the exact wording of agreements, articles and paragraphs. That can always be done later.

Foreign politics and administrative affairs must never be brought to bear on each other. Each forms its own balance. If one is weighted with the other, the equilibrium is lost.

The statesman must try to prevent the framing of laws which cannot be regarded by the people as answering a purpose for any length of time. I have always been of the opinion that a scheme of considerable moment to the State or to civic life cannot be made public early enough. The earlier that takes place, the more thoroughly it is discussed in the Press as a whole, the more certainly will public opinion either be convinced of the suitability of the proposal, or, if that is not the case, it will refuse support to the originators of the scheme, and perhaps even acquaint them with the weak points in their proposals. Conversely, it is extremely important to make known to the members of the State, who, after all, are the 'Achivi qui plectuntur,' any drastic schemes for statutes as long as possible before they are dealt with in Parliament.

A German government should engage in enterprises overseas only if the material interests of the German Empire render such a course unconditionally imperative, or at least justifiable. Action on the part of Germany in foreign countries overseas can only be reconciled with the problems of German politics, if there is a prospect of sure advantages without a disproportionately great risk, and especially without conflict with older and stronger sea-powers. Nothing runs counter to the interests of the German Empire so much as to let its foreign politics, from the mere desire to have a finger in every pie, get involved in more or less risky and adventurous enterprises, which cannot be sufficiently justified by any real interest of the country, but arise more from the impulse to flatter the vanity of the nation or the immediate ambition of those in power. Such dealing in prestige is not the way of the Germans, but of the French. It was for such reasons that France went to Algiers, Tunis, Mexico and Madagascar. If Germany were ever to enter upon politics of a similar tendency, not only would it fall to in accordance with any German interests, but the welfare of the Empire and its European standing would be harmed.
"The Sublime to the—?" by Beatrix Terry.

I have been naively shocked to perceive that the public does not care for art. I knew that of course.

I have been sucked into currents where the public neither comes nor counts, and where that good old landmark of the public's bovine carelessness is poetically obliterate. Well, I have restored it now; without it, my other landmarks are structurally imperfect! I have been constrained by tentacles; from art galleries, from cloistered artistic clubs.

I spent some hours in a gallery before I cut the tentacles. Imagine it: I passed from this gallery, reserved, receded, opalescent, qualified, of Rank and Fashion; to a rinking carnival, beatific, bland, raucous, situate in the convivial sphere of—Brixton.

I had meant to stay in the gallery for an hour; I had remained, beatific, for three. The show was superb—excellent; its appeal, therefore, was in inverse ratio to that excellence. I was, in fact, the only worshipper there, in the concluding hour of my devotions; and the extreme quiet aided the process of beatiification. All in that gallery was sober, with the lofty sobriety of a stable temple to Art. It chanced that the very paintings were low-toned, and innocent of shrieks; and, hung there in that silent gallery, they created an impression of excessive peace. I profited by their exhalations of calm, of nobility, of the momentary transfixed to the eternal; and I became entirely unfit for the preoccupations of common life. Beauty enveloped me, and all the shining retinue of Beauty. I was votive at the shrines of colour, air, and light. I came forth, consumed by the fervours of the beatific; and I speculated, vaguely, upon the great gulf fixed between that gallery and a rinking carnival.

Quite vaguely, I could not know how that gulf yawned; being bound, securely, by tentacles. The Skating-rink was about one hour distant. I arrived there soon after seven. It was a large structure of corrugated iron. I had often passed the door, but never more than an involuntary captivated by the strains indigenous to it; it sheltered a seemingly quenchless band; and, as you approached or receded, you were invariably cheered. This band was as a hundred barrel organs, all united; and it centupled the doggedness, the play-til-you-kick-me-out"-edness of the barrel-organ. I could conceive of no earthly agency as stopping it, for more than three minutes. It halted periodically at the conclusion of a number, but ever, with glorious regularity, it broke forth again.

Now I waited to study the yellow bills which advertised the "Current Fixtures." To-night was merely an affair of Fancy Dress. In the near future was a "Fun and Folly Carnival," something called "Musical Chairs," and all these other dazzling items: "Pursuit Race, Ladies v. Gens. Prize to the Gentleman who First Catches a Lady; also a Prize to the Lady Caught Last.—Musical Squares (for Ladies): Squares will be marked on the floor. Stop on squares when the whistle blows.—Lucky Partners. Six Ladies will be Secretly chosen; and the Gentlemen skating with them at nine-thirty will receive prizes.—Driving Race. Ladies to drive Gentlemen (blindfolded as horses). Prizes for winning team." For a moment I delved into the psychology of the Ladies who were Caughit by the gentlemen, and where that good old landmark of the public's bovine carelessness is poetically obliterate. Well, I have restored it now; without it, my other landmarks are structurally imperfect! I have been sucked into currents where the public neither comes nor counts, and where that good old landmark of the public's bovine carelessness is poetically obliterate. Well, I have restored it now; without it, my other landmarks are structurally imperfect! I have been sucked into currents where the public neither comes nor counts, and where that good old landmark of the public's bovine carelessness is poetically obliterate. Well, I have restored it now; without it, my other landmarks are structurally imperfect!

I parted with sixpence and entered; to see that it was too early. A few people in startling clothes circled aimlessly in a bare and greyish area, which gaped desolately around them. Nothing is more disconcerting than a festival which is not proceeding im-petus. Until it quickened, I improved my shining hour in piercing the inner heart of the mystery of that rink.

So thinly populated, it appeared a great place, dull and staring; with a roof which was extremely high. I looked up. In the centre, there was a saggis piece of dirty-white sacking; balanced on either side by stretches of glass, and red and white stuff, which was clean. An iron framework upheld the roof, and there was an extensive network of iron bars, and a lines of bright national flags, which crossed. Below, I saw a vermilion dado, and white walls; bearing more symbols of Empire. The skating area was very large; and there was a species of encirclement pen, in which spectators hovered, sheeplike, very quiet in their non-fancy clothes.

Upon the left was a sheet of illuminated glass; whereon when the band ceased, the people looked for a sign. These signs were both terse and dictatorially; they gave a deterministic air to the skaters, lend the rink a touch of the seminary. Whilst I watched, these changed. The black letters on white glass flashed from "All Skate" to "Clear Floor"; and, at once, everybody scuttled. There was conversation: observed that the crowd aggregated, and that, after a prescribed interval of ogling, young men approached young women with an invitation to the Waltz. The young women nearly all rose to the occasion with a leer, unequivocal glances were not to be seen. The music burst forth again; and I saw that "Clear Floor" was now "Partners Only." The revelers showed great profusion in all manner of involved steps; a bell rang, and they glanced upward; it was nothing. Reverse. So it went on, I was lost in fascination at the place of signals, and suddenly I laughed. For the sheet of glass was erected upon a composition of yellow tasselling and dark-red material, which had the semblance of an atar-cloth!

This amused, but I was too bewildered to give a clear passage to amusement. Fundamentally, I was bewildered; I felt that I had received a thump on the head. My love of the beautiful, my belief in the preponderance of Art, all my pretty art-gallery-drawing-room faculties were stunned, apolgetic. I had drunk the cup of contrast; it had perceptibly inebriated, it had scarcely cheered me... I think that it was the atmosphere, the pervasive spirit, which distilled the thump. I was absorbing that atmosphere as I had absorbed that of the gallery; and sweet art and roller-skating declined to kiss, to do anything in fact, but brawl. Really, it was like a draught of methylated spirit following upon Chartreuse.

There was such an evident, incontrovertible conviction that roller-skating was among the major benefits of music; one of those benefits which merited serious study, the consecration of a lifetime of spare evenings. You saw that conviction everywhere. It shone forth in void and solemn faces, in deeply serious conversation. "Were you here last night?" "Do you know who won the cake-tray for the two-step?" It was in at the Adelphi this afternoon. You've no idea... Gertie Millar... Little Devil! Well, they do say she's... "A very fat girl, prodigiously light on skates, came just behind me, and slapped another girl hard upon the shoulder." "Waaf, ole
dear, an 'ow are yer?" She was magnificently dressed.

I moved away to another part of the pen, which was labelled "Welcome Club." In it, there were chairs, and tables, and waitresses. Many sat here, and observed the skating, which was now growing tremendous; the rink was almost full. At frequent intervals, a man came out in a Spanish hat, and repaired to this spot, and exhibited his sense of humour. It consisted in pretending to shoot two girls who posed as sailors—music-hall sailors—and who burst into giggles at his popping of his unloaded revolver. It was monotonous. I heard it spoken of as "is fun."

There was a great deal of fun in the rink. The men and girls pushed and scuffled, and became wildly hilarious. Occasionally, a couple fell with violence upon the floor; and a crowd of well-wishers tarried to assist them, shouting very ineffectual jokes.

As the night advanced, the men became less off-hand and brotherly; they were still tepid, but they showed a firmer clasp upon the waists of the girls. Of actual amorousness I saw nothing; and concluded that the noise of the skates and the blare of the band was unfavourable to that quality, which demands an appreciable aftermath of imagination. During exploration of the Welcome Club, I lighted upon one youth who rubbed his head piously upon the shoulder of his lady; and there were few female spectators who did not recline joyously in the arms of their escort. That was, no doubt, the etiquette of the Welcome Club; but it was not necessarily something tentative, preparatory, and strangely touching. They knew no preliminaries; they leapt past them into the elemental, and their parade of it was suavely unconcerned.

There were hardly any maidens whose eyes were not lit by the unseen glare of sex. Failing that, they showed the well-dressed glare; or—and this was horror's crown of horror—that glare which was smirkingly null. I saw one or two girls who had preserved the dews of morning; and never had innocence and truth seemed so desirable. I gazed with a positive hunger at the progress of one such couple; waited for the moment when they should skate past me. They halted, and whilst I perused their lineaments, I heard one remark: "Rosary. Read it three times, . . . simply lovely book. Cost me four and six, . . . worth it. Of course, four and six is a lot for a book. . . . All right dear, expect you round for it to-morrow afternoon, . . . 'lending it to everybody.'" Then they went.

There were specimens of every type of the average young man. I even noticed, with extreme amazement, the young man of the tailors' advertisements, whose existence I had never credited; it had seemed quite palpably mythical. Yet now was he materialised, skating before me, beautifully upright; with hair of the correct, warm tone of brown, beautifully oiled. I saw his straight long nose, his doll-like air of rectitude, and the dash of carmine upon the cheek-bone; and I realised that the husk of the human soul may differ very widely.

