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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The lessons to be learned from the strike of the Leeds Corporation employees are, according to the Press, new as well as numerous. The result is a demonstration of the miscalculations of the "forward" school; it proves that Unionists and Liberals will join hands in an emergency against Labour; also the public reveals an unsuspected amount of resource in resistance; and, again, municipal trading has received a set-back. But if we belong to the "forward" school referred to by the "Times" no miscalculation of ours has been shown. We have never promised success to a local strike of any kind, still less to a strike undertaken by a union that does not contain a monopoly of its labour; nor have we advocated a strike for higher wages under any circumstances. The strikes we look forward to—and then only for the same reasons that a Navy is maintained to keep the peace with Germany—are strikes on behalf of status, not of wages; and, secondly, strikes of at least whole national trades. Strikes with smaller objects or on a lesser scale than these are in the majority of cases natural, excusable and even defensible; but they are not in our opinion a forward and offensive policy, but a merely stationary and defensive policy. By this time they should have become obsolete; in the course of the next ten years they will, we believe, prove to be obsolete.

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And why should the "Times" pretend that the union of the political parties against Labour is a discovery? The suggestion shows a contempt that is warranted for the general public, but not surely in the case of the readers of the "Times." The union of the two capitalist parties against Labour is one of the commonplaces of theory and observation; and nobody outside a crèche needs to be taught it by Leeds or any other place. The whole contemporary criticism of the party-system, indeed, is based upon the common knowledge that the collusion of the two parties, always tacit, becomes explicit in moments of danger common to them both. Again, it is no matter of surprise that the public should show resourcefulness in dealing with conditions produced by a strike. What is more surprising is that the public shows little resource in preventing strikes or making strikes unnecessary. Almost any fool can accommodate himself, partially at any rate, to the temporary absence of essential luxuries; but the subjection to such circumstances with no ideas for securing themselves against it, is the real humiliation. Finally, no thinker of the "forward" school has the least objection to giving municipalisation a set-back or even to killing it altogether. Municipalisation as at present practised is municipal capitalism and nothing more. Four "undertakings" of the kind in Leeds alone have made a "profit" in the last ten years of nearly a million pounds in addition to paying interest and providing a sinking-fund. What private firm could have done better—or worse?

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The lessons that we, on the other hand, learn from the Leeds strike are, first, that the public has grown tired of demands for higher wages alone and has no longer much sympathy with them or, vastly more important, much fear of them. The "Times" itself is so

good as to say that this is the case. The whole standpoint, says the "Times," of the public towards labour demands has changed within the last few years. . . . Its attitude to-day is really much more sympathetic in one sense; but it will not yield to coercion what it cannot be induced to sanction voluntarily. That is precisely our point. The very classes of the public that have been doing labourers' work in Leeds during the strike are sympathetic in respect of the men's unspoken demand for a higher status with increased responsibility; but they will resist when this demand is either not formulated or is presented only as a demand for higher wages with no offer of increased responsibility. Quite rightly too. For an increase of wages that does not carry with it a share of responsibility leaves the salariat with increased difficulties but with undiminished responsibility. Suppose, however, that as an accompaniment of the demand for higher wages the men's unions were to offer to accept a share of responsibility, involving self-discipline and mutual discipline, or were even to insist upon this with or without the former, the moral resistance of the salariat would be sapped in its foundations; and they could no more resist than a harassed firm could resist the pushfulness of an aspiring and promising young partner. We certainly derive from the Leeds strike and from the alacrity with which professional men, full of sympathy for Labour, have sprung to resist it, the lesson that they are thus eager because they believe the men are not making the proper moral (that is, responsible) demand. It will be interesting to observe, indeed, the temper of the same men when such a moral demand is made, as it shortly will be.

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Another lesson, rather more recondite, to be gathered from the Leeds strike is that the real object of a strike may be accomplished even when its ostensible object is defeated. We do not mean that the Leeds Corporation employees will each receive the two shillings increase in weekly pay; though this, we are pretty certain, will be the ultimate effect of the strike on corporation employees generally—for, however immediately successful the Leeds Corporation may appear to be, the victory will be too costly to inspire imitation elsewhere, and other Corporations will compromise before provoking a struggle. But we mean that the real object of a strike of these dimensions is not and cannot be a beggarly question of wages; not even when every man on strike imagines that this is the case! It is preposterous to suppose that four or five thousand men would risk their economic lives for the bare chance of a slight economic improvement. The economic improvement is, in fact, only the shadow of which the hope of freedom is the substance. And this freedom will undoubtedly be brought nearer, both to the individuals concerned and to Labour generally, by the exercise of the will to take risks for it. We sympathise, it is true, with men who are defeated in the ostensible object of their strike; we realise that they must necessarily be depressed temporarily by the disappointment; but we do not pity them with any contempt, or even regret, merely because they have lost, that they have fought. On the contrary, the struggle itself was the real victory; and, provided that it can be continued, is the condition of winning the shadowy victory as well. Insensibly the status of the wage-slave will be raised by strikes, and, whether he knows it or not, this and not wages is his real object. We therefore advise the Leeds and other wage-slaves not to be despondent or to cease striking because striking so often results in nothing immediately; but to take a long view and to note, first, that results, even material results, do accrue to their class in the long run from strikes, and, secondly, that the act of striking is itself an act of emancipation

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A third lesson is the powerlessness of municipal collectivism to remedy any of the grievances of Labour. Which of the pioneers twenty years ago of municipal trading could have imagined that to-day in a city distinguished for its enterprise the bulk of its municipal employees would need to strike to maintain their wages in a market of rising prices? On the other hand, the fears lately entertained that public employment would make men servile are falsified; as also the expectation that the municipal as distinct from the private capitalist ought to inspire a holy obedience. We admit no rights to the many constituting the public that we deny to the few forming the capitalist class. If, as we believe, the latter are morally and therefore, in the end, economically wrong (for morality is only economics with long sight) in subjecting men to wage-labour, the offence does not become less when committed by the public authority, and consequently is entitled to no privilege from the proletariat. Certainly in striking against public profiteering, the wage-earner has to incur a certain amount of apparently moral odium—which his false friends of the "New Statesman" strive to magnify rather than to reason away—but the odium is apparent and not real. When he has once declared that his object is to abolish the wage-system public profiteering will share the fate of private capitalism; and to this end a few strikes in public services will do no harm.

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As we anticipated, the politically-minded leaders of the postal unions have proved too slim for the economic rank and file, and the suggestion of a strike has been abandoned for the adoption of what the uninitiated call political action. This is to take the form in public of interrogating and lobbying members of parliament when they meet in February, and of running postal candidates in three or four constituencies at the next General Election; but in private of arranging with Mr. Samuel before parliament meets that as a condition of calling off the strike, he shall make a sufficient number of concessions to appear to justify it. That the latter have been already arranged we have now little doubt; for on the merits of the case it is obvious that the men's demands are just, and Mr. Samuel could not have so confidently refused them unless he had assured the leaders (and been assured by them) that a modicum, at least, of the demands would be satisfied. The points, however, of public and union interest respectively are these. Is the public satisfied that it is fair or honourable to refuse just demands point-blank only afterwards to concede a measure of them in return for party advantage? Are the postal servants satisfied to have their leaders accept as a mean favour concessions they might easily have been in a position to demand openly and as a right? The answer in both instances is certainly a negative; and we imagine that before long we shall hear more of it.

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The desperate telegram of Mr. Larkin to the "Daily Herald" of last Wednesday suggests that the English trade union leaders who stole their victory over Larkinism at the Memorial Hall are preparing to follow it up by an attack upon his strike in Dublin itself. We have at the moment of writing no confirmation of Mr. Larkin's charges against the Railwaymen's and the Sailors' and Firemen's officials; but of both we are ready to believe almost anything on Mr. Larkin's apprehension alone. The men who did not hesitate to rig and pack a jury in a court over which themselves were to preside would not stick at more effective methods of accomplishing their personal objects. The principle of Trade Unionism may be destroyed by Mr. Murphy in Dublin, the future political capital city of Ireland, the strikers may return to work on their hands and knees and many of them may be compelled to seek the workhouse as a shelter, but Mr. Larkin will be "downed," and the satisfaction to his English enemies will be accounted cheap at the price. Such hatred would be a credit to these leaders if it were directed

against the enemies of their class; but in this direction they breathe nothing but brotherly love.

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At the instigation of the International Socialist Bureau the three groups of Socialists, the British Socialist Party, the I.L.P., and the Fabian Society, have undertaken to make a fresh effort towards "unity." The date of the trial is fixed well ahead, being May of 1915; and in the meantime joint meetings of propaganda are to be held to prepare the way. We do not doubt that in time the "unity" of these three bodies will be effected, as the "unity" of the Labour Party was effected; but since the "unity" will be equally based upon a mere fancy its value will be equally nothing. Not merely the three groups cannot agree among themselves as to their aim (save, of course, getting themselves into Parliament), but not three members of any one group could agree among themselves as to their aim and policy. And it is not because the differences are fundamental and irreconcilable, but because the members of these groups have never thought out a policy on which to differ so radically. The order of development, however, is from a policy and a programme to a party; men crystallise about an idea. To form a party first and then to devise a policy and a programme is putting the cart before the horse.

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At the very moment that Mr. Bonar Law was announcing at Caernavon that Mr. Asquith's latest speech had made conference between the two parties on the subject of Home Rule more difficult, the conference had actually begun. Being a truthful man, Mr. Law is not open to the charge of wilful lying, but he must certainly be commiserated on his ignorance. The Conference of 1910 has, in fact, been renewed at much the same point at which it broke off; and not all the rubbish of Mr. Garvin will be able to conceal much longer the fact that the Home Rule question is as good as settled. We do not agree with our contributors of last week, Mr. Redmond Howard and Mr. Henry Carson, that the "compromise" of which they wrote is necessary to avert civil war or even to ensure a peaceful opening of the Irish Parliament. The "compromise" will be effected on quite other lines, on the lines of Federalism and the reconstitution of the House of Lords, as practically agreed upon in 1910; for nothing, either in Ireland or in England, has occurred to demonstrate that in respect of the main issue public opinion has changed. The wretched journalists, even of the "Times," had to pretend that the South Lanark by-election was "significant" as a hint to the Government that Home Rule was unpopular, but anybody who can work a simple sum can arrive at the fact that the Unionist poll had actually decreased by one per cent. If this result justifies a civil war supported by the official Unionists they must be thirsting for it. But the Conference is proceeding.

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Our forecast of some months ago that the new American tariff would encourage qualitative and discourage quantitative imports has been confirmed by the investigator commissioned by the "Times" to report on English industry. Everywhere he went among English manufacturers he heard the same story, namely, that in the superior qualities of their manufactures the tariff was likely to prove beneficial, but in the cheap and nasty it was likely to prove in the long run fatal. The grievance of America, says the "Times," has never been mainly one of prices (of well-to-do America, that is), but of quality; and under the new tariff, while cheap articles in bulk can be made at home, the importation of superior and individual articles will now be encouraged. But this bears out our contention that in the world-market of the future England will stand or fall as the maker of articles of quality, rather than of quantity; and our further contention that a change in our industrial system to admit of and to ensure excellent and general qualitative production is a national necessity.

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Only last spring the educational fancies of Lord Haldane were lightly turning to thoughts of "things of the spirit," but at the National Liberal Club on Monday he found reality in a system of education bluntly commercial. To elevate our commerce it was not necessary to have a revolution in industrial organisation. On the contrary, men should be made for it, and not it for men; and the process of manufacture could not start too early. Germany and America, those homes of culture and business, prepared their youths from an early age for their commercial "vocation," and England must follow suit if she desired to keep her place. The German philistinism of Lord Haldane's assumptions and dogmas is apparent, we hope, to mere Englishmen. It is *not* the fact that education can do for our proletariat what can be done by a social reorganisation alone; it is *not* the fact that a predominantly commercial education is necessary or still less desirable for England as a competitor with America and Germany; it is *not* the fact that for our English genius we have at this moment too little commercial or "vocational" education in our schools; and it is *not* the fact that this training cannot start too early. Lord Haldane, indeed, would not dream of applying these assumptions or the proposals based on them to the class to which he now belongs. They are only to be applied to the class destined, as he thinks, to draw water and hew wood for profiteers. It is this last assumption of his, indeed, that condemns him to mediocrity as a philosopher and to a national calamity as a statesman. For it turns on his acceptance of the view that it is moral for one set of men to use another set as means and not as each an end in themselves. From this it naturally follows that an education that fits the latter to be a more efficient means of the former is superior to an education that assumes the subservience and instrumentality of man to man to be immoral. Hence his advocacy of more commercial education for the poor by vocation.

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Mr. McKenna is not, as he no doubt fancies, severely just, he is simply a bloodthirsty savage with a lust for disguised murder. The execution of the youth Kelly because he was two years older than his accomplice is a crime against public conscience. It was not the case on this occasion that "romance" inspired the petition for the reprieve of one with the other. There were no pyjamas and no pregnancy to appeal to the public. The petition was inspired by the commonest sense of common justice, and was not only signed but presented by the Corporation authorities of Oldham. Mr. McKenna's treatment of their deputation was a stinking disgrace to his office. The brute had discovered or been told that in his anxiety to hang another wretch he had made a blunder; but he had neither the pluck to confess nor to excuse it.

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The hideous law of the land may require one murder for another, but the privilege of reprieve is placed with the Crown for no other purpose than to reduce the brutality of the written law by just so much as public opinion will allow. In other words, the Crown's duty is to follow the national feeling in the direction of mercy and to resist it in the direction of vengeance. But Mr. McKenna's procedure is to reverse for his own delectation (there is no other explanation) this salutary and civilised intention; and to hunt with the hounds when they are out for blood and by himself when they are not. We ask anybody to name any public service Mr. McKenna discharged in executing Kelly while reprieving Kelly's companion. The selection of eighteen for a hanging limit is arbitrary and of an arbitrariness stamped with the mark of a pettifogger. It is characteristic of Mr. McKenna to pettifog even in his murders.

Current Cant.

"Does anybody, I wonder, read Byron to-day?"—E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.

"And what about Germany and its menace of Socialism?"—"The Scotsman."

"The honesty of the English people is appalling."—IRVIN S. COBB.

"In these dark days of Storm and Stress.
Of 'bunkum,' trickery and mess
With Demos helpless to redress
The Nation's troubles.
I hail with joy each morn th' 'Express,'
It never wobbles."
HENRY EGBY in the "Daily Express."

"It would be folly to assume that there is not a great ideal in the Labour movement; which aims at the ultimate control by the workers of the country. The existence of a Labour Party in Parliament as distinct from both of the other parties is proof of this."—J. H. THOMAS, M.P.

"A number of Parisian hostesses are now providing baths and massage by skilled persons for male dancers exhausted by the Tango."—"Daily Sketch."

"Mr. Austen Chamberlain with plenty of time still before him, becomes more and more worthy of the name he bears."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"The Labour Party is equally independent of Liberals and Tories . . . the Labour Party will continue to claim its place in the sun."—"Daily Citizen."

"The exiled King Manoel does not look well . . . his suede gloves were soiled and far from new."—"Daily Mirror."

"The Drama cannot be over-praised."—Sir HERBERT TREE.

"I am interested to hear that there is a smart set in Manchester."—Miss HORNIMAN.

"Guild Socialism, aiming to bring workers together in mechanical relations, is the apotheosis of the Machine Age."—HUNTLY CARTER.

"There is hope of a future for 'The Academy' under its present auspices."—"The Academy."

"We have no disposition to use our superiority tyrannously; we have every desire to soften Unionist defeat."—"Daily Chronicle."

"The idea that existence is getting hum-drum is an illusion of the literary. . . . There will always be 'big deals' for the revelation of big dreams."—"Pall Mall Gazette."

"One of the greatest films ever produced in Norway, entitled 'Atlantis' was shown privately to-day at the West-End Cinema. The play is adapted from the famous novel by Gerhart Hauptman, a Nobel Prize winner. . . . The frenzied efforts of the terrified passengers to obtain seats in the boats, and the gradual sinking of the vessel stir one as no printed words can. . . . Into the play a delightful love interest is woven."—"St. James's Gazette."

"M. Anatole France, the most distinguished of French authors, who visits us during the week of Carpentier's triumph."—"Daily Mirror."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THE final phase of the Balkan war includes the final phase of the Tripoli war, and involves the settlement of the most difficult question which has arisen in connection with either campaign, viz., the allocation to the various combatants of the Islands in the Eastern Mediterranean. This question has been intermittently considered by the Ambassadors for several months, and if the discussions engaged upon it have occasionally lapsed, or have been definitely suspended for a short time, that was simply because the question was so complex as to drive the negotiators to distraction.

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When we speak of this Islands question as difficult and complex, we necessarily use these words in a strategic and diplomatic sense. From an administrative point of view, there is hardly any question which a body of Ambassadors could not solve in a couple of days. Most of the inhabitants of most of the Islands are either Greek or of Greek descent or of Greek sympathies. Their formal annexation by Greece, the appointment of governors, the establishment of safeguards for Ottoman rights, and perhaps some special form of administration for those of the Islands in which the proportion of Moslems to Greeks is almost equal, and the thing is done. Unfortunately, as readers of this journal realise, the Ambassadors are called upon to consider more than merely questions of administration and the feelings of the inhabitants.

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Of the islands concerned, Greece at present occupies Thasos, Samothrace, Imbros, Lemnos, Mytilene, Psara, Chios, Nikaria and Samos. Italy holds Patmos, Leros, Calymnos, Cos, Nisyros, Symi, Stampaglia, Tilos, Rhodes, Carpathos, and Casos. Greece has all along laid claim to every one of these Islands, including those in the occupation of Italy. Italy, by the treaty of Lausanne, which concluded the war between her and Turkey, is entitled to keep her troops in the Islands she occupies until the last remnants of the Turkish garrisons have been removed from Tripoli, and then those particular Islands are to be handed over to the Powers for disposal. Italy, however, as I have already stated, has established herself with apparent firmness in Rhodes and Stampaglia; and on the latter Island she has erected a wireless telegraph station. There is, therefore, some justification for the general belief that she will finally insist on being allowed to retain possession of these two islands.

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That was the position at the beginning of last week, when the British Government sent a note to the Powers respecting not only the Islands, but also the southern Albanian frontier. The British proposal was that Greece should be allowed to retain possession of the Islands already in the occupation of her troops, with the exception of Tenedos and Imbros. These, as they lie near the Dardanelles, should, it was suggested, be handed back to Turkey. On the other hand, the British Government went on to propose that the Islands now in the possession of Italy should be given to Turkey and not to Greece; for it has been obvious for some time that if Greece got all the Islands Turkey would have had no hesitation in attacking her by land with the large Ottoman forces which are still concentrated in Thrace.

The four countries most directly affected by this arrangement are England, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. The questions now at issue are whether Italy will peacefully evacuate Rhodes and Stampaglia, whether Turkey can be induced to let Greece take over nine important Islands without at once declaring war, and whether the Greeks can be induced to keep their heads cool and permit the Islands in the occupation of Italy to be handed back to Turkey. Russia, France, Germany, and Austria are not particularly concerned with the disposal of the Islands. It is much more to their immediate interests to have peace established in the Balkans and in the Mediterranean as soon as possible, and the inquiries I have made have shown me that those countries are, left to themselves, quite willing to assent to any solution that will satisfy the parties concerned.

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Unfortunately, just at this moment—the exigencies of the season compel me to write several days before publication—it seems hopeless to expect that any solution which is generally satisfactory can be reached; and we are accordingly confronted with the question of "interests." On one point, at least, we find two Powers agreeing. France and England are firmly resolved that Italy shall not be allowed to retain permanent possession of Rhodes and Stampaglia; and the joint visit of the French and English fleets to eastern Mediterranean ports was arranged as an indication of this attitude. We have France and England, then, opposed to Italy. Who is prepared to support Italy by diplomatic force and suggestion? Not Austria, certainly, her partner in that boojum, the alleged Triple Alliance; for Austrian and Italian naval ambitions conflict, and Austria does not wish to see her rival stronger. Still, there are joint Austro-Italian "interests"—really, the matter is becoming complicated. Servia, having taken over most of Macedonia, has made her annoying influence felt in a heavy increase in the Macedonian railway rates, a matter which affects both Austria and Italy. "Representations" have resulted in a temporary withdrawal of the additional charges; and the Belgrade Government is now considering the possibility of expropriating the railways and paying the shareholders, who are for the most part Austrians, a purely nominal sum in compensation.

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Thus we see that the problem of the Ægean Islands takes us a long way from the Islands themselves. Perhaps the delicacy of the situation will be better appreciated when I add that the Servian Government has been acting all along chiefly under the direction of M. de Hartwig, the Russian Minister to Belgrade.

* * *

And, by the way, the harmony of the Triple Entente is not assured so long as M. Caillaux remains in the French Ministry. There have been notices, obviously inspired, in one or two of our dailies, to the effect that M. Caillaux has always thought highly of England, that he has always supported the Entente Cordiale, and will continue to do so; and so on. Nothing—out with the cliché!—nothing could be further from the truth. More than two years ago I gave in these very columns M. Caillaux' opinion of the Triple Entente when he spoke of it to Sir Francis Bertie. M. Caillaux' celebrated phrase on that occasion was, "L'Entente Cordiale, je m'en fiche!" It is disingenuous of our newspapers to try to rehabilitate M. Caillaux. Our Foreign Office, with Sir Francis Bertie's Ambassadorial report before its eyes, does not like M. Caillaux. In short, as a Foreign Office official remarked to me a day or two ago (and he spoke with calorific emphasis): "Damn Caillaux. If he is ever made Prime Minister again there won't be an Entente Cordiale left." I reserve my further remarks for a subsequent occasion.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

THAT extended knowledge upon which we are so given to congratulate ourselves, and which certainly has attained proportions such as to gladden the heart of megalomania, if not of wisdom, will be found upon analysis to fall under one or other of two great heads, that expose the limitations of its character. It is either (a) simply words without reality behind them—that is to say rubbish; (b) knowledge of processes as opposed to knowledge of ends. I do not hesitate to say that nine-tenths of such modern knowledge as does not fall within the first-class, falls within the second. Indeed this must be so, for everything material that there is to be known about the ends of man was known to our ancestors as well as to ourselves, and in all probability better. It is therefore upon the How of our journey that the modern mind has concentrated itself—upon the manner of the road, its metalling, the means of lodging, food, and the surrounding scenery. But upon its Why and Whither the learning of Bergson is as the learning of Ecclesiastes, the son of David, the Preacher.

Such were my reflections upon reading the first of "Rifleman's" "Letters upon War." They were not, indeed, the first of my reflections. Those consisted in surprise and alarm that a disease had reached our soldiers which I had hitherto imagined to be the exclusive property of our intellectuals. The sometimes fortunate imperviousness of the English mind to ideas has saved us till recently from the worst consequences of a philosophy which would already have destroyed us if it had permeated the mass of citizens as thoroughly as it has permeated the so-called "aristocracy of intellect." But how long will this continue? I confess to alarm when I find a man upon whom I may have to rely for the honour and security of my country and my home, telling us in as many words that "ethical sentiment is not itself a motive power." And while a man who really believes and acts upon such sentiments must be a rascal, my confidence in the sureness of our defence is not increased by the consideration that a man who believes such sentiments and does not act upon them is a fool.

