NOTES OF THE WEEK

The Syndicalist suggestion made by the "Times" to the Coal Porters' Union, though hailed as interesting by the "Daily Mail" and as promising by the Westminster Gazette, and though greedily swallowed by "G. R. S. T." of the "Daily Herald," was wildly ironic. Otherwise the only comment to make upon it is that it was idiotic. It is true that the trade unions have already begun to look upon themselves as the anointed heirs to the throne of industry; it is true that we and a good many others are convinced that upon them our hopes must needs be different from its organisation for fighting purposes. Similarly, without in the least admitting that the members of a trade union are not jointly capable of responding to the satirical challenge of the "Times."
We should say, indeed, that the resources for industrial purposes are far richer than the resources for either of the other purposes have proved to be. All said and done, and in which we mean the skill to organise and carry on a craft of any description is more native and familiar to the rank and file than economic or political action. In these respects they are somewhat out of their element; they blunder in the dark and scarcely know their right hands from their left. But set them to their own craft, put them to judge the quality of their foremen and master-craftsmen—we doubt whether they would ever make a mistake in selection. It follows, we think, that though not now organised for industrial control, the trade unions are not only capable of doing so, and are organised for the purpose, of industrial control, but much more capable of it than of the alien functions of economic and political warfare. Primarily an industrial army, they are at a disadvantage when on a semi-military campaign.

As well as being impracticable by reason of the present mode of organisation of the Trade Unions, the 'Times' suggestion is impracticable by reason of the existing capitalist organisation, and is theoretically objectionable to boot. A correspondent of the "Daily News" has pointed out what, in effect, the Coal Porters Union is invited to enter into competition not merely with the Coal Merchants, but with the whole forces of capitalism. Not only have the Coal Merchants a monopoly of the yard accommodation and running plant of their industry, but in a competition between themselves and the Union, they would have a monopoly of the goodwill of the whole of capitalist society. Unless they desired the Union to make a success of its experiment, would the Coal-owners, Railways, Companies or Cartwrights facilitate the business of the Union as against their own flesh and blood, the existing profiteering Coal Merchants? Would dog eat dog when rabbits were still available? We can imagine, indeed, the series of obstacles the Union would have to contend with, and a corporation, too, which would ever make a mistake in selection. That there may be no doubt about it, the Union for the purpose of their part of the total industry of the coal trade should be recognised as a collective and responsible entity not only capable of doing so as a principle, and as a body of partners, but entitled to carry out its undertaking in its own way. For the numbers of men employed by the Union, for their wages, and for the conditions of the want of fresh attack upon the Union. The very students of both universities and hospitals at the hands of the doctors and managers to break a strike wherever it occurs, presumably in the
belief that strikers who can be so considerable an expense, the hospitals and the workers of their own expense. It is not right that the inconceivably heavy handicap with which wages-earners always start upon a strike, the additional burden of greater consideration for society than their masters should be thrust on them.

Another point to remark is the confirmation the current controversy offers of our contention that as the trade unions become blackleg-proof, panic with the accompanying circumstances will fall upon the capitalists. The declaration of civil war by General Botha on South African trade unionists is merely the symbol of the advance in which it is once seen that the Trade Union movement is directed not towards the amelioration simply of the wage-system, but towards its abolition. Elsewhere than in so elementary a polity as South Africa, the apprehension of the possessing classes will take a more intelligent course and give rise to an ascending series of offers of compromise, each designed to stave off the day of the radical transformation of our industrial system. From this point of view, the suggestion of the “Times,” though made in jest, may very soon be made in earnest. The fact, indeed, that capitalists accepted the suggestion seriously is a proof of how nearly it approximated to a sense of what may soon be offered. But we are convinced that it is by no means all that is in reserve amongst capitalist parties. The Unions have only quietly to continue filling up their ranks, amalgamating and federating, to provoke offers compared with which the offer of the “Times,” if seriously meant, would be an insult. By marching round the walls seven times and each time with a blackleg-proof guard, the unions could ensure the fall of Jericho without a blow and without even a strike. And this, we would observe, is a tribute to the good sense of the ruling classes as well as to the potential solidarity of the Labour movement.

On the other hand, it is not to be supposed that the employers will offer no resistance to the actual process of strengthening the membership of the Unions. Admitting that a Union with a monopoly of its labour has already won its battle, the aim of employers’ federations must necessarily be to prevent or at least to delay this consummation. Apart from trade considerations, altogether alien to public consideration the subject certainly is in the mind of the Master Builders, whose lock-out of over a hundred thousand men was begun on Saturday; and the cowardice displayed by the English trade unions in respect of Dublin has undoubtedly provoked the attack. After the lamentable conference held in London to “down” Mr. Larkin, Mr. Larkin observed in the present writer’s hearing that Dublin would have to be paid for in England; and his words have now come true. Nobody should suppose that, had the English trade unions been quick to resist and to repel the attack by Mr. Murphy upon the very principle of trade unionism in Dublin, the English Murphies of the Building Trade would have ventured to challenge trade unionism here. But seeing the indifference, nay, the rejoicing, with which Mr. Murphy’s triumph in Dublin was anticipated by the English leaders, how could not the Builders conclude that their own triumph here would be comparatively easy? We believe they are wrong; we believe they will be proved to be wrong. But for their assault the English trade unionists have their own treatment of Mr. Larkin to thank. Their chickens have come from Dublin to London to roost.

The “Spectator,” being, as we said, a “fair” paper, has not replied to our charges on the subject of the South African strike. But we are gratified to see that it is as silent as damned upon the subject. Though, as everybody may guess (even in the absence of news from our omnignorant Press), things are by no means settled in South Africa; and though, indeed, questions arising out of the strike are everywhere else but in the Press being discussed, the “fair” “Spectator,” edited by that perfect pink of publicists, Mr. Strachey, has, in its current issue not so much as a mention of the existence of South Africa. To that unhappy country the “Spectator” has applied one of its blind eyes. The “Pall Mall Gazette,” however, by a carelessness soon corrected, did on Tuesday last point our moral of the cost of the strike to the South Africans, which, by the way, amounts to about 40 million pounds, it seems, is the estimate of the sums expended by the Government and profiteers of South Africa to bring the “fight to a finish” to a fresh beginning. Calculate, if you can, the number of times this cost can be repeated with the wealth of Africa behind it, and you will look for a less suicidal method of meeting industrial unrest. Our own calculation is that it will never occur again; and not because the men have been beaten, but because the men have won. The “Daily News,” we see, is agitated over the constitutional question of the right of the South African Government to declare martial law in a time of peace and to create crimes and administer punishments ad hoc. We confess we care little in the abstract for the rights or the wrongs of the question; for the reality turns upon power. A Government, we said some weeks ago, can behave like Beelzebub if it be so minded and have the power; and discussion of its “rights” is useless unless this in turn can affect its power. Does the “Daily News” suppose either that the South African Government cares about “rights” provided they are not “powers,” or that in similar circumstances, its own sweet little pets of the present Cabinet would care any more? A note in the “Financial News” of ten days ago did, indeed, suggest that the English Government was in collusion with General Botha in the course he took. Why, if not, should Lord Gladstone be recalled? Collusion or not, we are sure that the “Daily News” friends were quite glad to see the medical use of “civil war” are equally sure they were prepared, if it had cured the brute, to use the same medicine here. Does the “Daily News” doubt it?

