NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Some of the most extraordinary language heard in our day has been used of the South African strike and of the measures taken by the South African Government to meet it. For most of it General Botha himself must be held responsible, for he it was who struck the keynote. The embroileries, however, upon this rhetoric must be attributed to the Press of both countries, ready, as usual, to mistake violence for strength, rhetoric for sense and theatrical gestures for proof of passion. Thus the "Transvaal Leader" wrote of clearing the decks and of beginning and concluding the final struggle of the State with Syndicalism; and this hint being sufficient for the heated imagination of our journalists, the "Times" came out with the discovery, made in, we should say, and confined to, its own office, that the strike, after all, was "no precipitate outbreak," but a "long-prepared and carefully-planned" attack on the institution of government. Everywhere, indeed, in the partisan Press, this myth of a struggle for supremacy between the State and Syndicalism was permitted and encouraged to grow, until under its romantic shadow the most absurd and Quixotic, not to say the preposterously illegal and unconstitutional, acts of the South African Government began to appear to a cinema-bred public the desperate struggle of a hero of light against the forces of darkness. So lurid did the melodrama become that on the surrender of thirty peaceful unarmed men to a force of a thousand soldiers armed and provided with a machine-gun, the "Daily Express" (surely it was its dramatic critic!) referred to it as an "ignominious" surrender.

We should have thought that to General Botha, and even to our Pressmen, the employment of the phrase "fight to a finish" would have started reminiscences of no particularly happy omen. Was it not with this phrase that "Punch," on the eve of the Boer War, set the two combatants at each other's throats? And can General Botha have forgotten the sequel? In truth, however, the sequel for both General Botha and our own Press should have been well enough remembered to have raised some doubt whether, in fact, a fight in these days can ever be to a finish. Would "Punch" have supposed when it published its famous cartoon that the "finish" would be the premiership of General Botha and the practical triumph of the Boers? Is our Press so juvenile that it cannot recall how its struggle for "suzerainty" finished in exchanging the substance of the "finish" for the names? Very ominous, indeed, ought the advertisement given to their vague theories; and, as for ourselves, the ideas we deal in will assuredly not suffer of the "finish" in the event. But it is not for us to complain of the dramaturgy of the authorities in South Africa or of their agents here. If it is in their minds to make an elaborate myth of Syndicalism, the Syndicalists (if there be any) will not, we are sure, offer any objection; but, on the contrary, will welcome the advertisement given to their vague theories; and, as for ourselves, the ideas we deal in will assuredly not suffer by contrast with the myth of General Botha and the "Times." What, in fact, we have to do is to point out to men of sense the real situation underlying the imaginary situation created by these minor poets; and to draw for our readers the true morals to be derived from the events, not as they are made to appear, but as they are, of the preceding week.
The outstanding conclusion from the whole incident as we see it is that the men have won a tremendous moral victory of which the material fruit may be gathered at any time. This is plain from several considerations each as simple as ordinary reflection can make it. For one thing, they have deprived it in their place, that is, go on strike. Concerning its right to strike is happily beyond any doubts the proletariat may have had in the past of the phrase “fight to a finish.” What under these circumstances becomes of the phrase “fight to a finish”? It becomes manifestly nonsense; and not only nonsense, but as it has proved in this instance, nonsense illuminating most of all the very enemy whose annihilation was presupposed. Whatever doubts the proletariat may have had in the past of the efficacy of the general strike must all be set at rest by the events in South Africa. All unwittingly General Botha has proved that by simply striking, by doing something that nobody can prevent and for which nobody can really be severely punished, the proletariat has used the principle of which trouble and expense and the capitalist classes losses as much greater than the men’s losses as the gains of capital are greater than the gains of wages. What a finish, to be sure, to have brought the fight to! And where now does the Government stand? There cannot, says General Botha, be two Governments, but one must prevail. But which government can be said to prevail when of General Botha’s government it is proven true that it can only stand by being left alone by the men? The result, in our opinion, is to make it a little more apparent that without the consent of the governed, no government is possible.

Now that, as we hope, the present incident is over, it will be well for both politicians and journalists to inquire into the real ground of the men’s demands. That at bottom it was a demand for a superior status we not only admit but claim. Nothing, in fact, does more honour to their demands than that they should be the first proletariat in the history of the world to strike for status and not for wages. But what fearful implications does this carry with it to justify the panic of the existing authorities? None that we can see. They have demonstrated in their complete ignorance of the real demands of the men a spectre which they call Syndicalism; but let them once seriously examine this apparition, as we have done, and it will turn out to be little more than a bogey. The substance of Syndicalism, we contend, is the perfectly reasonable, practical and necessary claim of the proletariat that, in view of the realised nature of the wage-system, the workers must become partners in industry either with the State or (at worst) with the employers. Its mythical character, on the other hand, is the assumption of its silliest friends and its stupidest enemies, that this substantial demand involves the abolition of the State and of all authoritative Government. But where, in fact, has any such doctrine been formulated in practice? Not in South Africa, at any rate; for we do not believe a word of the report that schemes for abolishing the State. Look coolly at it and take it on its face value—where is even the so-called Syndicalism of it? We imagine that when this is done, our Press will feel a little sheepish on recalling the riot of cowardice into which their fancies drove them last week.

On the other hand, we do not deny that even this demand is revolutionary as compared with the demands previously made for higher wages or for mere recognition; but its revolutionary character is, in the first place, by no means destructively so; in the second place, it is well in the present drift of things (that is to say, it is natural); in the third place, it is strictly economic; and finally, its satisfaction is now more than probable, it is certain. Let us examine briefly each of these points. Who has read history can fail to remark the analogy of the present economic position with the political position of the proletariat before the Reform Acts of 1832 and 1867? Then it was a question of whether
civil government could be maintained as the prerogative of a small class and in the face of the demand of the wage-earners for it. If they were not indulged in by the ruling Jeremians concerning the consequences to the State and the nation of the admission to the franchise of the "people"! Had it in fact been possible for the ruling classes of the day to fight that fight to a finish we do not doubt that the franchise would never have been conceded; but then as now it was proved that government without the consent of the governed was no government at all, that, in short, revolution or no revolution, the King's Government had to be carried on. But it is not true of Industry than of politics, no less true of industrial government than of civil and political government, that without the consent of the employers the continuance of the system is impossible. And if experience proved to the Duke of Wellington that it was better to admit the people to government than to have no government at all, we may be pretty sure that experience if not common sense will prove to his economic successors of to-day that it is better to admit the proletariat to a place in industrial government than to have no industry whatever.

That some such incorporation of the proletariat with the other partners of industry is economically necessary appears from many points of view. Nobody will deny that it is economically necessary to the proletariat than to themselves who, after all, must be counted in the social scheme of things. Either they must cease to be a com- modity and become a principal, or they must be prepared to be superseded by machinery. But it is no less necessary to economics in the strict sense of the maximum production by the minimum means in respect both of quantity and quality. What, for instance, would happen to industry if the proletariat while continuing dissatisfied continue also to strike on a larger and larger scale? Before very long they will be in a position to compel their employers to spend more in self-defence than in production itself. Instead of insurance rate against strikes, the rate can easily be raised to fifty and more. Production on these terms would clearly not be at its economic maximum. Again, it is clear that in competition the most peaceful nation is the most successful nation—other things, of course, being equal. If there is any country competing with England in which strikes are relatively unknown, that country will certainly bear the palm against us. On the other hand, given industrial peace, we need fear no competition on the globe. The economy of peace goes further than the fruits simply of the abstinence from war; for peace is not merely a negative but a positive condition. Industrial peace—or, in other words, a contented industrial population—is an absolute condition of a maximum production, more in respect of quality than even of quantity. Finally, it may be offered as an observation intelligible and cogent, at least to historians, that no great movement such as we see to-day among the proletariat is without both of its cause and its purpose. It may be the case that the movement itself is unaware either of its origin or of its destiny; but historically the movement will appear in the retrospect as the natural insurgence of the pro- letariat in reaction to the given industrial peace, a fairly typical national economic necessity. We say, indeed, that the promotion of the proletariat to partnership in national industry, while ethically satisfying, would prove to be economically satisfactory as well. Precisely as civil government has lost none of its stability, but, on the contrary, has gained stability by the sharing of power with the governed, so economic production, far from suffering decline by the raising of the status of the wage-earners, would immediately increase and multiply production and bring society into a new material as well as into a new moral era.

In thus fighting against a movement, wiser in its instincts than they are in their reason, the governing classes are fighting against the light. But more than that, they are fighting in a losing cause! Put it at its best from their own point of view, and assuming that they have the power to refuse the demand to the proletariat this year, next year, some time—for how long do they think they can continue an effective defence? For another ten years? for the remainder of this century? We doubt the smaller period even, but allowing the longer—what is to happen then? We know that after propping the end of all things as a consequence of the Reform Bill the Duke of Wellington discovered that the worst effect was the sight of so many shock- ing "bad hats" in the House of Commons. By industry the system of industry will the present be superseded, if not now then sooner or later, and what dire calamities will result from it? We think we know, in outline at any rate, both the system and what will follow from it; but we are much more certain that whatever the system be that will supersede the present system, the present system cannot continue indefinitely. Surely it behaves politicians and publicists to examine before it comes upon them, the heir-apparent of the industrial throne; and not as if with his coming the final catastrophe spoken of in scripture would fall upon us. Industry, we may be sure, will continue though the proletariat cease to be slaves and become workers; the State will remain though its members, from gumbering beasts of the field, number only in a few hundreds. In order of things, we believe, that this change should be brought about; and it is in the will of the proletariat (if not yet in their minds) that it shall be brought about speedily.

In an astonishing "turn upon himself" such as Matthew Arnold, it may be remembered, noted in Burke in the midst of his tirade against the French Revolution, the editor of the "Saturday Review," while deprecating the use of "terrorism" as a means of propaganda, allowed that the ends proposed by Labour were not in themselves bad. "The well-being of Labour," he said, "is a great thing, the solidarity of Labour might be a great thing, and the control of industry by Labour would be a great experiment." But that is all, for the moment, that Labour demands; that is all, for the moment, that Labour will demand. The more or the less depends entirely upon the spirit in which these demands are met. We can easily imagine circumstances in which these moderate statesmanlike and economically necessary and beneficent demands may be satisfied under conditions of their highest fruitfulness both to those who make and to those who accede to them. That State, we say, would enter on a golden age that would bring society into a new material as well as into a new moral era.
our minds is clear: to sacrifice no right already won, to abandon no liberty already possessed, to press on with one aim—to create blackleg-proof unions, each constituting a monopoly of its labour. This procedure in itself, if we have often said, produce fruit by the way; it is also the only reply to the misguided reactionaries who now propose to lock the door on liberty, the horse being gone!

According to the “Times” annual financial and commercial review, the year 1913 has been something singular even in a period of trade unequaled before in the world. “We look back,” says the “Times,” “on the past year’s record with a feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness.” But who are the “we” in this case that are to feel satisfaction and to thank, presumably, “our” Maker? The “Times,” it is true, speaks of “the increase in the general prosperity”; but the term is as offensively exclusive as the terms of Magna Charta that excluded four-fifths of the existing population; for far from our fourteen million wage-slaves sharing in this general prosperity, beyond being, for the most part, sweated to produce it, at the same time that profits have been bounding upwards, wages have remained stationary or have only risen on an average by about a penny a week per worker, while prices have risen to a height the most fastidious man of 1883, on the very day, indeed, that the “Times” was holding thanksgiving for the “general prosperity” confined to a small class impartially regarded by it as the nation, the Board of Trade was publishing the Labour statistics of the year. We will not tax the credulity of our readers by summarising these ourselves, for we are well known to be biased in favour of our proletarian aborigines. We will quote the “Daily Express,” the pimp of capital and the scavenger of the financiers. “Any gain,” said the “Daily Express” on Thursday, “any gain in wages during 1913 that may have been made by the working classes is counterbalanced by the steady rise in prices.” Is that not proof enough, taken, as it is from a paper that would lie if it could, of our general proposition that wages cannot rise, but can only fall? What becomes now of those arguments we have heard so much of, that if only Labour were more productive, wages would rise; or that if only social reforms were passed the poor would be made richer? We have had our increased production beyond the dreams of greed; we have had our social reform beyond the nightmares of the most radical reformers; and after a year of unparallelled efforts in both directions, wages in relation to prices have continued to fall. What to think of people who fail still to see the point we really do not know. What do they need to convince them? If the miraculous figures quoted and quotable leave them doubtful there remains nothing for them but the ignorance in which they were born. As for us, we shall never cease asseverating the conclusion that wages cannot be raised while the wage-system endures—no, not though production should multiply like the seed of Israel, and social reforms be as the sands of the shore for multitude.

But wages can be reduced easily enough. Of that, neither, can there be the least reasonable doubt. Both science and what is called “progress” seem, indeed, to have put their heads together for this very purpose. Science, on the one hand, reduces the demand for labour (and therewith its price as a commodity) by devising proletariat-saving machines; and, on the other hand, women’s “progress” in particular is assisting science by substituting for the male proletariat a new type of worker neither properly female nor, of course, properly male, but a kind of mechanical epicene. Of the instincts (or as they love to hear them called, the intuitions) of women the only thing that can be said is that at the moment they are driving both women and men to destruction. Can women not see that in grandiloquently taking all labour for their province they are simply being used as tools by the worst scum among men? There was, for example, the other day an advertisement for girl learners at a Baby Carriage factory at the Garden City (the irony of it all)—to learn what? To learn the dangerous, highly-paid and hitherto exclusively male task of oxygen-welding. But the only object of this new “opening” of hers and its only effect upon industry will be to reduce wages. At the National Liberal Club last week one of the most fanatically suicidal feminists did, indeed, admit as much, and in the most general terms. “The chief result,” she said, “of women’s entry into the labour market is: to drive down wages and to produce troops of sweated women.” But what other effect could be expected, since employers are not in business for their health or for the women’s health or for the nation’s health, but only for profit? We could have told them as much years ago, have, in fact, told them so times without number. But that traitor to women, that witch (we should like to say more), Miss Olive Schreiner, would have it that women should take all labour for their province. Well, men are being crowded out of the labour market by women; and at the other end, as we said, by science. And to parallel the Baby Carriage incident we may refer for science’ work to the announcement just made by the Leeds Corporation. As a consequence of the strike, we are told, the Leeds Corporation will sell its municipal gasworks vertical retorts capable each of doing six times as much as those in use to-day. For every twenty-four men hitherto employed four will in future be sufficient. Further than this, in the street sweeping and general lighting of the city, motor and automatic machinery is now to be employed so as to dispense with proletariat labour to a degree only generally calculable. It is estimated on the whole that considerably over five hundred employees can now or shortly be “retrenched” and sent to offer unwanted services elsewhere in consequence of the new machinery. It is excellent news for science, it is excellent news for the holders of the Leeds municipal loans—but what is it for the men who live by wages? * * *

Following her damning admission of the effect on both women and wages of women’s descent into industry, the lecturer to whom we have referred complained that it all seemed deviating from the point it appeared to be no alternative. But such wringing of hands in a time of emergency is typically feminine [men please note!] and to a sex so stupid as to have entered industry when it was at its worst, no way out must appear the only conclusion. Nevertheless, as their descent was not inevitable, neither is their escape impossible, for the wage-system both can and will be destroyed. We have, in fact, described the means, and all that remains is to put them into practice. What are they? They are for the men to form blackleg-proof unions and to deal with their labour as a monopoly comparable, at the least, with capital, and, as such, on terms, at the least, of partnership with it. But to this end it is necessary not only that men should strive, but that their women-folk should not strive against them. Is it not enough that the men should have to meet the competition of machines and the treachery of male blacklegs but that, in addition, their own woman-kind should blackleg them as well? With all these obstacles against them the men can still win—our oat upon it! But with how much more celerity and with how much less bitterness if the women were with them and not against them! We hasten, however, to add that to be with and not against men does not imply any “trade unionism” among women, any affinity of spirit, any petticoats among the trade disputes or even any public life at all. These are simply baggage; a petticoat among fighting men is a petticoat on fighting men. Women can best assist men and themselves by making for home as fast as their best instincts can carry them.
Current Cant.

"Real artists are not, emotional."—W. B. Yeats.

"Journalism of to-day is something very near to literature."—Sir James Voskay, M.P.

"Labour representation has saved trade unionism."—Philip Snowden.

"The policy of the Unionist Party is clear."—"Liverpool Courier."