The whole of "Rifleman's" essay is permeated with this ridiculous error of endeavouring to consider means apart from ends, processes apart from aims. Thus "Rifleman" is bothered by the assertion of certain evilly disposed persons that war is destructive, destruction being apparently synonymous to him with evil, and construction with good. Videlicet. A man who constructs an obscene statuette is good and another who smashes it to pieces with a hammer, evil. To such impasses are reduced that feeble folk which endeavours to erect the processes of life into its aims. So here is "Rifleman" attempting to prove that war is not destructive. He might as well attempt to prove that the sun is not warm or that the sea is not salt. If I explode a common shell at an effective angle underneath "Rifleman's" house I shall have accomplished a work of destruction, and I hereby defy any four and twenty Fabians to deny it. Whether we judge the act of destruction to have been justified, will be determined by our conception of good and what we know of "Rifleman." And being loath to express a verdict after no more than one instalment of what is possibly a lengthy series, I will do no more than say that I am seeing to the renewal of my stock of common shells.

Of course you can no more found an ethic of war upon a consideration of its processes than you can lift yourself to heaven by tugging at your own bootstraps. War is violence and destruction both of men and things. In so far as it is a destruction of wrong, it is right, and in so far as it is a destruction of right it is wrong. So much for the ethics of war. They are exceedingly simple and can almost be explained in

words of one letter. It is the evolutionists who have sought out many inventions.

But the mighty brains which discovered that those survive who survive and founded an ethic on it, remain unsatisfied with their achievement. They must found a history too. Accordingly reading further into "Rifleman's" essay I find set down as undisputed historical facts a series of statements which can scarcely be advanced as probable conjectures without the exercise of a quality that can only be described as damned impudence. "Turning to the earliest organisation of society," "Rifleman" says, "we find ourselves in a community dependent upon the chase and the gathering of roots and berries for its subsistence." The devil we do! What evidence has "Rifleman" for that? The earliest societies of which we possess any definite knowledge are the societies of Chaldæa and Egypt, which were in many faculties more highly developed than the societies of to-day. If we possess remains which lead us to suspect the existence of savage communities at an even earlier period, that proves nothing, for savages are existing still. Barbarism in France B.C. 10,000 no more proves the co-existence of barbarism in Mesopotamia than barbarism in the Congo A.D. 1913 proves the co-existence of barbarism in Brussels. The main thing in regard to prehistoric times is that they were prehistoric —that is to say, that we know nothing about them. How *can* considerations based upon events which we do not know reasonably affect our conduct in other events which we do?

We have thus discovered in "Rifleman's" first letter the traces of the two great heresies which account for so much of the apparent achievement of modern times. To return to our original distinction, we have seen class (b) (examination of processes as opposed to ends) amply represented in his attempt to show war (which is only justifiable as a means to an end) as an end in itself; and class (a) (words without reality behind them) is not behind-hand in an article which contains a complete history of early man with all the facts left out. It only remains to deal with the immediate military effect of the dissemination of such ideas as have muddled "Rifleman." Which method is the more effective in persuading troops to fight—to appeal to men's honour, their patriotism, their loyalty, their religion and their sense of right: or to say something as follows: "The mainspring of all your actions has been and must be the gratification of animal instincts. Your sentiments are neither lofty nor sublime. Even when you are least aware of it you are simply engaged upon the gratification of your baser animal instincts. You are at best dogs, and at worst swine"? It is my shrewd suspicion that the reply of troops nurtured upon such sentiments would be to gratify the first and strongest of animal instincts—that of self-preservation—by running away. If they followed out their own ridiculous maxims the evolutionists would not even survive. By their own test let us judge them.

Education and the Guilds.

NOBODY acquainted with the system of education prevailing to-day can doubt either that we have reason to be profoundly dissatisfied with it or that for the present no one appears to be able to make a constructive suggestion. The blame for both conditions has been laid now upon the teachers, then upon the department, now upon the system and then upon the curriculum. But in truth, while in a measure everybody is to blame, the real fault lies in the same error we have found to be underlying our political system generally, the association of economic with political ends, and the confusion of civic with industrial functions.

More clearly in our educational system, perhaps, than anywhere else are the fruits of this evil relation visible; for even while we write, the controversy, first begun in the persons of Herbert Spencer on the one side and Matthew Arnold on the other, still rages with varying fortunes in the direction at one period and for a little while of a humane and civic ideal, and at another in the direction of the technical and scientific. What, we are asked for six months of the year, can the end of education be but to produce the well-balanced mind, the all-round citizen, the man of the world? And what, for the other six months we are asked, is the value to himself or to the State of a citizen untrained in any craft and unable therefore to employ the complex instrument which modern society puts into his hands? It is indeed a controversy in which judgment must necessarily sit suspended, for each side not only defends itself with complete reason but destroys the other with equal reason. To the plea that education is for life in general, the technical instructor can reply that life in general is impossible without technical skill; and to his own plea that technical instruction to be effective must be begun early in life the humanist can reply that, society being no longer a stable system of castes and crafts, an early instruction in any technique whatever may actually unfit our youth for the occupation to which they may be called.

Thus envisaged, the controversy both theoretically and practically is seen to be endless; and since, for the present, no way out has been suggested, we appear to be doomed to oscillate in our national education between the humanistic and the technique, between the civic and the industrial, between the literary and the commercial; with small satisfaction to either party, and with disaster in the end to the nation as a whole.

In the proposals we have been outlining in our former chapters, we have, however, come upon a principle, the application of which to education promises to be as fruitful as its application to politics and industry in general. It will be seen that our aim has been to separate the subordinate function of industry (subordinate but indispensable) from the more general functions of the body politic; and this we have suggested might be best effected by the State delegating by Charter to the producing Guilds the power and therewith the responsibility of national industry.

But if this apportionment of the duties as between the State as a whole and the Guilds as autonomous but limited functions of itself is possible, the same principle carried into the sphere of education would equally well determine the relative provinces of civic and technical education. For it is plain that as duly authorised and charged with the responsibility of skilled industry, the Guilds at the same time would become responsible for the technical training necessary in each of their crafts. And while they would thus be responsible for technical training as such, the State as a whole would have the duty of civic education in general.

This, then, is our solution of the existing difficulty. To each of the Guilds we would give the duty of providing, not only for its existing but for its future members, the means of technical training necessary to the welfare of the craft; while to the State we would leave the duty of providing for its future citizens by means of national education the training necessary for citizenship.

That this plan is at once practical, desirable, and desired, we do not think that much reflection is necessary to prove. Proofs of the fact that it is desired are to be found in the evidences already existing, of a profound and irreconcilable difference of opinion between the supporters of the two contending schools of thought. The humanistic, we may say, will *never* be content to be subordinated in their ideals to the technical; and on the other hand, less and less as time goes on will the technical consent to be subordinated to the humanistic. Thus the elimination from each of the other is desired and desired equally by both parties. On other grounds also the separation we speak of is

desired as may be seen in the attempts, on the one side, to restore apprenticeship and, on the other, to extend the age of the purely literary education. What, in effect, dictates these contrary purposes but the instinctive recognition that each is right in its own place and that only together are they incompatible? Still more clearly the revival of the idea of apprenticeship demonstrates the desire existing in the practical mind to recover for the crafts of to-day the traditional skill the individual apprenticeship secured for a previous generation. We conclude, without further examination, that the independence of each of the two areas of education is desired by all men.

That it would be proved desirable and a wise national course to pursue follows, we think, from the general principles we have already examined. It is impossible to doubt the duty of the State to its individual members and its future citizens. It is equally impossible to doubt that the humane education thus postulated is incompatible with the ideal *pursued by the same authority* of a technical education as well. We speak from a long and wide experience when we declare that with two ends in view no authority, State or private, can fulfil one or the other with any satisfaction of either. Is it the case that under the prevailing compromise of contrary ideals, the education provided by the State is satisfactory to the humanist? It is not. But then it must be satisfactory to the technical manufacturer and the commercial man? But equally it is not. On the contrary, both parties complain, and each with excellent reason; and the cause is to be found, though neither knows it, in the double object pursued by an administration competent in one but not in two.

Remains now the practicability of the course we have suggested. In the first place, let us say explicitly that for the present we have no designs upon the system of education beyond the existing elementary and secondary limits. It may be, and it probably will be the case, that as the bases of society are changed the superstructure (the whole being organic) will change with it. From elementary to secondary and from secondary to university the stages will not be divided by almost impassable barriers, each to be surmounted only by favour and fortune. The formation of the Teachers' Register, the creation of a single profession, that includes the don with the pupil teacher is, in fact, a recent symbol of the future unity of education we must needs all have in mind. But our modest purpose at this stage is to throw upon the State the duty of a minimum of civic education only, such as must necessarily be supposed to qualify a youth to become in the full sense a citizen of the nation. And this minimum, we are disposed to think, might be best assured by the State charging the National Union of Teachers with the powers necessary and the consequent responsibility to society for carrying it out. It will be seen that in this respect, our suggestions are at once conservative and revolutionary. They are conservative in the sense that they would restore the *intention* of national education to its original definition when popular education was first introduced—that of educating children for worthy citizenship. And it is revolutionary in these two respects, that it would abolish from our national schools all the technical elements that have pushed their way in; and vest in the teachers as a body the delegated duties now entrusted to the State Department and the teachers individually. Surely this, we say, is neither impossible to imagine nor difficult to carry out. Whoever speculates on the future of the Teachers' Union must realise that, as it grows in power by its numbers, it will also grow in experience and in the ambitions experience brings. It may not be the fact to-day that the Teachers' Union is equal to the task of demanding or even of accepting the position of a Chartered Guild for the training of young citizens; but he would be lacking in the historic as well as in the contemporary sense of values who denied that this future is most probable. And what is there practically against it? It is the business of the Army to make war and of the Navy to defend our coasts and seaborne commerce. These commissions necessarily carry with them the delegation of vast powers and almost of autonomous authority. Yet they are discharged by and with the authority of the State and to instructions generally, but not particularly given. If, in a panic-ridden age like ours, such terrible powers may be given to these professions and without fear, the gift to the teaching profession of the power to carry out the national instructions in the matter of education is no less possible and practicable. We believe, indeed, that no body of people in the State are better fitted to be entrusted with the duties of a minimum civic education than the Teachers' Union. Certainly no State Department, even though co-operating with local authorities hand in glove, is equal to the task as the Teachers' Union is equal to it. For at best the authorities are two removes from the actual problem of the child; while the Teachers' Union is immediately and daily in contact with it. On the principle that they are best fitted to control their services who discharge them, the Teachers' Union is plainly marked out as the subordinate partner of the State to preside over the whole field of national civic education.

Turning now to consider the practicability of delegating technical education to the Guilds, we must observe at once that the question has in principle been long settled. Despairing of ever securing through the civic authorities the special schools necessary to their trade (and especially in the absence of the old apprenticeship system), the skilled trades, mainly by means of their masters, have almost without exception each established for themselves technical schools ranging from technical skill simply to the highest training in applied science. It is true that, owing partly to lack of collective foresight, partly to the hope still entertained that, after all, the civic authorities may do it for them, none of the skilled trades has yet organised systematically its own training over the whole of the country and industry; and, what is more, the present obstacles to this systematisation are insurmountable since, under a competitive system, all the employers in any industry cannot equally profit by a collective system of endowed technical training; and, again, civic authorities will never, as we say, provide it wholly for them. But on the hypothesis we have advanced that each industry is a collective monopoly, responsible for its craft, wherever and whenever practised, its interest in establishing a system of training for its recruits is obvious; and the necessity would become all the more urgent provided, as we suggest, that the curricula of the national schools be cleared of technical and commercial instruction. And, pursuing our principle, who, in fact, would be better fitted to provide and to direct the craft schools than the guilds practising the crafts and responsible for them? If profiteering masters, at war with each other and with their employees, have nevertheless been able to supply thought and funds for the establishment of technical schools, even though only here and there, what might we not expect from a Guild, including in a single group the scientific, the technical, and the skilled men all in co-operation, and collectively responsible for their crafts present and future? We imagine, indeed, and with confidence that time will prove us right, that the technical schools of the future Guilds will be one of the chief prides of the craftsmen of the future. We shall see them devoting their funds, their intelligence, and their emulation to the creation of a system of special schools, designed at once to attract recruits as they leave the civic schools, and to train them to the greater glory of the craft they have chosen. For in no penurious or compromising fashion will a Guild set about the work of transforming its occupation into a craft and its craft into an art. On the contrary, as Morris foresaw, the spirit of the Guild will make of workmanship a sacrificial service; and all the more readily if the State supplies to its hand the youths trained in the humanities in the civic schools.

Letters on War.

By "A Rifleman."

II.

We have seen that success in war carries with it the potentiality of the highest form of economic development, and that also similar success carries with it the potentiality of the highest form of physical and mental development: this physical and mental development, itself the reaction of the most favourable environment for the development of such qualities, is obviously essential for the evolution of any degree of civilisation superior to a bare subsistence-level; a blind struggle with the forces of nature. It is in accordance with this law then: that success in war is essential to the development of any standard of economic life superior to a bare subsistence-level; that when we turn to the phenomena of history we note that every civilisation worthy of mention has been evolved by the entry of a vigorous war-like race into the environment most suitable for the development of its national qualities. The Greeks, the Romans, the Egyptians, the Assyrians, even the Chinese, all alike were descended from the vigorous war-like peoples that had fought their way to the most favourable environments: to the environments most rich in readily-accessible economic resources, to the environments most favourably situated for the development of commerce and the fostering of physical and mental qualities. It remains for us to consider the war-like peoples when settled down in the most favourable environment and to determine how far the arts of war, as distinguished from the arts of peace, are responsible for the evolution of the civilisation of the war-like peoples.

Turning to the Saxon invasion of England we have an instance familiar to all Englishmen, of the colonisation of an environment favourable to the development of civilisation by a war-like people. This invasion was not the clearly defined, carefully planned, act of military conquest by an organised state such as the subjugation of England by Norman William many centuries later, but the wild surging waves of successive invasions by peoples driven to expand by irresistible economic forces. The Saxons, arrived at much the same stage of evolution as that portrayed in our last letter as the basis of our modern social institutions, driven to expand by a population overflowing their economic resources, burst upon the fairer, more fertile lands with fire and sword, wild foray and pitiless lust of blood and women. In confused, irregular warfare, in savage, ill-knit war-bands led by kinglets and ealdormen, they fought and they slew, they burnt and they ravished; the gloomy depths of the primeval forests were lighted by the flickering of flaming homesteads; resounded with the shrieks of outraged, tortured women; and the Saxon ships bore away for the homeland laden with the spoil of many a British home; with many a cowering half-crazed woman slave. As the rumours of spoil and women to be gained from the fair, fertile isle to the West spread through the Saxon land so there began a general movement of the Saxon peoples West. Jutes and Angles, Frisians and many a Saxon tribe long lost to memory, launched their ships and sailed in great fleets to ravage the British shore; for generations the sea-shore villages of the distant north resounded to the clang of hammers and felling of trees as arms and ships were prepared for successive forays on the British coasts. At first the expeditions were purely military, with no other object but to gain spoil and women, but as the expeditions assumed a larger scale, as it became necessary to penetrate farther and farther inland from the ravaged sea-shore, base camps would become necessary to provide a refuge against storms and a convenient "point d'appui" for attack. These base-camps, situated no doubt at convenient harbours, and probably at the mouths of navigable streams, would soon develop into permanent settlements as the landless element among the invaders settled upon the vacant lands, whilst as the rumour of fertile lands to be won by the sword spread through the homeland the general movement of invasion would develop into a movement of colonisation as well as of military conquest. The navigable streams would provide natural highways of attack, pressing up which the invaders would fight their way up to the very heart of the country. Thus in the course of a century or more of fighting and colonisation the whole of England would pass into the dominion of the Angles.

The invaders thus settled down would form a multitude of small tribal kingdoms: the land would be held in common and divided by lot among the various families with each sowing, but private property in women, in cattle, in weapons, and in ornaments, would be recognised. There had developed the double-moral code and a general sentiment of property-morality within the clan-village, and various pains and penalties were imposed to reinforce vaguely recognised moral sentiment by the stronger, more poignant, fear of physical punishment; women unfaithful to their husbands were publicly stripped naked, and flogged, or violated by the men of the village, driven forth into the forest to perish from wolves and beasts of prey, or visited with kindred punishments; young girls known to have lapsed from current codes of morality suffered similar public chastisements, whilst maiming and mutilation in various fashions was a recognised punishment for theft and adultery.

The student of history who dispassionately analyses the development of our moral codes is forced to the conclusion that it was by no divinely inspired moral sentiment that the social and political phenomena of history and the present-day world originated, but from the workings of the animal instincts of mankind crudely and blindly aiming at securing the gratification of sensual appetites. In the earliest, most crudely organised of the social groupings of mankind, the instinct of the property-right, the animal cravings of sexuality and hunger, were expressed solely by physical force. Just as lower in the animal scale the seasonal period of rut is a period of fierce fighting among the young males for possession of the females so in the lowest organisations of mankind, whilst there exists no sentiment of sexual jealousy save when immediately under influence of the copulative instinct, yet it is the physically strongest men who enjoy the right of prior possession of the females by reason of sheer superior force, and the law of governing social relations alike in regard to sexual and property morality is the simple law of brute strength. The fairest women, the choicest food-stuffs, the first choice of all that comes to hand, go to the physically strong. Yet also in the very rudest social groupings of mankind there exists the sentiment of co-operation. Elsewhere I have analysed in detail the evolution of the earliest form of organised society, the semi-nomadic horde*: suffice it here to say that the earliest groupings of mankind occurred anterior to the full development of the human faculties. The primitive ape-like ancestors of man travelled in herds drawn to mutual association by community of instinct, by desire for kindred foodstuffs, etc., etc. The herds or packs centred around pack-leaders, experienced powerful males whose finer instincts reinforced by experience and physical power enabled them to dominate the herd. They were the first to scent danger, the foremost in attack: the first to discover new food resources. And the general instinct of the pack followed the instinct of the pack-leaders, causing certain objects to be regarded as necessary by the instinct of the whole pack: creating the most rudimentary form of public opinion: and leading to an unconscious and instinctive effort at the co-ordination of effort to obtain the objectives desired by the general instinct of the pack: such a co-operation of activities as enables the beaver to build his dam.

During countless centuries of evolution, with the

* See "The Gathering Storm," chapter I.

passage of the highest forms of these ape-like progenitors of man into the regions calling for a mental as well as physical development, there began the evolution of man qua man. The herd became the horde, the pack-leader the tribal chieftain. And with this development, the primitive law of sheer brute strength underwent a modification. In such a society governed solely by sheer physical power obviously only the physically strong could possess any form of wealth whatever. And for obvious reasons interference with the property of the physically strong was likely to bring down swift and condign punishment. There thus developed slowly throughout the course of ages a sentiment of the sanctity of private property within the clan-village simply because the property holders formed the most physically powerful element in the community: because a breach of the laws of meum and tuum meant prompt and certain punishment with all the violence of a savage primitive society. And similarly with the entry of captured women into the tribe as slaves there developed the double moral code. The captured slave-woman was recognised as the special property of her captor, who was alone possessed of rights over her person and who was logically entitled to resent any breach of his own special privileges.

The development of marriage by capture into "marriage by purchase" and of the settled agricultural village from the primitive semi-nomadic hunting tribe has already been briefly traced. It is, however, important to clearly realise that all sentiment regarding property and sexual morality is the reaction of animal instinct coupled with superior physical power: that moral sentiment of all kinds is born simply and solely of physical strength. The adulterer was stoned to death because he committed a breach of the property-right of the husband and the latter had the general sentiment of the community on his side because the physically dominating element in this community were also husbands determined to safeguard their marital rights. Putting the matter in its simplest form, property in all ages has been developed simply and solely by the desire to gratify animal instincts. The hunter fabricated his weapons, slew the deer, or other animal of the chase, engaged in warfare, or ravished women, impelled thereto by the imperious need of gratifying animal instincts. And as we have seen, for obvious reasons only the physically strong could possess property of any kind whatsoever. Thus property originating in the desire to gratify animal appetites has been throughout the ages safeguarded by sheer superiority in physical power. Ever since the evolution of man into a distinct type the property-owners have in all human societies, the highly organised modern state equally with the most primitive communities, formed the most physically powerful element in society. And from this superiority in physical strength on the side of the property-owners there has ensued a development of moral sentiment as dictated by the interests of the physically dominating order of society. The community of instincts which led to the evolution of the earliest social groupings of mankind, the same community of instinct which leads wolves and wild dogs to travel in packs, imposed upon the property-owners of the most primitive communities, the skilful hunters and bold warriors who had accumulated wealth in pelts and other spoils of the chase, and in captured women, measures of co-operation to secure their property from thefts. The instinct of the physically dominant element of the community would fiercely resent any attack upon their property rights whether over their women or their various other goods and chattels, the feebler elements in the community would inevitably take their cue from the stronger, savage punishments would be meted out to theft and adultery which would meet with the general approval of the tribe, and in time those laws evolved from animal appetites and imposed upon the feebler elements of the community by the stronger would be attributed to divine revelation, erected into the "eternal truths" of religion, and developed into an immense weight of moral sentiment, the reaction of the economic circumstances of the physically dominating order of society.

We have traced the evolution of moral sentiment within the tribal communities and have seen that all such moral sentiment takes its basis in animal appetites and in physical force: we have seen how shallow and superficial is that reasoning which would deny the predominating influence of sheer physical force in the evolution of our present-day society: it remains for us to consider the evolution of moral sentiment and of social organisation beyond the limits of the primitive semi-nomadic community. And in so doing we shall be led to consider the influence of *War* in moulding our social codes and the economic fabric of our society. We shall trace how the savage strife of primitive community with primitive community developed into an elaborate science whose reactions permeate every section of modern society. We shall trace the reactions of the arts of war upon the arts of peace, the influence of the moral codes of war upon the moral codes of peace, the seldom realised, but in reality immensely important, reactions of the industries directly dependent upon the art of war upon the industrial life of the community. We shall be led in fact to consider war from a hitherto almost entirely neglected standpoint: as a necessary and supremely important factor in the evolution of society.

A Pilgrimage to Turkey During Wartime.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XVI.

The Army of the West.

ONE afternoon, upon the terraced ground in front of Misket Hanum's house, shaded and screened from observation by the deodars, a Turkish lady who was sitting with us all at once exclaimed, "What noise is that?" turned deathly pale, and seemed about to faint. The noise that she referred to was a shout or roar such as one hears in England at a football match, but so far distant that it had escaped the notice of the rest of us. It was repeated, when we knew it for the "Padishahim chôk yasha!" (Long live the Sultan), which Turkish troops upraise on great occasions. We had heard it often in the last few days.

"Oh, horrible!" whispered our visitor, stopping her ears. "It is the Army of the West! Poor souls! I cannot bear it. Forgive my weakness. Let us go indoors."

She was the still youthful widow of a Turkish General (by birth an Arab), who had been assassinated in Albania, the land from which the Army of the West—all that remained of it—had just returned. We went indoors, when she recovered quickly, begging us to overlook her foolishness. She would not have us, for the world, imagine that Turkish women had no fortitude. But her grief had been revived that day by tidings that the Government intended to bring home her husband's body from the distant land where it was buried for re-interment with the heroes of the Constitution upon the Hill of Everlasting Liberty. And the shout just now had come so suddenly, reminding her of that Albania which had caused so much disaster to the Turks, that it had penetrated like a bullet to her heart. The condition of the Army of the West, she said, was terrible beyond conceiving.