I saw his soul—or that ebullience of the better self that one so names. It was when a chocolate-box girl fainted; and the tailors' advertisements man assisted her away. He conducted the affair with tenderness, with delicacy, with refinement; and, through him, I commenced to breathe more freely in that place. This appalling atmosphere exhaled something that reassured the fundamental decency of its components, upon that I reposed.

My last glorious delusion was demolished: that of the "hopefulness" of the lower middle-classes, the enlightened, insurrectional condition of their minds. This section had no mind. These people lived besottedly from day to day, from hour to hour; drawing their mental sustenance from the salacity of the stage, the excitements of a rinkling carnival; reposing, confidently, upon the constitution of things. Certainly, if they did not believe that whatever is, is right, they would be lamentably in the way of it being altered. In them was the raison d'être of all human worth. They were a millstone round the neck of England; but undoubtedly they were a well-intentioned millstone. They upheld the dignity of honest labour (a cliché I like); and certainly, if England has a backbone, honest labour must contribute many vertebrae. Also, they exhibited, intact, the severe panoply of the domestic virtues; they provided me at once with an Example, authentic if circumscribed; and a spectacle of Eternal Damnation. They were the class who will bear the birth pangs of the New Order; but that class, so differing, was in the world as well. Dimly, beyond these voices, I remembered it. . . .

And I began to be perturbed about the band, so dogged, interminable, untrivial. I had never been able to see it; it was not in the arena. I craned my neck to ascertain whether it were located on the balcony—I had incuriously thought so—but the balcony was non-existent. So I approached a man who was collecting pennies for the chairs, and inquired concerning this mystery. In him, hesitatingly, I judged the spirit of a landlady; for he launched forth upon his family history without delay, and the narrative exhausted my stock of polite interest. I diverted him from "My daughter who skated past you the other morning, she's nine, she is, but I mostly leaves it to 'er. Took all the prizes. . . . Well, the Band.—You see Miss, it's only a Band in a manner of speaking. It's reely a horgan—an electric horgan. I forget 'ow many instruments is it—about hall there are. It corst eight-hundred guineas. Now, my daughter—" "But where is this organ" I interjected, fevershilly. "It's inside that summer-house kind of an arrangement there in the middle. Now my heart's truly, had lodged 'im who—" I excused myself, and moved to a post of safety.

I looked yearningly at the attendants, those priests of the rink, who lolled near to the summer-house. They were garbed in a composition of blue and red, bedight with silken cords; an artful amalgam of the military and dressing-gown elements. How insensible must be their sentiments towards that band! I imagined them desiring passionately that it should cease. They were here from early in the morning until late at night. Here! Remorsefully I ejaculated: "What a life!"

Then, to afford variety, most of the lights were switched off, and romantic, coloured illuminations sprang to being: celestial illuminations of rose, and emerald, and yellow, and pellicetre. They proceeded from each corner of the rink; wherein depended lanterns, equipped with squares of various coloured glass. For some time, these squares were constantly shifted, and, happening to see the operators, pooled on ladders, I looked away. The effect was preferable to the cause. Willfully, I made that effect as fortuitous as anything in Nature; and, by contrast to the first one, it was as great a panacea.

Raucous voices sank and dwindled to a misty susurration, banal faces found a veil, which dignified them; there were no hard outlines, no more Cockney individualities. So viewed, they presented themselves as a pageant of brilliant, homogeneous puppets; momentary, meteoric. This half-light robbed them of their fates, their identities, their manifold transgressions; and imagination, given its chance, worked feverishly. Swiftly that scene had taken on the elements of visual beauty; the colour, the movement, the partial illuminations provided them. And the beauty which is not visual was shed, by the influence of the interminable process of change, for a moment, of a multitude of lives. Light, colour, human emotion—these had been more vividly present during the late reflegence. I speculated whether this puissant trinity would not always result
in the beautiful. Perhaps before, if I'd not been detained by tentacles—.

And I arrested myself sharply. Sentimentalism! Heavens, was I falling into that bottomless pit? Had the seductions of darkness bewitched me? The seduction continued, and it was difficult to tell. I considered the fantastic problem of where illegitimate sentiment begins, and licensed emotion leaves off; and suddenly laughed, being incontinently reminded of "chaste passion," an expression which I deeply cherish—it is very funny.

Then the lights flared forth again; and I looked, felt differently. I did not occupy myself with the costumes of the puppets. They embodied everything, from Bovril and Quaker Oats to Ribbons and Roses; and they were ceaselessly "dressed up"—their type, that of the immemorial Brixtonian, as clearly as you see Alma Tadema's to be the Kensingtonian Miss. I had suffered an agreeable transmigration of attitude. In one of his short stories Henry James remarks: "It was a part of the whole impressive nature, by some extraordinary law, one's visions seemed less from the facts than from one's vision, that the elements were determined at the moment by the moment's need, or the moment's sympathy." But I cannot add that law was extraordinary; it is simply one of the laws of my being, and my being bows to no extraordinary laws! The pendulum swerves, with glorious impartiality, from the objective to the subjective. I am liable, at any instance, to veer from the impassioned participator; and, quite shamelessly orgullous, I can glory in these oscillations. . .

The continual passage of these queer, chromatic figures was soothing—now. Vast, impecunious, curious noise of the skates went on, went on, went on, tintinnabulous, rhythmic and reverberating. It was some time before I discovered a discarded poster of bygone fixtures, of risking suns now set. "Sack Race. Orange Scramble. Sweetheart Race." Dear Heavens! And to-night I had beheld the inwardness of this arcana, its towering significance in Philistia. The gallery resurfaced, as music, scarcely heard. What could they make of that arcana, of that towering significance? What power had it, but to tease, provoke them? "What rocked they of its function? A secret, inviolate. A riddle, always unread. They must think of it, if they ever thought at all, as of something vexatious, charlatanic; a venerable, unevanished imposture; much inflated, grandiloquent. They must think of it, is short, precisely as I thought of their rink.

That consideration forced me to my knees. Disturbed, I envisaged art as one of the frills of life. Then I emerged, saw the transcendent art of the nocturnal sky, the murky backcloth for so many worlds. Well—

I could not flatter Art that it would be of visible use to them, except in oriblets: Shakespeare acquired in board-schools, classical airs ground on a barrel-organ, old masters incarnate in calendars. Yet they, unadulterated, could and did serve Art. They were part of its raw material. Material vast, inchoate, much unsanctioned; fit for the artist to transmute. From that affronting spectacle he can evolve something coherent, calming. Something which has its wounds of battle stanch'd, the many darts dashed.

Readers and Writers.

In a prose ode Mr. Edmund Gosse welcomed Anatole France to England and defined him as the "most adroit representative of the ironic curiosity of the close of the nineteenth century." How much or how little, I wonder, did Mr. Gosse mean by this? For my mind there is a little irony in his tone? "Adroit" is not exactly eulogy, though it may be good criticism; nor is "ironic curiosity" a particularly noble attribute. I suspect that Mr. Gosse was playing to the boxes in his ode and trusted to his vocabulary to conceal his commentary from the gallery; and in this, I imagine, he has been successful. In his reply, on the occasion of the dinner, Anatole France was at his best and at his worst. He was at his worst when he was eulogising the France of Voltaire as France in her glory; he was at his best in describing the English temperament and English literature, as "gravity wedded to perfect good humour," and "a happy combination of realism with a sublime idealism." These are, indeed, the eternal qualities of classic English literature; and are essential to any work that the nation will any longer be able to. . .

I do not know why we should not be satisfied with this; nevertheless there are many modern writers who are not. They appear to think that these qualities, just because they are these and so many and no more, should be added to and combined with others native and peculiar to other literatures. They would, as they say, "import" the qualities of French, Italian, Russian, and even Oriental literature, into our own with the notion of enriching it and of making a world, instead of a national, literature of it. But this desire to combine the English form of the forms of other literatures is, at bottom, anarchism; and is bound to end in formlessness. (It usually begins in it!) It involves also an impudent disrespect not only for our own national genius but for the genius of other nations and races; it assumes that our genius is imperfect because it is peculiar, and it assumes that the genius of other nations can be borrowed. Finally its effect invariably is to produce, not a pure form of English literature, but a hybrid marked by incongruity and repugnancy and taste. All these points are justly examined by Mr. L. March Phillips in the "English Review" for December, with a conclusion.

At this point I left.

however, that I cannot quite accept. With his distinction between the two kinds of revolution to which literature is subject, the real revolution arising from a new conviction, and the sham revolution arising from whim, I agree; it is well said and said at the right moment. But is it the fact that the Western way as distinguished from the Eastern way is "With Nature, not against Her"? No doubt we can put it like that for the purpose of picturesque contrast, but, in truth, the facts themselves are not so sharply, if at all, in contrast. The classic Western way is not more harmonious with Nature than the classic Eastern way; what distinguishes them are their respective standards of value as applied to the same given range of Nature.

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In the same issue of the "English Review" Mr. H. G. Wells begins a serial story that threatens to be the dullest he has ever written. Having seen most of his mechanical forecasts fulfilled, he is now sprouting in chemical forecasts in order to recover his lead over the inventors. Perhaps this is a useful function, but its relation is not clear to me. His story opens with "The Six Standard Readers of the elementary schools." Its purpose is to revive the ancient "Roman" school, will doubtless be dragged in before many chapters are through; but its presence will be one of the incongruities above referred to. Mr. Wells, I am afraid, is lost to art.

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In the "Figaro" M. Andre Beaunier has lately been discussing the future of literature, of literature, that is as an art. He deplores the fact that in Mr. Pound's France the authority of criticism has nearly disappeared. There is no longer an instinctive and recognised consensus of good taste embodied in the judgments of a group of critics, but decisions are left to be settled by votes, that is, by numbers. The Society of Men of Letters recently settled a dispute about taste by voting on it; and last week the Concourt Academy awarded its prize after no fewer than eleven ballots. Ten members constitute the Committee of Selection, and it is amusing to learn that in the first ballot not one of them voted for the writer who ultimately secured the highest number of votes. The final result, in fact, was to give the prize to the competitor of the lowest common denominator. M. Beaunier fears with good reason that this method is far more likely to die; for it is not so apparent justice on its side, and certainly no weighing of the evidence is necessary; one man's opinion counts for as much as another's; and arithmetic settles all. Yes, I can see the method spreading and not only in France! However, M. Beaunier is not insensible, since desperation saves him. There will be no literature, he says, to ballot on. The conditions of art (and here he supports one of my colleagues) are "silence and solitude," both of which no longer exist, in modern life.