An example of “bluff” has been quoted from Sir Edwin Cornwall. Let us quote several others that we have remarked during the week. A telegram from the Johannesburg correspondent of the “Times” of Monday concluded thus: “With a few exceptions the mine artisans remain on strike. Otherwise the industrial prospects seem favourable. There, if you please, is a dainty dish of nonsense without inducing South Africa to respond to the question: for the reality turns upon power. A Government, we said some weeks ago, can behave like Beelzebub if it be so minded and have the power; and discussion of its “rights” is useless unless this in turn can affect its power. Does the “Daily News” suppose either that the South African Government cares about “rights” provided they are not “powers,” or that in similar circumstances, its own sweet little pets of the present Cabinet would care any more? A note in the “Financial News” of ten days ago did, indeed, suggest that the English Government was in collusion with General Botha in the course he took. Why, if not, should Lord Gladstone be recalled? Collusion or not, we are sure that the “Daily News” friends were quite glad to see the medical use of “civil war” are equally sure they were prepared, if it had cured the brute, to use the same medicine here. Does the “Daily News” doubt it?”
Thursday. It is well known that an Economic Commission is sitting in South Africa, under the chairmanship of one of our woodenest economists, Professor Chapman of Manchester University, to inquire into the industrial conditions and prospects of the country. Among other bodies the Chamber of Mines has offered evidence, in the form of a report on the gold supply. The present output of twenty-eight million tons crushing annually is, they say, possible only for a period of five years from now. Therefore the output must decline until in about seventeen years' time it will be reduced to half its present bulk. But what conclusion, supposing this estimate were correct, could be drawn from it? The plain conclusion would be that South Africa would be wise to begin preparations for exploiting new industries. Is South Africa to cease to exist as a community because the gold supply fails? Has she no future apart from gold? The conclusion, however, of the Chamber of Mines, supported by the "Times," is that the "costs of working" the mines (and chiefly in labour, that is, wages) should be reduced in order that the exploitation of gold should be hastened. "Under existing working conditions," we are told, "the Rand is not an attractive field to capitalists." 'The profits are equal disregard with the "Times" and other instructors. The Report is not only inaccurate, but is a manifest incorrect definition of democracy. The London Insurance Committee last week, the report in favour of paying themselves five shillings a week at Glasgow. But what wonder when the cart is put before the horse that the horse backs?

The cares and the precariousness of office appear to have driven the knowledge of economics he once had out of Mr. Burns' head. Speaking at Streatham last Monday he informed his audience that in his opinion the rich had got more than their share of the wealth produced, the middle classes had got enough, but the shopkeepers and workmen were still in arrears. Very true, but what a vocabulary for an economist to employ, and how utterly misleading! The supposition is obviously of a commonwealth with shares distributed according to the proportions of the Three Bears, but in the wrong order—the wee, tiny bear having become possessed of the basin intended for the great big bear. Is there anything of the fairy-tale in the actual disposition of wealth under the commercial system or anything even approaching the notion of sharing? The wage-earners can no more count on a "share" in the wealth they produce than farm horses can be said to share in the produce of agriculture. Wage-earners receive their subsistence (such of them as are fortunate enough to be employed), but beyond that, though they should produce a Goanland's day they "share" in nothing, having forfeited their entire right to share in the result of their labour when they sold their labour. Once upon a time there was a man named Mr. Burns who knew this fact as well as we do; but he married the princess and has lived miserably ever after! As a sample of the "sharing," the pauper reports of the year just closed may be looked at. During 1912, ninety-four deaths directly attributed to starvation occurred in this favoured island under our paternal Jehovah Burns. Forty took place in London—a city Mr. Burns knows like the back of his hand, and containing over a thousand charitable societies and the two Webbs in addition. Seven were the Government's old age pensioners—not including Lord Balfour of Burleigh or Lord George Hamilton, strange to say! Men as the noblest in the large profits by a million and a half per annum. Then those shy birds that steal the golden eggs would be enticed in again! "To the gain of South Africa" is the least lie that might be added to this report, but no, the "Times" will not lie, but will rely upon the goodwill of its readers, and adds: "Though any increase in profit would not greatly affect the South African public who are not largely interested as proprietors of gold mines, yet indirectly..." (thank you, Mr. Wells!). Incidentally, it may be remarked that the Report is not only inaccurate, but is a manifestation of a scarecrow. The gold supply of South Africa simply cannot be estimated. It cannot be even approximately estimated.

Our own Mr. Samuel, Postmaster-General, shows an equal disregard with the "Times" and other instructors of the public for our reasoning powers. Challenged at the recent deputation to deny that wages of 20s. and under were often paid to men of 22 and over in the postal service, he promised an inquiry, the report of which he has now published as a vindication of his position. What does it reveal? He has selected, in the first place, the North-Eastern district, notoriously relatively the best paid (when the matter under consideration is the wages of agriculture, not of postal workers), and, secondly, he finds even here that among 2,000 full-time men, ninety-six (including seventy-six ex-soldiers) are paid 20s. or less per week. The assumption is (and perhaps when Mr. Stewart has sown his Parliamentary oats and returned to his proper business he will point it out) that if in the North-Eastern district one in twenty of the men are thus paid, elsewhere and in the whole service the proportion is nearer one in ten. We will not quarrel with Mr. Samuel whether this is large or small; if it depends upon taste. We will only say that far from supporting his case, his figures destroy it.