"Mr. J. L. Garvin fell in love with poetry... His appreciation of Mrs. Meynell was one of the best pieces of literary journalism in our time. It might have been done by Hazlitt."—"Daily Mirror."

"Chicago or Belfast is the natural home of surgery."—George A. Birmingham.

"The delusion of the general strike obsessed the Leeds strikers."—"Daily Express."

"The French Government, unfortunately, encourages heathen rites among the people."—"The Christian."

"Our front page to-day bears interesting testimony to the fact that the War Office is no longer living in the past... Its plan of advertising the attractions and conditions of service in the British Army is a new department for which everything can be said."—"Daily Mail."

"Violet Hunt's plots are the most complicated in existence."—Richard Aldington.

"Wrong you are, Mr. Larkin, because you don't believe in God."—Advertisement in the "Daily Herald."

"The real antidotes to Socialism are not militarism and repression, not conscription and protection, but free trade, free enlistment, and social reform."—"The Christian World."

"The writer on insurance matters for the edification of the general public is faced with the difficulty of what and what not to say to the purpose."—"The Policy."

"An orator of the greatest magnetism and eloquence, a writer of most marvellous fascination, a critic of unequalled clarity, judgment, and power, a biographer, a journalist, an editor, a founder of newspapers, an organiser, and a statesman—Mr. T. F. O'Connor."—"Brain Power."

"Neither can it be said that the miners have any special reason to be dissatisfied with the Labour Party which is now in the House of Commons."—Philip Snowden.

"The ubiquity of the novel to-day is evidence of the growth of democracy."—R. A. Scott James.

"Father Christmas: 'The best Christmas and New Year's present I can think of for you and yours is to arrange with my old friend here, Father Time, to give you all another eight years of Liberal government.' Working Man: 'Right-o, sir! There's nothing that would suit me better.'—"Liberal Monthly."

"The peril of unity."—"Christian Commonwealth."

"Loyal linnet that died with its destitute mistress."—"Daily Herald."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

A FEW months ago I had the pleasure of announcing in The New Age that the Triple Alliance was dead. So it still is; but an effort has recently been made by Germany and Austria to bring about a combination of large and small States which, it is hoped, will have the same diplomatic effect as the Triple Alliance—"diplomatic," in this case as in every other, meaning a negotiating power which can be supported by the requisite naval and military force for the carrying out of its aims.

For some considerable time after the Balkan war came to an end there were two uncertain factors in Near Eastern politics. One was Bulgaria and the other was Turkey; and both, as it happened, were the Powers which possessed the strongest armies, with the exception of Roumania. How to deal with these uncertain factors was the problem to which the statesmen interested in Central European and Near Eastern politics had to give their earnest attention. Roumania, having got what she wanted—Silistria—and having, incidentally, lost nearly fifteen per cent. of her army through cholera, did not care to risk anything more, and was counted out. Greece and Servia, although far from weakened, did not wish to enter upon any more great combats. Servia had enough to do in Albania, and Greece was concerned with the disturbances in Epirus.

France and England, for reasons of naval strategy with which I have already dealt, thought it best to give their support to Greece, and this meant supporting Servia. Moreover, Servia was the protegee of Russia, also a member of the Triple Entente with France and ourselves. It was therefore almost natural that Austria should make overtures to Bulgaria; and both the great combinations of Powers tried to come to terms with Turkey. The joint Austro-Italian interests in Albania helped to pull that side of the Triple together for a time; and the result of such tortuous manoeuvring was that Turkey finally went over to Germany, as the world knew when it read of the appointment of another German officer, General Liman von Sanders, as "reorganiser" of the Turkish army. I have already referred to the unusually large powers possessed by General von Sanders, and to the Russian protests at his appointment.

The present position, then, is this: Austria and Italy have managed for the time being—but only for the time being—to conceal the ill-feeling between them due to the desire for the mastery of the Adriatic; and they have, with Germany, Bulgaria, and Turkey, formed a Central European-Balkan group of Powers which is certainly formidable. The wide powers of General Liman von Sanders practically give the Germans the command of the Turkish army in every sense of the word; and Russia, quieted by railway concessions of some little value in the Black Sea basin of Asia Minor, is not willing to trouble the Balkans for the present.

Germany and Austria, then, have once more reverted to their designs on Asia Minor, this time with the aid of Turkey. What those designs are I have already specified in The New Age—I will take the liberty of referring such readers as follow these Notes week by week to the issue dated June 10, 1910. In my article of that date I referred to the design of the Triple Alliance, represented chiefly by the two predominant partners, to form a great empire stretching from Holland to the Persian Gulf. In the course of the article I said:

For some years past the German Government has been taking slow but persistent steps to make its influence
felt in this part of Asia (i.e., Persia). There are no German interests now, but it is hoped that there may be later on. And there is always the prospect that eventually Germany and Austria may be aib, to absorb Minor and gradually encroach upon Persia.... For all those who utterly pooh-pooh such a movement I have only one piece of advice—campaign in common with it have been drawn up, discussed, and re-discussed. Two sets of them have been prepared: one can be found in Berlin and the other in Vienna.

I am not disinterested or disappointed when I heard this scheme derided. I had given twenty-five years as the time necessary for putting it into practice, or attempting to do so; and I was accordingly surprised to find almost explicit confirmation of it in the "Frankfurt". A thing that to-day is not merely the lack of wheat and meat that would drive the country to destruction. Coal and iron and heaven knows what else are becoming daily from agricultural States to Industrial States; and they are more and more compelled to depend upon the uninterrupted importation of their raw materials. A war with England, France, and Russia at the same time appears entirely possible, to be sure, but the possiblity of such a conflict cannot be excluded, and far-seeing statesmen must reckon with it. The Triple Alliance and its allies are compelled to have recourse to large armies, cannot hope to compete successfully with the fleets of England and France on the high seas, for the plans of a war and our over-sea imports would, in a short time, be done away with, and our industries would languish for want of raw material. Any, it is not merely the lack of wheat and meat that would drive the country to destruction. Coal and iron and heaven knows what else have also become essential to us. Where, then, shall the Triple Alliance countries look for their raw material if the sea routes are cut off? There is only one means of land communication, and it leads through Roumânia, Bulgaria, and Turkey into Asia Minor. It follows that the Triple Alliance can never see this route barricaded by hostile States; the Triple Alliance must keep this route open at all costs. The German military mission in Constantinople is not merely helping to reorganise the Turkish army out of pure joy; it must, at the same time, serve both Turkey and the German Empire. One should also take notice of the determination of Germany and Austria not to consent to the proposal for the internationalisation of the stretch of the Orient Railway between Adrianople and Constantinople. The State lying between the eastern border of Hungary and Asia Minor is, indeed, no more: they must be the friends and allies of the Triple Alliance or they must reckon with the unflinching hostility of the Triple Alliance in any conflict which threatens their independence. Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria have on the Danube must be her friends, or she must seek to annihilate them. It is as Napoleon said: the Power that commands the high seas is in a position to control the whole. And if, to mark my just hatred and contempt for such a badge and hallmark of organised lying, I were to sneer and jeer at it in the open street, I should have no cause of complaint if its wearers visited me with a common assault. I might, indeed, upbraid them for their folly in being deceived into ever wearing such a thing; but not for their corporate spirit in protecting it from insult, once they had put it on. Not only the national soldier must not be surprised when the Prussian soldier you must not be surprised when the Prussian soldier goes for you, and if he knocks you down in the process, it is unreasonable to snivel. You may believe that the same Prussians are wrongfully present in your country and you may be right in believing so; but you cannot exceed that proposition (to which they would not assent) to make them any reader to bear the affront. You might as well go to war hoping that your belief that you are right in war will prevent the enemy from shooting at you.

If, for instance, the journalists of London were to don a uniform! and to believe (as they are quite silly enough to believe) that it was an honourable one, and to, mark my just hatred and contempt for such a badge and hallmark of organised lying, I were to sneer and jeer at it in the open street, I should have no cause of complaint if its wearers visited me with a common assault. I might, indeed, upbraid them for their folly in being deceived into ever wearing such a thing; but not for their corporate spirit in protecting it from insult, once they had put it on. Not only the national soldiers resent such insults. Anybody who does not believe this has only to command a certain English cavalry regiment in "Threes about," or to say to the Bedfords "Thou shalt not kill!"

Assuming that he escaped with his life, he might go on to consider the first of the many complications of the Zabern affair. This is the fact that the German garrison is practically the army of occupation in an alien and conquered country. Misled by those academic gentlemen whose pedantry is the most pernicious influence in the State, these Germans in 1870 convinced themselves that Alsace and Lorraine were German. It is their misfortune that they have failed to convince the inhabitants. The German position in the conquered province is a challenge to the world, which, though, as I have said, so long as they are there they cannot be expected to put up with insults, the fact that such insults persist is a proof of the moral weakness of their position. They would do better to get out of it.
Land Reform v. the Agricultural Labourers.

By Odon Por-

II.

TWICE has Mr. Lloyd George asserted in his recent speeches that Trade Union action on the part of agricultural labourers is too slow and practically impossible and that therefore the Government ought to come in and secure for them those conditions, which under normal circumstances would be obtained for them by their unions.

This statement does not bear out the facts. Farm labourers are being organised in Great Britain; lately they even struck successfully for higher wages. Unions of agricultural labourers are to be found in almost every European country. Agrarian conditions, so far as the farm labourers are concerned, are everywhere similar to those obtaining in Great Britain, therefore *The New Age* is on the right trail when it puts its hopes into the possibility of organising in Great Britain a monopoly of agricultural labour by the labourers themselves.

Moreover, what *The New Age* expects to happen in the future, namely, that the unions through a monopoly of labour will enforce their recognition as partners in the industries and that their members will consequently cease to be merely wage workers, is actually happening on a large scale in Italy.

In Italy the organisation of land labourers has gone on uninterruptedly for the last twenty-five years or so. At present the number of organised farm labourers reaches the half a million mark. Two hundred thousand of them are members of one industrial union, in other words, of a union embracing all categories of agricultural workers, small holders, peasants and farm labourers alike.

These unions are mainly responsible for the doubling of agricultural wages within the last two decades or so, and for the elimination of all residues of feudalism in the relation between landowners, peasants and farm labourers. The energetic action of these unions in claiming higher wages, fewer hours, and more regular employment, has been also instrumental in the introduction of modern methods of cultivation and management. In certain districts, just where the labour movement is most powerful, agricultural progress has almost attained perfection. The landowners, in order to balance the losses suffered from labour's advance, have turned to a more rational cultivation of the soil. Many landlords who hitherto have leased their farms to tenant farmers and paid no attention to them, have taken up the management themselves to their own great advantage, eliminating at the same time a class of parasites.

Through their movement the land labourers have recognised the power of joint action, and have been trained to work more rationally. Becoming more efficient producers and being conscious of the power vested in their united action, they were desirous of more work. At first, they forced the landowners to turn their undercultivated lands to a better use, then they brought pressure to bear upon the Government to reclaim waste lands whether owned privately or publicly, and to entrust their union with the work of reclamation and cultivation as well.

The contracting for public works was the first effect
of the agricultural labourers assuming higher functions. Maintaining the union form of organisation or transforming into co-operative societies—but usually keeping both forms alive—they began to bid for public and private works. At first they obtained few of them, as they had to compete with capitalist contractors. Later, they brought their organisations to a blackleg-proof state by imbuing the workers with the new vision, with the result that many private contractors were left without labourers, and the co-operative societies or the unions remained arbiters of the situation.

Such organisations have within the last decade or so undertaken and carried out public works representing an expenditure of approximately one hundred million lire, and many other works are at present being performed.

The activity of the farm labourers in their co-operatives of labour is, however, only of an auxiliary nature; they have taken it up as a means to relieve unemployment during the winter months. This kind of work is also necessarily limited, and in time will decrease sensibly; therefore the farm labourers tend to become settled peasants through extending the power and functions of their organisations.

The next step in their conquering of new positions was the claiming for cultivation of the lands reclaimed by them. The members of the same unions which reclaimed the land for the municipalities, for the State, or for private people, refused to cultivate them as agricultural labourers. The owners, private or public, were forced to lease the lands to the collective body or bodies of the workers.

To-day in Italy more than a couple of hundred thousand acres are cultivated collectively by about 150 unions and co-operative societies. These institutions are growing at an increasing rate, improving continuously upon their methods of action. They are irresistible. They fascinate the workers themselves, who make wonderful sacrifices for their collectivescope.

Most landowners are opposing them where and until they can. It took years of struggles in some places until the landowners decided rather to give up their fields to the workers than to lease them idle, but some landowners have willingly relinquished the tenant-farmer and have turned their lands over to the collective enterprises of the labourers.

When capitalists obtain a monopoly over an industry, or a supply of product, they exploit it always to their exclusive advantage, and are not much concerned about improving the efficiency of their enterprises. But these labour monopolies have never misused their power and have been factors of technical progress.

The co-operative farmers have kept public works not only because they make it frequently impossible for the capitalist contractors to compete with them, but principally because they are equipped with the best machines, have expert management, and execute the works better and quicker than the private speculators. They have carried out technically most difficult works to a great extent wherever the nature of the work will allow it.4

In view of the national importance and public utility of the co-operatives of labour, special laws have been enacted to regulate and facilitate their work and development. For instance, the authorities have been allowed to turn works over to the co-operatives without public bidding.

Most important above all is the fact that the efficiency and public-spirited attitude of these co-operatives of labour has inspired the vision of legislators, whose energy is directed towards the regeneration of agriculture on a national scale. All the latest projects of Land Reform reckon with them. Millions of acres are to be redeemed yet in Italy, allowing, on a great scale, a vital need, rivers having to be harnessed, swamp lands have to be drained and arid lands irrigated, and many roads have to be built. In the Northern provinces of the country hundreds of thousands of able agricultural labourers are idle during many months, while the public works in the Southern parts of the country cannot be executed, for there is no labour available or labour is inefficient. Hundreds of millions have been voted by Parliament for reclamation works in the South, but they cannot be carried on with sufficient intensity while in need of labour.

It was the idea of the Northern co-operatives of labour to organise "flying colonies" which could go to the South to do the work, relieving thus the surplus labour in the North, and at the same time in the South bringing civilised forms of living and labour to the long-neglected Southern population. Public men with a large vision have received enthusiastically this idea and made it the object of their proposals before Parliament, while the work on this line has been actually initiated.

By beginning collective farming enterprises, the land labourers made an enormous advance. They have eliminated the middle-man, who was sometimes a farmer himself, usually, however, a speculator who sub-let the farms. The profits of the middle-men went either entirely or in part to the advantage of the co-operative farms, the landowners claiming some of it for themselves. They decreased unemployment by reorganising production and the distribution of labour. They gave to more individuals less work, tending to provide the largest number of labourers with employment. Where agriculture is at its highest stage of development, they not only maintained the standard of output, but also increased it. Where they have introduced modern methods and means of production, a larger number of labourers have been kept at work. Where they have improved the methods, they have increased the output. Where they have been able to replace their own farm labour they have increased the output. Where they have used new methods and means of production, they have increased the output. Where they have been able to use the best implements, they have increased the output. Where they have been able to use the best implements, they have increased the output. Where they have been able to use the best implements, they have increased the output. Where they have been able to use the best implements, they have increased the output. Where they have been able to use the best implements, they have increased the output.

From simple land labourers they have collectively transformed themselves into organisers, managers and co-owners of enterprises. They have largely transformed their own structures of enterprise, not only by making their enterprises more efficient and more productive. They have transferred profits to their advantage, but by modifying the structure of the enterprise itself, they have made it more profitable. And this has not been attained through employing more capital, for, on the contrary, they encountered enormous difficulties in obtaining those normal advantages that capitalist farmers always find, i.e., regular and abundant credit, long contracts with the landowners, fields of big enough extension, to allow a rational exploitation of all factors of agricultural production.

The success of these co-operative farms is chiefly due to the superior moral qualities of the labourers, to their heroic sense of sacrifice and solidarity. Through their sense of solidarity and affection for their collective enterprise, they have combined the advantages of the great farms with those of the small ones and have eliminated the disadvantages of both. They could thus apply modern methods and means of production at profit, accompanying the labour of machines and the application of the fertilisers, etc., with their best efforts, with the best labour which an owner of a farm usually puts into his fields.