* * *

A sensible lecture on "Futurism and Form in Poetry" was delivered by Mr. Henry Newbolt to the Royal Society of Literature on Wednesday last. The supposition of the Futurist invaders, treacherously supported by their English confederates, is that it is not in ideas that our writers, particularly our verse-writers, are lacking, but in form. They imagine that the old forms are incapable of expressing the modern ideas and should be broken up and replaced by new forms. This is to put their doctrine at its best and more intelligently than they have put it themselves; and, even at its best, it is wrong; for form and ideas are not separable in art but only in logic, and cannot be imagined apart. Mr. Newbolt attacked the Futurists on the ground that they regard form as an ornament, a decorative superfluity to be expanded; and this is certainly a worse heresy than the first. Thank goodness, however, the result of heresy is ugliness: and, if not by simple taste then by later reflection on the "works" of Futurism our people will arrive in the end at judgment.

* * *

The generous impulse of the isolated individual who has discovered for himself a new literary pleasure, to communicate his find to his friends, is to be understood and commended. He has made his own a body of "finds" which he has discovered for himself and perhaps to do his "find" an injustice; but he lays himself under no worse suspicion. The case is different when the "find" is already the property of a group, for in this event the late-comer may be supposed to be merely crying with the newest crowd. Let me give an instance of both. Who, I ask, first "discovered" Mr. Tagore and communicated his find to the Press? Undoubtedly it was Mr. W. B. Yeats. Well, then, let us give Mr. Yeats all the credit of it; for he deserves it. That Mr. Tagore was a secret flatterer of Mr. Yeats and could, at best, only show Mr. Yeats' work, by comparison, in a better light; that Mr. Tagore was or promised to be useful to Mr. Yeats; that, in a word, Mr. Tagore was only a Mr. Yeats whose rivalry Mr. Yeats himself need not fear—are explanations of Mr. Yeats' discovery and of his desire to communicate it. But the facts do not altogether rob him of the credit of the originality. When, on the other hand, a whole group of people, any one of whom by himself might have passed over "Gitanjali" as "Carpenter and Water," are suddenly found, on the morrow of Mr. Yeats' announcement, gorging in ecstasy before the new Light of the East, the merit of even sincerity must obviously be denied them. To Mr. Yeats, being what he is, Mr. Tagore is necessary or, at least, very desirable; but to the rest what could Mr. Tagore be on his merits alone? Nothing. The indecent debauch is now over or nearly over, and one by one the victims of Mr. Yeats' frenzy will awake to discover that their discovery was illusory. Then it will be that Mr. Tagore might come to England and find not a friend here. I again warn Mr. James Stephens to beware of the same fate. He has received his prize, and the banquet is over. Now let him listen to the first words of the revellers when they rise in the morning from under the table. Hear the "Athenaeum," for example, on "Here are Ladies." Is the first careless rapture there? By no means. And the same journal, the first to get drunk and the first to get sober again, has tired also of Mr. Yeats' warning; he has now come to say, "What was once so attractive, is now growing "wearysome."" I shiver with apprehension of the chilly dawns that have not yet dawned for many now blooming in popularity.

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A great triumph for Professor Rippman, Mr. Sydney Walton, Professor Murray and all the other people who are teaching their grandmother how to spell: "the University of Missouri has decided to adopt Simplified Spelling."

* * *

I have been turning over the "Christmas numbers" of the Press with a good deal of disgust. Ostensibly and professedly they are a "bonus" to their subscribers, but in nine cases out of ten they are simply illustrated tradesmen's catalogues. One of the best is "T. P.'s Weekly," which really publishes an edition de luxe of its ordinary self—so great matter, of course, even at this; but the worst I have seen is "Everyman,"" This clumsy mastodon contains fifty-six pages, of which twenty-four are advertisements, these being scattered so judiciously by the advertisement manager that only a few pages of all text are left. And of the text itself it is difficult in many instances to know whether it is not also advertisement. For an ordinary weekly issue of "Everyman" the price charged is a penny. For the Christmas catalogue the price demanded is threepence.

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The Oxford Edition of Blake's Poems is out, and I believe I have one of the earliest copies from the press.
It is a treasure and one of the cheapest that can be had (6s. 6d. net). It contains over 450 pp., a long and excellent bibliographical introduction by Mr. John Sampson, an entirely satisfactory selection from Blake's prophetic books, no advertisements, and a hitherto unprinted poem on the "French Revolution". This I naturally turned to after reading Mr. Sampson's account of it. The fragment consists of one Book or Canto of a poem designed by Blake to be completed in Seven Books. It was set up by Johnson, the printer, in 1791, and a rough proof was obtained by Blake, and was finally discovered in the collection of Mr. John Linnell. That, and that copy, are all that is known of it.

The "poem" is of the usual form of Blake's prophecies, though of rather more rational coherence than, say, the Book of Los. Actual personages and events of the Revolution appear in it, but in an atmosphere such as Blake (the crumbling ruins of the world's last epicist) could alone create, in which they assume gigantesque proportions corresponding almost with those of primitive myths. I shall not quote anything of it, for my readers are certain to read it for themselves.

* * *

In an "Appendix to the Prophetical Books" (p. 425) Blake sets out in the form of propositions his formal philosophy. I am the more interested in it from the fact that it is nearly identical with that of Benedetto Croce. Croce, as I said last week, appeared to me at first sight to be the philosopher of Blake's prophetic philosophy. In other words, he has made explicit most of what we have left implicit or only insufficiently explicit in our criticisms. This judgment a second reading of "The Philosopher of the Practical" (Macmillan, 12s. net) confirms, though with qualifications. In his main classifications of the activity of the Spirit—Aesthetic, Logical, Economic and Ethic—I personally find myself born to agree with him. If it is any confirmation of a fundamentally individual discovery, it may even be the classification for myself long ago. And here in Blake the same main outlines are to be seen. The order of the theoretic activities of the Spirit are from aesthetic perception to logical or reasoning perception; and these two comprehend what we call understanding. The order of the practical activities of the Spirit, depending on the two first, are from economic (or utilitarian) to the ethic (or moral), and these together comprehend the Will. Thus Understanding and Will are all there is to know of the nature of the Spirit. They exhaust all the possibilities of Spirit and beyond them there is nothing. So far Croce. Blake's Appendix, as I say, goes over the same ground and arrives at the same conclusions. The aesthetic sets everything in motion, starting a chain of activity that runs from reasoning to economic and ethic conduct. Without that permanent renewed original act of "aesthetic" the subsequent activities are either non-existent or they turn like the mill-stones that have no core to grind. Thus arise the "empty" abstractions of logic or intellectualism without aesthetic consent; economics in the abstract, ethics of a formal or husk-like character. And it is against these that both the real critic and the real prophet (indistinguishable in their philosophy) must and do inveigh, and both for the same reason, namely, that these activities are mimetic, mechanical, empty, being unrelated to the single source of reality which is aesthetic. Again, I will not quote Blake when all may read him; or only so much as pleases me; namely, this: "It was not for the Poetic or Prophetic Character, the Philosophical or Experimental would soon be at the Ratio of all things; and stand still, unable to do other than repeat the same dull round over again." The terms are Blake's and can only be exactly understood by his readers; but the ideas are Croce's—or, shall we say simply, they are true?

* * *

Like many others, I have been wondering when the "Daily Herald" would announce to its readers the change of editorship that has recently come over it. The "Herald" is not as other papers—private property under private control, but, in as real a sense as is compatible with existence, a syndicalist institution controlled by its readers, who, indeed, subscribe a good many pounds a year to it. We are so used to seeing advertisements of a "Dinner to Mr. Charles Lapworth" appeared in which he was described as the "late" editor of the "Daily Herald." No reasons were given: for his resignation either there or elsewhere in the journal; and both as an advertisement of the case of Mr. Charles Lapworth's resignation [again with no explanation offered] Mr. George Lansbury had been appointed editor but, as he was away in America, his post was being filled for the present by Mr. W. P. Ryan, the assistant editor. It is certainly very strange that Mr. Lapworth should have resigned (if he did), for that awkward moment when his only possible successor was on the point of leaving for America; it is equally strange that Mr. Lansbury should have reconciled himself to an absentee-editorship. The readers of the "Daily Herald," I think, are entitled to an explanation.

* * *

An American correspondent complains that The New Age is "too inhuman in its abstract economics," and this impression I know to be shared by some of our readers in England. What would you do? It is true that in the actual world the most diverse things meet at some point and consequently appear to merge into one another; but the distinctions are only confused but not obliterated by this. Grey is neither black nor white, but there still remain both black and white. Similarly economics and ethics remain distinct even when they are in some objects united. What our critics mean, perhaps, to say is that we not only separate from logic and ethics are distinct and separable is not to affirm that they must or, still less, should remain unrelated. A right relation of ethics to economics can, in fact, be established only on the supposition that each is in its own fashion independent. Otherwise, one would be inseparable from the other, and economics would include ethics as ethics include economics. But this is not the case; and hence an autonomy (or Home Rule) must first be granted to economics, in the true sense of the word, afterwards to have the right to demand its voluntary submission to ethics, on the analogy suggested, would be the inclusive yet autonomous Commonwealth). If, as I have continually postulated, The New Age continues to afford us a platform for the full exposition of our ideas, our readers will be satisfied in time that our present insistence on the autonomy of economics is designed ultimately to make its subordinate co-operation with ethics easier. It is certainly our hope that one day the ethical conscience of our nation may be proud of its economic organisation; but this virtuous pride is only possible when, first, the autonomy of economics is generally admitted, and, secondly, its recognition of the just dues of ethics is voluntarily offered.