On the following day two students from the Army Medical School took luncheon with us, and in the afternoon a fine white-bearded Turk—a famous poet and a Senator—surprised us with a visit. The young men told with glee the story of a kind of mutiny or riot, which riot had happened at their school upon the previous day.

When the first instalment of the Army of the West was disembarked at Haïdar Pasha, the garden near the Medical School was used for a camp hospital, and the students were required to go and help in it. Our two informants clenched their teeth, their eyes flashed fiercely, as they spoke of the condition of the soldiers. Many were demented or had lost their memory; but those who could speak had related uncomplainingly a tale of such cold-blooded cruelty from so-called Muslims to their Muslim brothers as sent the blood of all the students to the head. Albanians could no longer be accounted Muslims. By ten o'clock that night, not one Albanian student was left in the Medical School. No violence was done to those expelled; they were told simply that their race had forfeited all part in Turkey, that they should no longer receive Turkish Government instruction, and thrust out. Misket Hanum said she thought it hard upon the lads, who were themselves quite innocent of any crime. She looked to the old poet to confirm her view of the proceeding; but he failed her there, exclaiming, with a placid smile: "By Allah they did well, our Turkish boys! I blame them not. Would to God that everyone of that accursed race were out of Turkey! God knows how they have made me suffer! They deserve all punishment."

He then told a story of his own experiences with Albanians, which, though it smacked of bathos in the context, threw vivid light on Turkish life in Hamidian days—days which seem now remote as those of the Byzantine Empire, so perfectly has every cause of their unhappiness been swept away. You must picture the narrator as a thin-nosed, blue-eyed gentleman of seventy-three, with small thin hands, a little tremulous, crossed on the silver handle of his walking-stick, a white beard reaching almost to his waist, the fez worn low upon a noble forehead—in brief, the living image of all that is most delicate, refined and studious in man.

"I had a garden once," he said, "—a garden which I loved—almost as beautiful as yours" (he bowed to Misket Hanum). "It was at Buyuk-dereh, on the Bosphorus. I had some beautiful old trees and many flowering and sweet-scented shrubs. I was accustomed to the place, and I could think deep thoughts there, looking from the shade across to Anatolia. I hoped to end my days there; I was very happy. But I was driven from it by an enemy—yes, by an enemy in time of peace—I was driven from it by Albanians."

In an evil hour, it seemed, our friend had hired two young Albanians as his gardeners. They drove away another man employed—a Turkish peasant whom he liked—and wished him to engage a friend of theirs. They did not work well, they were lazy and impertinent. The poet, after consultation with his friends, felt it to be his duty to dismiss them both. The rogues laughed impudently and refused to go. They then began to tease and torture him in various ways, spoiling the garden they were hired to tend. He put up with a great deal—a very great deal, he assured us—but when they took to cutting down his beautiful old trees, his pride, and using them for firewood, he felt at length that he could stand no more.

"It is very troublesome to me to make a scene," the old man told us in his gentle voice, "I have always been a lover of tranquillity and meditation. Anger is very difficult for me. However, such a spectacle of wickedness was more than I could bear. I told them I should have recourse to the police, and did so. On that they did at length depart, but with an oath of vengeance. With the assistance of some more Albanians, hired bravoes of a great man in the Government, who covered all their exploits with his high protection, they laid such terror on my house that I could keep no servant. They spoilt my garden, ruined all my flowering shrubs, and made my friends afraid to come and see me without escort. They sent me word that they would kill me if I did not leave that place. Well, in the end, I sold my house and land, and emigrated to the place I now inhabit. But this new house has never seemed like home to me, though I have lived there now for twenty years and more. The disturbance to my life was too severe. I am very glad—most truly glad—that they have turned out the Albanians." The old man rubbed his hands with an ecstatic smile as he concluded. His story sheds some light on a disputed point, for the Young Turks have been blamed for their severity towards Albanians.

The Albanians were the Janissaries of the Hamidian age. They openly defied the law, respecting nothing save the purse which paid them. No weak man's life or property was safe in those days. When the revolution came, the problem of disposing of them was one of the most crucial which the Young Turks had to face. They faced it, as some say, too squarely. Not only were the bravoes banished from Constantinople, but the war was even carried into far Albania. The campaign which Javid Pasha fought in order to enforce the law for the disarming of Albanians was ruthless; therefore the Albanians turned on Turkey in her hour of need, betrayed Janina, murdered many Turkish officers, and starved the broken and retreating Army of the West, commanded by the same Javid Pasha who had been their scourge, until its soldiers were reduced to eating grass—in sight of food. Albanians have great qualities, they should make a valiant nation. It is the demand for them as mercenaries which has been their bane till now. They deserve and will maintain their independence. But, thank God, Turkey is now quit of them!

Going into town one day, my wife and I, on landing at the Bridge, got mixed up in a crowd of ragged soldiers. She clutched my arm in sudden terror and whispered in my ear: "I am afraid! What troops are these? I have seen nothing like these men before in Turkey." (We had gone up to the camp at Scutari the day before and she had taken snapshots of the groups of well-fed, well-dressed men, who won her heart by their delight at being photographed.) "Look at their eyes! Oh, it is horrible! Poor men! What have they seen to make them look like that?"

Ragged, unkempt, and bandaged here and there, they walked as men but half awake, and often stumbled. Their faces bore the stamp of awful suffering. The presence of a gay and splendid Turkish officer on horseback, with a dapper sergeant in attendance, engaged in marshalling them in the roadway for their march to quarters made their wretchedness more apparent. But, as my wife had said, it was their eyes which made one shudder—eyes fixed and partly glazed, like those of men who die in horror; or else merely mad.

"It is only the Army of the West," I said, "home from Albania."

The Vatican and Fourpence.

How shall I sing, in Epic, Lay, or Verse?
Or shall I spur my Pegasus with an Ode,
In accents mild, or in a manner terse,
Or in a stately vein—the kingly mode?
Like some gay prelude to a dreamy waltz
These thoughts flit through my mind and lightly go.
I cannot find the theme, the method halts,
I do not know if it is fast or slow.

Now fickle Muse! I think I've got thee quite
And never wilt thou wander from my sight
Until a strain to Heaven hath been blown
About nine coppers, four of them my own.

Still must I hear the bilking Welshman bawl
On hustings, platforms, and in sacred hall.
I think that's jolly fine.
What price the second line?
Too mild, too sweet, too sweetly mild you say
It's like a southern breeze on summer day.
Ah, well! I'll strike a louder, shriller tune
That makes men weep or blisters half the moon.
When the fair skirts of Freedom clothed with fire
Were shortened by four pennyworth of cloth

And hired spouters with their zeal perspire
Then hovered round the candle like a moth
A workman in his corduroys.
O fickle Muse! fair virgin of men's hopes
Who steals with fleet feet o'er the slopes
Of Hills Parnassian, how long, how long
Shall I thy inspiration woo? This song
Comes like the wine out of a miser's bottle,
Blank is my mind and dry my throttle.
By Heavens, yes! a roundel let me try;
Foxes have holes, and every pig his stye,
And I in leaden-eyed despair will find
A medium for this burning song of mine
To tickle stars, or scourge the muddy mind
A roundel shall lift me out of this mess.
By Heavens yes!
Away, ye tinkling twanging thing.
Roundels shall swerve when on the wing
Of inspiration speeds my theme
About a dewdrop or a fly
Or old dun cow with blinking eye
Or of a wooden soldier's dream.
O clouds with sombre mien, give me your tears;
Full is my cup and darkened all my years;
Unfit to live, unfit to die I flee
For solace to the mournful elegy.
Why should I weep, when knaves are in this fight;
When sore-eyed England, in her hefty might
Grabs threepence from a servant girl?
Up, up and at them, Puritan and Jew,
Until they in their own foul juice shall stew.
And wigs and gowns in stockpot swirl,
Through grabbing threepence from a servant girl.
This is no time for tears, fair Muse good-bye,
I'd thought to use thee but it cannot be.
Good-bye! Farewell! and with a choking sigh
I part from thee and my plain course I see.
Good-bye to Epic, Elegy and Verse
And every reed the wanton poet blows
Whilst I my soul in simple words immerse
And speak of weighty things in simple prose.

All this pother is summed up in a few words. The Church of Rome, like any other business establishment, can see that the Insurance Act is a good investment. The Pope approves of the legal robbery of servant girls, navvies and poets. With less money to spend our chances of Heaven are enhanced; therefore, anyone may see with half an eye the profound spiritual motive underlying the action of the Vatican. If the poor can successfully be robbed of all their wages they will instinctively turn to Religion. The idea is as entrancing as a Trade Union for prostitutes.

For the benefit of Chiozza Money I append the following statistics. The Act has been working for eighteen months. I regret I have no data for the Unemployed Trades; doubtless, if their contributions had not been taken, they would have spent them in the usual manner: at the Ritz, or motoring in France.

	s.	d.
Six Quarters =	26	0
THE POET (Legally Robbed).		
Devotions at "Pig and Whistle"	25	0
1 Pair of Socks	1	0
THE NAVVY (Legally Robbed).		
3 Weeks' Rent	24	0
48 × Copies of "The Star"	2	0
SERVANT GIRL (Legally Robbed).		
5 × New Hats	15	0
9 × Visits to Cinemas	4	6

It is, therefore, the Christian duty of all people to see that this Act is made to work smoothly; in time it may be incorporated in religious services. With this delightful prospect in view, I thank "P. F." for the information in his letter of November 20 in THE NEW AGE. The "Official" Catholic view of this Act will lend a lustre to it hitherto lacking. I have said before, and I repeat it now, that the world is going to be regenerated for fourpence, and Rome will be at the head of this scramble for coppers. Every institution is becoming democratic; music-halls have lowered their prices, and the Vatican approves of the price of a pint of milk and a small loaf being withheld from a worker's wages. Starve their bodies and save their souls.

The patient reader will now see why I broke down in my flight on the wings of the Muse; the material I had to use was of such base worth that she forsook me, and rightly, too. To each and all I tender my thanks and bid "au revoir" to this Act, the creation of neither beast, fish, nor fowl, nor anything that ever dwelt in the bowels of Hell.

WILLIAM REPTON.

The Child.

MOST work on this subject bears the burden of a palpably ridiculous psychology, and of worse powers of observation, especially in the thing going under the name of "child-story." Mainly written in the barbarous dialect that Defoe used for Man Friday, and which the author vainly imagines is child-language because it is misspelt, disconnected, and composed with artful simplicity, such studies aim principally at the pathetic. Ignominious failure is inevitably the result, whether the subject be that of the death of a child, or its gradual growth into adolescence. Inherent in the subject are pathos and matter for the artist, though they are beyond the grasp of the idiot who has unfortunately learned to read and write, showing not one-fourth of the powers of observation of the average individual, having no knowledge of the use of language, no strength of mind, though certainly able as if by instinct to discriminate and appreciate all that lies between the feebly pathetic and complete bathos. Of such a mental build is the writer of the average story about the child; of the type that would shed rivers of tears over the penny weeklies for girls if it had the pluck to read them despite opinion; having the half-wit's point of view.

To a child I once remarked in a moment of inertia that I should put her into a book. Her quick response flattened me. She said: "What a bla-a-a-asted book!" Queer sort of child, with the quickest insight and the greatest curiosity that I think I have ever known in anyone! Yet she was a dreamer of a sort. She had a comrade-in-adventure, an "invisible playmate," one Violet by name, and together they would sail the seas, cross the mountains, and explore the deserts, and even, she insisted, they flew up into the air, nor ever hung on to the telegraph or telephone wires. Of the laughings, talkings, and games they had together I cannot tell. The point is this: that here ready to hand are all the materials for a few beautiful and pathetic stories—how Gretchen went up into the air till she came to the gold and ivory gate of the House of God, and how Violet beguiled her through the gate for ever; how the sophisticated Gretchen slew her playmate; how this, that, and the other. All this, if we forget Gretchen's remark to me on my projections, and if we ignore the fact that Gretchen's folk were spiritualist.

A child is the most serious, matter-of-fact, unconscientious, unfeeling thing in the world. There is none of the "simple child, dear brother Jim," about it. If a child were otherwise than I have adjectived it, then there is strange sophistication. If we are to read of children, for God's love let's have children, and not sentimental, tender-hearted widows in masquerade. Not the clean, white-collared little hypocrite who sails his boats in a tub for the delectation of a baby girl who is so sweet, childish, and careless that she gets drowned in the tub. It is dubiously pretty, this kind of thing, but it's not art—it's not even truthful, but only plain, ugly, easy lying.

The whole fault of these writers, beyond deplorable lack of knowledge and an overplus of blurred recollections of their own hypocritical and evil childhood, is that they do not take pains to discover that the child is mainly an adapter. In the case of Gretchen you find the effects of the adaptation of the elaborate grotesque of the dead. But none of the sheeted dead for Gretchen! Gretchen is a child, and no infantile half-wit. I once knew a boy who was devout in the sight of his parents, utterly pagan in my own, and from him I got his conception of God. When I first mentioned the subject he did not hesitate. God, he explained, was a very old man with a huge grey beard, watery eyes, and a trickly mouth; very bald; and he always wore a blue calico nightgown with no buttons on it. Moreover, he had weak knees, and, alas, a sort of slouch in his walk; therefore he carried a ragged staff as high as himself to help him along. Probably an amiable sort, but

certainly "too childish-foolish for this world." I recognised "God" in a moment, "God" was a very slight adaptation of a picture of the father of the Prodigal Son, hung in the sunday-school that he attended or did not attend as the fit took him. When a child reads geography, he overlooks the kingdoms of the earth and they are his; he sails the oceans of the globe as they come to him from the map; he explores the dark places of the earth from pole to tropic. When history is revealed to him, he becomes participant in all the pantomimes of the past; but this is not imagination, only adaptation, and the child is no more like the idiot writer's type of infant than he is like the Holy Ghost. I myself never dreamed that my doings could be so chronicled as to make a pink and pale blue beribboned book, dainty, "pathetic"; and I should have been both enraged and bored, if folk had thus written of me, for I knew myself serious, sensible, and thoughtful; an unscrupulous sort of devil, and a Foiler to boot. I never played; I always worked, and when I took soundings of the Bay of Panama, or explored the jungles of Annam, I was as fatigued at the end as any Livingstone. When children are imaginative, as a rule they are maudlin. The exception is a rarity.

Studies of child-life of any type should avoid death as they would avoid the "hidden plague." To read a pseudo-pathetic account in baby-language of how someone was "deaded" is my constant amusement in pessimistic moods. There is really nothing more enlivening if you are of sufficient intelligence to appreciate the roaring humour of it; if of lower intelligence, you sneer; if of lower still, you weep. I showed a tale of that kind to a boy of about eleven, and, as I expected, he sneered. What else could he do? The child knows not much of death, and never sorrows over it, except as it affects his physical comfort, and principally his belly. Who but the half-wit weeps over the death of little Nell? Who sneers but the intelligent child? I like to see a youngster gloat over this carefully-wrought incident, and wonder what the devil all the fuss is about. Think of any such scene—the pale white lily-face in its framework of bright flaxen curls, propped peacefully and painfully on the snowy-white pillow; the smile still cleaving to the rosebud mouth, and no frown of pain upon the marble tablet of the brows. The curtains of those bright eyes are drawn for ever, yet it seems as though the dead child were but dreaming happier things; but the chubby fingers lie limp and idle on the white counterpane, to move in busy play no more. The room is darkened; kneeling by the bedside is the weeping playmate; big, clean, shiny tears fall from his large eyes, staining the clothes with moisture; he is praying dolefully to God. The room is hushed while he prays; only the neat nurse moves silently about the room, deftly adjusting and arranging. At the foot of the little bed stands the big doctor choking down his emotion, and sitting at the head of the child is the mother, weeping silently and copiously into her lace-edged handkerchief. The father is out in the stormy night, most likely drunk. The front door bangs; he staggers into the room with wild oaths and bloodshot eyes, disarranged hair and dirty clothes. He looks upon the bed. One second of silence, and then he is sober. He falls on his knees and prays. Curtain.

How well we could all do it! Then the funeral—sorrowing playmate as chief mourner—his death one month later—inquest—found drowned—interment by his playmate's side. Finis. Magnificent! For God's sake come out and play brigands.

Everything ugly in child-life is passed over, but there are many ugly things. The gradual stifling of the power of adaptation is the grimmest and most sorrowful phase of a life. The "What a young boy ought to know" method is even preferable to the way in which children pick up their knowledge of sex. Knowledge comes very often at the age of five and six, as soon as the child has the vocabulary of the streets at his disposal, and its ideals and language are at once degraded. The result is the psychological medley with the refinement of which we are so familiar in the popular child-story of the day—the motive of child-love, and death of both parties—a tragedy of the mature in immaturity. It is very dreadful. One is tempted to suggest that those who write on this theme, and they are many, might well have been found guilty of immoral relations long before they were into their teens. I do not mean to suggest to the immoral persons who write such stuff that they should endeavour to write of sane childhood in its naked uglinesses; I do not think such a task could be achieved by any human being, for the deliberate soul-stripping of a child is too terrible ever to be written. But the writer who can succeed in giving, by careful selection of incident, correct psychological studies of children, would be doing work more artistic, more pathetic, far more tragic than the idiotic stuff at present thrown into the hands of the reading public. Perhaps, however, the final result would be too pathetic, too tragic; that remains for experiment to disprove. Any deviation from this method, and the result can only be a "bla-a-asted book" according to both Gretchen and myself. OLAF CUARAN.

The Grand Tour and After.

By Harold Lister.

IN this paper my main concern is tradition in education, not the education of the schools but of life, and which formerly was known as the grand tour.

How little the middle classes have been able to profit by their educational facilities is to be seen most conspicuously in their idea of evolution. There is no such thing apparently as a good in itself, everything is made to yield a tangible result, the immediate outcome of which—in education above all, considering that at one time education implied character building—is that you get your system right enough, and it works. And the mill grinds exceedingly small indeed all initiative, the creative faculty, and artistic feeling; the graces, in fact, without which man is but half a man, with an ego that, unrestrained by these canons, runs wildly to seed in an aggressive individualism.

Education in the spirit of the grand tour the middle classes always hated; mainly because it tended to develop a type of man popularly known as aristocratic, with an outlook on life more catholic than that of the average shop-keeper. Thoroughly effeminate, the middle classes hated the grand tour because of the suspicion of immorality attached to it. Again, any secrecy, or rather reticence, was and is anathema to them. Witness every now and then the shop-keeping snarl at the diplomatic service. The great fear of the prosperous middle-class of to-day is of course their dread of the possibility of war.

Probably the last man (and he not an Englishman!) to do the grand tour in the old, traditional, if gilt-edged manner, was the late King Edward. Without having any great ability he did at least know how to move among men, and "divinity," it is true, did the rest. A Latin people having such a man in their midst would have compelled a woman to abdicate in his favour. Not so a non-conformist people. These were scarified to death at his profligacy and regarded their "good old queen" as a steadying influence. Result, a prolonged debauch, inimical to art and life, of stodge, and sentimonious hypocrisy. (I do not think I need apologise to readers of THE NEW AGE for a new word, nor point out its derivatives.)

The middle-class misconception of evolution and its implications would be really laughable if it were not that, coming when it did, the catch phrase the survival of the fittest (which was supposed to mean "Perpetual Progress") came in so aptly with the increasing prosperity of industry that it seemed to give divine sanction to the oncoming phase of materialism. The idea, and it still prevails, is that you make the conditions of exist-

ence as hard as possible, thereby setting up incentive, and thus creating a more vigorous and enduring type. This was done, but the burden was placed on the wrong back. For what should have been an era of psychic expansion, the new avenues of wealth opening out to a vista of more leisure and culture, in which alone the arts can flourish, we had instead the era of competition for a bare subsistence. This was thought to be good for the soul of a people. (Mention the word psychic to the average man, and he thinks of fortune-telling; such is the degradation of education!)

We English are ditheringly inconsistent. The cash-gauge, while it is immediately applicable, saves thought, and can be used by all, is no criterion of real values. We have now become a people utterly destitute of spiritual values. The middle-classes want more money, the workers want more money, and after that, more money. Just like children for all the world! While every man jack of our public men is doing lip-service to education, at heart they distrust, if they do not actually despise, the education of the schools. This is consistent inconsistency, it is true, since the doubt is organic; it is, at heart, a protest against cohersion—a characteristic we appear to have lost, by the way. (It is true enough that a few of our public men are prepared to admit, in a humming and hawing manner, that elementary education is not all that it might be.) Even in secondary education it is the youth with the rat-trap memory—mind without character—who scrapes through the fine wire gauge of a competitive examination, and who, ultimately occupying a bureaucratic post, recuperates on red-tape in the reactionary afterwards.

The masses luckily are unaffected by the travesty of an education picked up in a class of sardine dimensions. (It is true that a more or less bright infant develops into a young hooligan in such a dehumanising class. It is this that makes bishops, and other boggats bleat, and parents pessimistic; but it will all go the moment the classes are reduced to humane proportions.) The masses have this in common with the aristocracy of other days—they get their education from experience, though the superstructure would be none the worse for a little more underpinning. In sum, while we all profess to believe in the education of the schools, we instinctively distrust compulsion on this pre-eminently psychic plane. Think of it. The total achievement of all our educational intentions is an outcrop of scientific toys such as gramophones, calculating machines, aeroplanes, and so on; but of discovery in the arts, of discovery in the greatest of the arts, the art of living, just nothing at all. The great God Pan is dead indeed.

The people who know most about education but are not allowed any say in the matter are the teachers. They alone can save the youth of the nation in the coming struggle for the spiritual life, now long overdue. The teacher has every opportunity of gauging the capacity of the psychic material he has daily to deal with, and he alone knows which of the monkeys to kick out of the educational cart. Granted this power, the teacher in the elementary school would instantly cease to be the instrument of a soul-destroying ordinance. However, we are to have education from the "cradle to the university"—from indifferent pap to the pedant's stool, in effect. And we have always with us the timid souls who prefer the apparent tranquillity of the machine to the freedom of the idea.

Little as the great mass of the workers realise it the prevailing discontent is an organic fight for spirituality. And unless this point is brought home to them, and if they do not make this the guiding factor in all their efforts, they will be for ever at the mercy of a material standard of value, and what is as bad, they will be for ever at the mercy of the eternal demagogue in man—the undisciplined, brute ego. Let us never forget that the greatest of the demagogues sold the French lock, stock, and barrel to superstition. By means of the Concordat, Napoleon hoped to entice the Pope into his net. The Pope did step in, but the spider it was that was trapped. Napoleon had overlooked the power of tradition, and by allying himself with the Pope he allied himself with all that was base, "undeveloped, and ignorant, instead of the ablest, and best, part of the nation."

The grand tour seen through the eyes of the prosperous merchant princes of our grandfathers' days was not merely expensive, it would have taken their sons away from business. These men thought themselves very practical, no doubt, but if we go a little further back we shall see what their hard-headedness really did amount to. Prior to Rousseau our Englishman was a lover of order; that is, he was a true conservative. Our old-time Englishman was also a lover of gardens. His garden was a place of retreat, a place in which to do a bit of quiet thinking, or reading. His garden was not the horticultural show with which we of this generation are familiar. Rather it suggested a cloistral seclusion; and it represented a type of mind that was reserved, sensitive, but not sentimental.