Such proofs of technical and moral superiority have impressed all those who seek the redemption of Italy from under-cultivated and waste lands. The recent official In-
queries into the conditions of Italian Agriculture, and all recent proposals of agrarian reforms, recognise the civilising mission of these labour institutions and desire to favour their growth in all respects; by the regulation of the land, by securing lower terms of indemnities for improvements, by the establishment of cheap and regular sources of credit. A law, favoured by the Cabinet, is before the Italian Parliament proposing to lease all State, municipal and charity lands to co-operative societies of farm labourers.

While the revolutionary tendency of these labour bodies is undeniable, while their ability to form a monopoly of labour and act upon it is undermining the present structure of society, their immediate and practical value in the solution of great national problems is of such vitality that, nolens volens, they have to be taken into serious consideration by the Government itself—which, of course, is anything but revolutionary—in the activities and plans directed towards the agricultural regeneration of the country.

The Italian experience has inspired the agricultural labourers in other countries. In Hungary, for instance, a movement on similar lines has been successfully started. The Roumanian Parliament has acted even quicker upon the Italian experience than the Italian Parliament. A law which orders that all public lands shall be leased exclusively to peasant associations. In 1910, 275 co-operative societies with 46,000 members were cultivating about half a million acres in Roumania.

III.

The Governments have learned their lesson, they have recognised the tracks upon which the labour organisations might advance towards a monopoly of labour, towards a new initial position which inevitably takes them into a revolutionary sphere of action. They are doing everything in their power to cut off these tracks with reforms, and, if reforms will not do, with violence.

Why should the working class not learn its lessons and act upon them? Once recognising the means and ways by which they may form a monopoly of labour, the workers may set out at once to realise these means and, by eliminating all intermediary steps, they may attempt a short cut towards their ultimate object.

There is nothing which would make it impossible to organise the agricultural labourers of Great Britain on some similar plan to that described above. Of course, it is absurd to think that the Italian experience would fit in every detail to the conditions existing in Great Britain. It is the tendency of the Italian movement that should function as a guide and should be a proof of the possibility of forming a monopoly of labour, and of performing collectively higher functions when appropriate forms of organisation have been developed. The spirit of the Italian experience should teach, inspire and stir to action the labourers in other countries.

Putting energy, enthusiasm, imagination and vision into the work of organisation, there could be launched a movement in a relatively short period, and the agricultural labourers could yet acquire a powerful influence in the impending remodelling of agricultural conditions. Nay, they even might save the Land Reform from a complete failure. They could form that point of crystallisation which is entirely missing in the latest land reform schemes. For looking into these reforms from the reformer's point of view—i.e., with sympathetic and technical insight—we detect a grave oversight of the vast reclamation works, financed by the nation in the interest of the agricultural labourers in particular and in the interest of the collectivity in general, to go to enrich private contractors? And who, under whose direction, is going to take up these lands for cultivation which have been put in a workable state at the expense of the nation? Is the nation going to create artificially a new class of tenant-farmers, which, in its turn, will exploit the land labourers? And who is to guarantee the State that the tenant-farmer taking up small or medium sized farms will cultivate them at their maximum capacity, thus benefiting the nation? Or who is going to guarantee the State that such farms will represent that type of farming which will always keep on the maximum level of efficiency? Finally, who is going to guarantee the State that the labourers will be attracted by a mere living wage to the soil, when in Canada and in other countries they still have a chance to become their own masters, when the continuous exchange of international experiences brings to them the news of the emancipatory process going on in other parts of the world?

If the Government mean to act against vested interests in the interest of national progress and in the interest of the labourers, they must conciliate the national interest with the interests of the labourers.

Underlying the nation's interest there are primarily technical problems to be solved. The agrarian reform must be carried out in such a way that it will not overburden the Budget of the State, and it must secure the intensification of agricultural production. The land labourers desire, or will certainly desire in the near future, to be free producers living under decent conditions.

We have seen how these two interests are being conciliated in Italy through a co-operation between the State and the organisation of the land labourers. The State has at its disposal organised enterprises which are functioning better and cheaper than the capitalist enterprises, or the State itself. Moreover, the same organisations take up the farming enterprises, reorganising them so as to secure a continuous technical progress, a continuous intensification of production.

The land labourers are not leaving the land where these tendencies prevail, but are rather flowing into it. They are free from the interference of parasites speculators, and are therefore working with passion on the regeneration of national life.

It is a challenge to the far-sighted Labour men of Great Britain to organise the land labourers under the guidance of this vision of free producers, and to bring direct organised pressure to bear upon the Government to compel them to make good their solemn promises to the nation.
Opportunity, or Crisis, for the Church?

By the Rev. C. L. Marson.

The Bishop of Zanzibar, by an open letter to the Bishop of St. Albans (Longmans) upon certain recent events, has broken the conspiracy of make-believe. He has asked to have it (definitely and effectually) decided whether the Church of England cleaves to one or other of two contradictory theories which we may fairly describe as the individualist and the Communal theories. There can be no compounding these two, though there may be and there is a lamentable halting between them, a sorry shuffling and a dishonest attempt to square the supporters of each theory without offending their opposites. The real question is thus not of tickle points of theological niceness, but of simple sincerity; not of abstract truth, but of elemental truthfulness.

The individualist theory is that personal righteouness and good behaviour is the whole message of the Christian dispensation. Creeds, Sacraments, the form, government, discipline and community of churches do not matter. Voluntary unions, circles, and segregations of well meaning persons are useful and may be called churches, but these are harmless or pious fore-gatherings which may come and go without affecting the main issue. Indeed, they are fortuitous concourses of ecclesiastical atoms, rather more surprising than edifying, and completely at the call of fashion and custom. Upholders of such an opinion, of course, have no objection to a free handling of old dogmas and documents, for these do not count. They consider that politeness (they call it charity) between the atoms is great and good. They are willing to overlook the rules of the society they chance to favour, in order to declare the ready conviction, that the fellow outside is really a good sort. They turn a deaf ear and a blind eye against all who hold the communal theory, who are "ritualists and romanists," and there-of the society they chance to favour, in order to declare to be opposed by all the forces of the State or of those opposite theories is the one to be assumed by those who are not known whether bishops, confirmations, priests, and the Apostles' creed are good or bad things to have, but that it is obviously dishonest for those who think them rubbish, to hold commissions in a society which expresses vehement official views to the contrary. Lastly, the Communal Christians are apt to regard the whole society as so much a unity, that they delight to pray and worship in any manner which has had the general approval of Christendom for centuries. But the Bishop of St. Albans pursues with fury the rash clergy who ask for the effectual fervent prayers of righteous men in paradise. He will settle their hash for them pretty smartly, and deter all his unaided flock from seeking the aid of saints or martyrs. In the face of these events, the Bishop of Zanzibar asks clearly, pertinently, and vigorously, which of these two and opposite theories is the one to be assumed by those who are sent by the Church of England to the heathen. Every effort will be made, in the so-called interests of peace, to smother the question and evade the issue. But every man must see that before all religion and beneath all worship comes common honesty, that though Truth may be very important, it is not so important as truthfulness; and finally, as Bishop Weston puts it finely, it is not a question of narrow-mindedness and broad-mindedness, but the English Church—unless she sets herself right—is "proven guilty of double-mindedness."

This is the main issue, and around it a battle has begun which will presently astonish most of us and certainly provide matter for the historians who are now suckling corals. The Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the newspapers suggests, will with his usual pacific statesmanship, allay the irritation and pour oil upon the troubled waters. Other gentlemen say shriekingly that there will be a split, forgetting that just because there is a split, the issue has arisen. There is, as usual, an element of the ludicrous well to the fore. Bishop Weston modestly asks the Church to declare whether she is a den of thieves and a rag-bag of heretics, or whether rightly or wrongly she keeps the frontiers of Christ's kingdom as they have hitherto been maintained. Instantly the air is rent, not with yells of hush but with yells of bash! Do not buy his naughty pamphlet! turn him out! pacify! Boycott! But none of these yells is an answer. Great no doubt is the force of wriggling and shuffling. But an answer has got to be given.
Speech at the Inauguration of the Education Part of the Socialist "Maison du Peuple," at Brussels.

Transcribed by Anatole France on Education.

In face of the theories of certain "rebels" that learning and revolution are deadly foes—possibly they think so because these "rebels" themselves are "constitutionally tired"—some pregnant reflections may perhaps come from a consideration of the speech (or essay, to be accurate) of the Socialist education rooms of the "Maison du Peuple" in Brussels (now being enlarged by the Belgian Socialist co-operators) delivered by the French literary artist who by many is considered a "rebelleven among revolutionaries.

"The promise of the author of "L'Ile des Pingouins" to be present at the inauguration was, by the way, secured during the recent visit of Continental Socialists to London. This is what he said at Brussels:—

"It is with great and very pleasant emotion that I have come to help in the inauguration of this House of Labour Education, conceived by your labour party with so high and wide an intelligence and realised thanks to the munificence of a great-hearted man of high thought, your friend Solvay (a successful inventor), whose ideas, according to his own words, which you have just heard, coincide with yours on many points with regard to practical realisations."

I am happy to see reigning here that union so greatly and so vainly desired elsewhere, and that energetic wisdom which alone can ensure the accomplishments of our great tasks and prepare a better future.

Already you had a well-organised and prosperous Maison du Peuple, the good functioning of which proves that Socialism makes a party of good order and true economy.

And here you are, inaugurating this institute of Labour education, with its gymnasium, its class-rooms and meeting halls, concert halls and library, and which will have on the top floor the International Socialist Bureau.

Through you, through the Socialists of all countries, through the labour international movement, a new era is opening in the life of the peoples: the proletariat lays its hands on the sciences and the arts and takes possession of the powerful arm of thought and of the high charms of beauty. If it is to offend science to drag it into the tumult of social struggles, it is to slight its sovereign power not to ask from it rules of life and principles of action. It is to betray it not to introduce, as soon as one can, its teaching in things practical.

We live in an age when social conditions are still determined on the whole by beliefs and prejudices which not only are strangers to science, but which are contrary to it, and it is highly important to substitute for the spirit of authority, the scientific spirit in all the domains where our activity is exercised.

Ignorance is so detestable only because it nourishes prejudices which prevent us from accomplishing our true functions, imposing on us false ones, which are painful and now and then positively mischievous and cruel to such a degree that they may be seen, under the empire of ignorance, the most honest people becoming criminals as a duty. History furnishes us with innumerable examples of this, and if one reflected on the miseries which, since the cave age till our own days, have created and brought to our unfortunate humanity, the cause of them may nearly always be found in a false interpretation of nature, and in some one of those doctrines which give an explanation of the universe which is atrocious and stupid.

A bad physique produces a bad morality, and to account for both it is enough that, during centuries, generations of human beings are born and die in an abyss of suffering and of desolation.

One can act usefully only by the clear light of science.

And what, then, is this Science? Mechanics, physics, physiology, biology, what is all that if not the knowledge of nature and of man, or more precisely the relationship of man with nature and the very conditions of life?

And it is of great importance to know as well as possible—let us say the least badly possible—the conditions of life in order to submit ourselves to those only which are necessary and not in any way to arbitrary conditions which are often humiliating or painful and which ignorance and error have imposed on us. Natural dependences which result from the constitution of our planet and of the functions of our organs, are confining enough and pressing enough to make us careful not to make a further submission to dependences which are arbitrary. Warned by science, we submit to the nature of things, and this August submission is our only submission.

So far as one does not know what one can do, one does not know what one ought to do, and to that extent one cannot be truly just, even if one be benevolent. You have well understood, comrades, that it is necessary to make a learned (savant) proletariat in order to make a just proletariat.

A bond, sometimes nearly insensible, but never broken, always subtle and strong, carries the idea of justice to the idea of beauty, and it is from the innermost constitution of a society that there results the expansions of art, as the sap which nourishes the branches of the tree makes the freshness of the foliage and the greater of the flowers.

It is one of the narrowest prejudices of the bourgeois class in its decline to suppose that the sentiment of art is enclosed within itself and that the proletariat could neither conceive nor understand beauty. It is the contrary which is true. An art is languishing and perishing in capitalist society.

There, comrades, are the reasons which have caused you to create the Labour House of Education.

And in this will be situated the international bureau of the Socialist party.

At an hour when, in the whole of Europe, the coalition of the enemies of science, of peace and of liberty are arming against the proletariat and threaten to stifle democracy under the weight of everything that is thoughtless, or which thinks only in opposition to thought, Socialist action must grow in energy and in strength.

This house is the house of science. This house is the house of the arts. This house is the house of peace.

And for that I salute you three times.

Socialism, that is peace. The task is to instruct the rulers to enlighten the unconscious masses, to unite the peoples whom capitalist policy threatens ceaselessly to precipitate one against the other in frightful collision.

In reality in no country do the rulers wish for war. But they want the threat of it. They want the peril to be always put off, but to be always present. They do not want the apparatus to go off, but they want it to be charged. Hence these perpetual rumours of war, sown on purpose by the heads of the reactionary parties and the editors of official organs. Those who spread these sinister hear-says only half believe them themselves, or generally they do not believe them at all. But they find it very advantageous for the people to believe in them. The advantages: you know them, comrades, they are political and financial. A people under the menace of war and of invasion is very easy to govern. It does not claim social reforms, it does not care over armaments or military equipment. It pays without haggling, it ruins itself at it, and that is excellent for the speculators, the financiers, and the heads of industry to whom patriotic terrors open an abundant source of gain. Examples could be cited to you both recent and near at hand.

In spite of the reigning militarism, in spite of the prosecution of governments, and of their official journals, slowly, with a limping step, all the peoples of the world are making their way towards peace. Let us
believe, comrades, let us believe obstinately in the future peace of the world. And it is not on our dreams and our desires that we found our hopes; it is on the observation of social phenomena and on the data of historic materialism.

Universal peace will be realised one day, not because men will become better (it is not permitted to hope it), but because a new order of things, new science, new economic necessities, will impose on them the pacific state, as formerly the very conditions of their existence placed them and maintained them in a state of war.

To carry forward in the future the line whose curve has been begun, we can foetell the establishment of communications more frequent and more perfect between all races and all peoples, the rational organisation of work and the establishment of the United States of the world.

No! There is not there a dream which the light of day will dissipate, a vain illusion!

On the contrary, those dream, those deceive themselves who, because they live by militarism and by cruel colonisation, believe that the present order, or rather the present disorder, will endure for ever. But do they believe it, truly? No. They doubt very much that war will last eternally. They know that it will be killed and who will kill it. They know that it is we, by Socialism, who will kill the monster which feeds them, and that is why they fear us and injure us. They know that the proletarians of the peoples are going soon to unite to form a new order of things, new science, new economic necessities, will impose on them the pacific state, as formerly the very conditions of their existence placed them and maintained them in a state of war.

The victory of the proletariat is certain. It is less the violent and disorderly efforts of our adversaries than our own divisions and the indecisions of our method which can retard it; it is certain because the very nature of things and the conditions of life order and prepare it. It will be methodical, reasoned, harmonious. Already it is tracing its own design on the world with simple exaggerations.

The Practical Utility of the Old Testament.

In his "Système historique de Renan," Georges Sorel examines the contribution of Judaism to Christianity, and particularly the part played by the Jewish Scriptures. He ends with this reflection:—"The Bible, therefore, has played a considerable part in history. To-day its rôle is very feeble, since henceforth it does not seem destined to inspire revolucions. The aim of this article is to summarise Sorel's arguments, and to suggest a possible alternative to this final conclusion. The "Critique" is Sorel's magnus opus, and teems with valuable suggestions; but here it is necessary to confine oneself to the question of the Bible alone.

In the welter of new religions under the early Roman Empire, the Jews and the Primitive Church preserved their purity and independence chiefly by their possession of the Old Testament. The Greek philosophers, who had finally reached monothelity by a purely intellectual effort, were quite aware of the emotional barrenness of their paper-cred; to make their monothelity attractive and practical, they were driven to borrow various pleasing practices from contemporary superstitions. But these adventitious magical practices finally swamped the metaphysical elements, because there was nothing to keep them in check. So Hellenism degenerated into a system of Eastern cults. But the Church successfully repelled the invasion of gross magic and fetishism, because it inherited the Jewish Scriptures. In what did their special influence consist?

Every language has its own peculiar nuances, its special system of untranslatable logic. Primitive folk, owing to their small vocabulary, are unable to distinguish shades of meaning, and consequently employ simple exaggerations. Language is largely developed by the plastic arts (which were foreign to the Jews), where new words are invented to describe distinctions which are verified experimentally. Consequently the Jewish writings are not to be criticised like the Greek; but are essentially primitive, lyrical and "inspired," regardless of any attempt at chronological or scientific accuracy. The Greek language is full of accidental shades of difference; the Latin is legal, exact, precise.