* * *

The complaint is often made that writers are unable to secure a hearing. On the other hand, editors complain that they are unable to discover new writers. There is something wrong in this somewhere; and it occurs to me that journals might publish their demands as well as writers offer their manuscripts. Why, in fact, should the advantage of selection be always given to the editors and never offered to the contributors? The case of The New Age is, I know, exceptional, since like the public infirmaries, it is supported by voluntary
contributions. Assuming, however, that this principle is accepted (a necessary one for more than merely financial reasons) the difficulty of the would-be contributor as to the nature of his contribution remains. I have put my personal advice at the disposal of my readers, and many of them, I am glad to say, have written to me. To our correspondence, in fact, several articles recently published in The New Age are due. But the more particular appeal has not hitherto been published, defining, I mean, the kind of contribution most needed here and elsewhere. To enumerate these needs it would be necessary in our own case to number the lacunae in The New Age as a journal of universal ideas; in short, to attempt the impossible. Contributors, however, have a good criterion in the specific contrast between what the journal would be if they were conducting it and what it is. Surely such a comparison should stimulate creative suggestion! Otherwise, I can name a few items as they have occurred at various times to me. For instance, since Mr. T. E. Hulme ceased writing for elsewhere.

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As autumn approached, measures were concerted for bearing the Fiery Cross through the Parish in real earnest. The social side of the club of course was not to be neglected. We require much more research and original thought than could be obtained by merely treading the beaten path. Mr. Ironsides, and he generously presented us with a full-sized billiard-table, which was forthwith installed in the Club Room. This was a really popular move. The Club "boomed." Members joined by the score and willingly signed declarations expressive of their faith in the "Fiery Cross." Mr. Sackbut, the postman, confided his disappointment to me. He said that he would have liked to have heard about "the time to come," but—owing doubtless to a natural confusion of ideas—he supposed after all it was only "life everlasting or something o' that which we knows all about."

Such immediate success was more than encouraging. It showed us—those of us who had the highest interests of the country at heart—that the Great Heart of the People was on our side and ready to come to our aid. We were able to tell them to those vital issues which had thrust themselves upon the Public Conscience, and that we, at least, were no laggards.

"It is," said Mr. Ironsides when we met by chance in the High Street, "it is a source of considerable gratification to me personally that our labours hitherto should have been so abundantly and bountifully blessed. We ought to do something to show our gratitude. A 'Social Evening,' for example—entertainers can be hired at a reasonable fee—one or two strong speakers—and—say—a little drinking to finish with. Now that the dark evenings are drawing on—don't you think it would be a good plan?"

We had already three 'special' Committees in active being, devoted respectively to "Political," "Financial," and "Social" problems, but the matter in hand seemed to demand some unusual effort—and to our eternal honour we made it. It was moved that a "Sub-Committee" be formed. A proportion of the members of the "Grand Committee" (which included nearly everybody) were, however, not quite clear in their minds as to the precise significance of this proposition. Mr. Sackbut, an extremely intelligent man who is generally engaged in tarring roads and when not so occupied reads his newspaper with diligence and discernment, rose to protest. He laid considerable stress on "the ratepayers," and concluded his address with an interesting statement, bristling with figures as to the cost of the Tube Railways in London. Mr. Ironsides in his reply heartily thanked the last speaker for his remarks but sought to point out that the statistics mentioned by him—while arresting in themselves—did not, as it seemed to him—bear definitely on the question under discussion. Whereat Mr. Sackbut arose in his wrath and left the room. This was discouraging. It seemed to indicate the "little rift within the lute," to those among us who took stock in portents. But Mr. Ironsides, while expressing regret, did not lose heart, and the "Sub-Committee" completed its labours of organi-
sation—which consisted in "delegating" everything to somebody else—within the space of two hours and a half.

The evening began most auspiciously, and the expectant multitude of members and their friends bore startling testimony to the progress already made by the "cause" in our midst.

Union Jacks—together with the banners of France, Holland and the United States—dangled from the roof of the Parish Hall. On the platform was a mass of plants with a background of autumn leaves, "skillfully wrought into a delicate design," as our local journal aptly phrased it, "by a score of willing hands."

"Professor Antonio's well-known Troupe of Refined Entertainers" were the feature of the gathering. These consisted of a tall and sombre lady who sang joyment, while frequent and tactful references to "mother," SOUP and "lodgers," with an occasional sly allusion to "father." The thought of "servitude," and though the Philosopher would scarcely have permitted "broker's men" seemed also to afford him exquisite enjoyment.

"Our deepest thanks are due to—er—our friends who have now called on Mr., Haggis, who has kindly come to assist us," said Mr. Ironsides, mopping his forehead, for the hall was inclined to be stuffy. After the lapse of an hour and a half there came a pause. One of the "stewards"—decorated for purposes of identification with little rosettes and ribbons, approached Mr. Ironsides and whispered. That venerable gentleman arose at once. "I'm sure," he said, "our deepest thanks are due to—er—our friends who have so kindly come among us to-night and cheered us with song and dance." (This was not, strictly speaking, accurate—but no one was disposed to be critical.) "We have, however, graver duties to perform and I will now call on Mr. Haggis, who has kindly come to us straight from the Isle of Man to say a few words on Tariff Reform, after which Mr.—er—Bert Phipps has kindly promised to address the meeting on the graver issues of the day." There was but little applause when Mr. Ironsides sat down—and Mr. Haggis arose. At the conclusion of that gentleman's animated exposition of his fascinating theme the Hall was half empty; by the time Mr. Phipps had finished his few but racy remarks on the day, barely a score of the audience remained. When the moment came for moving a vote of thanks and kindred resolutions, there were but five hands uplifted to "signify assent in the usual way."

"It's really disappointing," said Mr. Ironsides next day. "I can't understand it. Everybody seemed so keen."

A few minutes later I received enlightenment. It was Mr. Sackbut who supplied the gleam. He was busy tarring the road as I passed, but he found time for a word.

"People's backs is rightly fair up over last night's business," said he.

"Why?" I inquired—lost in amazement.

"Why? Don' it stan' to reason? Wot does they want to goo aroun' for luggin' in their stinkin' ol' p Olivettes! 'Oo wants p Pollysticks. None of our chaps cares a damn about 'em, an'—there's—"

"But," I interposed, "the Club was formed for—"

"Ho yus! The Club that were formed right enough, an' 'why couldn' they let us alone whin we was formed? We was gettin' on comfortable enough. Wot does the likes of us want with Pollysticks. Let's be sociable. That's wot I says."

RUDOLF PICKTHALL.
But I do not believe for one moment that Butler’s ‘humour’ was a veil: I believe that it was a revelation of the facts brought to their notice by him with their own subjective impressions of the same works. There is a well-known novelist who is hailed as a ‘humourist,’ who, I understand, wanders about wailing, ‘Misunderstood, misunderstood.’ He has the gift of pathetic humour, and cannot understand why the intended pathos is never observed. But Samuel Butler is a well-known novelist who is hailed as a ‘literary man’ who has applied only a literary man’s ideas to works of literature, and it behoves us to know exactly of what rank those ideas are. Tell a musician that Samuel Butler called Handel ‘the greatest of all musicians’ and the musician will class him as ‘bourgeois,’ or ‘so English,’ or ‘of the eighteenth century,’ according to the particular slang of the moment; for the preference of Handel to Bach has always been the basis of the musician’s most emphatic condemnation of the English as a musical nation. Samuel Butler called Handel ‘the greatest of all musicians’ and it is a pity that Dr. Morell had never offered Handel some such words as these:—

The steadfast funds maintain their wonted state
While all the other markets fluctuate.

Butler wondered whether Handel would have sent the steadfast funds to turn and maintain them on an inverted peal with all the other markets fluctuating iniquitously round them then like the sheep that turn every one to his own way in the Messiah. He thought something of the kind ought to have been done, and in the absence of Handel and Dr. Morell we determined an oratorio that should attempt to supply the want.

Apparently, Mr. Jones and Butler thought that it was a huge joke to show Narcissus and Amaryllis as ‘plungers’ on the Stock Exchange, and to treat the subject in the manner of Handel. As a satire of Handel, it would have been passable; but to anyone ignorant of its intention, it must have been the dullest of dull oratorios, and certainly it would not have convinced us of the work of a man of genius. When he turns to Wordsworth’s poem beginning: ‘She dwelt among the untrodden ways’, it is to discover a ‘dark secret’ in the poet’s life. He treats the poem forensically, as though it were evidence given in a court of law; and he concludes that Wordsworth had murdered Lucy to escape a prosecution for breach of promise. But a joke of this nature is not a legitimate joke; the same method applied to the most perfect of literary expressions would produce similar specimens of humour. The difference is categorical: the humour does not arise from a contemplation of the thing itself, from a more comprehensive understanding of the state of mind portrayed; it arises from the imposition of an extraneous chain of thought, of a set of ideas foreign to the general conception forced into an unnatural relation with it. Had Butler been satirising too a too curious criticism, of the kind that has now become common, that criticism would have been to find that the subject of life in his work, this example of criticism arising at a conclusion contrary to fact might have been acceptable. But as a joke, it betrays the pedestrian mind. When he comes to deal with Homer, it is with the same stock of commonplaces that he explains the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer was ‘only a literary man,’ therefore he must have had a wife, whom he did not regard as of very great importance. ‘We are told in one place of a fine bronze cauldron for heating water which was worth twenty oxen, whereas a few lines lower as a good, serviceable maid-of-all-work is valued at four oxen. I think there is a spice of malicious humour in this valuation. . . . Whether or no this view may have arisen from any domestic difficulties between Homer and his wife is a point which again I find it impossible to determine.’ Again, after quoting the lament of Briseis over the body of Patroclus, he says: ‘This may of course be seriously intended, but Homer was an acute writer, and if we had met with such a passage in Thackeray we should have taken him to mean that so long as a woman can get a new husband, she does not much care about losing the old one—a sentiment which I hope no one will imagine that I endorse or approve of, and which I can only explain as a piece of sarcasm aimed possibly at Mrs. Homer.’ One wonders why Butler did not work in something about Homer’s mother-in-law; it would have been just as ‘humorous’.