Given a field in which there was no adventitious interference, the old-time Englishman would have kept faith with himself, and the traditions of his class, with a Roman's sense of purpose. But, the industrial revolution apart, Rousseau altered all that. Rousseau's doctrine of the return to nature turned the descendants of many a sturdy stock into effeminate, sentimental boobies, who were anything but sensitive. The return to nature, indeed, in the face of the fact that the very word civilisation, in the best sense, implies a deliberate attempt at a constructive breaking away from a rude, untrammelled, barbaric state. The seventeenth century Englishman loved order, and his spick-and-span garden showed a type of mind averse to unmanliness, and slovenliness in the social organism. (This love of gardens still persists in all three classes, by the way.) It would never have occurred to such a man to pack away his work-people in Bournevilles and Sunlights. He was not above having his workmen sit down with him at his own board. The squeamy modern, his mind sand-bitten by the social reforming jape, imagines he forestalls a possible enmity by building model cottages—the status of his workpeople defined and damned by the very act.

But mark above all that after Rousseau, and the cult of the return to nature, the land of Swiss milk and chocolate became the prosperous, middle-class Englishman's paradise. In exchange for the grand tour, the continental picnic.

The industrial system is but a phase, an unrestrained muddle, and our muddling through capacity dates from its inception. We are all waiting. A not very intelligent attitude towards life this, yet the waiting game is the game that untutored ignorance plays best the world over. Naturally enough this does not suit the noisy element, who are never slow to bring forth their Caius Terentius Varro to put a spoke in the Fabian wheel. Thus, after a propaganding furore, the Labour Party. Had the worker been left to his own devices he would have gone on sending gentlemen to represent him in Parliament. And even when your gentleman gaily deceived him, what then? Prior to the advent of the Labour Party the worker did mind his own business, his trades union, and but for interfering busybodies, opportunists, and or scum, his trades unions would now have been all-powerful, and certainly blackleg proof. This, you may object, is to prophesy after the event. That is the historian's privilege.

Social reformers, as Li Hung Chang said, never give other people credit for having brains. Nevertheless, and in spite of himself, the real education of the worker is, thank God, going on all the time. He is being driven, willy-nilly, in the direction of co-management, and the guild, and it is only when he shall have a voice in the management of his own affairs that he will be sure of going manfully forward instead of being blindly led, and with the chance of a side-slip. The short-sighted employer will howl, but damn this stupid person,

the world was not made for such as he. It is in the nature of things that the untrained employer cannot dispense with the tout. The tout is to industry what the C.O.S. is to society generally, and the feeling against him in the big workshops is little less than fanatical. The intelligent employer knows this, and he deplores this constant source of friction; but what can he do? He is out-numbered by the amateur. Again, the intelligent employer deplores the scamping consequent upon the Yankee-doodle, speeding-up insanity, yet here again he has to face competition from the employer who prefers quantity to quality.

To return a moment to the Parliamentary question. It should not be forgotten that the average man is bred in the traditional belief that a gentleman, no matter the circumstances, will always act like a gentleman. The worker has enough of the real gentleman in him to feel himself incapable, in a similar position, of an ungentlemanly action, and that is why a good many so-called gentlemen still profit by the fact of being judged from the gentlemanly standpoint. But the average man is also a sportsman. When it is pointed out to him that he is being deceived his reflection is simply that he supposes it is only natural that a gentleman should look after his own interests. As a matter of strict fact the worker can afford to laugh. Machiavelli would have applauded this (unconscious) policy of putting doubtful starters out of harm's way what time the worker is at last coolly proposing to dispense with parliamentary action. The very fact of a man putting up for Parliament should be warning enough to the workers—to send him there.

The waiting game irritates the agitating rif-raf, and in revenge, such is the irony of intention, they fill the mouths of their following with tags, thereby putting them in the way of dissipating their energies in gas. So much so that we have a frothy type of gas-bag who can spout like a Russian revolutionary, and accomplish about as much. Another great enemy is the social reforming ape who sincerely believes—they all sincerely believe, being spiritually illiterate—that the worker should have more money, and that he is justified in striking for more money. The people who believe in the more money palliative should be sternly put down. Especially in face of the decreasing value of the purchasing power of the sovereign. The cream of the joke is that it is the middle-class social reforming element that stands to profit most by strikes. Of course, the didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiot, who is so sincere, would be most indignant, that is, if you could bring this point home to his peculiar intelligence. We English are past-masters in unconscious Machiavellianism; though really a shorter word would be nearer the mark.

The position to-day is probably the most unique in the history of mankind, and the prospects never better. Not only does the National Guild idea offer the worker a chance of a genuinely democratic control in the one thing he does understand, his trade, but it also releases him from the thraldom of leadership as we have it at present. In the Guild idea, even long before the Guilds are in action, the worker has a weapon that gives him the power summarily to curb any man who seeks to make "capital out of capitalism"—a human enough failing, nevertheless a weakness in the face of an ever-watchful enemy. And if the position is unique the need for constant vigil was never more necessary.

Remember that an impoverished nobility threw in its lot with the merchant princes during the Reformation, enriching themselves in a raid on the Church, and that time and again the common people were left in the lurch. Again, in the French Revolution the common people were cruelly buffeted between the bourgeoisie jealous of the nobility, and the rif-raf jealous of anybody and anything, and who destroyed for the hellish delight in destruction. Moreover, it behoves us more than ever not to lose sight of the fact that "the fear of genius and intellectual superiority" is bound to become more accentuated if democracy continues to be guided by material interests alone.

The position, I say, is unique in that the spiritual revolution beginning with Rousseau, and baulked by Napoleon, is now (by its effects) perceptibly in evidence, so much so that it enables us to envisage a more static condition in the social organisation. And the spiritual revolution is irreparably bound up with the best traditions of the people. (And only a spiritual revolution can save the people from being crushed by the middle-classes, or from being pulled through the mire by the destruction-bent scum that hang on the fringe of all revolutions whatsoever.) Material progress is an anomaly. You cannot have progress by quantity. In the Guild idea then we have a qualitative step to a predestined end, the freeing of the soul of a people from the thraldom of wage-slavery.

A Thinking Man.

RATHBONE believes in thinking for its own sake. "Thoughts as such," he once remarked, "as the product of thinking, are really of no importance. After all, is there anything in the world more fortuitous, and therefore more inevitable, than what is called a 'considered judgment'? No—it is important that we should think—what we think does not matter; in any case, a man cannot help his thoughts. But to be happy a man must think, for happiness, as was observed long ago, lies in the performance of function, and reason is the highest function of man."

If this is really so Rathbone must be a happy man. I remember once he was about to hire a furnished cottage in Surrey from an old lady, and he was most particular that he should be able to walk from room to room without having to open a door, "because," he said, "I like to walk while I think, and it breaks the thread of my thought if I have to open a door." The old lady, it is true, remarked somewhat tartly that the thread of his thought must be rather thin, but I knew that what really concerned Rathbone was not so much the thread of his thought as the continuity of his happiness as realised in the energy of thinking.

The other evening Rathbone and Simpson dropped in on their way home from the theatre. They had been to see one of the new pseudo-Oriental romantic plays, which, according to Rathbone, were even more futile than the old-fashioned problem-plays. "The problem-playwrights," he observed, "had all a single idea in common—the violation of the so-called duty of conjugal fidelity by one half of mankind. They shared this idea between them, and eventually exhausted it. No more ideas came to them until it occurred to one of them to present the old idea in a new light—the fulfilment of the duty of conjugal fidelity by the other half of mankind. This fact is now offered to the public as an ideal. The dramatic critics call this latest movement a return to romanticism—and not without reason, for from the fact they infer the principles of morality, first faith, hope, and charity; then a sense of honour; finally Quixotism when we are in the region of high romance. A romantic play is merely an assertion by the playwright that his audience is soberly virtuous, which confirms what I have long maintained, that an ideal is only a statement of actual fact though your idealist is none the less a liar." "But why is he a liar," asked Simpson, "when he tells the truth?"

"He is a liar because, though he tells the truth he hopes you won't believe him. He wilfully places the truth in circumstances where he knows its character will be seriously compromised—on the stage, for instance, which is generally accepted as the region of the improbable, and in the idealist's future, which is generally accepted as the region of the impossible. As I say, he wilfully places the truth, the actual present

truth, in these shady surroundings, where the average man is least likely to look for it, and even looking on it is not likely to recognise it, so that the truth passes for falsehood. And in other ways, too, the idealist is a malefactor who retards the progress of mankind."

"You are hard on the idealist," said Simpson. "In what other way is he a malefactor?"

"Always," answered Rathbone, "by trading on his reputation for lying. First, as I remarked, by seizing the actual present good and placing it in his unlikely future, so that men fail to recognise the good that is with them and despair even of finding it anywhere at any time; secondly, by annexing a certain and inevitable future to his realm of the ideal, knowing that men believe his realm of the ideal to be too good to be true. And when this future, being inevitable, in turn becomes present, men greet it as good, whether it be good or evil, on the strength of the idealist's introduction. For here the idealist calculates on what is, reckons thence what shall be, and hails the approaching future as what should be, hiding always the basis of his calculation. He grovels before the inevitable by acclaiming that as good in reason which he sees to be good in logic. He is, in fact, the most thoroughgoing opportunist imaginable, and a despicable fatalist, for he worships Fate from fear, seeking fondly to propitiate Fate the unprofitable by giving it the name of 'Providence' or 'human endeavour,' just as the ancients from fear sought to propitiate the avenging Furies by fatuously calling them the Eumenides."

"It is curious," continued Rathbone, "that words, as for instance this word idealist, should thus swing round on their moorings, and in the tide of the world's business veer about until in time they point in a sense contrary to their original intention. This is the genesis of cant—the common acceptance of words on their face value. I think every intelligent people should appoint an official Inspector of Words and Phrases who should test current expressions once every five years or so and reject those that have degenerated into cant, imposing penalties on their use. Only so can a nation truly progress. What we need is a Futurist lexicographer whose scorching humour should rid the language of its rubbish. Johnson might have accomplished the task had his humour been less fanatical—but think what the English language might have been to-day if Swift had written a dictionary. The matter is not merely of a pedantic interest, words being the final arbiters on the conduct of our daily life. You smile, but did not Diderot with a dictionary change the morals of France? I can cite one instance at least where the meaning of a word may affect our life's happiness. Tell me, Simpson, what is the meaning popularly attached to the word thoughtfulness or the word thoughtlessness—or what is commonly meant by a thoughtful or a thoughtless man?"

"I suppose," said Simpson, "a thoughtful man is one who is considerate, one who has regard for the feelings and comfort of others, and a thoughtless man is one who is inconsiderate, who, perhaps, causes pain to others though without intending to do so."

"Quite so," said Rathbone, "that is exactly the popular meaning of those words. Thoughtfulness, in the popular sense, is that quality which results in those 'little acts of kindness, little deeds of love,' which are said to 'make this earth a paradise like the heaven above.' Now, I maintain that a great deal of unnecessary pain is caused on this earth by the interpretation of thoughtfulness in this sense. Strictly, you will agree, thoughtfulness means a disposition to take thought, to think, no matter what be the result of that thinking. Now, is there any authority for the use of this word to denote that thinking alone which results in altruistic conduct?"

"None," answered Simpson, "except the authority of usage."

"And is there any justification for holding that the altruistic conduct which results from this kind of thoughtfulness takes the form of trivial acts of kindness?"

"None," answered Simpson, "except that the commonly observed conduct of mankind is such."

"Here you see," said Rathbone," how the acceptance of a word in its cant meaning binds you to a certain line of conduct. People ignore that a thoughtful man may be brutal, and that he may be brutal to be kind; also that in certain circumstances true thoughtfulness should result in brutality, and that people are often kind from mere thoughtlessness (in the strict sense), and that this conventional or superficial thoughtfulness (which is the same as the strict mere thoughtlessness) often adds to the sum of the world's misery."

"I dare say you are right," said Simpson, "but it is slightly confusing."

"Let us consider a particular case," said Rathbone; "take me and my wife. As you know, Ethel and I are absolutely devoted to each other. Suppose I die. Now you know that as soon as people are dead, those who love them instantly forget their bad qualities and remember only the good that was in them—and that is why epitaphs are among the few really sincere human documents. The unkind acts and the bad qualities of the dead are forgotten, and conversely our own unkind acts towards the dead assume the foremost place in our consciousness, until, to use the common expression, we are 'painfully aware' of our unkindness to the dead; and this pain, which is the pain of remorse, becomes the more acute as we ignore more and more the unkindness of the dead towards us. Is not remorse for our conduct to the dead the most painful of all human suffering, the one pain from which we may find no relief, because the dead are departed, and we may nowise express our contrition to them, or in any way atone for our wrong?"

"That is so," said Simpson.

"And yet," resumed Rathbone, "our wrong is only imagined, because it exists only by virtue of the absence from our consciousness of the wrongs done by the dead; and were the wrongs done by the dead present in our consciousness, the pain of remorse which we feel would thereby be lessened, would it not, being relieved as it were by a sense of equity in wrong-doing?"

"It would," said Simpson.

"And should we remember only the wrong-doing of the dead, completely forgetting their goodness, we should banish completely the pain of remorse—should we not?—which we agreed to be the most painful of human suffering."

"You are right," said Simpson, "we should completely banish the pain of remorse, as you say."

"Now tell me, Simpson," said Rathbone, "what kind of actions linger longest in our memory. Are they not the actions which make the strongest impression on us at the time they are done—in other words, the most violent actions? So if I do a violent wrong to Ethel, she is likely to remember it when I am dead. If I am brutal to her, she will remember my brutality. Don't you agree that if I were truly thoughtful I should be occasionally brutal to Ethel to ensure her not remembering my goodness alone when I am dead? If I were persistently kind to her, Ethel's remorse on my death would be terrible. But being strictly thoughtful, I am sometimes brutal. I may cause her some pain for the time being, but by so doing I save her from that far greater and prolonged pain—the anguish of remorse; whereas if I were superficially thoughtful I should add to her future remorse, and so increase the sum of the world's misery."

"There is much truth, Rathbone," said Simpson, "in what you say. But suppose Ethel were so thoughtless (I use the word in the strict sense) as to die before you—what then?"

LIONEL DE FONSEKA.

Readers and Writers.

OMAR KHAYYAM has not now the vogue he had in England twenty years ago. In those days most of us knew our Fitzgerald by heart and wallowed in the sentimental self-pity induced by his rhythms. I am told and can well believe that whatever the sentimental content of the original, the spirit as expressed in the form, is translated by Fitzgerald only in Bottom's sense, that is, it is metamorphosed. It came, however, as an opportune reaction to the discovery that Science, even Tennysonian science, was bankrupt. Spencer and Darwin had mechanised the world and carried the industrial revolution into thought. Tennyson on his lawn had prettified it and hung it with paper garlands. But nothing could conceal the fact that the new world was repellant and that *nothing* was better than the only certainty promised by it. In this nihilistic rebound we were all carried away, and Fitzgerald's "Omar" led us. But our courage has long since returned, and the spectres of Spencer and Tennyson are now no more than historic turnip-heads. I do believe that at this moment Spencer and Tennyson are two of the most despised of the great English writers. They are proved to have frightened us without cause or to have attempted to soothe us without reality; and for the double offence the pair cannot be forgiven this century. With our courage returned also our good sense, and in the light of good sense Omar Khayyam ceased to be the refuge of despair. We can, I hope, all laugh at him now; not, of course, with contempt, for we do not know that we may not have to fly to him again; but with good humour.

* * *

The new edition of the "Rubaiyat" published by Messrs. Methuen (15s. net) has two justifications: the drawings and the introduction by Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan is just old enough to have passed through the very noon of the cult of Omar; but he is just not young enough to be able to recover from it. In his introduction the only trace of the new spirit, the post-Omarian spirit as I may call it, is a certain sprightliness which comes from a suspicion that his seriousness is no longer taken seriously; but, for the rest, the drip of melancholy and agnostic despair has saturated his pages. This is particularly to be observed in the Dedicatory verses to "M. A. S.," the sentiment of which is pure Omarian without even a hint of blue sky. The illustrations, each of a page, and numbering as many as there are quatrains in the poem, are for the most part excellent. Being so much at one with his author, Mr. Sullivan found no difficulty in accompanying him in his own proper medium of black and white; and the illustrations are, in fact, the same theme expressed by a draughtsman instead of by a poet. Though both strong and delicate, the drawings are seldom robust for all their attempts to picture the gay sensual life. Despair and apprehension hang over them too, and make the lines quiver or sometimes to fade away into the background. Look, for example, at the illustration to Stanza XLVII. It is clear, but it is nevertheless uncertain; and then read the Quatrain itself and see how exactly the drawing expresses it. I cannot forbear to note also that the end is foreshadowed in the last drawing to the concluding stanza. Except for one little touch of imagination, it might be an illustration for Tennyson appearing in the "Girl's Own Paper." Thus Mr. Sullivan proves that Omar and Tennyson are related.

* * *

In Mr. Cole's "World of Labour" (Bell, 5s.) there are two references to THE NEW AGE that I cannot understand. One is that THE NEW AGE has a "somewhat indiscriminate propensity to denunciation"; and the other is that "it is apt to resent criticism of every sort." If these statements were true, I should be prepared to defend them; not upon the silly ground suggested by Mr. Shaw that reason is given us merely to justify what we have already done; but on the ground that, if true, they had been well considered and deliberately adopted as a policy. But they are not true, and Mr. Cole has only superficial appearances in his support. Regarding the first charge, it is absurd to say that we are "indiscriminate" in denunciation when, in fact, we are discriminate. Nobody has ever been "denounced" except upon evidence given; nobody, above all, has been "denounced" one day for doing one thing and another day for doing the opposite. In short, our victims know very well what they are being "denounced" for, and could anticipate our judgment on any matter with practical certainty. To be "indiscriminate" in criticism is to be capricious and arbitrary: it is to allow one's judgments to be determined by mood and whim. In such a case the "victims" never know where they are, being praised to-day and damned to-morrow, and without undergoing, as far as they know, any change in themselves to justify it. Can Mr. Cole name anybody whom we have criticised or "denounced" in this fashion? Then why indiscriminate? And that we are "apt to resent criticism of any sort" is equally baseless. Resentment is a peculiar but well-known feature of morbid psychology: its specific character is repression of expression. Psycho-analysts are now engaged in endeavouring to discover means of bringing to light, and so of relieving by expression, the hidden "resentments" of their patients in whom the unspoken "resentments" have worked mental havoc. But where in THE NEW AGE has there been a trace of "resentment" properly so called? So far as I know, not the obscurest writer in the obscurest journal who has spoken of THE NEW AGE has failed of a reply. We have been told, indeed, that it was beneath our dignity to reply to many of our critics; we did them too much honour by answering them. But the rudest word, as Nietzsche said, is more friendly than silence; and we are not always even rude! Look at this reply to Mr. Cole!

* * *

America, where the advertisement agents come from, has now a classic, which the same you may learn from the New York "Argosy." Here first is the passage quoted in the notice, and afterwards follows the comment. (English papers please copy.)

> You remember that story in Texas—where he tells—"Santa was lyin' in bed pretty sick." "I've heard you ridin' across the grass for hours. Well," she says, "you saw the sign?" she whispers. "The minute I hit camp," says I. "'Twas marked on the bag of potatoes and onions." "They're always together in life," says she soft-like. "They go well together," I says, "in a stew." "I mean hearts and crosses," says Santa. "Our sign—to love and to suffer—that's what they mean."

And the comment is: "It is work like this that has caused the world to place O. Henry first in American letters—a classic already—peer of Dickens and Balzac, Hugo and Maupassant, Kipling and Thackeray." O Henry!

* * *

Some further reviews of the "Caricatures" of Mr. Rosciszewski have now appeared. The "Manchester Guardian" describes him as "a real caricaturist, and that is one of the rarest birds in England." The "Publishers' Circular" calls him "a new master of caricature." The "Daily Telegraph" says "he is even more savage than Mr. Max Beerbohm," and "in his mildest moments he is a cynic." "Bernard Lintot" in "T.P.'s Weekly," on the other hand, says "he is on the whole a genial and amiable fellow, disposed to laughter rather than to sarcasm." All these opinions can fortunately be checked by my readers, since the caricatures in the volume have all appeared in these pages. Well, what is the conclusion, and who is right—"T.P.'s" or the "Daily Telegraph"? From my favoured position of personal acquaintance with Mr. Rosciszewski I am disposed to think the "Daily Telegraph" nearer the truth about the genius of Tom-titt,

and "T. P.'s" nearer on the subject of his personality; and the interesting speculation for me is which of the two qualities in Mr. Rosciszewski will survive at the expense of the other—his genius or his geniality. Of geniality we have enough in the world. By the way, the "Publishers' Circular" announces that the first edition of the "Caricatures" has been sold. Would it were so—but of the 250 copies printed more than half are still unsold.

* * *

Mr. G. K. Chesterton will never write a better book than his "Charles Dickens"; and as it is now published by Messrs. Methuen at a shilling, I may presume it is a popular classic. But what on earth the public will make of it I cannot guess. Without being in the least sophistical, Mr. Chesterton appears as a master of sophistry. Without wishing to confuse any issues Mr. Chesterton confuses all issues. Wishing to say nothing but the simple and the true, he is the most complex and paradoxical writer our language has produced. In some ways, indeed, Mr. Chesterton, though a critic of our days, is its most complete incarnation; all styles are to be found in him save any style; all ideas save any idea; all points of view save any point of view. A study of Mr. G. K. Chesterton would dispense us from the necessity of considering any of his contemporaries. But his age has nearly passed.

* * *

A correspondent who attended the receptions of M. Anatole France in London sends me the following notes of his impressions:

M. Anatole France told somebody that he had never made a public speech until he rose to do so at the Savoy dinner. I thought so when he got up to reply. He was obviously not at his ease, and paused two or three times even in the reading of his manuscript. One cause of his nervousness may well have been the audience; for a more dreadful entourage for a man of letters can hardly be conceived. Of the 300 odd guests at least half consisted of women, all except a dozen or so having, apparently been carefully selected for their ugliness. Powdered, painted, greasy-looking creatures, they waddled ungracefully to their places, made desperate efforts to understand the scraps of French they heard round them, and always laughed and applauded punctiliously when they saw the people who knew French laughing and applauding.

Not that the men were much better. They were mostly Mr. Grimwig's "beef-faced boys" grown up; and his "mealy" kind were unfavourable specimens. Sir Thomas Barclay, who had nothing to say, said it very well in French; and Lord Redesdale, who should have had something to say, said little, and said it rather badly in English. He spoke better in French at the end, and made an occasional hit; but his speech was much too lengthy and we were bored, most of us, long before he had finished.

Beyond his thumb-nail reference to the warmth and cordiality of the English character, mentioned in THE NEW AGE last week, M. Anatole France said nothing. It may be that what he really thinks about his reception will duly appear in a novel; for it was quite clear to anyone who had eyes that M. France is not articulate except upon paper. The views he expressed on the English novel, and so forth, are not to be taken seriously, for they do not represent him—they sound like something hurriedly put together after he had been informed that Lord Redesdale would refer to the matter in his speech of welcome. M. France was suddenly dragged from one medium of expression into another which was not suited to him, and the result was a well-meant but futile attempt to do something impossible. Similarly, I am not for a moment prepared to consider seriously the views on economics which M. France put forward at the Fabian reception. He is the most idealistic of Socialists, and when he attempted to explain his justification for holding Socialist views he did so ethically and not economically. Collectivism as a means of atttaining universal peace, takes us back twenty years or so, and has nothing to do with the wage system.