Therefore both of them misrepresent the sense of a translation from the Hebrew, this last being essentially mystical and exaggerative. Mystics, says Sorel, are never calm, judicial Laodiceans, but fanatics fired with intuitive "convictions."

The Old Testament, then, expresses sentiments of absolute revolt; not indeed through any special love of justice in the abstract (as contended by the sentimental Liberal-Protestant School of Theology), but owing to the archaic social relations which form its subject-matter, and to the primitive language of its expression. How was it that the Christian Church spread so rapidly, and, yet, in spite of the disconcerting variety of converts it absorbed, managed to remain sufficiently isolated and unique to create an independent thought of its own? Because it was kept pure inter alia (i) by the external pressure of Christ and the" (by the external pressure of Christ and the "(ii) by the internal pressure of Christian history and the Christian spirit, and (iii) by the autoocratic exclusiveness inherent in the Judaic Scriptures.

The attitude of the Gnostics is very significant. These people were not properly Christians, but literary men who cunningly foresaw the great future of Christianity and especially its last phase of transforming and compressing its primitive enthusiasm into philosophic forms. Their conciliatory spirit is shown by two facts: they not only ridiculed martyrdom as absurd, but also rejected the Old Testament as being too forthright for their taste.

The parallel between the Primitive Church and the Modern Proletarian Movement must have been noticed by every close observer. The virulence and violence of proletarian and especially (last) phase of transforming and compressing its primitive enthusiasm into philosophic forms. Their conciliatory spirit is shown by two facts: they not only ridiculed martyrdom as absurd, but also rejected the Old Testament as being too forthright for their taste.

The parallel between the Primitive Church and the Modern Proletarian Movement must have been noticed by every close observer. The virulence and violence of proletarian and especially its last phase of transforming and compressing its primitive enthusiasm into philosophic forms. Their conciliatory spirit is shown by two facts: they not only ridiculed martyrdom as absurd, but also rejected the Old Testament as being too forthright for their taste.

The parallel between the Primitive Church and the Modern Proletarian Movement must have been noticed by every close observer. The virulence and violence of proletarian and especially its last phase of transforming and compressing its primitive enthusiasm into philosophic forms. Their conciliatory spirit is shown by two facts: they not only ridiculed martyrdom as absurd, but also rejected the Old Testament as being too forthright for their taste.

The parallel between the Primitive Church and the Modern Proletarian Movement must have been noticed by every close observer. The virulence and violence of proletarian and especially its last phase of transforming and compressing its primitive enthusiasm into philosophic forms. Their conciliatory spirit is shown by two facts: they not only ridiculed martyrdom as absurd, but also rejected the Old Testament as being too forthright for their taste.
An Asset of the Libyan War.

In his triumphant vindication of the Libyan War, in the November issue of the "Fortnightly Review," Signor Luigi Villari has, I think, overlooked one imperishable asset which that campaign has gained for Italy. I mean: "Le Canzoni della Gesta d'Oltre-Mare" (Songs of Great Deeds Across the Sea) of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

* Not since the days of the blind Tyrtaeus has any nation been thrilled by the war songs of a poet as Italy was thrilled two years ago by this magnificent outburst of virile song.

We can remember how in the winter of 1911-12 in theatres and in salons, in the bivouacs and trenches of Tripoli, in the Colonies, wherever the Italian language is spoken, his verses were declaimed with a spark of the same sacred fire that had inspired them, and d'Annunzio in his exile among the sand dunes and pine-woods of the Arcachon Lagoon came each day illiterate letters, black with the grime of battle, from soldiers at the Front, trying to express some rough fashion their heart-glow as they read his inspiring songs:

The poems are afloat with that intense Nationalism, that passionate patriotism which ennobles so much of his work. It is found in his earliest verses written in 1890. Ouida extolled in an article in the "Fortnightly Review" written nearly eighteen years ago. It is the theme of the "Odi Navali" and the "Laudi"; and in that great drama "La Nave!" (The Ship) portraying the foundation of Venice by refugees driven southwards by the barbaric Northern Hordes, and fighting against them, and against the hostile elements, and amongst themselves for bare life upon the sand-banks of the Adriatic, his intense love of Italy, and hatred of her enemies shine out like a beacon, above the dashings of the briny spray, the fiercely howling wind, and all the primitive fury and cruelty of the drama.

The reader perhaps remembers when it was played for the first time in Milan (the city that in past years had suffered most from the tyranny of Austria), how at a banquet given in his honour d'Annunzio, springing to his feet and lifting his glass, electrified his audience by proposing a toast, "Al Adriatico amari-simo"—"To the most bitter Adriatic"—an incident which stirred up once more the ever-smouldering animosity between the two nations. But in no forthcoming work has the patriotism of d'Annunzio burnt into his verses at such white heat as in this small volume of war songs.

Begun on October 8, 1911, and completed on January 15, 1912, the first day of "Corriere della Sera," during those three months, and were thus, at the price of five centimes each, scattered broadcast through the land. They were published in book-form on January 24; but on account of some verses considered by the political authorities to be "injurious to an allied Power, and to its Sovereign," the first edition was confiscated, and a second published in which the offending lines are replaced by rows of little dots. D'Annunzio has had his revenge. In the centre of the blank page from which the lines have been deleted is a small square inscription—rather like a memorial tablet—which says, "This Canzone, on the disilluminated Fatherland, was mutilated by the hands of the Police, by order of Cavaliere Giovanni Giolitti, head of the Government of Italy, January, 1912. G. d'A." Thus, as the French critic remarked, "Giolitti's name goes down to posterity as the persecutor of the Muse.

The volume is the fourth in the series of the Laudi poems in praise of (1) the Sky, (2) the Sea, (3) the Earth, and this last in praise of the Heroes. It is dedicated to

* A paper read to the Literary Society of Château d'Oex, Easter, 1912.

† I do not forget the Hymn of Godfreo Maselli, the young Hero who died defending Rome against the French protectors of the Pope, but his "Fratelli d'Italia," and the Inno di Garibaldi of Luigi Mercantini were impassioned songs of liberty more than songs of war.
The poems are written in beautifully chiseled verse, in the *terra rime* of Dante’s “Divina Commedia,” i.e., in trobes of three lines, each of which consists of eleven syllables; each canto ending with a single odd line called the *Tornello*, and are acknowledged to be the finest of all the modern Italian literature.

The first Canzone beginning:

I cast my laurels at thy feet. Oh! Wingless Victory—
The hour has come, is an outburst of triumphant joy over the New Italy.

Instead of Byron’s

*Pieta*

Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe,
An empty urn within her withered hands
When holy dust was scattered long ago.

I Italia! I never was thy May
In the city of flowers and of the lion
When every breath was a message of love.

Oh, fresh and new as this thy marvellous day
In which songs in thy raise are sung
By the round mouth of the cannon.

This is thy sacred Springtime.

The Canzone finishes shouting the primitive War Song which, centuries ago, rang across the Adriatic from the Venetian Galleys as they dashed on to Victory, and it calls on Italia to join in the song “uplifting her radiant face” and “to be steadfast in her war, on land and sea.”

The second Canzone, “The Song of the Blood,” which invokes the old Sea Heroes of Genoa, is based on the Legend that the cup of sculptured emerald, the Holy Grail, in which Joseph of Arimathea caught some drops of the sacred blood, was brought to Genoa, by Guglielmo Embracio, after the conquest of Ctesarea. At each victory in the Holy Land the sacred blood was seen to boil in its emerald chalice. For the Italians, the Bersagliere, the crash of battle, the headlong rush, the breathless suspense, the fierce yells of the vanquished, are all there in those amazing verses, and sweep the reader on in a wild tumult of emotion.

It is almost a relief to turn to the next, which sings the praises of Elena di Francia—the heroic daughter of the Duc d’Orleans, now Duchess of Aosta, who, when war was declared, volunteered with other high-born women of Italy as hospital nurses for service at the front. The military authorities declined the responsibility of having a Royal princess in a hostile country, and they were not allowed to land. They, however, joined the Red Cross ship “Memphis,” and nursed the wounded whose return to their country this song celebrates. In it the Princess is compared to St. Louis who crossed in a ship of Genoa to the war in Africa. The old chronicle relates that when the dead lay too long unburied on the battlefield, and St. Louis ordered them to be interred, the soldiers felt so ashamed as he read the burial service, and the soldiers dragged the bodies to the grave with hooks at the end of long poles. St. Louis, in his pious fervour, impatiently sprang from his horse, and taking the two bodies in his arms, buried them with his own hands. Elena di Francia hardly went as far as that, but Guelfo Civini, the war correspondent, when he went on board the hospital ship, found her in her nurse’s uniform, standing at the washtub washing the soldiers’ soiled linen.

Then we come to the famous “Song of the Dardanelles” with its outburst of scornful anger, and most bitter invective against England, Germany, and Austria. Only verses with regard to the last-named country have been deleted, the others remain. To their scathing denunciation I can find no parallel, except in some of the passages of Dante’s “Inferno.”

We must pass over the beautiful Canzone of Umberto Cagni, “hero of two deserts,” the naval officer who was with the Duke of Abruzzi in his adventurous journey to the North Pole, and who so brilliantly distinguished himself in the defence of Tripoli, which he held for several days with a very small body of troops, resisted the reiterated attacks of the Arabs on the Wells of Bu-Meliana.

And over the “Canzone of Mario Bianco” which describes the disembarking of the troops at Bengasi under a heavy fire. Bianco was mortally wounded, but refused to be carried from the field, and cheered on his men with his last breath as he fell dead at the foot of a palm tree.

In the last Canzone all the fierce exultation and joy of
The Zarathustra Jubilee.

By Dr. Richard Oehler (Bonn).

At the very time when Otto Ernst,* naively displaying a remarkable lack of perspective, was "annihilating" Nietzsche in three lectures in Berlin, the hundred thousandth copy of "Zarathustra" appeared. Happily Otto Ernst's "achievement" was in most cases taken as a joke. Few felt themselves moved to serious indignation. But the fact that the hundred thousandth copy of "Zarathustra" has now been printed gives food for earnest reflection.

It is just thirty years since the first appearance of this book. In 1885, soon after its appearance, the "Literarisches Zentralblatt für Deutschland* wrote: "It is scarcely probable that these discourses will be read attentively by a wide circle, but the present writer can well believe the statement that many persons of peculiar bent listen with delight to Nietzsche's words." It is just possible that the "present writer" made a slight miscalculation. Or must we set down as peculiar people all the many thousands who have read Zarathustra attentively not once but a hundred times, and constantly read it again with ever fresh enjoyment? Nietzsche himself had a better idea of the truth. On November 20, 1888, he wrote to Georg Brandes regarding the effect of the "transvaluation of all values": "I vow to you that in two years' time we shall have the whole world in convulsions. I am a fatality." True, things did not move quite so fast. Still a powerful current in Nietzsche's favour set in when he fell ill in 1889. By 1895 more than 500 books of Nietzsche's texts were published in the German tongue had appeared on Nietzsche: for 1896, the "Bibliography of German Periodical Literature" mentions six long essays as appearing in various journals, not including newspapers. The extent which the literature on Nietzsche has now attained can only be realised when one visits the Nietzsche Archives in Weimar and sees the shelves filled with volumes on Nietzsche and the numerous boxes crammed with essays and newspaper cuttings. This is indeed a proof of Nietzsche's superficial influence upon our intellectual life, but the deeper effects are harder to establish. Of the latter, we can form an impression only by personal intercourse with those in whose minds Nietzsche has become a definite personality, for whom Zarathustra is now a guide on the path of life. What shall we recognise in such cases as the principal influence? Two principles: The first is the assurance of a definite self at moments when everything threatens to go to pieces, and an enormous strengthening of will-power. The inmost souls of such men are reached by those brave words: "To all with whom I have any concern I wish suffering, abandonment, sickness, ill-treatment, degradation—I ask that the depths of self-contempt, the tortures of self-distrust, the miseries of defeat may not remain unknown to them; I have no pity for them, because I wish them the only thing that to-day can prove whether a man is worth his salt—the power of holding their ground." Luckily, the number of those to whom Nietzsche has become an inseparable companion is far larger than the number of those who only write about his teachings. For their intellectual as well as for their emotional life we may say what Maximilian Harden once confessed in conversation: "Everyone steals from him."

True, so convulsive twitching of our intellectual system has as yet resulted from the influence of Nietzsche, although this might and should be the case. Why do not the culture problems which through Nietzsche's agency first became really burning questions, interest the world more than any others? I recognise four main problems. Nietzsche competence in archeology, votary of classical antiquity to the very last,*

* A German novelist and playwright, who has recently lectured against Nietzsche.
laid the axe to the roots of our humanistic culture and education. His objections, especially in the lectures on "The Future of our Educational Institutions" and in the fragments "We Philologists," are consistently worked out, and there are probably not a few women outside Russia who in her nature will recognise their own.

To begin with, she possesses in a high degree the strong vitality of youth. Being beautiful, she is vain, and being spoiled the desire to command is strongly developed in her. She demands unceasing homage, but homage is a thing most dangerous to her character; merely making her more selfish still, and cold.

It is a very innocent and by no means unusual trait, that she likes to have some four or five unsatisfied adorers in attendance. Like all the other characters in the book, both men and women, there is nothing of sensuality about her—a fact which renders it possible to place "Katya" upon the family bookshelf in any Russian or English home. She behaves now and then in a manner which can hardly be called correct, but never does she overstep the bounds of decency.

She is a woman capable, under certain circumstances, of showing herself energetic and practical, as when she obtains a respite for her father from his greedy creditor, the old usurer—who does fancy needlework—by marrying his son, the honest and clever, but somewhat neglects the children she bears him. But she is a woman for whom life consists in being surrounded by admirers, and whose nature is constantly flitting from one role to another, without herself being in the least degree guilty of any lack of genuineness.

In the little Turkish town where her husband is Russia's Consular representative, she is honoured and worshipped by the Servian inhabitants as the protectress of their nationality. Her husband is murdered by a Turkish soldier, whom he has offended in an excess of pride, whereupon, in spite of the fact that she had never loved him deeply, she takes up with zeal the part of the inconsolable widow. She feels herself to such a degree as a national heroine, that she behaves with cold and offensive hauteur towards the Sultan's courteous emissary, who expresses her deep regret and tactfully presents her with some hundred thousand francs, which the Russian Government had exacted from the Turks as some sort of indemnification for herself and her children.

She talks of "served money," tears up the cheque before the eyes of the Turkish delegate, requesting him to carry the fragments back to the Sultan, together with a Turkish order with which she had once been decorated. Whereafter she returns home penniless, becomes a burden to her relatives, and pesters the authorities at St. Petersburg with applications for a pension, which the leading men of the Government, who do not approve of her social and political imprudences, are not inclined to grant.

Two enthusiastic admirers now sue for her hand: an Englishman, whom she had contrived to keep attached to her for years, and a Russian, who has loved her from childhood. Unable to bring herself to dismiss either of them, she ends by losing the battle both on one and the same day. The Englishman (who is Deessen's [knighthly ideal] renowned "Katya at last for good and all"); the Russian, a cadet in her girlhood, and a captain in the navy, returns in bitter disappointment to Odessa, to rejoin the warship which bears the name of his distinguished father.

At this point the author weds on to the personality of this young officer a description of that mutiny on board a Russian warship in the Black Sea which at one time aroused the attention of the whole civilized world. The story thus develops into a historically accurate description of the horrible revolt and the bloody subjugation of the revolutionaries.

The remarkable point here is that F. de Jessen, instead of making the leadership of the revolt and mutiny the result of a revolutionary passion of social and political character, seeks to represent it as a direct result of the indecency of his heroine Katya. Had she, Celine Katya, but been able to love a man with warmth and sincerity, then the warship "Admiral Orloff" would never have bombarded a populous town or fired on the smaller vessels "Dneiper" and "Pobjeda." 

F. de Jessen is well acquainted with Russian life; he has accurately caught the spirit of youth and its shapeless formlessness, the more clever and practical young men in Russia speak and feel. But what he has studied, is the more or less custom-ridden tendency of feeling among the upper classes. He is unable to voice the feeling of intellectual and revolutionary circles. These, for him, consist either of abstracted fanatics or of men whom a heartless woman's coquetry can affect so deeply that a purely personal grief can drive them beyond the bounds of self-control and make them act like madmen.