The cares and the precariousness of office appear to have driven the knowledge of economics he once had out of Mr. Burns' head. Speaking at Streatham last Monday he informed his audience that in his opinion the rich had got more than their share of the wealth produced, the middle classes had got enough, but the shopkeepers and workmen were still in arrears. Very true, but what a vocabulary for an economist to employ, and how utterly misleading! The supposition is obviously of a commonwealth with shares distributed according to the proportions of the Three Bears, but in the wrong order—the wee, tiny bear having become possessed of the basin intended for the great big bear. Is there anything of the fairy-tale in the actual disposition of wealth under the commercial system or anything even approaching the notion of sharing? The wage-earners can no more count on a "share" in the wealth they produce than farm horses can be said to share in the produce of agriculture. Wage-earners receive their subsistence (such of them as are fortunate enough to be employed), but beyond that, though they should produce a Goanland's day they "share" in nothing, having forfeited their entire right to share in the result of their labour when they sold their labour. Once upon a time there was a man named Mr. Burns who knew this fact as well as we do; but he married the princess and has lived miserably ever after! As a sample of the "sharing," the pauper reports of the year just closed may be looked at. During 1912, ninety-four deaths directly attributed to starvation occurred in this favoured island under our paternal Jehovah Burns. Forty took place in London—a city Mr. Burns knows like the back of his hand, and containing over a thousand charitable societies and the two Webbs in addition. Seven were the Government's old age pensioners—not including Lord Balfour of Burleigh or Lord George Hamilton, strange to say! Men as the noblest in the large profits by a million and a half per annum. Then those shy birds that steal the golden eggs would be enticed in again! "To the gain of South Africa" is the least lie that might be added to this report, but no, the "Times" will not lie, but will rely upon the goodwill of its readers, and adds: "Though any increase in profit would not greatly affect the South African public who are not largely interested as proprietors of gold mines, yet indirectly..." (thank you, Mr. Wells!). Incidentally, it may be remarked that the Report is not only inaccurate, but is a manifestation of a scarecrow. The gold supply of South Africa simply cannot be estimated. It cannot be even approximately estimated.

Our own Mr. Samuel, Postmaster-General, shows an equal disregard with the "Times" and other instructors of the public for our reasoning powers. Challenged at the recent deputation to deny that wages of 20s. and under were often paid to men of 22 and over in the postal service, he promised an inquiry, the report of which he has now published as a vindication of his position. What does it reveal? He has selected, in the first place, the North-Eastern district, notoriously relatively the best paid (when the matter under consideration is the wages of agriculture, not of postal workers), and, secondly, he finds even here that among 2,000 full-time men, ninety-six (including seventy-six ex-soldiers) are paid 20s. or less per week. The assumption is (and perhaps when Mr. Stewart has sown his Parliamentary oats and returned to his proper business he will point it out) that if in the North-Eastern district one in twenty of the men are thus paid, elsewhere and in the whole service the proportion is nearer one in ten. We will not quarrel with Mr. Samuel whether this is large or small; if it depends upon taste. We will only say that far from supporting his case, his figures destroy it.
Current Cant.

"It is fatal to think."—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

"Feminine dress is the nearest approach we have yet attained to colour-music."—WILLIAM ARCHER.

"The Liberals have been in power since 1906, and they have avoided those costly wars and expeditions which the Tory Party used to inflict. . . . They have also resisted ruinous and unreasonable expenditure."—"The Star."

"Yet money is a factor only second in importance to men and ships."—"Daily Mail."

"The British people refuse to be frightened . . . the one weapon left in the Unionist armoury."—"The Freeman's Journal."

"Mr. Frank Harris . . . an extremely clever writer, especially where human nature has to be analysed."—"The Saturday Review."

"Without hurry, and without delay, the Unionists of Birmingham are making their preparations to fill the great voids. . . ."—"Birmingham Daily Post."

"A Tory trap."—"The Star."

"Struggle within the Cabinet."—"The Globe."

"We are going to give our men the penny a ton for the people's sake. . . . We will not be parties to depriving the public of coal."—CORNWALL & Co.

"In reply to the advice to 'be insular,' it would be easy to say that concentration on our own country exclusively would make us far too insular, and would send us well on the way to sublime egotism and self-glorification."—"The Academy."

"Does the 'Westminster' really think that at a time like this it would pay the farmer to desert the Unionist Party, his ally and truest friend?"—"The Saturday Review."

"Mr. H. G. Wells' phantasies have always a sufficient scientific basis, or excuse, let us say, to make them worth serious consideration from a scientific point of view."—"The New Statesman."

"The golden age of the drama lies in front of us, and, despite the cinema and the music-hall, things are undoubtedly better all round. . . . Everything has improved."—Sir J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

"These be brave words which should inspire all those who are working for a drama that shall be national in the fullest sense of the word."—"Everyman."

"The Liberal Party's long and proud tradition of loyalty to sound finance."—"Daily Chronicle."

CURRENT SENSE.

"A cinema performance is like mustard without beef. There is nothing in it."—ARTHUR ROBERTS.

CURRENT MODERATION.

"£5 reward for return of pocket-book with Sir Alfred Mond's passport and papers. Lost Charing Cross Station on route for Bologna, Saturday."
So much for that. I will neglect for the moment the fact that of these 11.2 per cent, of manufacturing establishments, many are inter-controlled by "interlocking" directorates. The fact that the new anti-Trust measures propose to do away with interlocking directorates does not, however, dispose of the reality: the business of the United States is in the hands of a relatively few men, whose financial interests, no matter how they may conflict on the purely financial plane—I emphasise the last five words—are always united when threatened from two sources: Labour troubles in the United States or competition from abroad.

* * *

When I wrote about the Currency Bill a few weeks ago, I emphasised the fact that it had not been passed until the bankers of America had met in congress and suggested amendments, several of the more important of which had been incorporated in the measure. The official Bill introduced is very different from the Bill finally signed by the President. The immediate effect of the Currency Law will be an attempt to centralise the control of the financial system of the United States in eight (or at most twelve) financial districts, the minimum of eight or the maximum of twelve banks to be established being under a Federal Board of Control at Washington. This is of great interest as being the nearest approach to a definite national bank like the Bank of England or the Bank of France. It is, nevertheless, not a national bank, for it will not be under the Federal Board of Control—at the dictation of the financiers—acts in that capacity when necessary.

* * *

Ever since the formation of the Union, the United States has had trouble with her banking. The pernicious system of allowing each State to have its own chartered State bank, which issued loans on the slightest provocation, and financed undertakings which could not hope to pay for years, brought about crash after crash and dislocated finance all over the country. Sherman, in the 'seventies, made an unsuccessful attempt to combat this loose system of money-raising, but innumerable weighty factors, such as the State jealousy of the Federal Government and the power of the silver interests, prevented him from doing very much. The State financiers, in other words, were too strong; the State interests outvoted and overpowered the federal (i.e., national) interests.