Like every other Frenchman, M. France is prepared, on ceremonial occasions, to sacrifice truth to politeness. His reference to Mr. Shaw as the Molière of England is only a trifle less ridiculous than Mr. Shaw's recent reference to Brieux as the Molière of the twentieth century. I can name off-hand half a dozen profound gifts which are as apparent in Molière as they are lacking in Shaw—genuine wit and humour which bubble over at every line; a magnificent style in the highest tradition of French verse and prose; the ability to create, not merely one or two, but twenty characters, each of whom is a distinct dramatic personality (Tartuffe, Georges Dandin, Sganarelle, M. Jourdain, and so on), and not only characters but whole groups of people such as the "précieuses ridicules." This is but saying that Molière was one of the geniuses who will last for ever and that Mr. Shaw is not; a fact which is as well known to M. Anatole France as anyone.

R. H. C.

Country Manners.

By Beatrice Hastings.

MRS. MARSH had returned from the North Country and was calling on her old friend and neighbour, Sary Spray—Coppard that was.

"Ye've still the same carner cupboard ye had on yer murrige day, Sary. Wael do a remamber ye ad naught alse i' the place. But things is altered now, an' ye've as nice a home an babbies as woman would aver begin to wish f'r."

"A'm so pleased to think Gard pertected ye to coom ome agen, Mrs. Marsh," said Anne Coppard, who was passing on an errand for Miss Atinoaks—"A've only drarped in," she explained—"But aint she thin, Sary? My, a thart ye was thin afore ye went, but now ye're arful thin. Wael, it's enough to mak ye thin coomin' arl that way."

Mrs. Marsh, who was decidedly (and regretfully, as everybody knew) "a fine woman," smiled at the welcome compliment. She sat a little more delicately on the horse-hair sofa, and arranged a new brass keeper-ring on her wedding-finger. "Wael, a be a bit deckered out this marning," she remarked. "A had this dress new nart a year gone. Who's yer last, Anne?" she added, by way of returning the compliment.

Anne giggled and twisted about in an excess of flattered amusement. "Oh, a haint no'un in pertickler. They're allays hangin' round though. Isn't it funny they arl cooms arter me, Sary? An a naver say nothin' to'm. An' they farl out an' fight over me. Lots of 'em do as a don' know the names of. Why, the first noight a warlked out wi' Charley Crouch we met a lot of 'em an' they swore at 'im an' arl manner. I axed what they 'ad to do wi' me nor 'im other. They stripped over that they did. A wouldn't be in their company a' inch. No fear a should, nuther! A don't mak' Parish tarlk about it, Mrs. Marsh, but a tal ye fer truth little Sady's arter me now. Ever so many people in Crowhurst knows about little Sady an' me. But 'e's a real gentleman ye know, business man. An' lat there be as many as there was coom, 'e would'n git away fr'm me. A used to think oh, he is a pritty lit'l' chap. A said so to'm down at the 'Grapes.' He clouted into me, he did, true as a'm 'ere alse a'm nart 'ere aloive. A dunno if 'e loikes me, but 'e allays sims as though 'e does. Foller me anywheer, 'e wouldn' caer oo see 'im. 'E naver 'ad annything bad fr'm me. 'E wouldn' coom fer nought though.

"Look 'ere, Anne," said her sister in a whining tone, "just ye coom 'ere an' see arl what oi 'ave to put up wi'. Bill ain't bin 'ome sence yesterday marnin' an' 'ere am oi wi'out a crust to eat or drink. What's the good of a home if ye haint nuthin' to eat in it?"

An old man who sat in the corner broke in—"Ay, it'll wear ye out wi' yer famly! A brart oop my famly vurry respactable, tart 'em arl to be good scharlers. It's about wore me out. Now they're murried theirsalves, an' it'll wear 'em out saem as it has me."

Anne Coppard laughed. "Ye be downsome this marnin', Toddy. Loife ain't that bad yet, nart wi' me noways."

Toddy retorted—"Ah! Arl yer famly was the saem, allays ready to grin. Yer brother grinned 'isself into 'sylum. My, don't a' call ow 'e used to stand in front of a woman an lift 'is lip till she near drarped wi' froight into faints an' wantin' water."

"Still, if ye naver spoke to a man, ye'd naver murry," said Anne, irrelevantly. "Though some's murried as better 'adn't be."

"Ach—ahum," Toddy's old wife coughed—"Naver ye believe—ach—a man—ach—until he's on the gallers—ahm, ahm! 'E'll say 'e wants—ach—'e wants to coom down."

Sary Spray called Anne upstairs to draw her sister's attention more productively to the state of her own poverty. "Oi were naver a Gard-blessed woman, Anne. Ye see oi've scarce a drink to offer ye." When Anne had promised to part with half of her month's wages, which would be due on the morrow, they descended. A sprightly young woman now sat next to Mrs. Marsh, talking very vivaciously.

"'Ullo," said Anne, "you 'ere, Mrs. Jack Spray?"

"Looks loike me," replied the newly-married Mrs. Spray, "'taint me shaddy."

"'Ow's Jack?" Anne asked.

"'E's arl roight. A were just gooin' to tal Mrs. Marsh 'ere, the day Jack an' me w's murried, we w's coomin' alang 'ome, an' at the police station a man cooms out an' mak's f'r follerin of us. Ho, says Jack, stappin' quoit' sudden, 'who moight ye be an' what moight ye warnt?'"

A nod of approval shook from each head present, though some had heard the tale before.

"The man says, 'A warnt yer naem, please.' Jack gives it. 'An yer feyther's address, please.' Jack gives that, 'an now,' says 'ee 'ye've bin arstin' me questings, maybe a've me roight to arst ye some.'"

"Coorse," exclaimed everybody.

"Coorse. An' so Jack ups an' says 'Now what moight ye be a warntin' to know about me?' 'Wael,' says the man, 'ee was ready to mak' an' seem cheerful now 'e'd got his answers, 'Ye see,' 'ee says, 'theer's a young gent run away from the college at Lewes wi' a young woman, an' a thart ye moight be 'im.'"

A burst of laughter greeted this, Mrs. Jack Spray laughing as loudly as anyone. Mrs. Marsh rolled back into her former inelegant position. Sary Spray sniggered. Anne flopped across the room, hoarse and helpless. "Haaow," she bawled, "if aver in the warld a did hear it. 'Ee must 'ave bin love-begartten alse 'ee'd naver 'ave stud theer aloive an' thart it."

Mrs. Jack Spray thumped her in the back. "It's vurry loike 'e wars, but a didn' ask 'im." She went on—"Jack says 'A doan't look loike a college gent!'"

"Did ye tal the man ye be'd cousints an' just murried?" asked Mrs. Marsh.

"A didn' tal 'un who a wars or what a wars," retorted the young woman. "A knowed a'd done nought but proper that day, an' so we fatched oor laigs 'omeward, f'r theer w's a 'ot dinner awaitin' of us."

"Wael, a must be doin' the saem," said Anne. "A can't stap. A loikes that riband ye've gart, Mrs. Jack Spray," she said, perhaps to ease the awkwardness of parting, "It's loike them lovers' knots what the Queen's darters wears, wi' a larng strimmer 'angin' down. S'pose oi gart one? It kips on flib-flabbin' about. Haaow! wouldn' that be a Parish say? Though a doant caer about the say."

She passed slowly, and with grotesque gesticulations into the stone-laid kitchen that led into the patch of garden. Here, she turned round, grinning, "Lor, the sun's 'ot. My 'ead w's clear as crystal sea when a coom out an' now it's muddy loike mops an' brooms as a say. Haaow! Good marnin' arl."

Bee-bee.

By Alice Morning.

CHAPTER I.

BEE-BEE, dressed for company, was swinging on the front gate when she saw the old Witch with the Bag over her arm.

At sight of the Witch, Bee-bee ran into the garden and banged the gate fast. And the Witch stopped right in front and said, just like the one Susan had described: "Little girl, will you come and open the gate for me?"

"No fear."

"Oh, oh! Come, and I'll give you a sweetie." The Witch smiled: but Susan said all witches smiled at the little girls they wanted to put in the Bag.

Bee-bee planted her foot firmly. "No, I can't open ze gate. My mama won't let me."

"Oh, you can for me," replied the Witch, "I'm a visitor."

"No, you's ze ole witch."

"Open the gate at once, you naughty child!"

And as she fumbled at the latch and grumbled in a terrible voice, Bee-bee shrieked and pulled up some grass to hurl at her. "Ole wi-itch! Steals lickle gi-irls!"

Aunt Louisa came running out of the house.

"Mind ze witch, Auntie," Bee-bee yelled, and ran to defend her, gathering her in around the knees.

But Aunt Louisa said: "Nonsense! That's dear Mrs. French. Let me go and open the gate for her. Dear Mrs. French, I am so sorry. This child has such a strange imagination."

"Very," said the old lady, tartly. "I am quite upset."

Bee-bee edged away into the house and bolted up to Susan's bedroom. Susan was just pinning on her afternoon cap. "Lor, Miss Bee!"

"Oo, Susan, ze witch is trying to put Auntluisa in her bag!"

A bell rang from the drawing-room.

"Now I spose I'll catch it for being late," said Susan.

CHAPTER II.

It was a wonderful find. Ever so many little tiny round sweets in a bottle! Bee-bee found it in Mama's bedroom. A nice big box in a cupboard had a lot of little bottles all standing in holes which just fitted them. All the bottles except one had scent—nasty scent—in them and the last one had the sweets.

Bee-bee crunched up the sweets and sprinkled the scent all over the room. Then she went out to play. Presently the sun seemed very cold and then it got very hot and Bee-bee's head began to hate everything. So she took it upstairs and laid it down on Mama's bed. To have a game, she made a nice little tent under the counterpane and then she felt very sick and lay down in a hurry, calling for Aunt Louisa.

Aunt Louisa rushed upstairs. The counterpane wriggled about and Aunt Louisa thought she guessed the game at once. "My goodness gracious, there's a bear in the bed," she exclaimed.

And Bee-bee said bravely: "Grumph-grumph!"

"Why, it's Bee-bee," cried Aunt Louisa, finding out.

"It isn't me, it's a bear," growled a heroic voice.

Then Aunt Louise peeped under the counterpane. And it *was* Bee-bee. But her face was full of tears.

"Oo Auntluisa I *yam* sick."

"My precious angel, what's the matter?"

"My tummick an my feets!"

"What have you been eating, darling?"

"Lickle sweets in ze bockle."

"O-oh! Baby! Lie down, sweetheart. Auntie'll run and be back in a minute."

She flew downstairs. Susan ran for Dr. Wilson. Kate brought hot water. And Mama was called out of her room, "the study," where Bee-bee was always asked not to go. Bee-bee was crying loudly when

Mama came up. She held out her tiny hands covered with perspiration, and Mama took her.

"Come on, my lambie, and let us put her in mummy's bed."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Aunt Louisa. "Why *did* I leave the cupboard unlocked? She must have eaten the belladonna, Marion." Susan flew back breathless. The Doctor would be here directly. "Let's have some hot flannels, Louisa," said Mama. She was laying Bee-bee down among the blankets and now she passed her soft warm hands over the poor little tummy. Bee-bee wailed.

"Ole ugly pain, mama. I'll give him a big fmack prently when I catch him."

"The doctor will catch him and take him right away, darling."

"Ou-ee! Ou-ee!"

The Doctor felt Bee-bee's pulse and covered her all over with hot flannels ever so many times, and gave her something to drink.

"Want to go to bye-bye," she murmured; and she went.

"There's no sham about a child," said the Doctor, taking up his hat. "When it's better, it's better."

CHAPTER III.

That Flea gave Bee-bee an awful lot of trouble. First he bit her under her foot.

"Oo, leave off!" she cried out, and she took off her sock and looked right inside. But the Flea wasn't there! So she took off her other sock and looked right inside that one. But the Flea wasn't there either.

Suddenly, he ran up her knee and when she tore her panties off she saw him jump. And she got such a fright that she threw him out of the window, panties and all.

"Oo!" she called after them. "Come back." She climbed up and peeped out of the window. There they were in the front garden.

"I'll come down and bling you back!" she assured them. But just as she turned round the Flea bit her again—up the back this time. He wasn't gone after all! And she could not get the string of her flannel petticoat undone for ever so long. But at last it broke. She rolled the petty up tight in a bundle and put it on the bed.

"Now I'll just pe-ee-eep in and catch you," she announced to the Flea.

And suddenly she saw him and stuck in her fingers and caught him.

"Don't wiggle about in my yand," she commanded. But he *would* wiggle and she did not know what to do with him because she wanted to save him up to show to Mama.

The door of the wardrobe was open. Inside was a pretty basket. It had come once, full of apples, but there were only Mamma's stockings in it now.

"I'll put you in ze bastick," said Bee-bee to the Flea. She stuck him well down among the stockings and banged the door tight.

And then she ran downstairs to tell Aunt Louisa where he was.

CHAPTER IV.

Susan had been ill and Bee-bee had not seen her for a week. At last, one very wet day, Aunt Louisa thought Bee-bee might go upstairs and have tea with Susan to cheer her up.

Bee-bee arrived with every curl in place and a spotless lace pinafore on. Her blue tie-ups were new ones in honour of the visit. She hesitated a moment in the doorway, seeming startled to see Susan so white and tired. But when Susan smiled Bee-bee ran forward and began patting her all over.

"Welly pore Susan," she crooned. "Oh, welly pore!"

"I shant be poor very long, Miss. The sight of you makes me feel better already."

"Ess. An I'll tell you a nice tale prently."

Aunt Louisa went away and soon the tea tray came up. Bee-bee squealed with joy. "Oo i'nt Antluisa a welly girl!" she exclaimed. Thus was expressed the highest approbation. For "welly" means very, the very thing, the real thing, so to say.

Bee-bee sat up on Susan's bed and tucked into the bread and strawberry jam for ten minutes. At last she sighed: "No more, sank you!" and she gazed at the window all pattering with the rain.

"I'nt it comfible?" she said to Susan, hugging herself and laughing.

"What about the tale, Miss Bee-bee? Will it be the Three Pigs?"

"Ess. Once upon a time zere was free pigs an zay all was wantin to build em houses to live in. An the first pig goed out an he seed a man wiv a cart full of traw. (Susan knew this meant straw.) An he sayed Gmornin Mister Man would you kindly give me a lickle traw to build my house wiv?

An ze man sayed Oh certny.

So ze pig builded a nice housie.

An one day ze Wolf came an he sayed Gmornin Mister Pig an ze pig sayed Gmornin. An ze Wolf sayed Won't you vite me in to have a lickle breakwast. An ze pig sayed Oh no you'd eat me all up. An ze Wolf sayed Nonsints. Let me yin or I'll blow an I'll blow an I'll blow your house down. An he blowed an he blowed an he blowed ze house down an gobbled ze pore pig up.

Nen ze next pig goed out an he seed a man wiv a cart full of sand an he sayed Gmornin Mister Man would you kindly give me a lickle sand to build my house wiv?

An ze man sayed Oh certny.

So ze pig builded a nice housie.

An one day ze Wolf came an he sayed Gmornin Mister Pig an ze pig sayed Gmornin. An ze wolf sayed won't you vite me in to have a lickle breakwast an ze pig sayed Oh no you'd eat me all up. An ze wolf sayed Nonsints. Let me yin or I'll blow an I'll blow an I'll blow your house down. An he blowed an he blowed an he blowed ze house down and gobbled ze pore pig up.

Nen ze next pig goed out an he seed a man wiv a cart full of bricks an he sayed Gmornin Mister Man would you kindly give me a lickle bricks to build my house wiv?

An ze man sayed Oh certny.

So ze pig builded a nice housie.

An one day ze Wolf came an he sayed Gmornin Mister Pig an ze pig sayed Gmornin. An ze wolf sayed Won't you vite me in to have a lickle breakwast an ze pig sayed Oh no you'd eat me all up an ze wolf sayed Nonsints. Let me yin or I'll blow an I'll blow an I'll blow your house down. An he blowed an he blowed an he Couldn't blowed ze house down Cos it was made of bricks you see, Susan!

So he goed away an he comed back next day an he sayed Oh Mister Pig I know where's zere's some apples an ze pig sayed Where?

In a field free miles away up down ze left.

An ze pig sayed I'll come to-mollow mornin at seven o'clock.

But he getted up at six o'clock an went an picked ze apples.

And when ze wolf comed he sayed Are you ready Mister Pig?

An ze pig sayed Oh I been an back again.

So ze wolf sayed quitely Well we'll go to-mollow at Six o'clock.

An ze next mornin ze pig getted up at seven o'clock—no leven o'clock—no——

"Five o'clock!" suggested Susan.

"Ess. Five o'clock. An-er-oh! An when ze wolf comed he sayed Are you ready Mister Pig and pig sayed Been an back again.

So ze wolf sayed quitely Well we'll go to-mollow at five o'clock. An ze molly mornin ze pig getted up at flee o'clock (Susan kept quiet) an ze wolf getted up at

flee o'clock too an just when ze pig was comin down ze tree he seed ze wolf.

An he sayed Oh whatever shall I do So he finked of somesing an he frowed down a apple into a barrel an ze wolf was so hungly he creeped inside ze barrel to eat ze apple an nen ze pig jumped down an rolled ze barrel down ze hill an runned home quick and locked ze door.

An prently ze wolf comed an he shouted out I'll come down your chimbley an eat you. An ze pig put on a big pot of boilin water on ze fire an ze wolf fell in an ze pig cooked him up for breakwast! Zere!"

"That's a lovely story," said Susan. "Thark you very much."

Chapter V.

Bee-bee had been a bad girl and nobody loved her. So she went up to the drawing-room window to pull faces at all the people going by.

And she pulled a terrible face at a certain gentleman. He turned in at the front gate and rang the door-bell!

Bee-bee bolted into the bath-room and hid away in the cupboard.

Ever such a long time went by. And the cupboard grew so hard and small. Bee-bee was just fearing she could not stop there another minute when she heard Aunt Louisa calling her name. Anything seemed better than to stop in the cupboard. So Bee-bee stretched herself out and answered meekly. "Ess Antluisa!"

"Come and get a clean pinafore on, darling."

All was well, then.

"There's somebody coming to tea—a gentleman—so my baba must look a nice lovely girl." Aunt Louisa said this sweetly on purpose. Not that she had really forgotten Bee-bee's wickedness, but she believed it better to pretend to forget. On ordinary days Bee-bee would have forgotten it too, but the awful hat of the gentleman was haunting her. She was most good and obliging while her curls were being brushed.

"There, she's a bonny girl now," said Aunt Louisa, laying down the brush.

"I don't sink I want any tea to-day, Antluisa."

"What? Why Kate is making hot cakes. Can't you smell them?"

"Oof! Ess."

"Have you got a pain anywhere, darling?"

"Oof! No! I sink I'll come."

As they went downstairs the tea-bell rang. So Bee-bee slid straight into the dining room and sat up, very small and unoffendingly on her chair.

Mama came first, then Aunt Louisa, and then—Him!

"Oo-er!" said Bee-bee to herself.

Mama said: "This is Bee-bee. Shake hands with Mr. Turnbull, pet."

"I spose he'll tell now," thought Bee-bee, and she looked imploringly at him while he shook her hand.

He did not tell! He sat down and ate the cakes and talked a lot—but he never told!

But Bee-bee and he smiled at each other several times and he gave her the cake with pink on the top.

So afterwards Bee-bee told Susan this:—

"I goed an getted my orange which I'd ony tooked out one bite and my Santaclaus tockin an I putted em in his pocket where his coat was hanging up, for a sprise packet."

Chapter VI.

It was just about church time when Bee-bee slipped out of the house. She went towards the sound of the bells and was soon in the nice little garden where the graves were.

Presently the people began to come to church. Nobody bothered about Bee-bee where she sat quietly down on a stone and watched the procession. But at last, when almost everyone had gone in, Miss Frost and her nephew, the cobbler's boy, came along. They both frowned hard.

"Oo my!" said Bee-bee, shuddering. "Just look at them dreffful ole-uglies trampin all over ze sunshine."

Miss Frost hobbled up fast. "Get off the graves, Child!" she called out.

"I can go on em if I like," retorted Child.

"William," Miss Frost commanded her red-faced nephew, "go and remove that child."

The big boy came forward to catch her, so Bee-bee dashed into the open church door.

"Hush! Ssh!" said everybody.

Bee-bee climbed up on a seat and looked good. The seat was very cold under her bare legs. She had no gaiters on because, of course, Aunt Louisa had not dressed her to go out.

In a few minutes, Mr. Brown hurried in and found Bee-bee sitting in his pew. "Move up, little girl," he said sharply.

"I shant," Bee-bee cried in great indignation. "I've only just warmed this part of the seat."

The boy in Miss Frost's pew burst out laughing and she boxed his ears. And Mr. Brown, who was a churchwarden, picked Bee-bee up and carried her towards the door.

She kicked and screamed for Aunt Louisa. When Mr. Brown heard her loud cry, he shook her. So she bit him as hard as she could.

And Mr. Brown said something very peculiar.

Bee-bee rushed home and told Aunt Louisa.

"Did he say words to my darling?" said Aunt Louisa, who could not bear Mr. Brown. "We'll have him piflikated."

Bee-bee thought this over and at last she went off to Susan to get her opinion.

"Do you like dam or piflikated, Susan?" she asked.

Chapter VII.

"Come out and play," said the little girl over the front gate. So Bee-bee and she went off together. They walked a very long way and presently they saw a fruit shop.

"I want an apple," said Bee-bee.

"So do I," said the little girl. "That man lets you take them. You go over and get one for you and one for me."

So Bee-bee went over and picked out two nice apples. But directly the little girl got hers, she ran away fast and Bee-bee could not find her anywhere.

She took a bite of apple and found an ole-ugly worm inside. The man came out and stood by his fruit-shop. Bee-bee went over.

"This apple's bad," she said, and she showed where the worm was wriggling.

"Where did you get it?" asked the man. Bee-bee showed him the exact place.

Then the man took her inside and sat her up on the counter.

"Yor a korf-drorp ain't yer?" he asked.

"Ess."

"'Ere, missis!" the man called out and a woman came running in.

"'Ere! This young un pinched a apple, selp me, and now she wants me to change it cos it's bad."

Then the man and the woman looked at each other and they laughed until it seemed as if they never would stop. But suddenly another woman came in, so they told her the story and all three laughed again, while Bee-bee sat up on the counter and wondered and kicked her toes together.

"It's a lady's child," said the second woman. "Look at her silk socks."

Bee-bee said, "I want to go home."

"Do yer know where yer live, duckie?" the shop-woman asked.

"Ess—up zere."

"I'll set her across the road," said the man. And he gave Bee-bee a big red apple.

"Sank you welly much."

"My! ow sweet," cried Jane.

Bee-bee did not find her way home until she was nearly tired to death and Aunt Louisa was awfully glad to see her come in.

"My girlie, where have you been? Oh, and how hot you are. You must drink some nice milk and lie down for awhile."

And Bee-bee went right off to sleep on Mama's bed.