The conclusion of the book is worthy of all appreciation. It is written by a man who has fathomed what one might call the psychology of the unusual average woman.

This queen of the salon, this sportswoman, this national heroine ends by marrying, in order to thoroughly ensure her future, the shallowest and most selfish, the coarsest and vainest of those men who all her life through had pleased themselves at her disposal. The best of them have died or deserted her. And she wishes to escape solitude, she seeks material comfort and the admiration of a fool in order to end her days in peace. High-minded men have placed themselves at her disposal, and she ends by taking one who does not know the meaning of love. And from the first—though this the reader does not at once realise—she was destined to just this very end, and develops faithfully towards it. This presentment is well and truly carried out.
Readers and Writers. I CANNOT think what it was in Mr. Arthur Machen's "The Great God Pan" that procured the sale of more than three hundred copies of his first edition, for assuredly it is one of the baldest black-magic stories ever written. Yet since its first publication in the rotten period of 1894, it has gone into several editions and is now reprinted in shilling form (Grant Richards). If I have any desire to examine details of human psychology (for human psychology is, after all, only an aesthetic selection retained with effort and under the example of the great men of the race), I may do so as a scientist in the way of necessity or after the manner of the artist in the way of evolving a background (but never more) of terror and mystery. To do it, however, as a farthing journalist with less naïveté than that of the Body anxious to make his aunt's flesh creep, and with obvious cunning and relish, is to argue a writer either unscrupulously profiteering or himself morbidly affected. I do not know in the least whether Mr. Machen is a practiser or ever been of the sordid ceremonial of an essayist, as described in London by a group of obscene cranks; I suspect rather that his summitt of psychic "experience" has been no more than a suburban séance. But I do know that in such a literary style as he is master of and with such literary form as he can find, that an idea of an Ezekiel would not be simply thrown away upon me. In a narrative likely ex hypothesi to be incredible, it is the natural rule of authors to reduce the incredible to the least possible in the matters of no importance to the story. Thus Deceit did it, thus Poe, thus Stevenson, thus Balzac, thus even Mr. H. G. Wells. The last-names had, in fact, carried this reduction too far in severals of his incredible romances, for by placing sub-ordinary persons fidant and accomplice in the foul experiment, could not conceivably have been employed in such a matter by anybody who was not mad; and thus, as I say, the whole story at its opening is presented as the doings of a fool and a madman. After that, it may "interest" some idle minds to pursue the story through its amateur ramifications, but while a workmanlike essay remains on my shelf I shall not waste time on it. Much better employed is Mr. Machen now in doing "stunts" for the "Evening News," where, at least, verisimilitude would never be missed. * * *

A correspondent, Mr. R. P. Hudson, directs me to a passage in Nietzsche's "Will to Power" (Vol. II. Aphorism 763) which appears to him to contain the germ of the National Guilds System. The aphorism is as follows:—

* * *

Concerning the future of the workman. Workmen should learn to regard their duties as soldiers do. These receive emoluments, incomes, but they do not get wages! There is no relationship between work done and money received. The individual should, accordingly to his kind, be so placed as to perform the highest that is compatible with his powers. * * *

I agree that herein is the germ of the Guilds, and why, I wonder, has no Nietzschean discovered it before? The volume containing this aphorism happens, too, to have been translated for Dr. Oscar Levy's edición by Mr. Ludovici, who may fairly now fall back on it, if he chooses, for his assumed 'great order of society'—in its economic form at any rate. Nietzsche, however, like many of his disciples, was satisfied with great ideas into economic form. To the end, he appreciated the importance of half the economic question he made. My own view, nevertheless, is that Nietzsche and his specific problems must wait upon the economic problems he affected to despise. Until, in fact, workmen have become "soldiers," the military order of society with its grand campaigns of culture and science will never be possible. * * *

The collection of Irish popular songs made by Mr. Padraic Colum, and published by Messrs. Maunsel under the absurd title of "Broad-sheet Ballads," is further marred by an inadequate and misleading preface. Mr. Colum's assumption is that "ballad-making and ballad-singing have their great epoch during the national or political excitement of a people who are hardly literate"; but this is to confound cause with condition. As we saw last week, collective ballad-making is still quite possible; and not among the hardly literate only, but among the literate. Given, in fact, a sufficient impulse in the way of something to sing about, and a favourable atmosphere in the form of a communal feeling, ballads will again be created as they have been created before. I look, indeed, to seeing many such results as a consequence of the restoration of the Guilds; and already in Ireland, under the favourable atmosphere provided by the A.O.S., a good many of the old guild customs are reviving together with something of the old guild psychology. Before asserting that the ballad age is gone for ever, Mr. Colum should examine the essential social factors which produced it. Literacy, I am certain, is not one of them. * * *

He is safer when he says that the modern popular songs "do not give the impression that there is a beautiful and subtle folk-poetry behind them." They do not, and for the simple reason that the modern popular songs do not arise from the "folk." The folk, in short, are more intricate than ever they have been in the world before; and, again, for a simple reason, namely, that they are now of less account in the world than ever before. Hundreds of volumes are now being devoted to folk-lore in its myriad varieties, but chiefly by people who have no notion of "folk" and nothing but contempt for the folk of to-day. For the folk of to-day are the proletariat, and whoever is out of sympathy with them (as most of our learned researchers are) must needs be blind to the genuine and living folk traditions. Mind, I do not say that our contemporary folk have a "beautiful and subtle folk-poetry"; but I am convinced they have both the vocabulary and the sentiment of it. If instead of researchers into the past we had sympathetic interpreters of the present, this material would polish marvellously. But it is so easy to believe in the folk of the past, and so difficult to believe in the folk of the present. All the same, literature will not be restored without them.

At a recent meeting of the Academic Committee presided over by Dean Inge, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie was permitted to read an essay and to have it accounted for a lecture. The point of his address, moreover, was that "speech" is the main reservoir of literature. For myself, I not only dislike hearing speeches read, but I suspect the confidence of the lecturer in both his ideas and pronunciation. A man should either keep off the public platform, the art of which is manifestly speaking, or take the trouble to learn to speak. It is an insult to art and everybody. With Mr. Abercrombie's main contention I am unable, however disposed, to disagree—the man cannot be always wrong! Speech is the reservoir of literature; but when that is once admitted, my quarrel with Mr. Abercrombie begins. What kind of speech and, above all, whose speech, is the proper reservoir of literature? With the usual laxity of modern journalists Mr. Abercrombie replies that everybody's speech is admissible as material
A fairer, though possibly superficial, Review, is the "Revue Sud-Americaine" (2 and 3 franes monthly), issued from Paris and intended to link up European with South American culture. The first issue, which lies before me, is, in my view and so far as there are also areas and areas of vocabulary. The latter distinction, indeed, Mr. Abercrombie recognises by admitting words of more and less "potentiality"—in simple atmosphere; but the former, I do not gather he means, because this is, however, a mere journalist like Mr. T. P. O'Connor. M. Clémenceau writes on "Democracy in America," Mr. Cunningham on "The Argentine Tango," Professor Ferrero on "Roman Puritanism and the Position of Women," etc. Professor Ferrero's view is that Rome substituted the government of women by opinion for their government by seclusion and ignorance; and if, as he agrees must seem necessary, this was a tyranny, the choice was better than feministic liberty—in other words, licence. I refer to his article as an interesting parallel of one of the "Tessarai" published in these columns last week.

Several correspondents have questioned my comments on the system of Erhythmitics of M. Jacob-Dalzore. But I had nothing to say against the system itself. On the contrary, I compared it with the Education of Plato. My point was and is that without an assumed order of society no reform in detail (save by grace) can expect to be radical and permanent. So far as I know, or as my correspondents inform me, M. J-Dalzore is not only a sociologist (which is forgivable), but he proceeds with his theory as if either society in its present form were stable or as if his own system were the one thing necessary. But no great educationalist reformer, I think, has ever so confined himself. Plato did not, for all his anticipation of the value of Erhythmites.

Following the advertisement it received from the recent Conference, the Simplified Spelling Society has now had a taste of the opposition it must meet. Not a single journal, in my reading, has supported the wild whim. The "Times" did it, is true, so far offer to sell the pass as to accept "delite" for "delight" and "program" for "programme," but with no enthusiasm. The change, in fact, is in neither instance for the better even in the abstract; and as for symmetry (in a word, uniformity), who the devil cares about that, save foreigners and dunces? "Sovran" for "sovereign," on the other hand, is an addition, not a substitution; and the two words will probably develop differences not only perceptible to the most sensitive minds. Compare, for example, the differences now appreciable in "fairy" and "faery." Yet the S.S.S. would have robbed us of them! I suggest an early tombstone with a suitable epitaph to the Simplified Spelling Society, and offer the idea to one of our excellent Fastichists. The S.S.S. is dead.

Lest the brilly world should suppose that Mr. George Slythe Street, the new Examiner of Plays, has authority in exchange for his liberty of opinion, he has written to the "Times" from St. James' Court to disclaim responsibility. Together with his "senior colleague" (of an hour or two's standing) he merely examines and reports on plays, the Lord Chamberlain doing the rest. It is a more ignominious office than I thought—or perhaps than it is! Does the Lord Chamberlain read the plays also, or only watch the indicative thumbs of his essayists? The galled jades, by the way (I mean the late dramatic confreres of Mr. Street), pretend not to wince at his acceptance of the appointment. They even screw out praise of his literary taste, his style, all the rest; but I will say for them what they dare not say, that Mr. Street's literary grace is now rightly questioned. Can a man have style and be an examiner of plays for the police?

R. H. C.
British Music.

Mr. Holbrooke has emitted another of those periodical wails which come with a peculiarly bad grace from him, as having had, and bungled, more opportunities than any of the young composers whose cause he professes to champion. If there is at present a reaction against the performances of which the London Symphony Orchestra's manifesto is an indication, he must shoulder a large proportion of the blame. A year or two ago there was a definite fashion to include in most concert programmes at least one item by a British composer, and Mr. Holbrooke secured his full share of performances, if not more. If the public was from the composer, and Mr. Holbrooke secured his full share or two ago there was a definite fashion to include in the performances of British works, of which the London manner. Yet I doubt whether London had heard, until following Stravinsky, at a safe distance, into his newer perhaps in an aggravated form. And my sympathies, to assert himself. A vast number of works have been performed, and scarcely any composer of any consequence has escaped attention. The concert public has thereon patches the elbows with Tchaikovsky, reseats the trousers with Richard Strauss, replaces the lost buttons at the Debussy counter, and adds a whole-tone necktie. Not a single garment is even of his own selection, let alone his own design. To crown all, he does not even acquire the technique of his models, but merely secures an external resemblance. I remember, as an instance, pointing out to a British composer a passage in Ravel's "Le Gibet," which I described as a marvel of technical precision, whilst he could not see in what way it was superior to examples derived from English sources, which I described as arbitrary and fortuitous. Since then the few bars in question have been singled out for incorporation in an up-to-date work on harmony by Rene Lenormand. That again is typical. The result is that an audience, even if musically untrained, is not easily misled after it has heard the real thing. It is of no use to insist on saying, as Mr. Holbrooke did concerning the music performed by the Russian Ballet, that we can do equally well. We must either do it first or do it better. As a rule we do it less well and much too late.

I cannot help thinking that the adulation which young composers receive from their immediate surroundings, in the absence of a comparative corrective, is the reason why they do not develop. So soon as their youthful attempts commence to take a more or less plausible shape, they are induced to believe that they know all there is to know, so why should they continue to learn? I have known some of the most brilliant young professors though plainly on the very threshold of their musicianship. Another reason is the complete absence of artistic curiosity which is characteristic of the English musician. Some years ago, before modern French music had become popular in London, I invited a few musicians of my acquaintance to hear Blanche Selva, one of its most prominent exponents, play a selection of recent examples. Very few turned up. One, a lady pianist, explained that she would have liked to meet Miss Selva, but did not care about the music. That, too, is typical. So long as the parochial view of music is maintained the British composer will lag behind.

There is another reason for the absence of progress, and I approach it in fear and trembling, for the mere suggestion of it exposes me to the charge of priggishness. It is that, in the broad, European sense, the British composer, unlike his Continental confreres, is usually uneducated. I do not mean that he cannot read, though he seldom does. Education is, as a rule, quite ignorant of that broad stream which constitutes European culture. I have conversed with him. Apart from "shop" he seldom has anything illuminating to say. The leaders of contemporary musical thought, so far as I am personally acquainted with friends is an innovation, but that is only because they are as insular as himself, and do not know that the device, whatever it may be, has become commonplace. He is at present interested in the whole-tone scale, a device that is now completely overdone. Even Dukas, the most retrospective of all modern composers, has renounced it. The use of a progression by whole tones in such a manner as to make it in any sense prominent now stamps a composer as one who has, so to speak, missed his train. But a writer in a recent number of the "Musical Times" says, "One of the departments of musical technique which most exercises the minds of theorists and the ingenuity of composers at present is the servicable-ness or otherwise of melodies and harmonies construable upon a basis of whole tones." Quite so. Now that all Europe has made up its mind on the matter, and passed on to others of greater importance, we will open the discussion. This is typical of our musical manners. We publish a composer acquires a suit—one of our large emporiums favours Brahmsian broadcloth, the other Wagnarian velvet—and soon discovers that the material, having seen many times before, has become threadbare. He therefore patches the old suit, restitches the trouserlines with Richard Strauss, replaces the lost buttons at the Debussy counter, adds a whole-tone necktie. Not a single garment is even of his own selection, let alone his own design. To crown all, he does not even acquire the technique of his models, but merely secures an external resemblance. I remember, as an instance, pointing out to a British composer a passage in Ravel's "Le Gibet," which I described as a marvel of technical precision, whilst he could not see in what way it was superior to examples derived from English sources, which I described as arbitrary and fortuitous. Since then the few bars in question have been singled out for incorporation in an up-to-date work on harmony by Rene Lenormand. That again is typical. The result is that an audience, even if musically untrained, is not easily misled after it has heard the real thing. It is of no use to insist on saying, as Mr. Holbrooke did concerning the music performed by the Russian Ballet, that we can do equally well. We must either do it first or do it better. As a rule we do it less well and much too late.

I cannot help thinking that the adulation which young composers receive from their immediate surroundings, in the absence of a comparative corrective, is the reasons why they do not develop. So soon as their youthful attempts commence to take a more or less plausible shape, they are induced to believe that they know all there is to know, so why should they continue to learn? I have known some of the most brilliant young professors though plainly on the very threshold of their musicianship. Another reason is the complete absence of artistic curiosity which is characteristic of the English musician. Some years ago, before modern French music had become popular in London, I invited a few musicians of my acquaintance to hear Blanche Selva, one of its most prominent exponents, play a selection of recent examples. Very few turned up. One, a lady pianist, explained that she would have liked to meet Miss Selva, but did not care about the music. That, too, is typical. So long as the parochial view of music is maintained the British composer will lag behind.

There is another reason for the absence of progress, and I approach it in fear and trembling, for the mere suggestion of it exposes me to the charge of priggishness. It is that, in the broad, European sense, the British composer, unlike his Continental confreres, is usually uneducated. I do not mean that he cannot read, though he seldom does. Education is, as a rule, quite ignorant of that broad stream which constitutes European culture. I have conversed with him. Apart from "shop" he seldom has anything illuminating to say. The leaders of contemporary musical thought, so far as I am personally acquainted with
them, are keenly interested and well informed in the parallel movements of the other arts. They belong to mostly outside it.

Now music is not merely the art of stringing notes together in attractive patterns. It is an art of expression, and, as such, it is sharing in the reaction against Renaissance rhetoric, and romantic sentimentality which is so generally felt among artists and critics of our time. The musician is still "out for" prettiness, more or less veneered with romantic glamour. It is not merely as a musician that he is out of date. As an artist in the larger sense he is a retardataire. He is a man of yesterdays. And his lamentations are singularly out of the wheel of history. And his lamentations are singularly out of the wheel of history. And his lamentations are singularly out of the wheel of history. And his lamentations are singularly out of the wheel of history.

Renaissance rhetoric, and romantic sentimentality are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next. Having realised that the greater British public is the supreme test of the composer. In each generation the composer may be a man of fine culture, but lacking the sagacity and experience to write down the names of the men who are actually making musical progress--the men of the present, who are moulding musical thought for this age and the next.
decreased (in round figures) to the following extent:—

Oxen, 100,000; bulls, 92,000; cows, 73,790; young cattle, 2,418,700; calves, 278,600; and sheep, 313,600.