* * *

Then came the sudden development of the Standard Oil Company, the establishment of new Trusts all over the country, culminating in the gigantic Steel Corporation, the "Billon-Dollar Trust," and the capture of both the political parties by the financial magnates. If you ask me why some Trusts should be Democratic and others Republican, I will ask you why the English screw-making industry turns out Protectionists, and why potash and cocoa turn out Liberals and Radicals. The fact remains.

* * *

By 1905, as I have stated, 11.2 per cent. of the manufactories controlled 81.5 per cent. of the capital and 79.3 per cent. of the products. That was not enough. The control of manufacture was centralised, or nearly so; but banking was not. Neither was the control of labour. Just about then, however, the Republicans, first headed by Mr. Roosevelt and then by Mr. Taft, talked about anti-Trust campaigns and national banks. The first step towards centralising the banking industry was thus taken. The next step (eight to twelve banks instead of one) was taken by those savours of the people who call themselves Democrats—"Triumphant Democracy," Mr. Carnegie, that is to say, triumphant Carnegie! First manufactories, then railroads, then banking, under centralised federal control. Lastly, Labour. Nothing done about Labour? My dear sir, you are wrong. Don't you remember that Roosevelt broke away from his party with a whoop in August, 1912, when they wouldn't nominate him for the Presidency? He held a convention of his own—in August, I think. He published a programme, which programme included one or two social reform measures. They would appear rather hoary to us. Wages Boards, Arbitration, Old Age Pensions, Three-shift System. No Labour centralisation about all that, you think?

* * *

Ah, but the Roosevelt programme also included National Insurance.

The Fate of Turkey and Islam.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

I.

In the following chapters of chronicle and biography, an attempt will be made to point out, by facts and vivid explanations, that it is no less to the advantage of Christian Civilisation and Progress than it is to Turkey and Islam that the security of the present integrity of the Ottoman Empire should be practically maintained and that Islam should be given a chance; nay, should be encouraged and supported to revive and to develop itself, as a religious, social and political system. It will be proved that any further dismemberment or partition of Turkey will mark the ruin of Christian Civilisation and progress in the East as essentially represented by the prestige of the British Empire, in whose administration and institutions in favour of human progress and justice I am an enthusiastic believer. For one thing, the British Empire is not mainly established on physical force but essentially on its prestige, and, therefore, must have elements other than physical force to count upon; and I believe Islam ought to be the best element for the British Empire to count upon in the East. For another thing, granting that the much spoken of partition of Turkey actually takes place, Islam will remain for ever and ever alive and akin of its existence as represented by no less than 250,000,000 souls spread mainly through the integrity of the British Empire. To those who have no special motives to serve, and who entertain erroneous and various beliefs as to that it is better either for Christianity or civilisation or progress to persecute Islam in the persons of its adherents or its peoples, I submit to their reasonable consideration the candid fact that it is impossible to oblige the 250 million Muslims to forsake their faith, and therefore, it is equally impossible to annihilate them. I would respectfully ask them to consider the inevitable consequences that would ensue if physical force were employed to secure either end. I would point out to them that, despite its apparent degradation, Islam is fast spreading and gaining more adherents than Christianity. And if facts are facts, Turkey stands, at least to the Mohammedan world, as the representative of Islam. She is like the heart, the throbs of which affect the whole constitution; any challenge to Turkey, in any name or under any pretext, is undoubtedly believed by the whole Islamic world to be a challenge to Islam. But here it is opportune to state my belief that I consider Islam and Christianity to be sister-souls, and that I do believe in Christianity equally as I believe in Islam. And as I hold that Turkey has been rather a destructive than a constructive factor, I equally hold she is quite excusable, taking into consideration the facts that, ever since the foundation of her empire, she has been as a warlike state, all her resources being thus uselessly exhausted; that she has always been fighting against formidable foes both within and without. There is no gainsaying the fact that both England and Turkey have been spoiled for life by this programme during the last generation (exactly from the date of the Berlin Congress) despite the official or non-official demonstrations to the contrary. But to be accurate and to do history justice, there was real and cordial co-operation
between the two countries during the few months of the first and short Ministry of Kiamel Pasha, immediately after the proclamation of the Ottoman Constitution in 1908. But as a Muslim and an Ottoman I would ask my co-religionists or my compatriots what are the advantages or interests we have secured by being so opposed to Turkey; and in like manner I would respectfully ask both British Imperialists and Radicals; the former what are the advantages or interests which England has secured by being so opposed to Turkey; and the latter whether that opposition has been to the interest of progress or liberty in the East? For one thing; if Turkey has so dearly paid the penalty for that opposition by being so gradually dismembered, so England has dearly paid the penalty by losing her popularity and prestige in the East, and is thus being threatened by induce events. The reader will realise, the greatest, if not the absolute, effect on the destiny of the nations concerned. If I state or refer to little incidents it is because those incidents have had from the first so essential an effect on great events. And to give the reader a justifiable and vivid example I will only narrate the following very trilling story. It happened that the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, with all his majesty and power, was terrified at a certain Leon Fahmy, who had absolutely no political significance. By the irony of fate a report reached H.I.M. that the unfortunate man meant ill for the throne and its occupant. Therefore the would-offender or criminal was to be arrested and due punishment to be inflicted. He was brought in a political refugee from Egypt, and therefore instructions were issued to H.H. the Khedive, the loyal vassal, to arrest the man and hand him over to his master. Accordingly the ill-fated Leon Fahmy was arrested, kept in custody in Ras-el-Ten Palace at Alexandria, from whence he would be deported or exported to Constantinople. Meantime a report of the affair reached the ears of Lord Cromer, who was known to be protector of the Young Turks and their followers against their aggressors. Promissory Orders were issued to inspect the Ras-el-Teen Palace, where the prisoner, who was arrested in an unlawful manner, was kept. H.H. the Khedive was then known to be the idol of the Nationalist party, of which Mohamed Said Bey was a member. Mohamed Said Bey, then chief of the Alexandria Police, borrowing the shell of a tortoise, reached Ras-el-Teen Palace after twenty-four hours, and he could find no trace of Leon Fahmy!!! And so Lord Cromer’s prompt action was complied with, but Leon Fahmy was found nowhere! In fact, after a short time he was reported to have been living extravagantly in France, with his sweetheart, having been given a nice reward (in bank-notes) in order “to hold his tongue.” For the loyalty displayed by Mohamed Said Bey in this affair, the master the Khedive displayed his undoubted gratitude for his fidelity, and now Mohamed Said Pasha is Prime Minister of Egypt—having been extraordinarily made Minister of the Interior, and later Premier, under the auspices of the entente regime of Sir E. Gorst!