When she woke up she saw a big glass bottle nearly full of something on the table. She took out the stopper and smelled in. It was beautiful scent!

Bee-bee sprinkled some over the garden to make a nice smell out there. But she poured out too much by accident and there was not very much left for Mama. So she filled the bottle right up to the top with water and made a lot more scent. The water went a fine milky colour and Bee-bee was delighted.

"Oof! how lovely it fmells," she murmured.

CHAPTER VIII.

This is a very awful story, in fact it is a perfectly awful story. We are not sure whether we shall ever be forgiven for telling it. But what can we do? It happened! Though it could not have happened had Bee-bee always chosen plutocratic companions.

Uncle Charles had come to stay for the week-end. He had been given the sleeping room on the second landing. At the top of the door was a glass fanlight, but nobody could see in unless, indeed, they swung over the box-room stairs and perched upon the tiny shelf where Mama sometimes stowed away a bag. And that was exactly what Bee-bee did.

She swung over the stairs, perched upon the shelf underneath and was just going to bang on the pane of glass as a surprise for Uncle Charles when something interested her very much.

"I never knowed!" she murmured; and she went on watching.

First Uncle Charles twisted about with his arms and at last he got hold of it. Then he whipped it round to the front and it had two little loops, and he put each loop over a button; and that side was done. Then he twisted about again and caught the other one, brought it round easily and then the other side was done.

He seemed pleased then and Bee-bee heaved a sympathetic sigh. Next moment she nearly screamed.

Uncle Charles seized a little, long, flat black box, drew out a knife and began slashing away at a thing that looked like a leather belt.

And now he grasps a brush with a white handle and dabs it on some soap in a little case and then he washes all over his chin with the brush and he looks just like the clown in the circus.

Bee-bee, breathless, waits to see him turn head over heels. But instead, Uncle Charles gazes very solemnly in the glass and takes up the knife and pretends to cut himself all over the chin. It's a great game, and Bee-bee shrieks out laughing. Uncle Charles glances towards the door as if he expects the laughing is just outside, but he does not think of looking up! And Bee-bee thinks it a good beginning of a game of hide-and-seek.

She is just going to call out "Cookoo!" when another thing begins. Uncle Charles takes up a tiny comb and very, very carefully combs away at a few short hairs upon his top lip. He goes on combing forever. Bee-bee comes more and more absorbed in his mission. He does not leave one hair unturned. Every single hair is lifted this way and that way and the other way.

At last Bee-bee sees the quest is useless.

"It's no good, Uncle Charles," she sings out loudly. "You *won't find any*!"

Uncle Charles finds *her* a minute later and he lifts her down with great care and forgets to tell Mama the adventure.

But Bee-bee rushed up to tell Susan all about it.

CHAPTER IX.

There was a merry-go-round in the town. One morning it was there! When Bee-bee woke up, she saw it far away on the green. Presently, it began to play music and all the horses went round and round and round.

Bee-bee was playing in the garden when she heard the music. She ran towards it and several times one of her little black slippers came off because a button had given way in the garden.

Everybody was climbing upon the horses, so Bee-bee climbed up too. Then the Man came.

"Where's your penny?" he demanded.

"In my money-box," replied Bee-bee.

"Well, run home and get it," said the naughty man, and he lifted her off the lovely horse. Bee-bee stuck her fist in her eye. A girl sat on a horse close by. She pulled out a penny.

"Ow! Don't be mean," she said scornfully. "'Ere! I'll pay."

Not only did she pay; but, when the brown-faced Man said Bee-bee was too little to ride on a horse, the nice girl took her up on her own horse and held her quite safe.

Round and round they went in time to the music. They went fast, the-e-en they went slower, the-e-e-en they stopped.

"Where do yer live?" asked the girl, looking at Bee-bee's blue-silk tie-ups.

"Zere." Bee-bee pointed towards the house.

"Well say thank yer and run 'ome, there's a de-ear!"

"Sank you welly much!"

"Oh, yer little blessin'!" The girl hugged Bee-bee and Bee-bee waved "Ta-ta!"

Aunt Lousia was waiting at the gate. She had on her sad face and Bee-bee felt sorry somehow. Aunt Louisa said at once:

"Have you been to the Circus?"

Bee-bee decided that this was the sorrowful thing. "No," she replied considerately.

"Oh, Bee-bee, that's a story," said Aunt Louisa. "Come in."

She led Bee-bee up to a room and began to talk to her. . . . .

Bee-bee listened patiently. But, suddenly, she saw three little birds fly by the window. They sat on a tree and called to her to come out. They whistled, and Bee-bee whistled back.

"Don't be naughty," said Aunt Louisa. And then she went on talking. . . .

And all the roses on the wall-paper had little men inside them with funny faces. One laughed at Bee-bee and Bee-bee laughed back.

"If you laugh at me, I shall have to put you in the corner," said Aunt Louisa. And then she went on talking. . . .

And Bee-bee could not remember about those horses. Were they blue or were—they—red?

Aunt Louisa said, "Now you understand what I've been saying to you?"

"Ess. Auntluisa, was zose circus horses red or was zey blue?"

Aunt Louisa saw her folly. But still she said, "So you did go to the circus."

Bee-bee considered and bargained: "If you don't tell me any more sings, I'll tell you ess I did go."

"Well next time you want to go, just you ask me first, and I'll take you."

"I want to go now."

"To-morrow," said Aunt Louisa.

VARIATIONS ON A SINGLE THEME.

Faint echoes of past glories! Still the Jew
Answers with curses when the Christian rails;
God's darlings both, if what they say be true.
What umpire sits aloof and holds the scales?

They fight with bloody spurs, and each can hear
God's private and particular word of cheer.
God's "chosen" are they both? Picked for the fight,
To give the cockpit's cunning lord delight?

"Your cause is mine." So God the one assures.
And to the other says: "My cause is yours."
Where's Doctor Prince? This God must surely be
A case of Dual Personality. A. E. WATTS.

Views and Reviews.

I SUPPOSE that literature (what is usually called "pure" literature) has ceased to be published in England; certainly during the last year, I have been confined in the hell of the social reformers. It is only about two years since that I heard one of the novelists who had turned biographer speculate on what would be the next "line" in literature. Biography was played out; practically everybody had been "done"; and authors, or "serious students," as they describe themselves at the Museum, were at their wits' end to know what next to write about. I suggested that they should write books, and received an uncomprehending stare in reply. Really, when one comes to think of it, an author should write books; and books are not merely sheets of printed matter enclosed within covers. The collection and recital of facts is, at its best, the work of science; at its worst, it is the work of hacks. The best of the novelist-biographers are gradually becoming historians, they are widening the terms of reference from a person to a period; but the others remain what they were at the beginning, publishers' hacks, still looking for something to do.

The literary result of their labours has been nil; practically, the result has been so many books published, which have found their way into the circulating libraries and the second-hand booksellers' shops in Charing Cross Road, an inglorious end to so much industry. But if one begins to speculate on the probable causes of this result, it is not difficult, I think, to demonstrate the first great cause of this futility. Biography was certainly sown in corruption, but it was not raised in incorruption; our biographers, like the spiritualists, were capable only of resurrecting the dead. It is an unfortunate consequence of the English lack of culture that a person has only to break one of the ten commandments (I forget which one) to become a notorious person. Swinburne's exclamation in "Dolores," which a correspondent quoted last week :—

> Come down and redeem us from virtue,
> Our Lady of Pain :

is an example of what I mean. It is not a literary utterance, for Swinburne has used the corrupted meaning of the word "virtue"; if we were to say : "Come down and redeem us from manliness"; we should make Swinburne look silly. But because "virtue" has been corrupted to mean obedience to whatever commandment it is that enjoins monogamy, because "virtue" has become the profession of every Englishwoman, Swinburne's exclamation seemed to have the heroic quality. He was defying Convention, Morality, and all sorts of other abstractions; the English public was shocked to read such phrases (but it did read them), and Swinburne passed into the ranks of our great poets, in the opinion of some people.

The biographers had a similar predilection for shocking the English public. If it could be shown that a man had more than one wife at a time, or that a woman had more than one husband, there was a subject for a biography. Modern biography was born of the chronique scandaleuse, and never rose above the level of its origin; for about seven years, we were deluged with the biography of adulterers. Now the simple fact about adultery is that, much more truly than adversity, it acquaints a man with strange bedfellows; and that is all that we can learn from it. Yet the subject was the staple of biography, just as it is the staple of most novels and plays produced at the present time. It is as though all literary men had amended Gibbon's dictum, and had declared that "virtuous people have no history."

But it argues a singular lack of imagination (and without imagination there can be no art) to accept such a dictum. It may have been a mere epigram to Mr. Wilfrid Jackson, but when he said : "Vice is its own reward, but virtue needs a biographer" : he said something worth saying. One of Matthew Arnold's bishops said : "If it were not for the practical difficulties attending it, virtue would hardly be distinguishable from a kind of sensuality." Such dicta show us how little our literary men know of life. They aim at singularity, and think to shock us by a commonplace; while all the time the singular thing, manly excellence, is ignored. It is simply not true that happy or virtuous people have no history; the truth is that they have no historians. When Tolstoy in the "Kreutzer Sonata," tried to tell us how admirable chastity was, he did not write a commentary on Bishop Butler's saying : "Self-love, methinks, should be alarmed! May she not pass over greater pleasures than those she is so wholly taken up with?" He could do nothing but emphasise the "awful consequences" argument, show us the unhappiness that accompanied sensuality. Like most moralists, he tried to frighten us into chastity; the sudden popularity of the word "syphilis" is another example of the same method; while, all the time, the power, the beauty, even the sensual pleasure, of the state remained unrecorded. If we must invoke other powers, in the Swinburnian fashion, let us call upon the Muse to come down and allure us to virtue.

That there should be this lamentable necessity for invoking the Muse is due, I think, to the fallacy underlying the artistic convention. Shelley's twaddle about poets learning in suffering what they teach in song only summarises the fallacy. I am not denying the value of sensibility when I say that such a dictum expresses a morbid preference; the truth is that the man who can suffer can also rejoice. Ibsen, in "The Pretenders," was much more comprehensive and accurate; certainly, his skald said : "The gift of sorrow came to me, and I became a skald" : but he also said : "I needed sorrow; others there may be who need faith, or joy, or doubt." Shelley's fallacy is the fallacy that supposes that tragedy is the highest form of art, although its utilitarian function was well described by Aristotle; and it is due to ignorance of the nature of man. The artist knows that, without passion, there can be no art; but suffering is not really passion, it is pathos. It is passive, not active, feeling—it is derivative, and not executive; and it reduces the artist to being the perceiver of his own pain. "I have had a woe to-day; therefore, I must write a poem about it," is not the most beneficial idea for an artist or his public. For, as Barney Doran said in "John Bull's Other Island" : "Och, I'm tired of your sufferins. We've been hearin' nothin' else ever since we was childher but sufferins. Hwen it wasn't yours it was somebody else's; and hwen it was nobody else's it was ould Irelan's. How the divil are we to live on wan anodher's sufferins?"

But this absurdly Christian limitation of passion to suffering is responsible for the misdirection both of art and life in England at least; for it was linked with the equally absurd Christian exaggeration of the wickedness of sex. The natural re-action against the tragic treatment of sexual irregularity was the comedic treatment of the same subject; and latterly, as I have shown, we have had the biographical treatment of the same subject. Action and reaction on the same plane of experience, the moralist warning us by the awful example of sinners, the immoralist trying to shock us by his admiration of the same sinners; that is practically all that literature means to us. The moralists in all ages have agreed that sexual irregularity was common; the artists, who should have been looking for significant types, and thought they were looking for singular ones, really have only confirmed the moralists. But that passion should have become entirely associated with vice, and not equally with virtue, is the fault of the artists.

For the practical difficulties attending virtue are no less true of the literary expression of it. It is admitted that praise is the most difficult thing to write; the biography of virtue is of the same nature. If we must reverse the usual English method, and use generalities,

we must say that if virtue is featureless, so is vice; there is really no more variety in pain than there is in pleasure. I grant that virtue, in England, is not beautiful; nor is vice; but we cannot be for ever re-acting against Smiles' "Self-Help," or "Sandford and Merton." A classic literature is the literature of experience; one cannot write a 23rd psalm unless one has learnt something and digested it; and really, there are other things in life besides women with which to become acquainted. What we call virtue is an interior life; externally, it is only a discipline; and we need a biography of the interior life. It is also a life of joy, and joy is a rarity; but our artists have preferred the commonplaces of pain. Literary art, positively or negatively, is still intensifying the sense of sin; while the world awaits a book that does not fall within this vicious circle. A. E. R.

REVIEWS.

Oxford Poetry 1910-1913. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d.)

In the Preface to this volume, Mr. Gilbert Murray proves that he can write for a critical public. It seems incredible that so sound a style should permit the writer ever to descend to the undignified slop and slang of some of Mr. Murray's journalistic articles. But atmosphere counts; and a writer cannot expect to address the supporters of a Yellow press without temporary loss of intellectual caste. Perhaps, at first thought no one would envy Mr. Murray's ordeal of introducing these Oxford poets, imaginative, talented and witty; as wits, some of them seem to have little left to fear—one cannot imagine them at a loss; but a better stimulus to power than a band of clever and gifted young men is not to be had. Mr. Murray is very fortunate in his position, and in this instance he uses good fortune nobly and like a man of his world. With some of his opinions we may disagree, we may find, here and there, a slip into untimely colloquialism, we may find assertions which seem to be contradictory to his own former not very severe practice of verse; but what we shall not find is any word likely to mislead the younger poets. As an example of sound preceptorship we quote: "To keep, amid all temptations, your thought sincere and your form exact is a self-discipline of the highest kind." Herein is one half of the mystery of Art, for the poets thus practise self-discipline. Mr. Murray remarks on these "well-read" poets of Oxford. Their method of reading is scarcely short of a marvel in such an age as ours, when men read for commercial reasons, but not naturally and for the sake of themselves. In this volume you may only notice late that the writers are well-read, for they have made their reading serve as reading should—as an aid to thought. They give their own thoughts harmoniously allied to the best thought of the world, and, unostentatiously, they weave into their work the whole world's treasure of history, myth and fable. For instance, who will too easily note the so many classical allusions in "The Ballad of My Friend"? Yet, there they are—memories in every second line: but the idea is the poet's own, and this idea makes all reading serve. Again, in "Winter in Ireland," the simple religious idea conquers a heritage of intricate theology. We welcome every one of the poems by the author of "A Song of the Little City," though there appears some slackness of discipline. The "inevitable" word is not always here; one wonders, whether haste or timidity is a vice of this writer, for wherever there occurs a poor line there, precisely, is the "lead" for a fine and original phrase. In "Dream-Cotswold," which one can scarcely avoid comparing with Gray's "Elegy," different though the moods be, this failure of the phrase is particularly frequent. The facile word invariably breaks the exact form.

> The greens of remotest villages glad with songs. . . .

Feelings of the sort Gray controlled would not have been satisfied with that inhuman word "remotest"; a search of the heart was necessary to have made this line alive.

The verse entitled "A Rhyme" is in the tradition of the "Strong School," slavishly Masefeldian—where shamelessness pretends to be shame. An excellent work is "Napoleon's Last Journey," the theme of which is the return to France of the insulted dust of the hero. Well achieved, also, is "The West Countree," by the same author: and his "Song of the Hills and My Friend" tempts one to talk of genius. It is impracticable to write about all these verses. We should like to mention "Ganymede," "The Coming," "Sic Transit," this æsthetic lament with its opposite, "Sloane Square," a thing of stagey melancholy—and a score of others: but we must reserve a space for the wits!

Professor Murray's comment on the "super-ingenious tricks of versification" would certainly have been our own. Reading "The Visitors' Book," by Mr. R. A. Knox, with its too astonishing cleverness, one began to fancy that every line of English verse ever written is capable of being punned upon with unbroken sense.

CORYDON: How shall I reach (for wind and wave are fickle)
Those fields untouched by harrow or by sickle?
ECHO. Bicycle.

This echo is kept up until a belief in neo-mysticism clutches the soul—one feels that one vast, comprehensive pun might exhibit Universal Meaning.

CORYDON: If yet untired, I'd cool the heated limb,
Can any panacea heal this whim?
ECHO. A healthy swim.

"Absolute and Abitophell" is by the same diabolical author, by whom we hope that not Oxford satire alone but the less secluded world may profit. This clever piece somewhat overshines the rest of the parodies, but previously to reading it, we had been sufficiently amused by Mr. Guedalla's intricate Spanish, and Mr. Herbert's ingenious "Fish Out of Water," an allegory of education, and half a dozen others.

To sum up, the writers of this volume are rarely false except where some of them attempt very novel versifications. There are one or two pieces so determinedly new as to irritate even the best-humoured critic in the world; and we are not so plaguily urbane. Without vigour, but indeed pitiably feeble, these concocted rhythms contain as a rule no matter worth even a stereotype. But on the whole, herein is practice of Professor Murray's dictum which we take pleasure in reiterating: "To keep your thoughts sincere and your form exact is a self-discipline of the highest kind."

Cambridge Poets 1900-1913. (Heffer. 3s. 6d.)

It would be accepting too much to accept this volume as typical of Cambridge. To begin with, the compiler is a lady and one who might be accused with every appearance of reason of having rather too great personal interest in a book which contains no fewer than eleven of her own hitherto unpublished poems, as against less than eleven for all the other thirty-seven authors. We begin, then, with expectation of partiality, and it is, at any rate, to be hoped that this collection need be taken as no more than the expression of "Aefrida Tillyard's" likes. Secondly, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is not typical of Cambridge but leagues from being so; and this is a refreshing reflection, for his Introduction is discreditable. The present writer, reading carelessly, supposed through five pages that the lady-compiler was writing. It should not have been a shock, but it was one, to discover the truth. We put it to any reader whether the feminine pen following has not all the character of a précieuse.

"I shall take it to be conceded at this time of day, not only that good poetry is worth writing, but that our

language has a capacity and our nation a rather special aptitude for it; and these admissions—if the reader will be good enough to make them before starting upon the poems here collected—will excuse together the authors, the anthologist, and the contributor of this short 'Introduction.'"

Why "at this time of day?" Shakespeare has been dead a long while and Chaucer longer still. When, and by whom, was "good" poetry ever considered not worth writing? "Q." is certainly thinking of his "Daily Mail." And this "rather special" aptitude—what a coy little way of getting the nation to think well of itself, if the reader will only be good enough to admit first that fine poetry may be worth writing, and to excuse our troubling him with our anthology! Windy silliness is all there is to that, and it is no excuse for a writer "at this time of day" when all is "conceded" of whatever there may have been unconceded by the ignorant public—it is no avail to a Professor of English Literature that one or two wounded poets have tilted at the bourgeoisie of their times. But Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch will make you five pages of colloquialism and archaism over this conceded point and drag in the naked evidences of his studies, a dozen or so of famous names. "It takes (I say)," he says, "a great and brave man to perceive this [the permanence of poetry]." Our Professor is, then, a great and brave man, for he perceives. We get a little feminine description of his exact surroundings at the instant of writing, which description serves to introduce an image of waves that owe their impetus to the whole sea behind them, this image illustrating the truism (Arnold formulated it for the Early Victorians) that a poet owes his impetus to the currents behind him. Once again we are told that the writer is rusticating, and then how young men kindly tell him that his enthusiasm keeps remarkably green, and finally, with a firm vote for the continued existence of dramatic and epic poetry which have recently been considered dead by a young poet of Sir Arthur's acquaintance—we are quit of this disgraceful performance.

It may, indeed, have been difficult to say anything original about these "Cambridge Poets." Most of them have been uproariously patronised by Fleet Street, which seems not to have had any terror or doubts regarding *this* sort of poetry. And most have been rebuked or laughed at in THE NEW AGE.... Messrs. Crowley, Brooke, Buxton, Neuberg, Flecker, Freyer, a few Girton and Newnham stars are these "poets," with some others among whom are one or two we mention with respect. It is a change for the good to turn from Mr. Crowley's dusty, rusty—we would like to say razzly-dazzly—mystagogery to the manly "Anima Vagula," by Archibald T. Campbell, or to the admirable descriptive piece by Mr. Michaelides, "The Forests of Massachusetts," and the poem "To my Father," by the same author. Two of Mr. J. C. Squire's best pieces are included. The Rev. R. Keable writes two sincere if somewhat fanciful effusions. Mr. Munroe has a few good lines in his play. But, for the rest, what is there but perspiration and vocabulary? A 'cute or pretty phrase drives them repeating it forever and a day; and the influence of Girton and Newnham is apparently deplorable. "Kiss me dearest" might easily be taken by the average reader as a synonym for Cambridge. It is as well to know that there is a permanent Cambridge which is not the city of these versifiers. No wonder, though, that the Perse boy sneered of poets "they droop about in such a tedious row." One of them implores his fellow-students:—

For God's sake, let us laugh a little—

but himself appears to be most concerned with a certain "Thoralis"—"my sword-like Thoralis," he calls her.

But none of them laugh, except in a cynical, tired fashion like Mr. Rupert Brooke, who curses like a cavalier to be back in Grantchester, Cambridgeshire—

The shire for men who understand.

Men like Mr. Brooke, you understand! But imagine a man of understanding ranting in such a fashion of his 'shire. These much approved lines on Grantchester are offensive with infantilism.

And is there money still for tea?

A man might say it with a covering laugh—but write it, publish it?

There is not a specimen of wit in the whole volume—but remember it is compiled from one of the parasitical colleges. Except the poems we have distinguished, here is nothing but feebleness, sentimentality, and morbidity—decadence.

Christmas Cards. Hills and Co. (Prices from 1d. to 5s.)

We are not particularly interested in Christmas cards, but the calendars and almanacs issued by Messrs. Hills intrigue us. There is a gorgeous set of sheets for daily engagements (1s.) which must be pleasing alike to man, dandy or housewife. There are calendars for musicians, stored with curious information; for artists, for sportsmen, for nature lovers and for the pious, and also handy little pocket calendars. Many cards have illustrations of old-world costumes—a calendar of the full subject strikes us as likely to be profitable.

Fancies, Fashions and Fads. By Ralph Nevill. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

Exactly why this volume was published, only the author and publisher know. Mr. Nevill's opinions on such subjects as anti-vivisection or anti-vaccination, for example, have no value for the public, for Mr. Nevill has no expert knowledge of these subjects; nor is it a real contribution to the subject of hygiene to tell us that "a charming friend of mine, poor fellow! undoubtedly owed his death to exercise." On the subject of vegetarianism, he makes the usual mistake. He tells a story of a man who thought that he was a vegetarian, but whose wife put strong meat juice in every one of his vegetable courses; and he concludes: "This pious fraud, I believe, still continues, with evident benefit to my friend's health." Yet we know that meat juice is only a condiment, that animals fed on beef extract, for example, die of starvation as quickly as animals not fed at all. Yet Mr. Nevill ranges in this style over every subject that is so much as mentioned in the daily Press; he tells us that "the tracts of Buddhism in its highest and purest state are very fine"; that "a relative of mine, who died in the forties of the last century, for instance, had a love for putting bank-notes in books"; speaking of Sam Lewis, he says: "There is an aristocracy among usurers as in other professions"; he denounces Lord Newton for his Anti-Betting Bill; talks of the White Slave Traffic, and social legislation, all in the same chapter and in the same style. To those who want to know what Mr. Ralph Nevill (who is he?) thinks about khaki, Mr. Lloyd George, English and French cafés and hotels, Art and Architecture, Democracy, et hoc genus omne, may be recommended to read this book. But to those who happen to have opinions of their own, and some knowledge, Mr. Nevill's book is useless.