If I conclude that Butler’s ‘humour’ was not a veil, I do not think that I shall make a mistake. His ‘deep and serious criticism’ was that the author of the Iliad was a Trojan captured by the Greeks, and that the Odyssey was written by Nausicca, whom he credits with all the ideas of the modern Feminist. The ‘humour’ with which he veils this conviction is well demonstrated by the following passage: Nausicca had just awakened from the dream in which Minerva had appeared to her, and had gone to find her father. ‘She happened to catch her father just as he was going out to attend a meeting of the Town Council which the Phaeacian aldermen had convened. So she stopped him and said, ‘Papa, dear, could you manage to let me have a big waggon? I want to take all our dirty clothes to the river and wash them. You are the chief man here, so you ought to have a clean shirt on when you attend meetings of the Council. Otherwise, it is to be supposed that the sound subject picture consisted of the graphic artist is animated, and that when the graphic artist is animated by the spirit of no great order or scheme of life, graphic art loses its vitality, the subject picture dies, or better still is killed, and painting becomes one of two things, either a medium in which new tricks of technique are attempted for their own sake, or a means of expressing simply the idiosyncrasies of an individual that might be divorced from any great vital arrangement or scheme.

When, therefore, you have forgiven a painter for not kicking up a hullabaloo over his pitiable plight; when you have tried to forget that, instead of painting, he ought to be dutifully vomiting over the tombs of all those who have helped to kill and stifle all great orders and schemes of life; there is one thing that may draw you to him, and that is, a certain frankness and depth of vision, enabling him to detect and reveal at least individual character where he finds it. Maurice Assemin is such a painter. The pictures at the Carfax show a power of grasping individual character which is perfectly wonderful. Bold and uncouth as some of them are, they show such a rugged understanding of the essential features of the subject depicted that willingly you feel you are in the presence of excellent and highly simplified transcripts. This quality appears

The steadfast funds maintain their wonted state
While all the other markets fluctuate.

The Carfax, the Suffolk Street, and the Twenty-One Galleries.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

The conclusion of my last notes on art amounted to this: that the sound subject picture consisted of the interpretation of something taken out of the external world, in the terms of some great order or scheme of life; and that when the graphic artist is animated by the spirit of no great order or scheme of life, graphic art loses its vitality, the subject picture dies, or better still is killed, and painting becomes one of two things, either a medium in which new tricks of technique are attempted for their own sake, or a means of expressing simply the idiosyncrasies of an individual that might be divorced from any great vital arrangement or scheme.

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more particularly in "Brigoneau, la rivière" (No. 2), "Bassin de la Villette" (No. 3), "Maison sur la côte" (No. 5), "Florence" (No. 11)—only he could have carried it a little bit further!—"Eglise san Domenico à Siena" (No. 15), "Le Sacré Cœur" (No. 18), and "Rue Hunoldt" (No. 27).

His pictures of the nude—except "Femme aux bas Bleus" (No. 8), which is a splendid study—strike me as coarse; and they are coarse for the simple reason that it is in the human body in particular that the joke of interpretation through the spirit of some order or scheme of life is most poignantly felt. To dwell even with insight on individual characteristics in the nude, especially in the nude of the female figure, which is so domestic and local in its interest, always strikes me as a mistake. Frankly, I do not like the nude, save when it is clothed in the spirit of some ruling order. Once in the garden of Meudon I showed an American lady Rodin's "Victor Hugo," and she observed piquantly "What a shame that M. Rodin should have represented the poor old man without any clothes on, after he had probably taken the trouble to dress decently all his life!"

Now I always feel that about almost all modern nudes and even about the Greek. I have a shrewd suspicion that clothes, too, are things not they are, not that they undress a civilised man or woman is therefore to divest him or her of an important artistic attribute. The only way you can possibly justify the undressing of men and women for art is to clothe them again immediately in the spirit of some ruling order. I have a very near observance this condition, but their world-order was never at any time after the sixth century sufficiently powerful completely to clothe a nude figure. Certainly Maurice Aselin does not attempt to clothe his nudes, but if this is not an aforesaid, then the men—men they are, obviously solicitors or subalterns—friends? Are they pursuing the same ideal arm-in-arm or is it mere coincidence that they both paint extremely well and that their work seems inspired by the same high standard model? F. H. S. Shepherd is not so good in "M. and Mrs. Sue" (No. 43) as in "Girl with Fiddle" (No. 83). The former, let me tell him, is spoilt by the figure of the old lady, which is too flat and too slightly observed in the planes to be in keeping with the fine deep relief of the room and its contents. I'm sure I will see with pleasure the "Luxembourg", to soldiers, to agricultural landowners, to the three women are obviously tea-drinking, scone-eating, lecture-going modern Misses. The three women are obviously tea-drinking, scone-eating, lecture-going modern Misses. What have they to do with Bacchus? And as for the men—they are obviously solicitors or subalterns; in any case they look horribly uncomfortable at being obliged to exhibit their bare limbs to these ladies who probably sit by them on Sundays at St. Mary Abbott's. Among the very poor pictures this autumn are: Louise Pickard's (No. 44), Mrs. Fisher Pratt's (No. 39), Ian Strange's "Bay of Palermo" (No. 68), Ethel Elder's "The Red Cape" (No. 70), Nina Hamnett's "Dylis" (No. 86), L. Albert's "Landscape" (No. 81), William Roberts' "Ulysses" (No. 82), Ethel Walker's "Drawing for the Invocation" (No. 97), John Currie's "The Dressmakers" (No. 101), and Rene Finch's "Groupe d'Enfants" (No. 104).

At the Twenty-one Gallery Jacob Epstein is exhibiting both sculpture and drawings. To understand what I think of Jacob Epstein is not difficult. When the plastic arts can no longer interpret the external world in the terms of a great order or scheme of life, owing to the fact that all great schemes or orders are dead, they exalt this, the Greenestway or the individual angle of the isolated ego. But the only two factors common between a plastic work of art and the people to whom
it is supposed to appeal, have always been these: (1) the portion of the external world selected; and (2) the terms of the great order or scheme of life, shared by all, and revealed in the interpretation. Now, when the minor and non-value-creating ego is as isolated as he is to-day, the second factor falls out altogether, and leaves only the first. When, therefore, the first ceases to be pure transcriptism, the art has no interest whatever, save for cranks and people who have some reason of their own inabetting or supporting purposeless individualism à outrance. To these, the particular angle of vision of a minor personality has some value—to me it has none.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

There is little to write about at the present moment. Mr. Stanley Houghton is dead; and quite recently, I saw Mr. Shaw at a performance of "When We Dead Awaken." In this funereal frame of mind, I went to "The Witch." Whatever may be Mr. Granville Barker’s capacity as a dramatist (and there are some who regard him as a very promising dramatist), it is as "producer" that he is really important. I am not referring to his methods of staging, or to his drizzling of the actors; I have the opinion that he allows consider-ably more freedom to his male actors than is, apparently, allowed no such licence. Lusting for her husband’s son, she wriggled about and panted like a spiritualist medium while he made a feeble attempt to explain adultery by witchcraft, nor when the girl in "Magic" reproached the conjurer for having "brought the false magic," the conjurer replied: "Yes. It was she who brought the real magic." The real magic is, of course, love; sacred love (that is, love leading to matrimony) in Mr. Chesterton’s play, but profane love leading to adultery in Wiers-Jennsen’s play. But that there is no need to invoke witch-craft to explain the breach of faith, the marriage of Luther witnesses. No one supposes that he committed the sin of the flesh; he had lusted for the body of this beautiful girl; he had committed the sin of the spirit, because, being commanded by his Bishop to report concerning a charge of witch-craft brought against the girl’s mother and a companion, he had withheld the truth from his Bishop. By the sin of the spirit, he was enabled to commit the sin of the flesh; he married Anne Pedersdotter, and was a good husband to her. But his flesh, apparently, was not sinful enough for Anne Pedersdotter; she burned with passions that he could not satisfy, like Mrs. Daventry, in Frank Harris’ play, she said that he had spoiled five years of her life. In a Latin country, of course, there would have been little difficulty in the situation; the young wife would have had her lover as the usual accompaniment of an elderly husband; but the Teutonic morality allows no such licence. Lusting for her husband’s son, she wriggled about and painted like a spiritualist medium passing into a trance, and whispered, "Allin’t you denying me?" and when the young wife reproached her, as she came neighing with lust. Discovering that she was condemned to a secret connection, so long as her husband lived, she told him that she wished him dead; and pointed snaky fingers at a heart that we had already been told was very weak. But the husband lived, she was con- demned, Anne Pedersdotter, in a frenzy of sexual passion, embraced Martin, while "Granny" accused her of having murdered her husband by witch-craft. At the funeral ceremony in the Cathedral, she was again charged by "Granny" with being a witch, accepted the challenge to deny it, and, as she placed her hand on the coffin to take the oath, became hysterical and confessed. She would, of course, be burnt after the play was over. Let it be admitted that the play is better constructed than most modern English plays are, and that it is better acted (the male bears are better here than in most Mr. Barker’s productions are acted. But we do not find it necessary to explain adultery by witch-craft, nor are we much impressed by the historical drama that shows us that the early Lutherans did so. So far as religion influences our judgment of this degradation, we do not quote the command of Moses: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." We accept the assurance of St. Paul that "whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." The mentality of such a play as "The Witch" is foreign to us; our explanation of adultery in these days is well expressed in the words of Grace, in Somerset Maugham’s play, "Landed Gentry." "D’you think it was only curiosity on my side and nothing more than opportunity on yours?" to which the lover replies: "That’s the foundation of nine out of ten love affairs,
you know." The moral horror of adultery is derived from the economics of marriage, and is an expression of the idea of the male possession of the female. We have become wise about woman in this generation, old-fashioned people say that we have become cynical, even if his claim to do so is not presumptuous. This frame of mind is a commonplace of both literature and drama at the present time; the re-action against it is seen in the "elemental" school, in the work of Phillpotts, and Masefield, and writers of that class; but this frame of mind prevents "The Witch" from making any dramatic appeal to us. We are so convinced that sexual relations are private affairs that we find their exhibition on the stage intolerable; the spectacle of Anne Pedersdotter writhing around Martin is not exactly what we want to see in the theatre.

But the selection of this play is significant of the divorce between Mr. Granville Barker and the English spirit. He is now in as favourable a position for the founding of a school of English dramatists as Sir Henry Wood was some years ago for the discovery of English musicians. He has discovered, so far as I can remember, not one English writer, anyhow, not one whose work is any definite presage of a future English drama. The expatriated Irishman, Shaw, the Norwegian Ibsen, the wooden Galsworthy, the elementary Masefield, and Wiers-Jennsen all find a place in the repertory; but there is no sign of a distinctively English drama.

**Pastiche.**

**TO E. WASSERMAN.**

*New Age*, September 12, 1913.