The second fact is that although I am not quite an enthusiastic believer in the Committee of Union and Progress, I am nevertheless an ardent supporter of that political body. For one thing—and one thing alone—it is the only competent political body upon which a sound hope—and not a vain hope—can be placed: the regeneration of Turkey can be cherished! I quite agree with others that the Committee has made mistakes. Perhaps—unless there were very serious and practical reasons, as yet unknown to the public—the chief mistake of the Committee was the dethronement of the ex-Sultan, who is an experienced and far-sighted statesman, at a critical moment when Turkey was in great need of an experienced and energetic statesman. However, all those supporters of Abdul Hamid are those responsible for his destruction, and the ruin of his empire. Their personal interests in a more or less degree depended on gaining his favours; they cheated him in every way, and he, in turn as an able man, with his suspicious nature, used his power and his abilities to destroy his opponents. It might have been this prime factor that forced the Committee to have decided on his downfall. The Committee of Union and Progress, as it stood in origin, in 1908, was composed entirely of self-denying men who sacrificed everything to this our human nature, who suffered with hunger, starvation and martyrdom, but remained faithful to their ideals, aspirations, and propaganda. And when they succeeded in realising their grand ideal and proclaimed the Constitution in 1908, the law was realising from which side personal aggrandisement could be wrested, continued to intrigue between the Committee and the Palace, being uncertain with which party they should agree. And when the ex-Sultan was deposed those enemies necessarily became expressly either declares enemies of the Committee, or disguised themselves as members of the Committee of Union and Progress. I would respectfully ask every well-wisher of Turkey—of those who consciously or unconsciously oppose the Committee because of its “fatal mistakes”—to ask them, I repeat, to trace the career of the declared Ottoman opponents of the Committee, or to trace the real factors at the bottom of those fatal mistakes—and they will soon realise that it is either the declared or undeclared Ottoman opponents of the Committee who have brought about those fatal mistakes. For one thing, I unreservedly excuse the original Committee of Union and Progress, in that, as a political body, the Committee was logically willing and anxious to secure as many followers and supporters as possible, and from thence began the squabbling. Of those who do not as yet excuse the Committee and still persist in excusing its opponents, I would respectfully demand to trace, for example, the past career and prospective motives of General Cherif Pasha, the recognised mouth-piece of the ententists or so-called Liberals of Constantinople. And should they fail to furnish us with valid proofs as to the honesty and soundness of his propaganda, I hope, then, that the old Unionist Committee is the only competent and reliable body in Turkey in which every hope should be cherished, and that the best way to oblige the Committee to avoid further mistakes is to approach it in a candid, patient, truthful and friendly manner, with honest advice, or issuing unbiased complaint. I lay so much emphasis as an experienced politician who has forwarded so many suggestions, to so many people and quarters, some of whom might have been willing to comply with such suggestions or give them fair consideration had they not been put in some abrupt or disagreeable form. And here the reader should realise, in advance, and for fairplay, that I admit even my failures!
The Lendrum Insurance Cow.

O Land of Cakes, of ale and bubbly-jock,
Of baggis, herrings, and the glistening loch,
Of hired poets, scribblers, oats, and grouse,
Of things sublime, from mountain down to mause,
Thou art the land, thou dost my lay inspire,
And now I write these words in scouring fire.

In fire they gleam, and I am glad enough,
But perish me if I forget the cow!

The cow's dwelling place.

In Lendrum, when the sun was sinking fast,
In stable warm she manched her poor repast.
Lord blew the winds, hoarse creaked the rusty gate,
But she at last assured one last deep snort.
Fate that would move her from her quarters mild
To stirring scenes where, 'midst a mob run wild,
She'd sigh and snort, and turn to home again,
Cheered by the bagpipes' unrelenting strain.

*She is painted green, and the name of the savour of mankind appeareth on certain parts of her body.
O cow, with name wrat large upon thy hide,
Besmirched with paint, bedecked on either side,
Degraded with the name of man, thy sire.
Must weep, the insult sure must raise his ire
To see a modest, clean, and moral cow
Must weep, the insult sure must raise his ire.

Fate that would move her from her quarters mild
To stirring scenes where, 'midst a mob run wild,
She'd sigh and snort, and turn to home again,
Cheered by the bagpipes' unrelenting strain.

She is taken to be sold in the market square, as her owner would not work the Insurance Act.
By ruffian hands, with rope and halter tied,
She is secured, and there she sees her pride
Dashed and dissolved, humbled to the dust
By greedy men, all smeared with money lust.
A little boy, born Wili on the milk house;
In Empire's life he plays his part like——soap;*
And holds the cow, his duty set quite plain,
And for the blessed State would do again.

The rope is cut; anarchy prevails.
Let thrones and empires tremble and decay,
For now some villain who came by that way
With sharpened knife had cut the rope in twain,
And with one cut (oh, damn this couplet strain)!
Had severed Justice's jugular vein.
And once again——oh, damn this couplet strain!
How can it sing the downfall of the State
Through severed rope? It must be out of date.

A squib is let off near her tail.
The spirit of Guy Fawkes is living still,
And now this tale must send out many a thrill;
For note, the dastard plot, and note it well,
A squib was fired, and off she flew pell-mell
Down busy street, through bush and briar and brake.
O England, arm! Christians, arise, awake!
A cow f-ons justice; unions have more fact
Than fle in wrath from the Insurance Act.

O simple cow, O cow that gives
Four legs, one tail, and glossy coat like silk,
England hath need of thee today,
Such sense let
In fire they gleam, and I am glad enow.

But she fell fast asleep, nor dreamed of Fate—
In Lendrum, when the sun was sinking fast,
Fate that would move her from her quarters mild
She'd sigh and snort, and turn to home again,
But perish me if I forget the cow.

A lesson from thy cow-like freedom wild,
Brave leaders, fighters, warriors, I avow
Let thrones and empires tremble and decay,
And holds the cow, his duty set quite plain,
A squib was fired, and off she flew pell-mell
Down busy street, through bush and briar and brake.
O England, arm! Christians, arise, awake!
A cow f-ons justice; unions have more fact
Than fle in wrath from the Insurance Act.