Turkey in Agony. By Pierre Loti. ("African Times and Orient Review." 3s. 6d. net.)

This series of letters, written in M. Loti's worst style, are of little value; for they only prove the fact, now well known and generally admitted, that the Balkan Christians are a barbarous lot, whose treatment of the Turks is in agreement with the best traditions of Christian warfare. However, as they are published by the Ottoman Committee, which apparently intends to champion in England the cause of the Turks, and is willing to enrol members and accept subscriptions for this purpose; we acknowledge their value for purposes of propaganda, although we cannot recognise either their political or literary value. From this latter point of view, they need all the apologies that M. Loti has made for them.

Pastiche.

ODE ON A NEWSBOY.

STROPHE.

He stood at even on the crowded kerb,
And watched the smitten day die gorgeously
And amorous night appear,
Folding his Greek limbs in her velvet cloak.
About what time the vesper bells grew loud
Above the traffic's choral dissonance
And the street-organ's grind.
He stood upon the kerb and called the news.

His red lips moved as though Thessalian reeds
They sounded, and his yellow curls were gay
And the lamp's wanton gleam
Touched with deluding wealth his threadbare coat.
His siren wares, spring-green and winter-white,
He held with nervous hands before the throng.
And called their common names
Like rare Italian names of dulcet girls.

Like martial chords summoned from trump and drum
In pæan or threnody the carts rolled past;
Like a sick lullaby
The weary steps of west-bound toilers stirred;
Harlots tripped by with mincing gait, and thieves
Crept to their twilight tasks, while howling dogs
Fought over filthy heaps
And a gross beggar sung a vulgar air.

Amid the thinner ranks of opulence
I passed the jaded and the vagrant crowd,
And scarcely should have deigned
To scan the pavement's ragged acolyte;
But as the dusk fell deeper and the moon,
Swathed in long ravelled clouds, arose and gleamed
Above the monstrous east,
Pity awoke—the servitor of love.

For when the heavy Theban hand of Time,
Falling, has crushed the sable and the pearls,
When the rich tapestry
Is dark with damask stains of woe; when bright
Coronal vestments clothe an outcast Lear.
And to the sand-parched bleeding mouth is raised
The sponge of vinegar;
Men recollect the sorrows of the poor.

And I—whom for a season pain had made
Her vassal and those potent anodynes,
Anguish and bitterness,
Had bred within my brain unwonted dreams—
Meeting that minion of the Satyr hour,
Although my formal dress was vainly hid
Beneath a silk cymar,
Was roused to passion by his foreign wrong.

His features seemed to wear an actor's mask,
As like a messenger whose words invoked
The spell of Nemesis
He bade me heed the transient blatancies;
He came, amid a sudden pause that hushed
The tumult of the ribald theatre,
Towards me, waiting on
The tragic threshold of the house of thought.

His deep rose blush that caused no pulse to throb
In the dull horde captured my wandering glance,
And the weird fitful light
That showed the ebon lilies of his brow;
The ardent wonder of his boyhood was
As if Adonis had awaked and left
His frozen tomb of months
To grace and to make marvellous the world.

Had he stood naked in a marble hall
Among fair Doric athletes and young gods
Wrought in bewitching stone,
Men would have bought him at a royal price;
Or had he lain in sensuous attire
On a divan of odourous luxury,
No Syrian boy had been
By dark-skinned Moorish lords more hotly wooed.

But on the mud-splashed kerb where life was held
No costlier than the splashes, and alone
His clamorous load won coin.
No mortal love dared to be manifest;
None spake, enamoured, of transcendent things,
Mirthfully blending argument; none breathed
Warm words as Phœbus stung
By the sweet darts of fawn-like Hyacinth.

For neither tuneful speech nor gracious looks
Could gain beyond the constant answer, earned
By coarse and fine alike—
A blind unsubtle witless monody;
As though it were some magic utterance
Redeeming from old charms his haunted swain,
In shrill quick treble tones
Calling the headlines of a sordid sheet.

A callous sacrifice of innocence,
Perfection prostituted to lewd trade,
He symbolised who stood
A desecration of the art of God.
No iris-bordered river or clear well
His beauty needed to betray itself,
For it had been ensnared
By the fell mirror of a printing-press.

I wondered, meeting him so strangely placed,
As when Amphitryon's dauntless heir perceived
In the deep gloom of Hell
Fairest Meleager, slain at Calydon;
And heard the woful tale of kinsmen's swords
And the death-bearing brand, and wept and said:
"It were the best for men
Not to be born nor look upon the sun."

* * * * *

ANTISTROPHE.

We might have met beside a woodland stream
Upon the pleasant morning of the year,
Where branchèd harbours fling
Long olive shades across the verdant slopes;
When the narcissus and the violet
Sweetened each hollow and the hawthorn broke
In fragrance on the air,
I might have seen his fresh unspotted youth.

We might have stood within the quiet pale
Of grey scholastic walls, and heard afar
The gay boys shout along
The cricket field or plash the silver oar;
And in some ivy-sheltered Gothic nook
Stormed the enchanted realm of poesy,
And drank at Homer's fount
Or watched while Dante climbed the golden stair.

I might have found him in a noble home,
With pillared Attic front that overlooked
A square of garden trees,
And close-mown lawns where mating sparrows chirped;
And in a chamber lavishly adorned
With woven broideries and precious cloths,
And Hermes shod with wings
Or shy Selene beaten into bronze.

Comely and arrogant, he might have led
The stately waltzers through a saraband;
And shone at banquetings
Above the laughter and the flowers and wine;
Or on a silken couch in wilful mood
Languidly sinking into reverie
Or drowsing with a lute
The sentry fan that kept a lady's fort.

Where the soft breezes wake in sylvan dells
The faery whisperings of Italy,
And luscious orange groves
Flank the white vineyards with their pregnant flames,
A little song-crowned valley had beheld
Our heart's encounter, nigh the carven gate
Of some old tower or town
Between the ocean and the Apennine.

Or starlight ruins had belayed our paths
In far-off shrines of Beauty, where the seas
Wail to the mountain winds
The silence of their cold eternity;
Or where lone plains lie strewn with monuments
And steadfast pyramids, or obelisks
Fringe like great granite palms
The slow green Nile and all its desert shores.

Alas, the elfinland of Paradise
Is but a rainbow phantom glimmering
In the blind tears of life,
And no man views the summit of his hopes.
About the evening hour of prayer and sin,
Seeking forgetfulness in company
And straying pleasurewards,
Upon the noisome kerb I found my friend.

For in our darker day the beautiful
Is found interred among most evil things;
With shame and rotting vice
And soul-devouring poverty it dwells.
And men would seek its treasure in the past,
In antique books and unremembered faiths;
But they must speak who know
And pierce the foul disguise of verity.

Wherefore the fleet Olympian boys evade
My cunning. And the smooth-limbed wrestlers flee;
Nor can I sing those glades
Where Daphnis laughed and hid from love-sick Pan;
Where the Sicilian shepherd moaned in strains
Like murmurous summer brooks the quenchless grief
Of sad Persephone;
Torn from her bowers to wed the King of Night.

He did not come whence daylike Cyrus swept
Unto a dawn of blood his Orient van,
But from that east where, veiled
By cloudy sleaves, the amber moon was swung;
That east whose drear uncharted maze conceals
The tomb of loveliness, made monstrous with
The spectral shapes of want
And magic with the crystal ball of crime.

And for the copper worth of idle print
He had been sold, and from his vile abode
Hunger had brought him forth
To cry fools' records of the lives of knaves.
That men might read to mar their minds, a pall
Of futile ignorance enveloped him;
He starved that they might feed;
His soul was slain to glut a city's lust.

But not in vain was death appointed him;
And not in vain, statuesque machine,
He stood and called and lied,
His fairness fouled by charnel wizardry.
For swifter than an arrow, poison-tipped,
Pity had sped and smitten one who watched
With wounded memory;
And sorrow's strange communion healed remorse.

EPODE.

The purple sky began to burn with stars;
The buildings slept like giants after wine;
The white electric globe
Swayed gently like a pendent nenuphar.
Harsh tuneless horns dismayed the ear; gaunt chains
Creaked a weird tenor through the rumbling base;
And a low woman jeered
At a crass item from his rosebud mouth.

It might have been a pompous carnival
Symbolic of the triumph of despair,
When God had hid His face
And the sweet sun were utterly obscured;
It might have been a ghostly drama played
By madmen in the mirage of a dream;
It might have been a joke;
It might have been that Christ had never died.

He stood at even on the crowded kerb
And called, as though it were a serenade
Waking the Tuscan moon,
The daily epic of a dreary age.
About what time the vesper bells grew loud
Above the traffic's choral dissonance
And the street-organ's grind,
He stood upon the kerb and called the news.

WILFRID HUMPHREY.

BALLADE.

The antique Christian took his sword
And broke it on the Pagan's crown.
The Pagan prayed unto his Lord
And burned the Christian's wretched town.
I understand their holy ire;
The wrath of God was in their frown;
But here are men destroyed by fire
To keep the price of Bacon down.

The Norseman shook his noisy shield,
And swore to slit the southern throats.
He would not till his native field,
But strided seas in cockle boats.
I understand his restless soul,
His thirst for swelling war's renown;
But here are men crushed under coal
To keep the price of Bacon down.

The cruel Spaniard set his heel
Upon the Royal Inca's head.
He could no milky pity feel.
'Twas gold and fight his fury bred.
I understand his bloody greed.
His lust for strife and wealth unknown
And here are men to die and bleed
To keep the price of Bacon down.

Within the Afric cauldron broiled
A lonely man, who made a quest
And for strange love, mid terrors toiled
To make a map of what men guessed.
I understand his wondrous zeal,
That all misfortunes would not drown.
But here are men split on a wheel
To keep the price of Bacon down.

Icarus tried to stem the air,
But down he fell with broken wings.
He would not stay at home and share
The safety of the fixed things.
I understand his folly vain
He longed to make the skies his own,
But here are men in thousands slain
To keep the price of Bacon down.

Prince, Men are mad, but then, again,
Some seem to win a noble crown.
But what are those in thousands slain
To keep the price of Bacon down.

TRIBOULET.

"SOLUTIS ZONIS."

God! Place me on a shelf some sunny day,
In some carved panel of the B'dolach gate,
And let me see your plotted wonder-play:
The plain and coloured eggs of Love and Hate,
Your scribbled notes of Life, more lovely far
Than the stern printing in the published book.
Your first idea of Bread, and Water too,
And at the birth of Blood I'd like to look.
Show me the models, pasteboard, string and wood,
Scattered about the studio, and rough sketches
Of Iron and Æther, Thunderclouds, and Bees.
I'm not (you know full well) one of those wretches
Who say, "How good! Who's it supposed to be?"
I'll sit quite still if you'll just show them me.

I want to see the primal germ of Gates,
And Sproutage—vide Genesis—and also Roses.
What made you think of Stoppages and Weights?
Where's the first draft of Suns, and Swords, and Moses?
How did Man grow? And what's Gilt Gingerbread?
And Motion must have been a heap of trouble.
How do the Morals of Melchizedek
Differ at all from those of a soap-bubble?
And what's Kinesis any more than jam?
This is the Moral's model? *Well! well!! well!!!*
What made you first resolve that you would Damn?
And did you really draw those plans of Hell?
Have you a greater wonder than the sea,
Or Paul, or Patchwork, or a Pot o' Tea?

Why do the heathen furiously wage
Their bloody Wars, imagining vain things?
And what *are* Heathen? And please what is Rage?
What really made you think of Wedding-Rings,
Whistler, and Phthisis, Pears' Soap, Puns, and Pan,
And Votes for Women, and the Sack of Troy,
Churches and Cheese, Bananas and Sedan,
Colloids and Cucumbers, and Tramps and Gloy?
There must be models, too, for Warts and Wives,
Pancakes and Neckties, and the Calculus.
And Heavy Ordnance and Liqueurs and Knives,
And Pearls and Pumpkins and the Brixton 'bus.
One thing I know you'll always keep at x
Right to the nth power, that's the female sex.

CALEB PORTER.

Mr. Epstein and the Critics.

By T. E. Hulme.

I BEGIN with an apology. All through this article I write about Mr. Epstein's work in a way which I recognise to be wrong, in that it is what an artist would call literary. The appreciation of a work of art must be plastic or nothing. But I defend myself in this way, that I am not so much writing directly about Mr. Epstein's work, as engaged in the more negative and quite justifiable business of attempting to protect the spectator from certain prejudices which are in themselves literary. This is an article then not so much on Epstein as on his critics. When I see the critics attempting to corrupt the mind of the spectator and trying to hinder their appreciation of a great artist, I feel an indignation which must be my excuse for these clumsy, hurriedly-written and unrevised notes.

An attack on critics could not have a better subject-matter than the Press notices on Mr. Epstein's show. They exhibit a range and variety of fatuousness seldom equalled. It is not necessary to spend any time over notices which, like that of "C. B." in the "Athenæum," are merely spiteful, or that in the "Illustrated London News," which compared him unfavourably with the Exhibition of Humorous Artists. I propose rather to deal with those which, in appearance at any rate, profess to deal seriously with his work.

Take first the merely nervous. Their method is continually to refer to Mr. Epstein as a great artist and at the same time to deplore everything he does. It reminds one of the old philosophical disputes about substance. Would anything remain of a "thing" if all its qualities were taken away? What is the metaphysical nature of an artist's excellence that seems to manifest itself in no particular thing he does? The truth is, of course, that they dare not say what they really think. The particular kind of gift which enables a man to be an art critic is not the possession of an instinct which tells them what pictures are good or bad, but of a different kind of instinct which leads them to recognise the people who do know. This is, of course, in itself a comparatively rare instinct. Once they have obtained a "direction" in this way, their own literary capacity enables them to expand it to any desired length. You can, however, always tell this from a certain emptiness in their rhetoric (c.f. Arthur Symons' article on Rodin). There is no one to give them a "direction" about Mr. Epstein's drawings, and they are at a loss. They seek refuge in praise of the "Romilly John," which has been universally admitted to be one of the finest bronzes since the Renaissance. It shows how incapable the critics are of judging even Mr. Epstein's earlier work, that one critic has been found to couple this superb head with Mr. John's thin and unconvincing painting of a child, at present exhibited in the New English Art Club.

I come now to the most frequent and the most reasonable criticism: that directed against the "Carvings in Flenite." It is generally stated in a rather confused way, but I think that it can be analysed out into two separate prejudices. The first is that an artist has no business to use formulæ taken from another civilisation. The second is that, even if the formula the artist uses is the natural means of expressing certain of his emotions, yet these emotions must be unnatural in him, a modern Western. I shall attempt to show that the first objection really has its root in the second, and that this second prejudice is one which runs through almost every activity at the present time. These "Carvings in Flenite," we are told, are "deliberate imitations of Easter Island carvings." This seems to me to depend on a misconception of the nature of formulæ. Man remaining constant, there are certain broad ways in which certain emotions must, and will always naturally be expressed, and these we must call formulæ. They constitute a constant and permanent alphabet. The thing to notice is that the use of these broad formulæ has nothing to do with the possession of or lack of individuality in the artist. That comes out in the way the formulæ are used. If I or the King of the Zulus want to walk, we both put one leg before the other; that is the universal formula, but there the resemblance ends. To take another illustration, which I don't want to put forward as literally true, but which I only use for purposes of illustration. A certain kind of *nostalgie* and attenuated melancholy is expressed in Watteau by a formula of tall trees and minute people, and a certain use of colour (I am also aware that he got this feeling, in the Gilles, for example, by a quite other formula, but I repeat I am only giving a sort of hypothetical illustration). It would be quite possible at the present day for a painter, wishing to express the same kind of emotion, to use the same broad formula quite naturally and without any imitation of Watteau. The point is, that given the same emotion, the same broad formula comes naturally to the hands of any people in any century. I may say that I have not, as a matter of fact, any great admiration for the particular painters who use this particular formula, but I am trying to give an illustration of a formula which the critics who attack Mr. Epstein would not have attacked. To be legitimate, of course, the formula used must be a natural expression of the feeling you are getting at and not a mere imitation of an exotic or a romantic past. The form follows the need in each case. It may quite easily be the same need divided by many civilisations.

I think that in this way we can force these people back on to the real root of their objection, the second prejudice I mentioned, the feeling that it is unnatural for a modern to have the kind of emotion which these formulæ naturally express. In getting at this, one is getting at something that is really fundamental in modern life. I do think that there is a certain general state of mind which has lasted from the Renaissance till now, with what is, in reality, very little variation. It is impossible to characterise it here, but it is perhaps enough to say that, taking at first the form of the "humanities," it has in its degeneracy taken the form of a belief in "Progress" and the rest of it. It was in its way a fairly consistent system, but is probably at the present moment breaking up. In this state of break-up, I think that it is quite natural for individuals here and there to hold a philosophy and to be moved by emotions which would have been unnatural in the period itself. To illustrate big things by small ones I feel, myself, a repugnance towards the *Weltanshauung* (as distinct from the technical part) of all philosophy since the Renaissance. In comparison with what I can vaguely call the religious attitude, it seems to me to be trivial. I am moved by Byzantine mosaic, not because it is quaint or exotic, but because it expresses an attitude I agree with. But the fate of the people who hold these views is to be found incomprehensible by the "progressives" and to be labelled reactionary; that is, while we arrive at such a Weltanshauung quite naturally, we are thought to be imitating the past.

I have wandered into this by-path merely to find therein an illustration which will help up to understand the repugnance of the critic to the "Carvings in Flenite." It is, says the critic, "rude savagery, flouting respectable tradition-vague memories of dark ages as distant from modern feeling as the loves of the Martians." Modern feeling be damned! As if it was not the business of every honest man at the present moment to clean the world of these sloppy dregs of the Renaissance. This carving, by an extreme abstraction, by the selection of certain lines, gives an effect of tragic

greatness. The important point about this is that the tragedy is of an order more intense than any conception of tragedy which could fit easily into the modern progressive conception of life. This, I think, is the real root of the objection to these statues, that they express emotions which are, as a matter of fact, entirely alien and unnatural to the critic. But that is a very different thing from their being unnatural to the artist. My justification of these statues would be then (1) that an alien formula is justifiable when it is the necessary expression of a certain attitude; and (2) that in the peculiar conditions in which we find ourselves, which are really the breaking up of an era, it has again become quite possible for people here and there to have the attitude expressed by these formulæ.

I have dealt with these in rather a literary way, because I think that in this case it is necessary to get semi-literary prejudices out of the way, before the carvings can be seen as they should be seen, i.e., plastically.

To turn now to the drawings which have been even more misunderstood by the critics than the carvings. I only want to make a few necessary notes about these, as I am dealing with them at greater length in an essay elsewhere. I need say very little about the magnificent drawing reproduced in this paper, for it stands slightly apart from the others and seems to have been found intelligible even by the critics. I might, perhaps, say something about the representative element in it—a man is working a Rock Drill mounted on a tripod, the lines of which, in the drawing, continue the lines of his legs. The two lines converging on the centre of the design are indications of a rocky landscape. It is the other drawings which seem to have caused the most bewildered criticism; they have been called prosaic representations of anatomical details, "medical drawings," and so on. It is perfectly obvious that they are not that. What prevents them being understood as expressions of ideas is quite a simple matter. People will admire the "Rock Drill," because they have no preconceived notion as to how the thing expressed by it should be expressed. But with the other drawings concerned with birth the case is different. Take for example the drawing called "Creation," a baby seen inside many folds. I might very roughly say that this was a non-sentimental restatement of an idea which, presented sentimentally and in the traditional manner, they would admire—an idea something akin to the "Christmas crib" idea. If a traditional symbol had been used they would have been quite prepared to admire it. They cannot understand that the genius and sincerity of an artist lies in extracting afresh, from outside reality, a new means of expression. It seems curious that the people who in poetry abominate clichés and know that Nature, as it were, presses in on the poet to be used as metaphor, cannot understand the same thing when it occurs plastically. They seem unable to understand that an artist who has something to say will continually "extract" from reality new methods of expression, and that these being personally felt will inevitably lack prettiness and will differ from traditional clichés. It must also be pointed out that the critics have probably themselves not been accustomed to think about generation, and so naturally find the drawings not understandable. I come now to the stupidest criticism of all, that of Mr. Ludovici. It would probably occur to anyone who read Mr. Ludovici's article that he was a charlatan, but I think it worth while confirming this impression by further evidence. His activities are not confined to art. I remember coming across his name some years ago as the author of a very comical little book on Nietzsche, which was sent me for review.

I shall devote some space to him here then, not because I consider him of the slightest importance, but because I consider it a duty, a very pleasant duty and one very much neglected in this country, to expose charlatans when one sees them. Apart from this general ground, the book on Nietszche is worth considering, for it displays the same type of mind at work as in the article on art.

What, very briefly then, is the particular type of charlatan revealed in this book on Nietszche. It gave one the impression of a little Cockney intellect which would have been more suitably employed indexing or in a lawyer's office, drawn by a curious kind of vanity into a region the realities of which must for ever remain incomprehensible to him. Mr. Ludovici, writing on Nietszche, might be compared to a child of four in a theatre watching a tragedy based on adultery. The child would observe certain external phenomena, but as to the real structure of the tragedy, its real moving forces, it would naturally be rather hazy. You picture then a spruce little mind that has crept into the complicated rafters of philosophy—you imagine him perplexed, confused—you would be quite wrong, the apperceptive system acts like a stencil, it blots out all the complexity which forms the reality of the subject, so that he is simply unaware of its existence. He sees only what is akin to his mind's manner of working, as dogs out for a walk only scent other dogs, and as a Red Indian in a great town for the first time sees only the horses. While thus in reality remaining entirely outside the subject, he can manage to produce a shoddy imitation which may pass here in England, where there is no organised criticism by experts, but which in other countries, less happily democratic in these matters, would at once have been characterised as a piece of fudge. I have only drawn attention to this in order to indicate the particular type of charlatan we have to deal with, so that you may know what to expect when you come to consider him as an art critic. I want to insist on the fact that you must expect to find a man dealing with a subject which is in reality alien to him, ignorant of the aims of the actors in that subject and yet maintaining an appearance of adequate treatment with the help of a few tags.

That a man should write stupid and childish things about Nietzsche does not perhaps matter very much; after all, we can read him for ourselves. But when a little bantam of this kind has the impertinence to refer to Mr. Epstein as a "minor personality—of no interest to him," then the matter becomes so disgusting that it has to be dealt with. The most appropriate means of dealing with him would be a little personal violence. By that method one removes a nuisance without drawing more attention to it than its insignificance deserves. But the unworthy sentiment of pity for the weak, which, in spite of Nietzsche, still moves us, prevents us dealing drastically, with this rather light-weight superman. To deal definitely then with his criticism. He dismissed Mr. Epstein with the general principle "Great art can only appear when the artist is animated by the spirit of some great order or scheme of life." I agree with this. Experience confirms it. We find that the more serious kind of art that one likes sprang out of organic societies like the Indian, Egyptian, and Byzantine. The modern obviously imposes too great a strain on an artist, the double burden of not only expressing something, but of finding something in himself to be expressed. The more organic society effects an economy in this. Moreover, you might go so far as to say that the imposition of definite forms does not confine the artist but rather has the effect of intensifying the individuality of his work (of Egyptian portraits). I agree then with his general principle: we all agree. It is one of those obvious platitudes which all educated people take for granted, in conversation and in print. It seems almost too comic for belief, but I begin to suspect from Mr. Ludovici's continued use of the word "I" in connection with this principle, that he is under the extraordinary hallucination that the principle is a personal discovery of his own. Really, Mr. Ludo, you musn't teach your grandmother to suck eggs in this way. That you should have read of these truths in a book and have seen that they were true is so much to the good. It is a fact of great interest to your father

and mother, it shows that you are growing up; but I can assure you it is a matter of no public interest.