The moral horror of adultery is derived from the economics of marriage, and is an expression of the idea of the male possession of the female. We have become wise about woman in this generation, old-fashioned people say that we have become cynical, even if his claim to do so is not presumptuous. This frame of mind is a commonplace of both literature and drama at the present time; the re-action against it is seen in the "elemental" school, in the work of Phillpotts, and Masefield, and writers of that class; but this frame of mind prevents "The Witch" from making any dramatic appeal to us. We are so convinced that sexual relations are private affairs that we find their exhibition on the stage intolerable; the spectacle of Anne Pedersdotter writhing around Martin is not exactly what we want to see in the theatre.

But the selection of this play is significant of the divorce between Mr. Granville Barker and the English spirit. He is now in as favourable a position for the founding of a school of English dramatists as Sir Henry Wood was some years ago for the discovery of English musicians. He has discovered, so far as I can remember, not one English writer, anyhow, not one whose work is any definite presage of a future English drama. The expatriated Irishman, Shaw, the Norwegian Ibsen, the wooden Galsworthy, the elementary Masefield, and Wiers-Jennsen all find a place in the repertory; but there is no sign of a distinctively English drama.

**Pastiche.**

**TO E. WASSERMAN.**

*New Age*, September 12, 1913.

Hebrew! Hebrew! burning Rome In a furnace staked at home, What the brand of kosher fat Flames so furious begat?

Whence that catastrophic pate, Big with dread volcanic hate? Whose the hand that turned the brain? Dare he turn it back again?

Who with diabolic plan Shed the seed of Wasseran? Hebrew, answer Blake and me—"Did he who made the Lamb make thee?"

"Hold my tongue?" If you but seek You will find it in my cheek. Chosen Seedling, let me laugh Till you find your sheath of staff!

If you still must belch your spleen (Such as slew the Nazarene), Spare that pup you called a liar— He may be the True Messiah!

Grant the Past its vulgar crimes; Damn the Present at all times: "Then" is but the cold bare bone; "Now" has flesh to creep thereon.

Damn the Wage—and rouse the Slave; Damn the profiteering knave; Doubly damn the politician— (Brood on Samuel's Holt Commission!).

When you've damned them, me as well, Turn your back—and laugh like hell; If you can't—then Caliban Is the friend for Wasseran.

**ADDRESS TO WAGE-SLAVES.**

(*"It is a fact, we believe, that the continued existence of the proletarian class is the sole and certainly the chief obstacle to the next step in civilization. Civilisation, unfortunately, cannot advance until the rear has been brought up and the degrading wage system has been destroyed."—"Notes of the Week," *The New Age*, September 12, 1913.)*

Ye wage slaves, deaf too often to your good, Oh, listen not to selfish counsels weak, And weak desires which tempt you to embrace A generation's comfort at th' expense Of servitude forever for your children. But to the harsh, brief, cold word relentless Of Duty iron-tongued attune your ear, And if ought noble ye can still achieve, If, flaccid-limb'd, weak-soul'd, and hunger-spent, Ye can once yet o'ercome your lethargy, Gather your lax and mighty limbs together, Brace your great thews, and summon from its lair,
Where drugged in sleep it lies, the spirit pure
Of your forgotten manhood, Cithero-charmed.
Oh, now is come the struggle, now the hour.
Not for yourself ye fight, mankind awaits
Impatiently your holy proclamation.
And cannot stir until your fight is won.

Behold in tarnished splendour, sombre clad,
With her innumerable years illustrious
Of glorious attainment shining faint
Like stars o'ercast upon her brow abashed,
Civilisation, manaced but proud.

Oh! thou resplendent form, one fetter still thee binds,
Of your forgotten manhood, Circe-charmed.

But, radiant form, one fetter still thee binds,
Of your forgotten manhood, Circe-charmed.

So! Burst forth resplendent, like a fiery star!
To pierce the mists which shroud its starting place,
The path thou madest for thy pilgrimage.

The chains which fetter her encompass
In pale disgrace, a cold shroud vaporous.

Far it extends; thine eye will strive in vain
Thousands of years behind thee lie, Behold
Civilisation in her sordid round.

Can burst the manacles which strictly bind
You, weak-will'd, for only you,
Silently melt, and vanish one by one.
As, where drugged in sleep it lies, the spirit pure
Of your forgotten manhood, Circe-charmed.

To thee I chant thy praises, morn till night,
To colour cakes and push up profits vile,
When I remember, that they sell and buy
Croci Stigmat.

I feel, sometimes, I'll chuck the lot
I must get hands each week for—a
To colour cakes and push up profits vile,
Croci Stigmat.

WILL. Y. DARLING.
war without modification, and Mr. Lansbury interposed that it would continue to stand for the class war, but not class hatred and attacks on persons of another class. "Hatred of conditions, by all means, but not of persons," he particularly said. Mr. Meynell said something about the absence of the spirit of brother- 

LORD IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir,—The letter published in your issue of October 9 


SIR,—I beg you to publish the following letter written to be read by the first the Constitution of the Labour Party, as given by Mr. Roger W. Babson. Mr. Babson's position as an 

THE FUTURE OF LABOUR.

the political 

"category" is not postulateable intellectually. To affirm 

"terms"—not analys- 

"Tap ni prokno," "Sa klapka ve 

"hobo." Which is true relatively to its "hobo." 

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

words, and Mr. Meynell said "something about the absence of the spirit of brother- 

NEMO.

Johannesburg.

* * *

THE NEW AGE DECEMBER 18, 1913

Sir,—Please thank the Guild writers for their very lucid 

reply. I should like, however, to point out that a 

"statement is not postulateable intellectually. To affirm 

after so acting while being employed that capital will find 

the property over to the workers in sheer desperation 

may only be based on the admission of the admission of 

the control of labour is ineligible. 

THE I. W. W.'s are a band of workers who equally 

to whether Mrs. FitzGerald 

as an alleged employer of labour Mrs. FitzGerald, by 

a majority of nine, was asked to withdraw. Mrs. Fitz- 

Gerald then withdrew, but after hearing the views of 

the members of the General Workers' Union, and acting 

in accordance with them, Mrs. FitzGerald returned to the 

General Council of the Federation if duly elected as a delegate by the constituent unions. 

Resolutions have been received from every branch of the 

General Workers' Union insisting upon the admission of 

Mrs. FitzGerald to the General Council since the incident referred to. Surely there does not seem any detestation here.

But Mrs. FitzGerald, in the interest of the working-class 

movement, has effaced herself, sunk all personal feeling, 

and placed the matter entirely in the hands of the Federations as to whether Mrs. FitzGerald is Mrs. FitzGerald is eligible, or whether Mrs. FitzGerald as an alleged employer of labour is ineligible.

For several years she was employed in the office of the 

Transvaal Miners' Association, and her unswerving 

loyalty and the good work she accomplished endeared her to all those who came into personal contact with her. Her efforts are largely responsible for the existence of the T.M.A. to-day.

PSYCHOLOGICAL FACTOR.

P.S.—Controversies conducted in Yosemite, Yucatanese and Yoruba. Special terms arranged in Yiddish for Jews.
which they hope to take the properties, en bloc and simultaneously, as our ancestors took possession of this country, July 4, 1776.

As is the initial incident with all new movements, the I. W. W.'s have gathered a number of irresponsible and fanatical people among their members. Moreover, many of their leaders may be unprincipled or selfish men. Certainly, no true American can sympathise for one moment with these acts of violence or with the system of sabotage and destruction often committed in their name. In fact, this destruction of life and property is opposed by the great majority of the members themselves, many of whom represent a high type of sturdy character, possessing great unfussiness and willingness to sacrifice for their comrades.

I do not wish this to be read as a defence of the I. W. W.'s or Syndicalism. I am simply endeavouring to present to your consideration facts which—owing to your wealth, associations and reading matter—you do not get to-day. I also wish to warn you that the movement will—in some form—continue to grow, because it is, in my opinion, founded on an economic fact, namely, that the labour problem will never permanently be solved until the workers actually own the mills and other private enterprises and the State or nation actually owns the railroads and public service properties, however much money we spend both events. We hear much about the interests of capital and labour being mutual; but this is not economically true. Capital and labour are by all economic laws antagonistic, and attempts at combining these two forces are sure to be only temporary make-shifts.

Certain co-operative or profit-sharing plans may be improvements on our present system of interest payments, or the issuance of Government loans along the lines followed by the English to enable the Irish to purchase their farms. As I have herebefore mentioned, the charging upmen were forbidden by the Laws of Moses (Deut. 23:19), was considered a sin by the early Christian Church; and is even to-day illegal in the State of Wisconsin. Yet certain workers, while the principle of the Jubilee Year is the basis of our bankruptcy laws. The departure of our fathers from this economic system, against charging upmen, is in the minds of many to-day responsible for the great capitalistic class and the present strife between capital and labour. In their opinion—only by re-adopting the old Hebrew economic system will the breach between capital and labour ultimately be healed. Therefore, I suggest that a change in interest laws may be the means of enabling the workers some day to become the real owners of the mills, which is the aim of the I. W. W.'s. Of course, this seems a dream to us, but I feel it a duty to pass the thought along in order that clients may decide the question for themselves.

Therefore, although we may depise the leaders and condemn the I. W. W.'s, we must not lose sight of their ultimate aim, as upon this aim depends their future growth. In short, the American Federation of Labour professes to believe that the organization can be two helpful to both capital and business, and that it can be operated jointly by capital and labour. The Industrial Workers of the World state frankly that ultimately there can be but one head—either capital or labour must rule—and that we are to see a fight to the finish. I regret to admit it, but I nevertheless believe that the I. W. W. theory is the more correct, and many manufacturers reluctantly agree.

Respectfully submitted.

* * *

PSYCHOLOGY AND STRATEGY

Sir,—While "down in the lot" thorough some corn (maize) stalks over the barb-wire pasture fence to the cow, and while inspecting a little patch of rye-and-crimson clover cover crop, the following idea came to me.

Is the German socialist movement well developed in trade union movement of England in its promise of effective industrial revolution, because it is a political rather than an economic one? After Mr. Belloc's example I must (this "must" is a curious, yet significant bit of psychology) lay down a theoretical sentence or two.