A little boy had led the Lendrum cow;
The cow had red; to thee, O cow, I bow——
Sagged cow, cow of the lofty mind;
Such sense we ne'er in Labour leaders find;
Kick high thy heels at this colossal fake,
And bid man rise, and from this action take
A lesson from thy cow-like freedom wild,
Poinded in spite, led by a little child.

*No offence to any religion intended.
† All New Age readers will join me in apologies to the cow.

Moral for Trade Union Officials.

Some day, I know, the State will give you guns,
And bid you shoot yourselves and all your sons;
And if, with slave-like zeal, this course you take,
Remember Lendrum's cow that fled through brake;
Remember Gay, his moral and his fire,
Fare you all slip the hook and quit this vale,
And on your tombs, with large and lofty brow,
Shall shine resplendent the Insurance Cow.

Christopher Gay.

An Unconsidered Aspect of Welsh Disestablishment.

By the Rev. R. Davud.

The Bishop of St. David, when speaking some time ago in Monmouthshire, drew attention to that process which is going on in Wales, whereby the population of rural Wales is being depleted and that of industrial Wales is being inflated, a process which greatly increases the difficulties of the Church both in rural and industrial Wales, and which accentuates the retention of the endowments of the Welsh parishes a matter of vital national importance. The Bishop referred only to the more obvious difficulties which this displacement of population causes, the economic difficulties; but there are also intellectual, ethical and spiritual difficulties of the most serious nature produced by this same cause.

For the Welshmen who are leaving their rural homes are not merely changing their material habitat, but are entering into a world which is acquiring an intellectual, ethical and spiritual outlook which entirely differs from that of their old home. And in this new world they slowly slough off their old-home character. They become industrialised; and the industrial Welshman differs greatly from his rural brother. He is acquiring an intellectual, ethical and spiritual outlook which challenges at all points the traditional convictions and the present ideal of the rural Welshman. And events are surely (not very slowly either) bringing this implicit antagonism between the rural and the industrial Welshman into a conscious and reasoned antagonism. And in this growing antagonism between industrial and rural Wales is to be found an aspect of Welsh Disestablishment which has not yet been much considered.

But in order to appreciate this unconsidered aspect we must first understand the cause and nature of this antagonism which is arising between rural and industrial Wales. Now, rural Wales, as we have it today, owes its birth and its nurture to religious separatism. It was conceived in the spirit of antagonism to the spiritual solidarity of the parish and of the nation: and in its maturity it stands upon the negation of the spiritual solidarity of commune and of nation. And it is this spiritual separation, this negation of the spiritual unity of the parish and of the nation which has organised Wales into anti-communal denominations. "Our Chapel" is against the spiritual unity of parish and of nation. And this separatist nature of "Our Chapel" has given rural Wales an ethical and economic view of life which is also separatist and anti-communal. According to this view the community exists for the express purpose of enabling the members of "our chapel" to "get on." Get on-ness is the chief good of rural Wales: the sole virtue by which it hopes to exalt the Welsh people. Everything is made subservient to this end. Education, for instance, is esteemed chiefly as a means to "get on"; and "our system" is incomparable because so many have been helped by it to "get on." And crowning "our chapel" and "our system" is "our shop"—the draper's shop, the newspaper shop, the lawyer's shop wherein our rural Welshman, inspired by "our chapel" and equipped by "our system," "get s on." But it is in non-productive anti-communal shops that the rural Welshman "gets on." That view of life, the spiritual and ethical outlook he acquires from "our
chapel," "our system" and "our shop" equips him admirably for his work as a party politician, a suburban pulpiteer, and a faithful official and a man of plutocracy. The spiritual separatist always ends in being an anti-communal mammonist. And in rural Wales pharisianism and mammonism are one and indivisible: "our chapel" and "our shop" express the spiritual and economic outlooks of the parochial churches which it cannot understand. These all alike held upon a communal tenure, upon condition that the lawyers and bureaucrats may wax fat and the already fat grocers may be glorified with a J.P. ship. And crowning this ideal communism of rural Wales, as the best representative of all that its members would fain be, as the representative of its Christianity, of its ethics and of its economics is a multi-millionaire—Sir Moritz Mond! And this Jew forms the nimbus of Welsh life because he truly represents the innermost soul of rural Wales. He is the Welsh superchristian.

And rural Wales being such as it is in its origin and in its nature sees something in the endowments of the parochial churches which it cannot understand. These endowments, from whatever source they may have come and at whatever period they may have originated, are all alike held upon a communal tenure, upon condition of doing spiritual service to parish and nation. The Church can hold her endowments upon no other tenure without denying her mission to the commune and the nation. The possession of private property for denominational purposes by the Church would involve her in an act of apostacy.

But rural Wales, being anti-communal in its spiritual, ethical and economic outlook, being pharisaic and mammonistic, and looking for redemption to the grace of plutocratic messiahs with their host of pulpiteers, lawyers and bureaucrats may be grand patriots and fat lawyers and trust bosses the ideal communism of millionaires—of the David Davieses, of the D. A. Thomases, of the Philippses and of their denominations, leagues and federations; a commonwealth wherein too pulpiteers, lawyers and bureaucrats may wax fat and the already fat grocers may be glorified with a J.P. ship. And crowning this ideal communism of rural Wales, as the best avenue to success, it cannot understand the nature of the tenure which the Church holds two parochial endowments. It does not believe that spiritual service should come from the community as such; it does not, therefore, believe in communal property being held for this purpose. So it demands under the law, that the industrial constituencies shall always be rechristened pharisaic and Mammonistic society.

For, for the social sections of labor which challenges the economic omnipotence of the State with out being driven on to challenge its omnipotence in other directions—its right, for instance, to create an omnipotent pharisaic bureaucracy of Welsh divines, scribes, lawyers to deprive the common folk of all personal liberty and responsibility, the attributes of true manhood, Syndicalism will also have to fight all the later developments of Welsh pharisaism. And when one sees rural Wales in the grip of the Jew and Jewish-Denominational millionaires and their Chris-
Art as a Factor in Social Reform

By Arthur J. Penny.

It is difficult to persuade the average man of to-day that the well-being of art is in any way related to the welfare of society. To him the economic problem and the aesthetic problem are two entirely detached and separate issues, which demand separate treatment. The idea that they are organically related, and that in last analysis their origin is identical, has never so much as entered his head.