Admitting then, as I do, that the principle is true, I fail to see how it enables Mr. Ludovici to dismiss Mr. Epstein in the way he does, on a priori grounds. The same general principle would enable us to dismiss every artist since the Renaissance. Take two very definite examples, Michelangelo and Blake, neither of whom expressed any general "scheme of life" imposed on them by society, but "exalted the individual angle of vision of minor personalities."

The whole thing is entirely beside the point. The business of an art critic is not to repeat tags, but to apply them to individual works of art. But of course that is precisely what a charlatan of the kind I have just described cannot do. It is quite possible for him in each gallery he goes to, to find some opportunity of repeating his tags, but when (as he was in his book on Nietzsche) he is entirely outside the subject, when he is really unaware of the nature of the thing which artists are trying to do, when he gets no real fun out of the pictures themselves, then, when he is pinned down before one actual picture and not allowed to wriggle away, he must either be dumb or make an ass of himself. It is quite easy to learn to repeat tags about "balance," but put the man before one picture and make him follow with his finger, the lines which constitute that "balance" and he can only shuffle and bring out more tags.

Now apply this test to Mr. Ludovici. We have seen him dismiss Mr. Epstein with a tag. When he makes individual judgments about individual pictures in The New English Art Club, what kind of judgments are they? We start off with Mr. John. Here he thinks he may be fairly safe; here is a reputation ten years old which has at last reached him. But, alas! we are not dealing with Mr. John as a painter, but with one painting by Mr. John. Mr. Ludovici falls. He picks out for extravagant praise Mr. John's cartoon "The Flute of Pan," a thing universally admitted to be the worst thing John has ever exhibited, a macédoine of Botticelli-Mantegna drapery, Rossetti faces, rocky backgrounds from Leonardo, and a ridiculous girl on the right pretending to be dancing in order that she may show a Botticelli leg and foot, on the left a sort of crapulous Michelangelo and the little Peter Pan boy so much admired by Mr. Ludovici, the whole messy, smudged and in parts badly drawn, the design itself so clumsy that the right third of the picture is left so empty that one feels a girder should be run up from the corner to prop up the rest, which seems in imminent danger of toppling over. The whole thing expresses, with the impotence of old age, the kind of dream appropriate to puberty. It lacks precisely that quality of virility which Mr. Ludovici finds in it, and is admired by precisely those "spinsterly," sloppy and romantic people whom, he imagines, dislike it. It is the result of no personal creative idea, but is entirely a derivative conglomeration of already existing pretty ideas. I emphasise this point because your critic insists so much on a picture being the expression of a definite "scheme of life." I am not dealing with this picture as Mr. Ludovici did with Mr. Epstein, contemptuously, but pointing out that it marks a degeneration, temporary perhaps, of a great talent.

Of the other pictures that he praises, it is only necessary to mention Von Glehn's No. 2, which is merely a bad fake, and Mr. D. G. Well's hackneyed Victorian cliché, and Mr. Steer's "Sunset," which expresses nothing but a romantic nostalgia. Are these the feeble derivative things the "creators of new values" admire?

That a critic of this calibre should attempt to patronise Mr. Epstein is disgusting. I make this very hurried protest in the hope that I may induce those people who have perhaps been prejudiced by ignorant and biased criticism to go and judge for themselves.

A Psychological Basis for Education.

To the Editor of THE NEW AGE.

Sir,—It is the misfortune of the modern world that whereas the sum of our recorded knowledge has increased beyond all precedent, the means of digesting that knowledge have diminished. This is especially so in that department of digestion which we call education. With all our knowledge we probably possessed—at any rate, until the date of this discovery I am describing—less practical skill in education than our mediæval ancestors. While, therefore, modern conditions demand that a large mass of unorganised and uncorrelated information shall be poured into the child's mind within a limited period, we are still comparatively ignorant as to what the child's mind is, and how it may be approached. We do not know what particular kind of food the developing mind of the child requires at all the varying stages of the development. The usual practice has accordingly been to disregard development entirely and to treat the infant as a miniature man, complete in everything save knowledge, which must, therefore, be crammed into him as quick as possible. As a result, we have a cramming process analogous to forcible feeding.

For time to time, however, various more enlightened persons have perceived that the mind does not come into the world complete at birth, but that the faculties develop in a certain order, to which order the educative process should confirm. Even in the XVIIIth Century a famous French physician, named Seguin, following up Pereira's discovery that the senses of smell, taste, hearing, etc., are all rooted in the tactile sense, concluded that education would be more effective if the more primitive senses were approached first, but the absence of any clue to which of those senses actually were the more primitive, prevented him from putting his idea to practical use. Spencer arrived at the same conclusion, apparently independently, for it does not seem that he had any acquaintance with Pereira and Seguin's conclusions. "There is," he said, "a certain order in which the faculties of the mind spontaneously develop, and a certain kind of knowledge which each requires during its development. It is for us to ascertain this sequence, and to supply this knowledge. . . Of course, this fundamental principle has never been wholly disregarded, for the simple reason that education is only possible on that condition. The error of the old methods consists in this, that they do not recognise in detail what they are obliged to recognise in general."

In other words, however well prepared we might be to educate upon the lines of the successive development and of the faculties, until we know pretty exactly in what order those faculties develop, we cannot carry those principles into practice. The intuition and the empirical experiments of such philosophers as Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, etc., might result in a partial and scrappy knowledge which is better than none, but the obvious lop-sidedness of their methods prevented their general adoption. So that the old methods are generally retained in practice, and we are all more or less satisfied to put a boy of seven down to study Latin grammar.

In other words, a map of the mind is required, showing clearly how the faculties hang together, and which develop first.

This map has been supplied, at any rate, in outline, as a by-product of the activities of the Organisation Society, founded by Mr. Bruce Williams. The researches of this Society into the analogy which exists between Man and the Universe, ended in the conclusion that man is literally, as well as analogically, a miniature cosmos, *and that the various strata which are discoverable in the organic life of the universe are reproduced in the mind of man.* Classified according to their mental development the denizens of the animal kingdom fall into a number of easily recognisable and well-defined classes, starting from those who are conscious only of undifferentiated tactile senses, passing upwards through those who recognise form, colour, etc., and rising by a series of ever widening powers to the class which enjoys the possession of the intellect—that is to say, MAN. It is further found that the child's mind grows as it were through these classes or stages, so that what may be called the evolutionary scale of life in the animal kingdom affords a clue to the order of the development of the faculties of man.

This idea, of course, is not new in itself. It has been frequently suggested, and as frequently ridiculed. But those who suggested it were not able to do more than suggest. They have certainly never gone so far as to draw the outlines of the mental map which we have postulated at the starting point. This, however, has now been done by the students of the Organisation Society, and will be explained in detail in a forthcoming book. For the present, since the amplification of the discoveries already made requires an extension of time and personnel, there has been founded the "O. S. Educational Research Society," with headquarters at 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, to carry on experimental work. One of the first tasks of the new body will be to examine, correct, and co-ordinate in the light of the new knowledge the existing systems of Montessori, Froebel, Dal Croze, etc. These, it is interesting to note, are, generally speaking, on correct lines, *so far as they go*. The defective character of the knowledge on which they are founded, however, caused omission and general lop-sidedness, which has gone far to spoil their partially excellent results. The new discovery should have the same amplifying and proportioning effect upon these systems as the discovery of perspective had upon painting.

It will be noted that all this comes—or should come—with peculiar appropriateness at a time when a Liberal Government is planning or professing to plan, a reform of our educational system. It has been stated almost in as many words by the egregious Pease that the Board of Education is throwing away heaven knows how many annual millions on unsystematic experiments in the shape of grants to schools in the hope, and, need we say, the vain hope, that if we muddle about enough, something will turn up. But it won't. Valuable discoveries in philosophy don't turn up. They are discovered. Only Endowed reseach on carefully thought out lines will solve the problem. ROMNEY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

IRISH HOME RULE.

Sir,—In your issue of December 4 Mr. Redmond Howard described me as "a profound Catholic." As he brackets me with Mr. F. H. O'Donnell and Mr. Michael Davitt, he clearly means that I am a believing *Roman* Catholic. That is a mis-statement which I must ask you to allow me to correct. I was born a Roman Catholic and remained a Roman Catholic until after the appearance of my book, "Priests and People in Ireland." I was vainly hoping that it would be possible for a man to work for the liberation of his fellow-Roman Catholics and continue his belief (1) in the power of the priests to transubstantiate bread and wine into "the body and blood, soul, and divinity" of the Lord Jesus Christ; and (2) to forgive sins by absolution after auricular confession.

I found that as long as I believed in a man's power to perform these two miracles and agreed to pay him money, as his due, for the performance of these miracles for my assumed salvation, I could not deny his right to control me in every secular matter, including education, the administration of justice, the election of Members of Parliament, the choice of what I should read and what I should leave unread, and every other item in a free man's programme of life.

The Roman Catholic bishops and priests in Ireland are a body of men organised on strictly business lines. They get hold of the Roman Catholic children, and inculcate in their minds a belief in the miraculous powers of the bishops and priests. They take certain selected Roman Catholic young men in infancy and, putting them into the diocesan seminaries, imbue them with the belief that they are a class apart, capable of being endowed with these miraculous powers by transmission from the existing bishops and priests. That is the process which is going on in Ireland. That is the cause of all the discontent and unhappiness of the Roman Catholic laity.

I desire to tell you, Sir, that I do not believe in the claims of the Roman Catholic priesthood. I believe them to be men just like myself, and nothing more. As Paul and Barnabas said of themselves at Lystra, they are "men of like passions with us," and have no right to be considered either gods or demigods.

Mr. Redmond and his entire party admit this claim of the priesthood; and the few show Protestants whom they maintain in their ranks are just as subservient to the secular claims of the bishops and priests as Mr. Redmond or Mr. Devlin. Wild horses would not draw even the mildest criticism of the recent *Ne Temere* decree from Mr. Redmond, Mr. Devlin, Mr. Swift MacNeill, or Mr. Gwynn. They dare not assent now to the exemption of the four north-eastern counties, because Cardinal Logue resides in one of these counties, namely, in Armagh, the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland, and will not be excluded from the benefits of Nationalist rule at Dublin Castle. It was Cardinal Logue who caused Mr. Redmond to reject the Irish Councils Bill of 1907. It is Cardinal Logue to-day who resists the exemption of Ulster. Without the priests at the present moment the so-called "Nationalist" movement in Ireland would not be worth noticing.

I ceased on conviction to believe in the alleged miraculous powers of those of my fellow-Irishmen who are bishops and priests by profession. Therefore I am not a Roman Catholic, and, therefore also, I am a Unionist. I believe that the Protestant corrective applied to priestly pretensions in Ireland is greatly to the benefit of my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, under the Union with Great Britain. I believe that that check would be destroyed if a Dublin Parliament were established; and that Ireland, under Home Rule, would become a hidebound and decadent place, like Quebec, or the Roman Catholic districts of the Continent, a prey to political intrigues by Rome and foreign countries against England—a miserable place inhabited by superstitious Romanists and time-serving, nominal Protestants. I am a Unionist, like 999 out of 1,000 Unionists in the British Isles, because I am not a Roman Catholic, and I have given my reasons for not being a Roman Catholic. M. J. F MCCARTHY.

* * *

PARLIAMENT AND TRADE UNIONS.

Sir,—Lately reading Mr. R. H. Gretton's work on "The King's Government," and knowing you desire to make a collection in THE NEW AGE of passages bearing on your propaganda, I observed and have copied out the following extract. It will be seen that the Commons were as slow to realise their power as the Unions now appear to be. Nevertheless, the realisation came as also it will come: "It has frequently been remarked that the Bill of Rights and the Act of Succession are almost entirely negative in their provisions. It had, in fact, never occurred to the Commons that they should govern. Government resided in the Sovereign, assisted at first by an advisory body of nobles and high officials, and later by an administrative machine of ever-increasing complexity. To see that the purse and the liberty of the subject were not too heavily weighed upon by the Crown was the ideal of the Commons." Paraphrasing this as it applies to the Unions we have the following: "It had never occurred to the Trade Unions that they should govern their own industry. Control resided in the Employers, assisted at first by an advisory body of nobles and the Press, and later by a Government administrative machine of ever-increasing complexity. To see that the wages and the conditions of their employment were not too unsatisfactory was the ideal of the Unions."

R. M.

* * *

INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

Sir,—On looking through my NEW AGES I find a letter in your issue of November 27 from "Q," to which I regret I have not had an opportunity of replying sooner. I cannot quite agree with your correspondent that the cost of an administrative system, operating through taxation, is necessarily "relevant to the upkeep or breakdown of the social order" under our charge. Theoretically, no doubt, the better the upkeep of the social order under our charge, the less the administration should cost; but we may be trying to re-establish a social order, as we are doing with the Egyptian peasants, and, in consequence, although we may be carrying out very good work, and there is no breakdown, we are put to considerable expense. On the other hand, as in India, we may incur expense through carelessness in letting a social order, or a fraction of it, break down, as in the case of the Indian village community.

The number of our Indian administrators does not necessarily bear any relation to the volume of capital, especially when, as "Q" does, we speak of them as being in an inverse ratio—the larger the volume of capital, the fewer Europeans. If India, as the evidence indicates, is going to be developed on the bad lines of western industrialism, so far as western industrialism can be applied in India, then more European administrators will be re-

quired. "Q" will not forget that the tendency of legislation in the last six or seven years has been in the direction of the appointment of numerous officials; and India offers good material prospects for the more adventurous.

Since the Government has definitely fixed the value of the rupee, the question of a gold standard has not arisen. The Indians themselves are more accustomed to silver than to gold; and the fact that London financiers (not all of them born in England) can make money by speculating in Indian silver proves nothing against the rupee.

Russia has not yet all the positions she wants on the north-west frontier; and the Trans-Persian railway project is still being considered very seriously in St. Petersburg. Even if Russia were now ready to attack India, diplomatic considerations in Mongolia and Europe render the present an inopportune moment. I agree with "Q," of course, in saying that the support of the Indian people is vital to us. Our immediate Indian problem is to secure a continuance of the influential support we already have, and to placate the influential support ranged against us. If we act in a statesmanlike way, we can do both.

S. VERDAD.

* * *

THE NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

Sir,—I think the critics of Mr. Reginald Cloake have missed two weak points in his case against the N.U.C.

The first is that most clerks are attached to business not related to an actual industry, and which are only necessary to private ownership.

I do not know one reason why these clerks should ignore the principle of collective bargaining while their occupations exist, and I therefore submit that they should be in the N.U.C.

The fact that the N.U.C. cannot become an industrial union, and subsequently a guild, does not prove that such an organisation has no sphere of utility.

The second point is that a printer's clerk is not permanently a printer's clerk, nor is a soapmaker's clerk permanently a soapmaker's clerk—and so on. A clerk may change from industry to industry, or to no industry at all, whenever he changes his job.

To me the only immediately practical way of forming a connection between the clerk and the artisan or labourer in the same industry is by developing the N.U.C. policy of "Like-office Fraternities," within the N.U.C., constituted with sufficient elasticity to allow a clerk to change from "Fraternity" to "Fraternity" as his job takes him from industry to industry.

That is all I wish to state regarding the N.U.C. as an organisation, and now, with your permission, I wish to attack the administration of it.

In your last issue "Remus" made a statement inferring that the head office conditions were equal to those of any other office conditions in the country.

I would like your readers to compare that statement with the following resolution passed unanimously by the St. Pancras branch a few days ago:—

"That this branch having listened to the explanation of the secretary and the assistant secretary regarding the treatment of their deceased member ——— is of the opinion that the head office conditions are, in one respect at least, namely, the employment of day to day labour, on a level with the worst offices in London."

The member in question (his name can be left out) was given temporary employment for one month, and then dismissed at the end of one day, *with one day's pay, less fourpence for Insurance,* for alleged incompetency. Later, he was found dead.

I do not say the N.U.C. is directly responsible, but I do say that if its officials had acted up to the standard of mere commercial morality it was not likely to have happened.

Any man who employs another takes a risk—the risk that his judgment is wrong, and that the employee does not possess the qualifications the employer thought he had. When an ordinary man of business makes this mistake he pays for it himself by keeping the man for a week, or giving him a week's money before dismissing him.

The N.U.C. made this mistake; it did not pay for it, and to explain away its failure to do so the officials stated it was their policy to employ men from day to day in order to avoid the remote possibility of paying for a few hours' assistance which they did not urgently require.

Mr. Elvin is such an able talker that it was quite impossible to get a definite statement from him as to who first suggested this degrading system—himself or the executive?

Whoever it is would be more at home by the side of Lord Devonport. I understand they use this system down at the docks.

The signs are that the matter will not rest with mere resolutions.

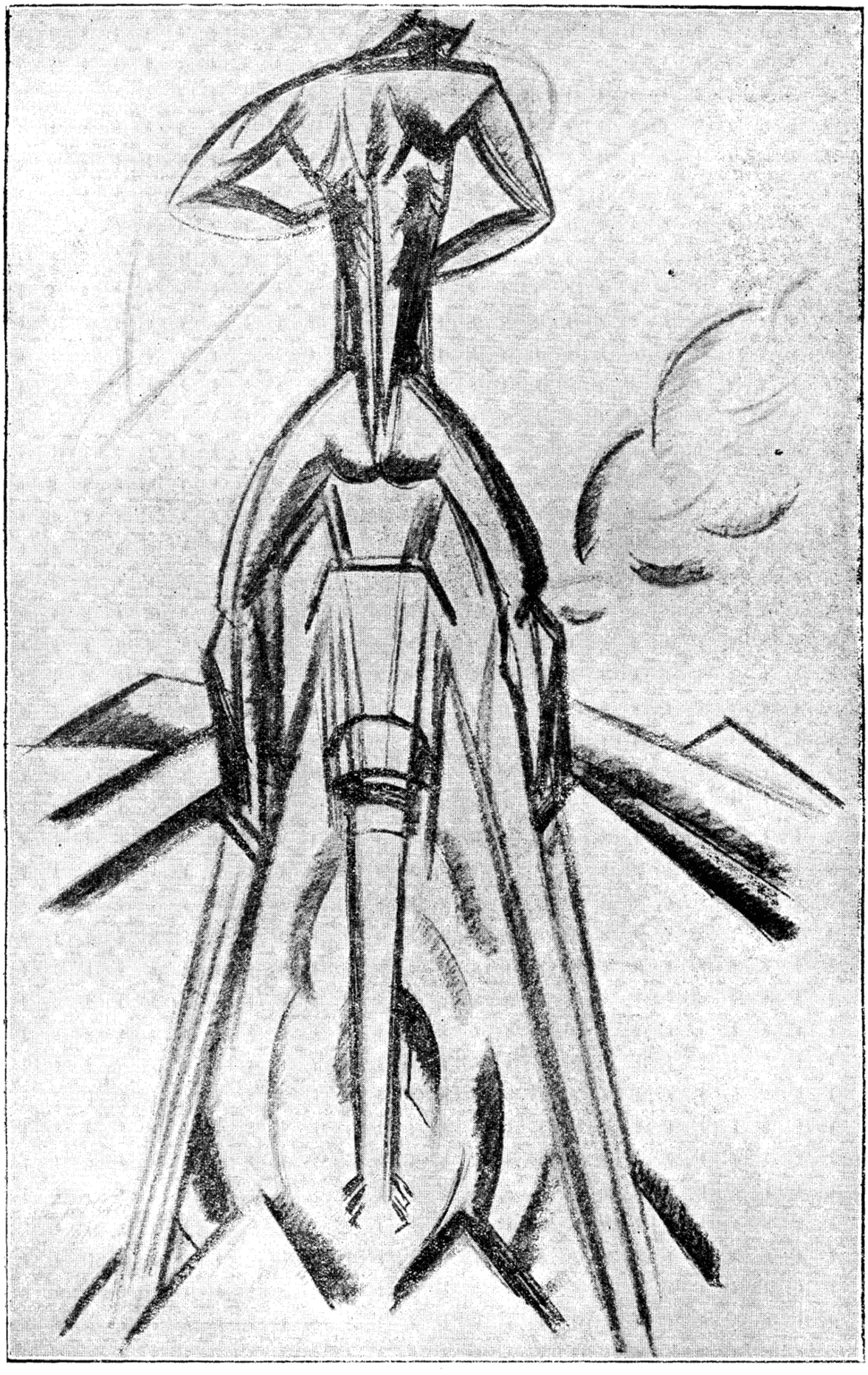
C. E. HESTER.

* * *

ORBICULARITY.

Sir,—As a working man, labelled by wage, card, and lodger's vote, I ask you to cause to be written and print articles, or an article, on plutocratic ideas. Men like me have a sufficient notion of the poor man's psychology and some knowledge of middle class creeds, but no means of knowing the genuine thoughts of the plutocrats. Suppose we read the "Morning Post" or the "Quarterly Review," we cannot be certain of ability to read between the lines and get the truth. We have some knowledge concerning the larger millionaries—Morgan, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Rothschild. Beyond this it is a blank to us except for the two hierarchies, Anglican and Catholic. You alone, as far as I see, are both able and willing to tell us. Of course, plutocrats discuss matters freely in their London clubs, but nothing can be divulged, especially to us, without a breach of confidence. So I ask you to gather the information from other, unprivileged sources. Let us know the ideas, social and economic, of those rich people who have a personal opinion; their ideas to-day, and indication of the change, if any, during the last twenty years. Without this our view is partial and without orbicularity. I see three possibilities. First, that they have no opinions worthy of mention, being absorbed in social ambition, getting more money, and perpetual motion to escape thought. Secondly, their ideas may be obsolete. Thirdly, they may have liberal theories which they think it would be unsafe to publish now and probably always. I hope you see the idea better than I express it. Please tell us how much vitality remains in the creed that the rich are a precious and divinely privileged race, professional people exist as ministrants, workers being necessary like wheat and coal, but without rights. Tell us how many would say: "As long as the workers are quiet under such as we they deserve to be plundered." The highly educated lady who spends twenty thousand yearly, more than half of it on dress: what is her mental justification? Surely she no longer thinks herself a benefactor. An average working-man, if suddenly made Prime Minister and installed at number ten (stranger things will happen) would be surprised if his wife gave such occasion for disgust as Mrs. Asquith did not long ago. The poles of vulgarity and refinement seem to be changing position. Tell us how much stupidity is a consequence of the false position of these people. Most men whom I have seen fall into the employing class seem ipso facto to lose all their intelligence. The more these distant ones conceal their ideas from us the more it is your duty to tell us what they are.

A. H.



THE ROCK-DRILL. BY EPSTEIN.

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