The only counterbalance to the general shortage being, first, an increase in the pig-slaughterings to the number of 3,690,000, (a figure reduced to the extent of 243,353, 1912) and, direct portion of all, 26,747 more of horses and 1,514 more of dogs.

The general results of the average rise are well indicated by Dr. Silbergliet’s computation that the consumption of meat of all kinds lessened from 53.8 kilos per head of the population in 1911 to 52.5 kilos in 1912, whilst the consumer had to pay 6.9 marks more, or 6s. 11d. extra, for the lesser and latter quantity.” We discover also that the live stock census of 1912 revealed the fact that there was a decrease as compared with 1907 (both years being famine years), the percentages being of cattle 3.3, swine 1.2, sheep 24.5, and goats 4.2.

The death-rate in the German Empire has declined from 42 per 1,000 in 1876 to 31 per 1,000 in 1910; but the decline in the death-rate has been greater, with the consequence that the population is actually increasing at a greater rate than before 1876.

“In 1850,” says Mr. Mills, “the population of the area now comprised within the German Empire amounted to 35,400,000; in 1910, the number had increased to 640,504; and whilst the increase amounted to 54 millions during the first twenty years of this period, and to 84 millions during the second, the last twenty years have brought with it an increase of no less than 154 millions—the increase in the third twenty years being nearly double that of the second, and close on treble that of the first.” The decline of the death-rate means an increase in the mean age of the population; as Dr. Drysdale would say, Germany has an increased supply of effective, and, therefore, poverty ought to be nearly abolished in the German Empire. Yet Germany is hungry! To a Neo-Malthusian, this fact can only mean that the food-supply of Germany has reached its limit; but let us see.

A Rifleman,” in “The Struggle for Bread,” quotes the figures of the production of food grains in Germany in 1895 and 1911. In 1895, the weight of the crop was 429,289,000 bushels; in 1911, it was 680,748,031 bushels, an increase of over 50 per cent. This increase was not due to any considerable increase of the extent of agriculture, for the area was reaped from only 34,889,319 acres and in the 1911 crop, increased by over 50 per cent, was reaped from only 34,889,319 acres, an increase of only 6,050,404 acres.

On the other hand, the population of Germany connected with landed pursuits declined, between 1895 and 1911, by 819,000 persons; and in 1882, the total decline of the agricultural population of Germany has been over 1,500,000 persons. Germany is hungry, but not because Nature refused to feed the population; nor is the limit of productivity reached yet, as the following table, quoted from Mr. J. F. Mills, article, will show:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>1891</th>
<th>1907</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Produce per Hectare in 100 Kilos. Wheat.</td>
<td>115.7</td>
<td>115.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rye. Barley.</td>
<td>18.2</td>
<td>20.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oats. Potatoes.</td>
<td>24.1</td>
<td>20.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ireland</td>
<td>13.7</td>
<td>13.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Britain</td>
<td>17.3</td>
<td>15.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Netherlands</td>
<td>22.7</td>
<td>22.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>20.6</td>
<td>17.8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We have only to remember what Kropotkin said, that “the want of man is due to the unfruitful soils; that the most fertile soils are not in the prairies of America, nor in the steppes of Russia; that they are in the peat-bogs of Ireland, on the sand-downs of the northern sea-coast of France, on the craggy mountains of the Rhine, where they have been made by men’s hands.” The figures from this table do not reach the limit of productivity per acre. Why, then, is she hungry?

Mr. Mills deals at great length with the German tariff, and certainly succeeds in showing that it does materially affect food prices. But that the tariff is not the cause, although it may intensify the effect in Germany, he himself shows. “In the course of a dozen years (1900-12) we find that the cost of the worker’s provisions has increased to the following extent:—In the United Kingdom by 21%, in France 15, in Australia 16, in Norway 15, in Italy 20, in Holland 23, in Belgium 32, in Austria 35, in Canada 51; whilst in the course of eleven years (1900-11) the cost of the wage-earners’ sustenance has increased in New Zealand by 10 per cent, in Japan by 21, in Germany by 30, in Hungary by 37, in Japan by 58, and in the United States of America by 39.” The cause is summed up by him in this simple formula: “The vast and vastly increasing consumption [of food] as compared with production is the explanation of the demand from first to last.” We have only to consider the distribution of the increased population of Germany to see the truth of the first part of this formula; and I reproduce Mr. Mills’ tabular presentation of the facts:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Population connected with Landed Pursuits</th>
<th>1892,000,000</th>
<th>1907,000,000</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Industrial</td>
<td>10,929,000</td>
<td>20,929,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trade and Commercial</td>
<td>4,531,000</td>
<td>5,976,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Put more concisely, the population living on the land declined by 14 millions, while the population living on industry and trade increased by 14 millions. From constituting 42 per cent. of the whole population, the agriculturists of Germany have declined to 15; and the industrial and commercial population increased from 45 to 60 per cent. of the whole population.

This phenomenon is not to be witnessed only in Germany; “A Rifleman” says: “In France during the same period with a stationary population, the proportion of urban to rural population has altered from 34.8 to 40 per cent. New lands, such as the United States and our Colonies, have experienced the same tendency in even more marked degree; alike in the former country, Canada and Australia, and in the latter, New Zealand by 16, in Hungary by 37, in Japan by 58, and in the United States of America by 39.” The cause is summed up by him in this simple formula: “The vast and vastly increasing consumption [of food] as compared with production is the explanation of the demand from first to last.” We have only to consider the distribution of the increased population of Germany to see the truth of the first part of this formula; and I reproduce Mr. Mills’ tabular presentation of the facts:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Country</th>
<th>1895</th>
<th>1911</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>World</td>
<td>5,070,000</td>
<td>5,976,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Germany</td>
<td>32,978,000</td>
<td>35,400,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A Rifleman,” in “The Struggle for Bread,” quotes the figures of the production of food grains in Germany in 1895 and 1911. In 1895, the weight of the crop was 429,289,000 bushels; in 1911, it was 680,748,031 bushels, an increase of over 50 per cent. This increase was not due to any considerable increase of the extent of agriculture, for the area was reaped from only 34,889,319 acres and in the 1911 crop, increased by over 50 per cent, was reaped from only 34,889,319 acres, an increase of only 6,050,404 acres. On the other hand, the population of Germany connected with landed pursuits declined, between 1895 and 1911, by 819,000 persons; and in 1882, the total decline of the agricultural population of Germany has been over 1,500,000 persons. Germany is hungry, but not because Nature refused to feed the population; nor is the limit of productivity reached yet, as the following table, quoted from Mr. J. F. Mills, article, will show:


Ireland ....... 18.2 24.1 20.4 135.9

Great Britain 22.1 17.4 15.6 167.9

Netherlands .... 21.7 22.2 20.3 166.1

Germany ...... 20.6 17.8 19.0 103.5

We have only to remember what Kropotkin said, that “the want of man is due to the unfruitful soils; that the most fertile soils are not in the prairies of America, nor in the steppes of Russia; that they are in the peat-bogs of Ireland, on the sand-downs of the northern sea-coast of France, on the craggy mountains of the Rhine, where they have been made by men’s hands.” The figures from this table do not reach the limit of productivity per acre. Why, then, is she hungry?

Mr. Mills deals at great length with the German tariff, and certainly succeeds in showing that it does materially affect food prices. But that the tariff is not the cause, although it may intensify the effect in
REVIEWS.

The New Alinement of Life, Concerning the Mental Laws of a Greater Personal and Public Power. By Ralph Waldo Trine. (Bell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Do not be alarmed! Mr. Trine is only preaching again. The new alinement of life is simply this: "A lawyer was a Scribe, an interpreter or teacher of the Ecclesiastical Law and observances—chiefly the latter.

Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." This is the original composition of Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine.

"Where there is no vision the people perish" (it is really the connection between these dicta and the necessity of thought is always the parent of the act.) The physiologists say "reflex action is the type of all nervous action, and the basis of all psychic activity", and it has been demonstrated that nervous activity does not necessarily imply psychic activity, although psychic activity is always accompanied by nervous activity. The thought is not always the parent of the act; did not Dr. Watts say that "evil is wrought by what of thought as well as want of heart"? Go to Mr. Trine! Nor do we quite understand how Mr. Trine derives all his quotations from modern sermons, all his fragments of Christian Science, and facts of hygiene and dietetics, from these dicta of Jesus's which to hang a few books, and if all the law and the prophets hang on these two commandments, why should not Mr. Trine and his quotations hang on them? The facts that Peter had a vision in which he was told to eat all flesh, and that Paul said: "For it is written that he may eat all things slow,.eateth herbs" and that we have no record that Jesus bothered about diet, do not lend Christian sanctification to Mr. Trine's assertion that the less flesh food we eat the healthier we are. The love of God ought to be all personal; it is the progress of works of art that are "collected," and women who individually compose them, that the Church recognise if it is to carry an effective influence into the future, and also right here today." Oh, go to Chicago, Mr. Trine!

The Influence of the Press. By R. A. Scott-James. (Partridge. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is not a very enlightening treatise on this subject: Mr. Scott-James is not detached enough to see things clearly. He draws the usual distinction between news and views, and his book is really a lament that the viewspaper has been supplanted by the "press" paper. He regards the Press "as the narrow system of the modern body-politic. It conducts the sensory impressions from the most distant members to the brain-cells at the centre, and from the brain it carries the "progressive ideal of the nation to become articulate, judge by his own remarks: "Every day the daily paper puts before the reader a confusing mass of unconnected facts drawn from the infinitely varied life of the nation and the world. How can the average citizen get from this paper even the minimum of information necessary to an ordered picture of the movements of the day? He cannot get it. He must turn to weekly and monthly papers, and to books." If he turns to this book for an ordered picture of the London Press, he will not discover that such a paper as The New Age exists. The "Spectator" is mentioned; and the "Nation," the "Saturday Review," the "Outlook," the "New Witness," the "New Statesman," are all mentioned, but The New Age simply does not exist. Mr. Scott-James is a true journalist, and his book accords with his description of the daily paper.

More About Collecting. By Sir James Yoxall. (Paul. 5s. net.)

This additional volume to the "A.B.C. about Collecting" will be useful to those who are getting a living by preparing for the works of art that the Saturday Press is trying to buy in advance of the fashion, reduce the whole idea to absurdity. If he buys when things are cheapest, because the wealthy buyers have not yet begun buying, he must sell his old collection when its market value is declining because buyers are losing their interest in those works. Hamlet tried "to show how a king may go a progress thro' the guts of a beggar"; Sir James Yoxall shows that the works of an artist may go a progress thro' the home of a collector. The two may become the same; the bargain-hunter is always trying to buy in advance of the fashion, reduce the whole idea to absurdity. If he buys when things are cheaper, because the wealthy buyers have not yet begun buying, he must sell his old collection when its market value is declining because buyers are losing their interest in those works. Hamlet tried "to show how a king may go a progress thro' the guts of a beggar"; Sir James Yoxall shows that the works of an artist may go a progress thro' the home of a collector. The two may become the same; the bargain-hunter is always trying to buy in advance of the fashion, reduce the whole idea to absurdity. If he buys when things are cheaper, because the wealthy buyers have not yet begun buying, he must sell his old collection when its market value is declining because buyers are losing their interest in those works. Hamlet tried "to show how a king may go a progress thro' the guts of a beggar"; Sir James Yoxall shows that the works of an artist may go a progress thro' the home of a collector. The two may become the same; the bargain-hunter is always trying to buy in advance of the fashion, reduce the whole idea to absurdity. If he buys when things are cheaper, because the wealthy buyers have not yet begun buying, he must sell his old collection when its market value is declining because buyers are losing their interest in those works. Hamlet tried "to show how a king may go a progress thro' the guts of a beggar"; Sir James Yoxall shows that the works of an artist may go a progress thro' the home of a collector. The two may become the same; the bargain-hunter is always trying to buy in advance of the fashion, reduce the whole idea to absurdity. If he buys when things are cheaper, because the wealthy buyers have not yet begun buying, he must sell his old collection when its market value is declining because buyers are losing their interest in those works. Hamlet tried "to show how a king may go a progress thro' the guts of a beggar"; Sir James Yoxall shows that the works of an artist may go a progress thro' the home of a collector. The two may become the same; the bargain-hunter is always trying to buy in advance of the fashion, reduce the whole idea to absurdity. If he buys when things are cheaper, because the wealthy buyers have not yet begun buying, he must sell his old collection when its market value is declining because buyers are losing their interest in those works.
PROGRESS.

Post-Elliptical Rhomboidist: "Him a modern! Bah! He paints in the old-fashioned manner of last Thursday!"

BY WILL DYSON.
Too dull at length, decayed and died,
When that thrice-damned Peter Bell,
Still he rolled towards Parnassus' court
His early style was like a vomit.
Yet scarce with lettered gait — far from it!
Alack, as fresh as breeze above the brine,
He quit; and Literature he sought,
For his parents bade him turn a sailor;
He'd sucked up in the foc'sle.
He quoth — I might's well be a tailor
And for a while he went to sea.
Out tumbled phrase, and term, and tag —
It was as if some Johnny Dag
Had emptied out his rancid swag
Which critics fairly thought his
Lay the real Peter Pure, and soon
But all beneath the sea-dog pose
To solnethirig more than simple
He 'gan
For can man sing the primal zone
And bade her spread the classic gaff,
Yet some inferior sail employ
The play ran scarce one audience past.
His slang of Cockney servants' hall,
Fell off like paint in blistering tropics.
The salt he'd taken below main-yard —
His gaff-sail hoist to Roman mast,
To Who conquered even hell's regard
For he was writing the dullest books
But Pete's self-devilling proved much neater.
Fat usurping what all should inherit
That fain would full and full would fain
All, all in the carping-bitter spirit,
With a hint that things as he did find 'em
Fat usurping what all should inherit
And rudely neglecting men of merit —
Were not exactly as God designed 'em.
The Devil grinned and returned to hell,
A-seeing these tomes so gloomy crammed.
"Write on," he said, "my Peter Bell,
Fat will see that your books can't sell —
No need for me to wish you damned!"
Time proved it that the Devil was right.
Peter the Fourth grew worse embittered,
For the stuff he'd written to ease his spite —
So full of reformatory zeal for the right —
The publisher's stock-rooms littered.

Pastiche.
PETER BELL, THE FOURTH.
By T. K. L.
When that thrice-damned Peter Bell,
Too dull at length, decayed and died,
A second time he tired of hell,
So back he came on earth to dwell,
Still sworn with literary pride.

Alack! The odds of Fate that be!
His parents bade him turn a sailor;
For much like Peter Third, that dove,
Pete Fourth took pleasure in vivisection!

Oh, he was kind to the prostitute —
Oh, how her woes did make him bleed!
Oh, how he longed to flog her brute,
And reviled in turns the colour of June.
But to feel for a dog he didn't see need!

The fact is nature will always out,
And when a devil is down and opprest
He takes to that which amuses him best.
Peter the Third did torture trout —
The Fourth on pimps and dogs let out.

But fine words buttered no pancakes still;
And Peter sighed for his dwindling coffers,
And wondered how to bring grist to his mill,
Till he struck on a line he guessed would fill
His desk with publishers' offers.

About this time, the Irish School
Was swindling Chelsea of praise and pence.
Their method of fraud was devilish cool —
They spangled some Calibanistic fool —
And Chelsea Caliban thought this right sense!

Our Peter saw, and said, "By Lad!
Now's my chance to improve the hours.
Our Peter saw, and said, "Why, 'tis my very Peter
I'll make him a play of beauty and blood,
With piety, too, and lust and Bow'rs.
He made it, and top-mob Caliban,
Fiendish eunuchs and trousered spinsters,
And a few pale critics to gossip began —
Till half Cheyne Walk with the fever ran.
You'd thought Will Shakespeare was hailed by inksters!

But 'twas only a boom de luxe, and Pete
Still chinked his pockets to coppery tune,
Buzzed like flies round a midden in June.
It may be he not clearly knew —
For self-deceit is ever silent —
Exactly how his impulse grew
To grind the Many and soothe the Few
To bind the rebel and serve the tyrant.

"But now he raved enormous folly
Of Baptisms, Sunday-schools, and graves,
'Twould make George Colman melancholy
Chanting these stupid staves."
Yet the Reviews that had ignored
His darkling threats and his spangled play,
Starred his new verse as Gospel word —
A much of Christ and crime, abhorred —
And made our Pete the success of the day!