In the Socialist movement there are to be found many who recognise a common origin of the two problems, but they have never taken the trouble to think out in detail how they are related. It is difficult for them to affirm on the platform that art will prosper under Socialism. Meanwhile it is Collectivism rather than Socialism which we have to deal with, and Collectivism is demonstrably a political solution to the problems of the "New Statesman." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have at last defined the Collectivist attitude towards art. For this we have much reason to be grateful, for at last we know exactly what we have to deal with. We can now demonstrate without fear of contradiction that art will not prosper under Socialism, if Socialism is to connote Collectivism—be it the old brand of Bureaucratic Collectivism, or the new brand of Guild Collectivism, which we are promised and which doubtless will be aligned in spirit with the old Fabianism.

Before proceeding to discuss Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals in detail, I must controvert their claim that there is any considerable number of artists on their side. Artists who call themselves Socialists are of the very idea of a Utopian order and have nothing in common with Collectivists, whom they view with suspicion. The one artist of real distinction to whom the Socialist Movement may lay claim, William Morris, was an uncompromising opponent of Collectivism. Plutocracy it would be a policy nothing short of suicidal for the artist to entrust his welfare to bodies who are destitute even of that elementary wisdom which they look to art to provide. This is difficult to persuade the average man of to-day that the well-being of art is in any way related to the welfare of society. To him the economic problem and the aesthetic problem are two entirely detached and separate issues, which demand separate treatment. The idea that they are organically related, and that in last analysis their origin is identical, has never so much as entered his head.

In the Socialist movement there are to be found many who recognise a common origin of the two problems, but they have never taken the trouble to think out in detail how they are related. It is difficult for them to affirm on the platform that art will prosper under Socialism. Meanwhile it is Collectivism rather than Socialism which we have to deal with, and Collectivism is demonstrably a political solution to the problems of the "New Statesman." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have at last defined the Collectivist attitude towards art. For this we have much reason to be grateful, for at last we know exactly what we have to deal with. We can now demonstrate without fear of contradiction that art will not prosper under Socialism, if Socialism is to connote Collectivism—be it the old brand of Bureaucratic Collectivism, or the new brand of Guild Collectivism, which we are promised and which doubtless will be aligned in spirit with the old Fabianism.

Before proceeding to discuss Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals in detail, I must controvert their claim that there is any considerable number of artists on their side. Artists who call themselves Socialists are of the very idea of a Utopian order and have nothing in common with Collectivists, whom they view with suspicion. The one artist of real distinction to whom the Socialist Movement may lay claim, William Morris, was an uncompromising opponent of Collectivism. Plutocracy it would be a policy nothing short of suicidal for the artist to entrust his welfare to bodies who are destitute even of that elementary wisdom which they look to art to provide. This is difficult to persuade the average man of to-day that the well-being of art is in any way related to the welfare of society. To him the economic problem and the aesthetic problem are two entirely detached and separate issues, which demand separate treatment. The idea that they are organically related, and that in last analysis their origin is identical, has never so much as entered his head.

In the Socialist movement there are to be found many who recognise a common origin of the two problems, but they have never taken the trouble to think out in detail how they are related. It is difficult for them to affirm on the platform that art will prosper under Socialism. Meanwhile it is Collectivism rather than Socialism which we have to deal with, and Collectivism is demonstrably a political solution to the problems of the "New Statesman." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have at last defined the Collectivist attitude towards art. For this we have much reason to be grateful, for at last we know exactly what we have to deal with. We can now demonstrate without fear of contradiction that art will not prosper under Socialism, if Socialism is to connote Collectivism—be it the old brand of Bureaucratic Collectivism, or the new brand of Guild Collectivism, which we are promised and which doubtless will be aligned in spirit with the old Fabianism.

Before proceeding to discuss Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals in detail, I must controvert their claim that there is any considerable number of artists on their side. Artists who call themselves Socialists are of the very idea of a Utopian order and have nothing in common with Collectivists, whom they view with suspicion. The one artist of real distinction to whom the Socialist Movement may lay claim, William Morris, was an uncompromising opponent of Collectivism. Plutocracy it would be a policy nothing short of suicidal for the artist to entrust his welfare to bodies who are destitute even of that elementary wisdom which they look to art to provide. This is difficult to persuade the average man of to-day that the well-being of art is in any way related to the welfare of society. To him the economic problem and the aesthetic problem are two entirely detached and separate issues, which demand separate treatment. The idea that they are organically related, and that in last analysis their origin is identical, has never so much as entered his head.

In the Socialist movement there are to be found many who recognise a common origin of the two problems, but they have never taken the trouble to think out in detail how they are related. It is difficult for them to affirm on the platform that art will prosper under Socialism. Meanwhile it is Collectivism rather than Socialism which we have to deal with, and Collectivism is demonstrably a political solution to the problems of the "New Statesman." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have at last defined the Collectivist attitude towards art. For this we have much reason to be grateful, for at last we know exactly what we have to deal with. We can now demonstrate without fear of contradiction that art will not prosper under Socialism, if Socialism is to connote Collectivism—be it the old brand of Bureaucratic Collectivism, or the new brand of Guild Collectivism, which we are promised and which doubtless will be aligned in spirit with the old Fabianism.

Before proceeding to discuss Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals in detail, I must controvert their claim that there is any considerable number of artists on their side. Artists who call themselves Socialists are of the very idea of a Utopian order and have nothing in common with Collectivists, whom they view with suspicion. The one artist of real distinction to whom the Socialist Movement may lay claim, William Morris, was an uncompromising opponent of Collectivism. Plutocracy it would be a policy nothing short of suicidal for the artist to entrust his welfare to bodies who are destitute even of that elementary wisdom which they look to art to provide. This is difficult to persuade the average man of to-day that the well-being of art is in any way related to the welfare of society. To him the economic problem and the aesthetic problem are two entirely detached and separate issues, which demand separate treatment. The idea that they are organically related, and that in last analysis their origin is identical, has never so much as entered his head.

In the Socialist movement there are to be found many who recognise a common origin of the two problems, but they have never taken the trouble to think out in detail how they are related. It is difficult for them to affirm on the platform that art will prosper under Socialism. Meanwhile it is Collectivism rather than Socialism which we have to deal with, and Collectivism is demonstrably a political solution to the problems of the "New Statesman." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have at last defined the Collectivist attitude towards art. For this we have much reason to be grateful, for at last we know exactly what we have to deal with. We can now demonstrate without fear of contradiction that art will not prosper under Socialism, if Socialism is to connote Collectivism—be it the old brand of Bureaucratic Collectivism, or the new brand of Guild Collectivism, which we are promised and which doubtless will be aligned in spirit with the old Fabianism.