Expropriated here in a buckwheat county from the world of industry, politics, or culture, I have only the faint echoes from the outside world to tell what is going on. My criticisms, that is, my perceptive judgments can therefore, only abstract ideas divorced from their concrete representatives or interpretations. I mean by this that I must take the theoretical and for what they purport to be, and analyse them to see how far they are consistent within themselves.

Some weeks ago, the "Notes of the Week" contained the incidental and parenthetical remark that, while economic power precedes political power, psychological or social elements precede both the former.

To this dictum all my being, my observation, my cultural ideals, say, Amen, yea, Amen.

In discussing, then, the whole vexed question of tactics, which means, I take it, the theoretical discipline essential to the progress of the industrial revolution, there are not two essential factors, economic and political, but three, by including the more primitive, fundamental, and cultural factor mankind, itself! The economic and political factors are the two great reactions of mankind upon his environment on the one hand, and upon himself on the other. But the varying degrees, quantities, and permanencies of these reactions, depend varying accord to the cultural factor. In our modern, industrial States, "society," however conceived or envisaged, does rest upon an economic platform. But there can be no greater delusion than to suppose that a description of this platform by an algebraic formula, whose fundamental term is an expression for the unit of value, conceived in labor-time, can even give us an inkling of the values, the kinds, or the numbers of the cultural digits in play upon this economic chess-board. The sweep and cogency of the two great reactions can be set forth in a wealth of statistical and historical detail. But in their actual realisation, their times, relations, inter-relations, combinations, etc., they vary according to the cultural factor. "It is easy enough," quoted the son of a reflective farmer to me, "to tell what nineteen men out of twenty will do. But you never can tell what any one man will do."

The psychological or cultural factor, then, is an abstract turn to express what we mean by ascribing any kind of homogeneity of action to mankind, and explaining how it came about.

Now for the application.

In our efforts to marshal the people for the industrial conflict, right against charges, we have given to a consideration of the strategic points. Some say the shop others say Parliament. On this question I agree with The New Age. The strategic points are on the economic field.

But what does it matter what the objective is, whether economic or political, if there is nothing but a handful of officers, and a few guerrillas to move upon? Isn't it a good deal like a Mexican revolution?

Would it not be advisable, my more practicable, to create an army, by adopting a tactic suitable to such a purpose? Hitherto, the assumption has been that all we need to do is to raise an insurrection, and the masses would complete the rout. Constructively, there must be some way of creating a modern army, complex, yet delicate, though powerful engine.

The tactic of homogeneity, of the masses acting as individual units, lived instead of individual, but cultural education: a discipline of ideas interpretive of actual life in contrast with romance, and of ideas regulative of action.

Where is there a tactic so well developed as in Germany?

The rebuttal is, can Germany put up the fight, that England will probably put up next year by the railwaymen?

No, if my information is adequate.

But in ten years more, say, not the Germans have a larger army in the field with a triple of morale, with the sentiment of the whole people more favourable to
their operations, and more ready to seize the strategic, 
that is, the economic points, than the English?

As it is a sin against a noble mind, that is 
able to deliver its attacks, without disintegration, or 
diversion?

cannot, but think that there is power in the German 
movement, but if so, it is because of its cultural rather 
than political factor. 

T. J. LLOYD.

THE JEW.

Sir,—In your issue of November 20, under the heading 
"The Psychological Factor," Mr. A. J. Penty makes the 
following statement concerning the Jews:

"These may be said to have 
developed early among them, not because they are funda-
mentally different from other people, but because all 
through the Middle Ages they were deported from the 
parasite of agriculture and the crafts. The Jews were 

money-lenders because they had no option in the matter, 
as they were excluded from other occupations.

I would submit that this argument is historically false: because it is an historical fact that for hundreds 
of years before the Middle Ages, even before Christianity 

itself, the Jews were notorious as money-lenders 

and averse to agriculture and craftsmanship.

Houston Chamberlain is neither a Catholic nor an 
anti-Semite, as is said to have been the case in 

the Talmud. Already in ancient Babylon 

they were cut off from every other occupation. If we 

read the Prophets carefully, we shall see how often they 

complain of usury which serves the rich as a 

means of ruining the peasants. We should call to mind the famous 
passage in the Talmud

"She the subtlest commerce can eat flesh every day and drink wine ... who ever has 100,000 in 
gold in agriculture must eat herbs and wear old clothes, be hated by his enemies. ... But we are created that we may 
serve God"

(Foundations," page 459.)

(2) "The disregard of legal claims and the freedom of 
others is a feature that ever appears in all races strongly 
imbued with Semitic blood. Already in ancient Babylon 

they had a finely-worked-out code of commerce and obli-
gations: but even in this limited branch nothing was 
done to suppress the frightful exactions of usury.

And in a footnote Chamberlain points out 
that the Jews were a favoured people in most 
countries, protected and privileged by princes and the 

Middle Ages the Jews were a favoured people in most 

Western Gothic times they understood how to acquire 

enemies.

But really the "Daily Herald" has lately ceased to have 

anybody is now aiming at." Fancy that

and the Unions—is said to be "what everybody who is 

braced one either as "medieval" or "rabidly anti-

Semitic."

QUINTUS.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—Apropos of Mr. Cole's book on "The World of 
Labour," largely based, as it is, on THE NEW AGE, some 
reviews of interest to you have appeared. The best was 
published in the "Daily Herald" on December 5, and 
incidentally got up good. Of Mr. Cole, M. R. S. T., of the same organ, however, expressed 
himself as having no use for policies of any kind—or, 
rather, he thought that the substance of all policies 

"is to be translated into the Webb vocabulary, SUP-

policies as writers and each every day. The "New 

Statesman's" review of Mr. Cole's work is carefully done, 
as was to be expected! The paper has as many 

Mr. Lapworth left (by the way, no explanation 
political power.

To recognise this fact and to deplore that an alien 
minority, which boasts that it will never be absorbed 

by finance nearly all power and property in their hands. 

Indeed, the most vindictive anti-Clerical the world has 
ever seen, Voltaire, is, in his private correspondence, more 
savagely bitter against the Jewish power than the most extreme and rabid modern anti-Semite.

Remember, also, that Napoleon, though he protected 
and encouraged them, cried out at last in despair, "These Jews are poisonous and never will please me."

That the Jewish power has enormously increased in all 
countries during the last 200 years, that this increase 

has been especially rapid during the last 50 years, 
to-day they exercise a control of finance and of the actual 
government of most of the Great Powers out of all pro-
tion to their numbers, is a fact that cannot be 

blotted out by talking of "medieval persecution.

THE NEW AGE has preached the doctrine that economic power is the foundation of political power. The Jewish 

race, owing to the remaining great financial ability which has 
ruthlessly treatment of non-Jewish people, have seized in 
this and other countries enormous economic power, and 
they have necessarily obtained immense and increasing 

political power.

For instance, they obtained extraordinary legal and 
other privileges. In Austria and Spain the oath of a single Jew proves sufficient to nullify the 
testimony of a Christian against a Jew was valueless.

Charlemagne also had his finances managed by Jews, and Chamberlain informs us that he became that the 
whole population was forced to make 

Sunday their Market day, because Saturday, the custom-

ary market day, did not suit the Jews.

When the inevitable review of the Jews against their 

oppressors took place, I suggest that, on the whole, the 
Church protected them from the popular fury.

Sir, it is little use denying that this is a Jewish problem, or pretending that recognition of it is confined 

to Roman Catholics and is a mark of a medieval mind.

Frederick II, Monmouen, Herder, Goethe, and Voltaire 

are vastly different characters certainly they were neither Catholic nor of medieval mind; but they were 
united in their recognition of the danger caused to our 

European civilisation by the financial power of the Jew.

...
Charles F. S. Barker has a long and able letter on "Guild Socialism," which has been reprinted for distribution. An excellent piece of propaganda! I am afraid the "Clarion" readers are incapable of discussion. Only one letter has so far appeared in reply to the invitation to a symposium. The letter from Mr. Chester, demonstrates the point that economic power precedes political power. * * *

THE FIRST STEP

Sir,-I would like to ask Mr. Reginald Cloake one question. What have the clerks of this country to do while the trade unions are being converted to Guild Socialism?

Mr. Cloake is pleased to make fun of some of my statements with regard to the growth of the N.U.C., but he does not point out that every movement must have a beginning, it cannot come into being all-grown and mature.

With regard to the masked parade, the participants were neither afraid nor ashamed, but were out for an advertisement. Did Mr. Cloake participate, or was it too low for him?

Mr. Cloake shows by his last paragraph that he has no intimate knowledge of what the N.U.C. has accomplished. It also appears that Mr. Cloake is still content to wait until the next age does.

As mentioned by Mr. Hughes there are already two guilds formed within the N.U.C., or for clerks employed in Trade Union offices, and one for Labour Exchange clerks, and it is reasonable why the members of the N.U.C. should not be organised in a similar manner. Then when the time does come, and the trade unions are ready for Guild Socialism, the clerks can easily be effected, and the clerks will be already organised and not twenty years behind the other members.

I am a little doubtful sometimes what treatment the clerks will get under the Guild system. They will always be in a minority compared to what are commonly known as the productive workers, and well, therefore, be at their mercy. I am not so sure that from the clerk's point of view it would not be better for the whole of the clerks in the country to be included in the N.U.C. in their various classes, and when any clerk changed his occupation there would be no necessity to change his Union, he could be transferred from one Guild of the N.U.C. to another. They would also have the benefit of the N.U.C. as a professional organisation.

Of course, as "Remus" says, when the other unions are ready for Guild Socialism, the members will be much more enlightened. Perhaps I am rather too pessimistic on this point.

Now, just a few words to my comrade, "Remus."

When I stated that the clerical staffs of Trade Unions were badly paid, I had not the N.U.C. in mind at all, but other Trade Union offices where they appear to think that the clerical staff are turned over to their masters at 21 years of age, and the clerks in their various classes, and when any clerk changed his occupation there would be no necessity to change his Union, he could be transferred from one Guild of the N.U.C. to another. They would also have the benefit of the N.U.C. as a professional organisation.

I agree with "Remus" that one of the obstacles to the formation of the Guilds is the Trade Union official. Some of the officials are very emulous-minded, and myopic, as witness the recent Trade Union Congress.