These surely be but rotten gains —
These got by books that fog the poor,
That terrorise their starving brains,
And bind them faster in the chains
Of Mammon's cassocked Idolator.

In Peter Fourth they'd found the man
To inculcate the creed of Fat
In superstitious Caliban —
Persuade him plough, abjure the can,
And pay his tithe and touch his hat.

Pete served the Fat Man's turn, and greased
Caliban soft with humility,
And vastly his banker's respect increased,
Till his gub ran dry, and his output ceased
To show any spontaneity.

Besides, Tom, Dick, and Harry got
Suspicious about those Bible words
Mixed up with talk of whore and sot
And swear-words, in a lustful plot.
Tomdarry had heard of Flaming Swords!
He'd heard that angel without shrivich
With devils shoulders never rubs.
These yarne's of lint and wench a-lurch:
He don't associate them with Church—
He do associate them with pubs!
And there were many things to do
With wages, strikes, and blackleg beasts!
So, somehow, Peter failed to skiw
The rebels—and all his blasphemous spue
But undermined the craft of priests!
'Twill ne'er be known, but may be guessed,
How much our Peter contributed
To break the spell of black-coat priest—
For persons chanting verse unblest
Are no great mystery to dread!
The end of Peter the Third was evil,
For none could read him—'en for pelf!
Whoever tried—it laid him level,
Critic or parson or printer's devil...
And he rotted along with his own dull self.
Well, Peter the Fourth was true to type;
He sank in torpor down to hell,
And set the marks a-yawn as with gripe,
Near that dull hypocrite, Peter Bell.
Would that the latest rumours lied!
'The end: Critic or parson or printer's devil—
Of your trying it laid him level,
And as the pewter beer-mugs clink
Good it is to sit and drink
With the blood of our youth still red.
For there's always a rhyme in the hearts of men,
There's always a song to sing;
'N the sleepless night the king
There's a caterpillar on the floor.
There's a caterpillar on the floor.

HISTORICAL IMPRESSIONS (No. 3).
Mr. CHESTERTON meets Mr. BELLOC

Mr. BELLOC meets Mr. CHESTERTON.

SCENE: A Sussex Inn about dusk one Summer night. The Innkeeper is standing, with a somewhat worried look, listening beside one of the casement windows. A huge man covered with dust strides up the road, his yellow hair floating in the wind.

INNKEEPER: Gawd be praised, 'e's a man must weigh sixteen stone, we're saved!

CHESTERTON: Good even, mine host, if thou hast good sparkling ale thou art a true man.

INNKEEPER: O, Sir, don't call me 'ost. I've an orful feller 'ere 00 calls me that. From the other things I see it ain't a respectable word, sir, an' I domino it.

CHESTERTON: Don't know it? But it's a symbol, a word-picture of your miraculous life-renewing qualities.

INNKEEPER: (stuffed)

CHESTERTON: That's it! I always knew the man in the street would be astonished at himself if he could only see himself as he is, not the man in the street but the Street-Man for whom the procession of the Universe unrolls. Blowed you are, Blowed is exactly what you should be (perhaps blown) with the wisdom of the Spirit that goes up and down the by-ways but never enters the houses.

INNKEEPER (tremulously):

CHESTERTON: Well, I ain't no street man, I've got me own 'ouse.

CHESTERTON: House! Don't you know the difference between an Inn and a House? An Inn is everybody's house, but a House is somebody's prison. But tell me is that the real Sussex accent you've got? I've not been in these parts before.

INNKEEPER: Yessir. I wuz born in Clapham, sir, I've only lately come here.

CHESTERTON: Now I feel a strong desire to say that the only way to avoid Clapham is to go to it, but I must remember I'm on a holiday, and (swisting the dour-rozer) this is Sussex air, though the beer probably comes from Southwark. Lead the way, O Chapmanite, to a comfortable room.

INNKEEPER: Yes sir, but there's such a feller there I've never seen the likes of, 'e keeps singing to 'imself an' calling fer beer, an' 'e sweats most drefful, perhaps you could quieten 'im.

CHESTERTON: You ought to have been a grocer! Show me the man, if necessary I shall sit upon him. (He ruffles his hair while the Innkeeper looks at him dubiously for a moment, and then shakily leads the way through the porch to a door which he opens quietly. The room is badly lit, but at the other end...
BELLOC (sings): Now shall we go a-sailing
Afar from Sussex land,
The stars I see are paling,
Their light is close at hand.

CHESTERTON: The Kaiser's coast's in hailing,
I hear a German band.

BELLOC (laughing): Brother 'tis not yet afternoon
So that hardly be.
Where has the landlord put the Moon?
The big Moon, where is he?

CHESTERTON (solemnly): I'm bailing the boat with a piece of spoon,
Hush, don't speak to me!

BELLOC (laughing loudly and letting go the mast which he has been clasping): Vivent les cheveux duhin!
Let me enquire. We shall be blood brothers!
Ho! mine host! Quick, a carving knife!
(INNKEEPER falls in a dead faint on the floor.)

(CURTAIN.)

W. J. T.

WHEN IT WAS DARK.

FIRST STUDENT: At last I may call myself one of God's Englishmen and a citizen of no mean city. To-morrow, I shall defend my native town against the attacks of its canaille, I have volunteered at the gas-works.

SECOND STUDENT: Oh, the Blue British Heart!

FIRST STUDENT: Shall Culture bow the head to Cupidity? Shall the patricians of this city be affrighted by the canaille, I have volunteered at the gas-works. As for your reference to the playing fields, you never played anything more invigorating than marbles—any city walls—you are thinking of the hoardings."

SECOND STUDENT: My dear boy, I should advise you to lie down in our noble heart not being within any city walls. You are thinking of the hoardings."

FIRST STUDENT: Of course, that sounds very clever, but, as Kingsley says:—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day long."

Beautifully true, too, I think. What is the dickey's you laughing at?

SECOND STUDENT (choking): Be good, sweet maid—I mean—Bear with me, laughter is a disease with me.

SECOND STUDENT (sarcastically): Some people have such a delicate sense of humour. I never knew before that Charles Kingsley considered himself a writer of humorous verse.

SECOND STUDENT (helplessly): I didn't, till your remarkable personality irresistibly drew the humour from its lurking place.

FIRST STUDENT: Do you think those fellows are likely to cut up rough about it?
SECOND STUDENT: What work you mean Kingsley's publishers?
FIRST STUDENT: No, fathead, I mean the strikers.
SECOND STUDENT: I hope so. I sincerely hope they give you a damned good hiding.
FIRST STUDENT: I don't think they'll get the chance. I hear that we are to be spirited in and cut of the place while those fellows are away on a wrong scent.

SECOND STUDENT: Three students crawled stealthily out of the town;
Crawled out of the town as the lights went down;
Each thought of the tutor who loved him the best,
And each had a vision of cap and gown.
For toadies must creep,
And this kind of labour is damnably cheap,
And the hour of their doom God's post-o-

GEORGE A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.
THE SOUTH AFRICAN STRIKE.

Sir,—Your editorial Notes last week must have convinced everyone but the wilfully blind and stupid that the men who went on strike in South Africa had every justification for the steps they took. (You have repeatedly proved), the wage-earner is a slave whose duty it is to be constantly preparing for the revo-
lution that is to make him into a free man. But it seems to me that the worst service the British Press and its Prostitutes of the Pen have performed so far has been the dissemination of the idea that the steps taken by the South African authorities were unusually strong, and that they were alien to ideas of justice and righteousness as held in this country. I reproduce, particularly, of course, to that section of the Press which calls itself Progressive or Liberal.

In August, 1911, we had a general railway strike in this country. Then, as now, there was a Liberal Government in power. Then, as now, Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister, and, as members of the Cabinet, we had that "Blue British Heart" (as he called it). Mr. Winston Churchill, and that pompous brute, Mr. Reginald McKenna—not to mention the other beauties. Now let us compare the actions of the Cabinet which was then in power, with the actions of the men dealing with the South African situation.

General Botha is credited with having set out to crush the strike and cripple trades unionism. In 1911, when the railwaymen here threatened to strike. Asquith offered them a Royal Commission, and accompanied his offer with a statement so reassuring that eventually he decided to have nothing to do with it. He then stated that "if the commerce of the country was interfered with in the way it could be by a national dispute," all the civil and military forces at the disposal of the Government would be used against the men.

In South Africa, troops, police, and citizen defence forces were mobilised against the strikers. In England, when the railwaymen defied Asquith by striking, Churchill not only mobilised troops but actually handed them over to the men's masters, private profiteers—the railway companies. Soldiers were quartered in various towns at the request of the railway companies in opposition to the desires of the local governing authorities. Troops and police swarmed everywhere, and a civilian defence force was formed.

In Liverpool, the public were charged by troops, and helpless men, women and children were clubbed by the police in a most cowardly and revolting manner. Gun-boats were requisitioned, and one of them was eventually decided to have nothing to do with it. He then stated that "the commerce of the country was interfered with in the way it could be by a national dispute," all the civil and military forces at the disposal of the Government would be used against the men.

In South Africa, troops, police, and citizen defence forces were mobilised against the strikers. In England, when the railwaymen defied Asquith by striking, Churchill not only mobilised troops but actually handed them over to the men's masters, private profiteers—the railway companies. Soldiers were quartered in various towns at the request of the railway companies in opposition to the desires of the local governing authorities. Troops and police swarmed everywhere, and a civilian defence force was formed.

In South Africa, troops, police, and citizen defence forces were mobilised against the strikers. In England, when the railwaymen defied Asquith by striking, Churchill not only mobilised troops but actually handed them over to the men's masters, private profiteers—the railway companies. Soldiers were quartered in various towns at the request of the railway companies in opposition to the desires of the local governing authorities. Troops and police swarmed everywhere, and a civilian defence force was formed.

In Liverpool, the public were charged by troops, and helpless men, women and children were clubbed by the police in a most cowardly and revolting manner. Gun-boats were requisitioned, and one of them was eventually decided to have nothing to do with it. He then stated that "the commerce of the country was interfered with in the way it could be by a national dispute," all the civil and military forces at the disposal of the Government would be used against the men.

In South Africa, troops, police, and citizen defence forces were mobilised against the strikers. In England, when the railwaymen defied Asquith by striking, Churchill not only mobilised troops but actually handed them over to the men's masters, private profiteers—the railway companies. Soldiers were quartered in various towns at the request of the railway companies in opposition to the desires of the local governing authorities. Troops and police swarmed everywhere, and a civilian defence force was formed.

In Liverpool, the public were charged by troops, and helpless men, women and children were clubbed by the police in a most cowardly and revolting manner. Gun-boats were requisitioned, and one of them was eventually decided to have nothing to do with it. He then stated that "the commerce of the country was interfered with in the way it could be by a national dispute," all the civil and military forces at the disposal of the Government would be used against the men.

In South Africa, troops, police, and citizen defence forces were mobilised against the strikers. In England, when the railwaymen defied Asquith by striking, Churchill not only mobilised troops but actually handed them over to the men's masters, private profiteers—the railway companies. Soldiers were quartered in various towns at the request of the railway companies in opposition to the desires of the local governing authorities. Troops and police swarmed everywhere, and a civilian defence force was formed.

In Liverpool, the public were charged by troops, and helpless men, women and children were clubbed by the police in a most cowardly and revolting manner. Gun-boats were requisitioned, and one of them was eventually decided to have nothing to do with it. He then stated that "the commerce of the country was interfered with in the way it could be by a national dispute," all the civil and military forces at the disposal of the Government would be used against the men.

In South Africa, troops, police, and citizen defence forces were mobilised against the strikers. In England, when the railwaymen defied Asquith by striking, Churchill not only mobilised troops but actually handed them over to the men's masters, private profiteers—the railway companies. Soldiers were quartered in various towns at the request of the railway companies in opposition to the desires of the local governing authorities. Troops and police swarmed everywhere, and a civilian defence force was formed.
And so one might go on. Liberal pressure on the more "advanced" papers is lashing themselves into a frenzy over the "danger to civil liberty" and the military display of Botha and Co., and, really, all, some of them on the "Star" wrote the other day: "We protest against these illegal and arbitrary proceedings in South Africa as earnestly as possible, for they destroy the very foundations of civil liberty and deprive the working classes of the right of combination which the law expressly gives them." Wait a moment, read the final sentence of the article:

"...and, I am sure, would turn out during the winter months at 4 a.m., the ordinary time being 7 o'clock.

The men who were asked to undertake this duty put in a claim for an increase of wages of 25 cents per week. But when this claim was brought before the Council in Committee, the Council in Committee post-holed such a demand as preposterous. Before the House of Commons as soon as Parliament meets in July.

Before the House of Commons! Before the Cabinet Caucus and their Liberal, Labour, and Nationalist hacks! Before the Government that, according to the unspokenable P. W. W., adopted "a policy of batons, bayonets, and bullets" when English railwaymen struck; the Government that was only two years ago prepared to crush an English strike "in blood." You called the "Daily Express" the meanest jackal-pup of the Tory streets in streams. Rowland Kenney.

"...and, in support of this motion, treated us some of the arguments which had been used in Committee to defeat the claims of the scavengers. He quoted Councillor Scramble as having stated: "That such a rise as this would make scavengers better paid than shipyard labourers, and that shipyard labourers, being ratepayers, would be forced to contribute to pay wages to other labourers higher than those they themselves were receiving."

Councillor Scramble, being himself a "wage-slave" employed in the ship works where labourers are paid worse than scavengers, received the enthusiastic support of the master class in Committee. When his arguments were repeated in open Council he had the consolation of hearing the same parties cry "Shame" on Councillor Snip for giving him away.

In open Council Snip was more fortunate than in Committee, and found a second for his resolution. Then came Scramble with his defence of his attitude in Committee. Never in all my life have I witnessed such a lamentable exhibition. Talk about a kid being copped sneaking the jam. The kid's explanation, excuses or shows of fright would be as nothing compared to the performance of Scramble; but he had the big battalions on his side, and so his fellow-workers were fobbed off with eighteen instead of thirty pence increase.

For several weeks past all our schools have been closed owing to an epidemic of scarlet fever. The local hospital accommodation being inadequate for the occasion, application was made and granted for the use of an unoccupied "hall" in the neighbourhood as a temporary hospital. In the same interest a "demonstration" was made to the Council meeting this evening asking the owners of picture halls to abandon the children's entertainments on Saturdays and Wednesdays; to which the local hospital medical officer's report for the month was neither read nor even mentioned. Why was this, I wonder? Never fear! I will let you know, all in good time.

Peter Fanning.

WANTED FARMERS FOR NEW ZEALAND.

Sir,-I have just received from an immigrant some literature purporting to come from the High Commissioner's office for New Zealand, and sent to one of the poor deluded creatures now here. Let me say that it is criminally unveracious, for such conditions as are described exist; and on every water-front in this country thousands of farmers are getting no more than an existence, and especially as we are in the midst of one of the greatest strikes in New Zealand's history. Mackenzie might explain how it is that in Wellington we have 1,500 farmers with bludgeons marching through the streets and between times looting at street corners, when violence has taken place, and produce such as butter and cheese and wool for export, has been destroyed. Well may the farmer want a change, even to skulking. In the conditions as a correspondent to the "Oamaru Mail." Oamaru, I might mention, is the centre of one of the richest agricultural districts in New Zealand.

W. Robinson.

The "Oamaru Mail" gives prominence to the following incident: A young farm worker, a recent arrival, sought and obtained employment at a farm in Otago, his duties being, in the morning, work the separator, and generally between times to make himself useful about the farm, for all of
which he was to receive £ per week and all found as wages. First he was shown a dinner which was provided with some of the conditions that were part of his personal outfit. The times at which he was to make a bed, and, on replying in the affirmative, directed to sacks and chaff in the barn. The only bedding the "house" provided him with was a blanket, and this at his own request after he had spent more than one night shivering under a rug which was a part of his personal outfit. The times at which he was to afford lighting up time during the winter months. Finding the working conditions uncongenial, he gave notice of the termination of the job, and when his time was up returned the blanket to the house, where he learned that he was expected to pay for it. His discomfiture was made more acute still, when, on the day night, and that he had tended the cows and done other work that day, although payment for his labours ceased on Friday night.

E.F.P.P.P.