I am also pleased to agree with "Remus" that at present the organisation for clerks is the N.U.C. * * *

P. BASTOW.

THE SIXTY CLASS

Sir,—The key to all elementary education troubles is, as you have pointed out repeatedly, smaller classes. Smaller classes mean more teachers; more teachers mean more money. Mr. Helvellyn seems to think that it is unfair to the proletariat to ask him to pay an increased educational rate to support the necessary extra expense; it is the poor paying for their own fettors, he says.

But Mr. Helvellyn assumes that with classes halved the "education" importation will remain the same, wholly servile. With a class of sixty real education is out of the question; order there may or may not be, self-discipline there is none; no teaching there may or may not be, but child-growth and the fostering of child development are out of the question. Remove the cause of this curse, I say, and all the rest of the trouble will be in a minority compared to what are commonly known as the productive workers, and well, therefore, be at their mercy. I am not so sure that from the clerk's point of view it would not be better for the whole of the clerks in the country to be included in the N.U.C. in their various classes, and when any clerk changed his occupation there would be no necessity to change his Union, he could be transferred from one Guild of the N.U.C. to another. They would also have the benefit of the N.U.C. as a professional organisation.

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ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

Sir,—Mr. Mannaduro Pickthall is quite right, and I was wrong. When we possess in this country men who have eaten the bread of Turkey, like the Consul-General, making such speeches as he made only last week impressive, with the personal character of the Turk, and a dragoon at the Embassy of Constantinople who deliberately sets himself the task of alienating Turkey, it seems that the Young Turks are indeed unable to get rid of these obnoxious persons.

I will not bury Ali Fahmi Mohamed alive. There are other papers who can live. And if the Turk had had a little more remain silent and allow me to take the credit for having successfully silenced him over the question of the Ottoman Committee. * * *

GEORGE RAPFALOVICH.

Sir,—Mr. Ali Fahmi gives your readers a taste of his quality by circuitously proving to them that the article under his signature, inserted by you in your issue of November 27, had been hawked around the London press, with the beginning with the "Times" from the beginning of August.

What a discreet sort of thing to say! Now, it does not concern us how long ago Mr. Ali Fahmi wrote his amazing speech; all we are concerned with is that your readers on November 27 were led to believe that an Ottoman Committee ought to be formed, whereas it had been actively working for months past. Mr. Ali Fahmi does not apologise—he proceeds to add insult to injury. He says that "at last competent and authentic politicians, like Lord Lansdowne and Sir John Rees, have joined the managing Committee." Those "authentic politicians" have, as this Autolycus knows very well, been members from the commencement, and not of the committee. Other little inaccuracies only convince us that the letter is an "authentic" production of Mr. Ali Fahmi. For example: "The very phraseology of the leaflet of the Committee is cited from the July number of the 'African Times.'" Your readers may not be surprised to learn that no such phrase occurs, in Ali Fahmi's article in the "Daily Express" long before it appeared as a leaflet.

"Following the successful exertions of the Balkan Committee, it was logical that an Ottoman Committee should be formed in England." It was to this phrase I referred on December 4, and I repeat here that Ali Fahmi copied his No. 6 proposal in the letter of November 27 from that source. Our Mr. Raffalovich had written the entire article, and published it in the "Daily Express" long before it appeared as a leaflet.

Mr. Ali Fahmi goes on: "On August 11, there came Mr. Arthur Field, the originator of the existing Committee, to establish a Turkish Committee." I never proposed the formation of a Turkish Committee; such a Committee was and is in existence, founded by Dr. Majid. "It was on my proposal," says the leaflet, "it was then called the Ottoman Committee." The minutes, alas, do not support Mr. Fahmi's claim.

Mr. Fahmi says: "I do not think any polite friend demands me to give up any principle which would certainly destroy the aims for which the Committee was established." Our aims are the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the formation of a Turkish entente. Can Ali Fahmi destroy these aims? How? As I take him to mean only that he would destroy the Committee, I reply that I not only desire it but wish that I should be lit and be damned," as a certain Duke of Wellington is reported to have said.

ARTHUR FIELD.
"ENTERPRISE."-Sir,-Being a son of the proud city of Liverpool, and possibly one of those "degenerate moleus who live in the holes of the city" while he is given paid and batten on the overflow of her granaries"-I have read with pleasure and admiration the excellent article in your valuable paper upon the Muse Commerce yclept "Enterprise," and have to point out the beauties of one of our latest and greatest concessions.

The writer has given abundant evidence that he has studied his subject carefully, but I do not think that is quite what the writer means. Just surely he does not think that we are foolish enough to imagine upon reading upon the statue, you will be greatly puzzled." This is quite what the writer means. But surely he does not ally, but to some extent Sir Alfred Jones was, during his lifetime, sentimentally erected by his fellow-citizens in a position of admiration and esteem, but I do not believe it is all have the art of artistic criticism so profoundly de- tion, "THIS IS A STATUE," so that people will know that both are established forms now. An old Cape-Dutch politician said to me the other hand, is a transitive verb in the sense of "cause to pass, whiled the hours away." This is, of course, a secondary meaning of "while." But that both are established forms now.

The "bottom dog" is his raison d'etre, and-without the proper context-might be misunderstood. May I tell him a true story about a charming Eton boy of about that age? Home for the holidays, he had a day in London, and wishing to see something of Liverpool's repertory of song.

Moreover, I think we can claim to possess minds strong enough to gaze at a statue without incurring nervous prostration nor mental breakdown. Further, we claim to be able to partake of the joys of the Twenty-First Century without howling like hooligans, bursting our bloodvessels, or stamping our feet like a bundle of blither- idiots.

Then, after lucidly explaining the whole statue, he confesses he does not know what the Sculptor himself intended to convey. Anyhow, to revert to the ancients who seem to be the writer's very intimate friends, we must "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," and unto Mr. John Smith the tribute he deserves for erecting the "bottom dog," and-

Sir,-Whilst gratefully admiring your brilliant efforts to map out a new order of things to replace the Servile State when once this has been own off, I am surprised and pained by the attitude you adopt towards the revolt against serfdom now being carried on by the most abjectly-treated section of the community. In the State women do not count-except from the tax-collector's point of view; but, then, so also do dogs. Now, with all your plans, and all your ingenuity, you will not build up a free State until the women are going to build it of have liberated their own spirits. If the wage-earners among the men had developed a tithe of the Spirit of Freedom which they possess, the women who are showing, their chains would have been burst long ago. The women have a much harder fight to wage-their chains are much heavier and more numerous than those of men; but with their keener insight and more relentless logic, they bid fair to win their freedom long before the men win theirs. That The New Age should have nothing better to offer its readers on this great movement than the cheap jeers of Mrs. Hastings is a real grief to more than one of them. You cannot bring in the Golden Age without the help of the modern Joans of Arc.

An old Cape-Dutch politician said to me the other day, speaking of the time before the war.-"When I know that it was all up: war must come." The Dutch women are noted for their home-loving qualities, they seldom interfere in their husbands' affairs, but when they do take up it has to go through. We all know the part the Boer women played in the war, how much they sacrificed to help their men-folk, and how much it cost our Govern- ment to deal with their militant spirit.

That our "Liberal" Government—that amazing junta of plutocrats, lawyers, minor literary lights and little-bethatlites—should treat the heroic women of to-day worse than Charles VII treated Joan of Arc is, perhaps, little to be wondered at.—Charles did give Joan a chance and let her save his kingdom for him before he allowed her to be burnt by English priests: our Government is trying to murder first. But that The New Age should appear to be on the side of the Government against the women is, indeed, something of a portent.

The delicate susceptibilities of your correspondent, Mr. Belgium, are terribly shocked that "a charming girl of twelve" should have heard the odious epithet "slut" bandied. My lady to tell him a true story about a charming little boy of about that age? Home for the holidays, he had a day in London, and wishing to see something of life, he found himself looking in the window of a shop where literature of a doubtful kind was exposed for sale, in a back street not far from Piccadilly Circus. A dawdler in a neighbouring doorways is he invited him into his abode. The result may be best be given in his own graphic words: "I gave her five shillings: she gave me syphilis." And I am sure that the one who reads it quoted as he desires in this week's "Current Cant."
nothing worse could have happened to him, and much unhappier results avoided. friend of mine, whose career began in the Army and ended in my own profession, once said to me, "It was not conscience that

prudery has covered them, she has done a very
to facts-men do not, escape disease, even though they

cause women want home, and the older they grow the

dusty, wintry streets, the others already paying, weeping

the reference to the grand sacrifices

had done their work, and you might see any day in the

men

incessant persecution

manding concessions which will actually induce men into

women to make themselves worth keeping at home, be-

ing once held very sacred, and by some high civilisa-

like devils, the which they are not, but a type of human

trouble to tear from the facts the veil with which

the still deeper stain of Hypocrisy to which

may yet bring about the ruin of the possible

We are such a prudish folk that words scare

the fear of syphilis. What I

A "respectable" woman who should give news of syphilis

A "charming child of twelve" is not the outcome

thing about them. But Mr. Belgion must remember

is nothing to do with it, but probably the

attractive disease, even though they are aware of the risk. "Smug prudery," as Dr. Clarke

means this, has nothing to do with it, but probably the

infectious persecution of prostitutes by smug prudes has much to do with it. The wretched creatures are treated like devils, the which they are not, but a type of human being once held very sacred, and by some high civilisations granted specific rights. For my part, I would sooner sit in a room with an average prostitute than with a "respectable" woman who should give news of syphilis to a child, even with one who talked without due

and sick women

The "Woman Pays," by "A Friendly Society Official," in last week's "New Statesman." The woman in this case is a charwoman who was refused a certificate of illness though she was expecting to be confined in three weeks. The article is so full of speciousness, imaginary illustration adduced as a sort of proof, and sentimental nonsense that the case of the woman is never made very

But the report was that she was not ill in the ordinary sense, but pregnant. The "Official," however, offers some suppositions about imaginary charwomen who may have had four or five miscarriages, denotes the Act for allowing the actual woman to go on working. Now, every truthful woman knows that that would be the very best thing. The more a healthy woman "works about," the easier her confinement. In fact, Nature gives expectant women simply enormous energy. It is well-known that housewives in this condition are almost ludicrously energetic, sweeping and tidying the whole house out. No-not at the end is rest required, but at the beginning—until the child quickens. But I doubt whether any "New Statesman" knows this. It is a fundamental argument for home-life for women.]
LUDGATE CIRCUS.