SIR,—The Macaulay quotation to demonstrate the dominance of economic power is good reading. But the "Westminster Gazette," on Tuesday of last week, caps it. Its German correspondent, discussing the Zabern affair says:

"The result of this contrast of methods is that the democratic parties which largely increase in strength at each election do not increase in power; while the Liberal parties decline in numbers, but, if anything, increase in power. They owe this to their semi-revolutionary tactics. The Right, out of the election of January, 1912; they play a small rôle in the Reichstag; but they control affairs from outside."

Need I add that the Right parties possess economic power because they can purchase labour as a commodity, what time the Social Democrats talk—and talk—and talk?

HENRY COOPER.

WHAT THE ARMY OFFERS.

SIR,—The rapid crescendo of modern repression and attempted subjugation of Labour has surely reached a climax? A large area of British Dominion has actually been delivered over to the terrific possibilities of martial law. Whilst on the very day this Proclamation is signed the Home authorities issue a new advertisement scheme to induce soldiers to volunteer. Have you thought about the advantages of the Army? Probably not, and most likely ... you have never had placed before you the true facts of a soldier's life. (A lengthy list of alluring inducements is to be had.) Are the advertisers oblivious to the cruel irony? Would to God "the facts" and the purpose of a soldier's life were so well and widely realised that no youth would, whatever the bribe, consent to enlist—the more particularly whilst troops are systematically employed for industrial subjugation.

After denoting years to the problem of how Labour may become emancipated, the fearless genius of Tolstoy arrived at the conclusion that the solution "consists in the refusal to enter the military service," and thus escape "the stupefying and depraving influence of its discipline." "For enlistment means the renunciation of all religion, all human dignity, and is the voluntary submission to a slavery for the one purpose of murder," and this makes possible the (larger) slavery in which the ruling classes hold the working people." The truth of which South Africa sufficiently illustrates!

OWTAY M'CANNEAL, A.R.C.A.

KIKUYU.

SIR,—Your editorial note of January 8, on the subject of Kikuyu, is the most extraordinary nonsense that has ever been written. I am not aware that the Kikuyu have any connection with the Act of Parliament which created the Church of England? I am greatly relieved to discover by the implication of the Prayer Book rubric that no confirmation before communion is any longer binding, but before I can act on this assumption I should like to know your authority for the statement. Could you also mention your authorities for stating, as do you by implication, that citizenship is recognised by the law as a substitute for baptism?

CONRAD NOEL.

MILITARY NOTES.

SIR,—In the Military Notes by "Romney" the following sentence occurs: "The State for their part should not forget for a moment that he is acting as the colleague of Isaacs, Mortagu, and Samuel (with whom he can surely have nothing in common)." This is the colleague of the score of honourable gentlemen whose names so long appeared underneath his own in the Army List.

This is only open to the one interpretation that these three men are barred from inclusion in the ranks of honourable gentlemen by reason of their Jewish race, unless your contributor cares to demonstrate that, as individuals or Ministers of State, they rank lower than, say, Mr. McKenna, Lloyd George, and Lord Murray of Elibank, and so form the natural target in the holding up of the Government to opprobrium. It is customary for Jews to regard a pinprick of this nature as negligible, in that it is stale, reactionary, and vulgar; but that it should find barbourage in a representative organ of advancing thought is important, for it raises the question: "What is the attitude of the new spirit of The New Age towards Anti-Semitism?"

Now, the truth about the Jews is that we are not God's Chosen People at all, but endowed with hot blood, big brains, and a fine, sensitive nervous system; we are the very devil for life, life in all its forms, as it surges forward or runs down to rot.

Where reasonably free from persecution, Jews have always been prominent as musicians, Cabinet Ministers, White Slave traffickers, philanthropists, pugilists, philosophers, or what you will, so long as it affords scope for ardent living or seeking after life. Whatever their religious ideals, in practice they have proved themselves versatile and especially sensitive to whatever movements and trans-valuations of good and evil in art, politics, and practical life.

Now, reviewed from the distance of some thousands of years, the age, of which we are even now seeing the beginning of the end, will undoubtedly be referred to as the "Coin Age"—cheap wits will say the "Cohen Age"; the extraordinary phenomenon of collecting possessions and sitting on them will swamp all other features. As the highway of life, embracing and overshadowing all else, it has inevitably been the concern of the vast bulk of all mankind, but the Jews by their very success at the game have thrown into strong relief the inherent squalor of its operations, results, and ideals, and so have been made a scapegoat or symbol of excarnation by unfortunates who groaned beneath wage-oppression, as well as by moneymy people who employed an instinct to pigeon-hole the best pictures of their painted lives from anything suggestive of the seamy canvas on which it was executed.

All Jewish qualities and defects, other than financial, have been ignored by the mass of their fellows, even as the broad-natured history of the original scapegoat was doubtless of little interest to the Israelites, although it is now a platitude to say that Jews are justly exacted of us as prominent in their hatred of individual ambition and stagnant hoarding as any other race (if by that time nationality has not gone the way of front-door chimneys). I use the word "probability" advisedly, since, as Austin Harrison points out in the December number of the "English Review," the three founders of European Social Democracy were all Jews.

HARLEY STREET.

SIR,—Having just read "Sinnikuus" article on "Harley Street in the Limelight" in your issue of the 8th inst., it has occurred to me you may make a mistake to the entries. I injured my knee at golf, slipping both cartilages years ago, and was practically crippled for that period in spite of "Dr. Fact," whose panacea was to advocate the removal of the cartilages.

Last November I placed myself in the hands of Mr. Barker, of Harley Street, for an hour, effected a complete cure, and I was able to walk away from his house—free from pain and discomfort, a most welcome release from a long period of trouble. I am about to resume all my former activities, and my knee is as perfect as it ever was.
It seems to me only fair such experiences as mine should be in view of the way "Dr. Fact" condemns the methods as practised by Mr. Barker, and stigmatises him as a quack.

E. A. W. COUTNEY (Lt.-Col.).

"Sinnikus" contrasts the methods of the doctors with those of Mr. Barker. Whilst the doctors are soothing in regions of impossible theories and indulging in paid talk, Mr. Barker gets to the root of the evil at once. He knows his case. You are most probably walking out of his house cured in less time than it would take you in getting over the profoundness of your trouble around the ankle. The foot and leg were described as poor results of little or no walking.

Sir,-I was much amused and edified by your able and clever article in The New Age for January 8, entitled "Harley Street in the Limelight." I was especially interested in one paragraph: "Does the doctor examine the knobby knee cap of Mr. Barker, and say 'Not so; he's Dr. Fact, don'tcha know? He looks at—his teeth!"

Here is a little anecdote. I am a clergyman of the Church of England. One of my Sunday-school teachers mentioned to me that he had long been troubled with a displaced kneecap, and told me that he had consulted several local doctors, who all alike failed to cure him, but advised a very expensive operation. I asked Mr. Barker what he would generously consent to do, free of charge. In a few minutes Mr. Barker, by the use of manipulative surgery, had replaced the cartilage and cured a case in which doctors had failed for years.

The man is absolutely cured, and has had no kind of trouble from the knee since.

The Daily Press witnesses to thousands of similar well-attested instances of Mr. Barker's skill and success.

In the face of all such evidence, "dear old Dr. Fact" insists that he cannot possibly have anything to learn from Mr. Barker, advises all his patients to have nothing to do with the one man who knows how to cure them, and punishes most severely any of his own fraternity who are found to like Mr. Barker. I do not know what other thing which Harley Street has ever learnt, but which is of inestimable value for the cure of human suffering. How can the public insist that "Dr. Common Sense" has a fair hearing?

VIRGINS.

Sir,-Mr. T. E. Hulme writes of Mr. Ludovici, in your issue of December 25 as follows:—"... When a little hank of this kind has the impertinence to refer to Mr. Epstein as a 'minor personality'—of no importance to him. The most appropriate means for dealing with him would be a little piece to foregather the unworthy sentiment of pity for the weak, which, in spite of Nietzsche, still moves us, prevents us dealing drastically with this trifling thing."

I wonder if Jack Johnson's opinions, uttered by Mr. Ludovici, would similarly inspirify Mr. Hulme to pugnacity. But here is a suggestion. If Mr. Hulme will state his weight, I will undertake to match him with a wrestler of equal weight, and the pugilist shall sincerely hold and state similar opinions of Mr. Epstein's art to those stated by Mr. Ludovici. I will bring the pugilist outside to deal with the incident of the Hulme's displeasure. And Mr. Hulme will then have no unworthy sentimientos of pity for the weak to inhibit his desire to indulge in persifil panache and promise that the pugilist shall be spooling for the fray. And I will lend my garden for the contest. It is a very large and secluded garden, capable of accommodating as many of The New Age readers as would care to witness so interesting an encounter.

When the pugilist has punched Mr. Hulme's right eye into Mr. Hulme's left ear, and Mr. Hulme's remains have been carried to a surgery on the verge of starvation. He has more self-respect than to weep so much at the public's preference for the "classical" music of Mr. Epstein. As a critic he would have us take seriously Monsieur Matisse's tedious invention of the puzzle-comundrum without-an-answer and the empty sillinesses of Monsieur Munereux. He is so terribly capable of understanding and appreciating art in general, and Mr. Epstein's art in particular.

ARTHUR ROSE.

Sir,—If I were Mr. Ludovici, I would run away. After due consideration, it seems clear to me that Mr. Hulme's remark on "plastic criticism" (see his "hasty notes," New Age, December 25) resolves itself into a desire to re-mould the curvature of Mr. Ludovici's spine. Why? Because Mr. Ludovici talks sense, I suppose. However, one need not quarrel with diluted Easter Island customs. It is more profitable to try the effect of comparative criticism on Mr. Epstein. Let anyone read through Mr. Humphrey's "Gale on a calm" (New Age, December 25), and then turn at once to the "Rock drill."

J. A. M. A.

ODDMENTS.

Sir,—It is most enormously relieving to learn from "R. H. C." that your disheartening loss on production is coming to an end; it will cheer everyone who values high and noble thinking and free speech, and renew our lay ardours in improving the circulation.

...But you should not mock a little! Why is "R. H. C." unfair to Sir R. Nicoll, fair criticism is bad sometimes? I was present, as a guest, at that dinner to George Moore, and my recollection is vivid and compelling; it was not dull, it was electrical rather; the old giant was far finer in the flesh than any other public man I've ever known.

I sat next L. F. Austin, and his speech was a miracle of tact and delicacy; fully admirable without any fulsome
culty; a credit to critics and a credit to receive. It is only now that "K. C." writes fairly, for one is only too grateful for his Masefield and other slayings.

But why were you so unkind as to let Josef (why Josef? why is he ashamed of what he started with, plain Josef?) Holbrooke expose his true position in music? He gives it quite plainly and truly, last what is the matter with nearly all the critics? They do not notice that one can hardly hear their stuff twice. I have been a diligent concert-goer nearly a Holbrooke ex ose his true position in music? He gives this, that Josef's name on a programme drives me away, in public; it's too noisy and empty to live.

I'd like to find a name, why, in his repeated lists of names of fellow-composers he does not once mention Julius Harrison? It is curious, for this composer happens to be one of my young band of whom I'm glad to hear more. Is it jealousy, an instinctive sense of his superiority, or what? Anyhow, Josef's bad English and worse reasoning are equally futile; let them write good, live music, rich in modal charm, rich in ideas, and we'll hear them right enough. The trouble is they have so little foundation of real music; their deadly cleverness in bearing more. IS it jealousy, an instinctive sense of his hear them right enough. The trouble is they can't afford to be direct, to mean something; they take meaningless complexity for genius, and it isn't. Bach and Mozart said more with only two notes going than their biggest screen composer ever will. We are not ready enough for the musical genius when he comes; your once hearing ought to have taught you more; it's a hopeless case, I'm afraid.

F. H. E.

****

ATTA TROLL

The naive curiosity displayed by your reviewer regarding my reasons for translating "Atta Troll" is indeed cheering. I regret that it is unnecessary to gratify it beyond saying that these were many and quite valid. One reason he may appreciate: the very ignorance of the English and American public with respect to the greater portion of Heine's work. Beyond a few ballading-rooms or public houses in bloodless anthologies, it knows nothing of his poetry. And the reviewers know little more. Several of them are visibly embarrassed why I had dispensation with rhyme in this translation? More than ever I am confirmed in my belief that it was time that this dextral dancing-bear was introduced to a larger audience.

But to return to our mutton, your reviewer, speaking generally if not grammatically, congratulates himself on having relieved from "that pleasant form of German melancholy, the chief symptoms of which is (sic) an overwhelming desire to squeeze Heine into English garb." Having so triumphantly completed this cure, I suggest that he might devote a little attention to another and obviously a distemper peculiarly juvenile. Some diagnose it as "bumptiousness." "Atta Troll" being rhymeless, says he, "offers the translator fewer mechanical difficulties than many of Heine's poems." In the very next sentence he declares that "even a mediocre translator often reproduces rhyme with fair success," but that it takes a "born translator" to reproduce rhythm. Leaving aside the question, whether anyone could or would be so strange a phenomenon as a "born" translator, one is impelled to ask whether "rhythm" is not also a "mechanical difficulty"?

It was, in fact, the chief mechanical difficulty with this poem. While retaining Heine's accents, I purposely avoided his dissyllabic endings. No metre is more monotonous or tiresome to the English ear than the sing-song trochaic, as witness its stupifying effect even in the pseudo-Indian chant of Longfellow's "Hia-watha." Surely, in translation the genius of the two respective languages must be considered, and above all the spirit of the poem. It was a matter of taste and because, and not because it is "difficult to find dissyllabic endings in English," did I decide to use a shorter, terser, more masculine ending, relieved, and the grace-note. I sought to avoid the pit into which other translators had fallen—and now I find your reviewer floundering in it up to the ears.

I trust he will not find "amiss" these "few words from Mr. Scheffauer himself" for which he has been craving.

Our reviewer replies: It seems to me that a man who produces a poetical translation should give at least some brief indication of the principles on which he has worked; and if (as in this case) he is translating a poem which has been done before, he must justify his undertaking, either on the ground of incompetent predecessors, or by some excellence in his own rendering. I am still left without any adequate reason why Mr. Scheffauer's translation. Mr. Scheffauer declares that his reasons are many and quite valid. But they are invisible—that is, my objection to them.

On the question of rhyme and rhythm, my inference was that any translator of "Atta Troll" must have less excuse for not following Heine. He has been so long in the case if the poem were rhymed. If, further, "Atta Troll" were written in hexameters or some other metre not hitherto employed in English, there would arise a mechanical difficulty. But no such difficulty arises regarding this poem, and, therefore, I suggest that Mr. Scheffauer's failure to reproduce the original metre is a failure of poetical failure. A born translator reproduces all that is possible of reproduction from his original.

As regards the syllabic endings, this is one of those points which Mr. Scheffauer should have explained in a proem. That such details cannot be passed over as a matter of course, is seen from this little controversy, but for which we should still have been in the dark about Mr. Scheffauer's metrical principles. I still assert that Mr. Scheffauer has changed the entire tune of Heine's poem by employing so many masculine endings in place of feminine ones. "The genius of the two languages" does not require, and, in fact, does not endure such a substitution. With notice of the most successful translators of English poetry into German—Freiligrath and Strodtmann, for example—were pretty scrupulous about the retention of like endings. It was Mr. Scheffauer's business to follow closely the translation. Mr. Scheffauer declares that his reasons for not following Heine's metre than would be the substitution. It is worth noting that some of the most scrupulous about the retention of like endings. It was Mr. Scheffauer's business to follow closely the movement of the original, without becoming monotonous, and in this he has not succeeded. This was my original contention, and it is a perfectly reasonable one. But because I have the outrageous impudence to differ from Mr. Scheffauer, he charges me with bumptiousness.

The fact that Mr. Scheffauer can be puzzled by the expression "a born translator" will be significant to any who have seriously studied the art of translation.

CARICATURES

BY "TOMT" of "The New Age"

Uniform with "The New Age" Volumes.

New Age Press, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.

Exhibition of Caricatures

By TOM-TITT

At the DORE GALLERIES

From Jan. 22nd until Feb. 11th.

THE QUEST SOCIETY

Kenington Town Hall, W. (The Town Hall is opposite High-st. Station)

Thursday Evening, Jan. 22nd—8.30

"The New Art and its Philosophy"

By T. E. HULME

"A FAIR PRICE FOR Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND ALL KINDS OF FOREIGN HANDS Engaged by us."

"FREE SALVATION FOR ALL."

From Jan. 22nd until Feb. 11th.

"FRESH FISH DAILY at JOSPEH'S, 138, King Street, Hammersmith."