Before proceeding to discuss Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals in detail, I must controvert their claim that there is any considerable number of artists on their side. Artists who call themselves Socialists are of the very idea of a Utopian order and have nothing in common with Collectivists, whom they view with suspicion. The one artist of real distinction to whom the Socialist Movement may lay claim, William Morris, was an uncompromising opponent of Collectivism. Plutocracy it would be a policy nothing short of suicidal for the artist to entrust his welfare to bodies who are destitute even of that elementary wisdom which they look to art to provide. This is difficult to persuade the average man of to-day that the well-being of art is in any way related to the welfare of society. To him the economic problem and the aesthetic problem are two entirely detached and separate issues, which demand separate treatment. The idea that they are organically related, and that in last analysis their origin is identical, has never so much as entered his head.

In the Socialist movement there are to be found many who recognise a common origin of the two problems, but they have never taken the trouble to think out in detail how they are related. It is difficult for them to affirm on the platform that art will prosper under Socialism. Meanwhile it is Collectivism rather than Socialism which we have to deal with, and Collectivism is demonstrably a political solution to the problems of the "New Statesman." Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have at last defined the Collectivist attitude towards art. For this we have much reason to be grateful, for at last we know exactly what we have to deal with. We can now demonstrate without fear of contradiction that art will not prosper under Socialism, if Socialism is to connote Collectivism—be it the old brand of Bureaucratic Collectivism, or the new brand of Guild Collectivism, which we are promised and which doubtless will be aligned in spirit with the old Fabianism.
to plead that it cannot "validly be urged as an objection to public selection that the existing bursarial and scholarship system do not yield a hundred per cent. of geniuses, and doubtless fail to discover some who might become great." But this is merely begging the question. The objection to them is that by exciting the minor attributes of art at the expense of the major ones, they render the struggle of genius still more difficult, and thus tend to rob art of its natural leaders. Which loss again reacts to depress the general level of artistic production, for second-rate men can only produce creditable work when first-rate men are established to lead and direct them.

And so again with respect to Mr. and Mrs. Webb's proposals for maintaining the artist in later life by sinecures and endowments which, at the best, can only have reference to certain kinds of literary and musical talent. Of course, it is the case that the artist is not so much of a sinecure as the interpreter of a national tradition—great order or scheme of life—which is a part. The supreme artist stands as it were on the apex of a pyramid, and merely completes a structure the foundations of which lie deep in the national mind and consciousness. "The greatest genius," as Emerson, "is the most indebted man." He is a "heart in union with his time and country." It is the absence of any such great tradition in modern life which is the source of the confusion and of the difficulties in art to-day. It becomes more and more apparent that the failure of Mr. and Mrs. Webb to make any provision for architecture in their social scheme, is a defect which is fatal and condemns them utterly. Are we to assume that they merely propose to accept present tendencies in architecture and to regulate the art, which, in the Middle Ages was considered the greatest of all arts, to the tender mercies of a bureaucratic department where the architect finds himself at the mercy of the surveyor, the typical member of which profession has less understanding or sympathy with architecture than anyone else in the community? I can fully assume this to be so, for Mr. Webb, having been a member of the L.C.C. and having consistently supported the organisation of architecture upon bureaucratic lines, is presumably blind to the evils of organisation upon such a basis. It will not be necessary for us to consider this issue in detail.

I would merely ask, What would Collectivism do with Sir Christopher Wren? Would he be the head of a department or merely a subordinate? It is a pertinent question. For if he were at the head, he would not be able to exercise his powers of design because the whole of his time would be taken up by administrative work. Which profession has less understanding or sympathy with architecture than anyone else in the community? I can fully assume this to be so, for Mr. Webb, having been a member of the L.C.C. and having consistently supported the organisation of architecture upon bureaucratic lines, is presumably blind to the evils of organisation upon such a basis. It will not be necessary for us to consider this issue in detail.

I would merely ask, What would Collectivism do with Sir Christopher Wren? Would he be the head of a department or merely a subordinate? It is a pertinent question. For if he were at the head, he would not be able to exercise his powers of design because the whole of his time would be taken up by administrative work. Which profession has less understanding or sympathy with architecture than anyone else in the community? I can fully assume this to be so, for Mr. Webb, having been a member of the L.C.C. and having consistently supported the organisation of architecture upon bureaucratic lines, is presumably blind to the evils of organisation upon such a basis. It will not be necessary for us to consider this issue in detail.

There is no need to multiply instances of this kind. We may discuss the suggestion of endowing artists as being a merely futile proposal, that could only be made by such as are utterly ignorant both of art and of its relation to society. The difficulty of how the artist is to find his public or how the public is to find him is a problem which admits of no easy and cheap solution. If there is to be any art in the society of the future it can only be on the assumption that it is organic with the structure of society; as was the case in the past. Indeed this idea of endowing artists is an error in economic thinking in all respects analogous to the popular error of investing the national wealth which assumes it to be a veneer or decoration applied to a structure but which must be present from the moment of its first inception in the plan. If it is there, then the structure will be beautiful, though there is not a square inch of decoration, providing, of course, it is built of beautiful material; if it is not there then no subse-
quent addition of ornament can remedy the defect of a badly proportioned structure. Is not this precisely what is the matter with Collectivism? It is a device for remodelling of society on a badly proportioned plan, which Mr. and Mrs. Webb hope to make presentable by the addition of some cheap and meretricious decoration.

I said that if in the future there is to be any art in society it will need to be organic with society. It could not be produced by a few men of genius even could they be discovered, because the artist is not so much of a class-individual as the interpreter of a national tradition—great order or scheme of life—which is a part. The supreme artist stands as it were on the apex of a pyramid, and merely completes a structure the foundations of which lie deep in the national mind and consciousness. "The greatest genius," as Emerson, "is the most indebted man." He is a "heart in union with his time and country." It is the absence of any such great tradition in modern life which is the source of the confusion and of the difficulties in art to-day. It becomes more and more apparent that the failure of Mr. and Mrs. Webb to make any provision for architecture in their social scheme, is a defect which is fatal and condemns them utterly. Are we to assume that they merely propose to accept present tendencies in architecture and to regulate the art, which, in the Middle Ages was considered the greatest of all arts, to the tender mercies of a bureaucratic department where the architect finds himself at the mercy of the surveyor, the typical member of which profession has less understanding or sympathy with architecture than anyone else in the community? I can fully assume this to be so, for Mr. Webb, having been a member of the L.C.C. and having consistently supported the organisation of architecture upon bureaucratic lines, is presumably blind to the evils of organisation upon such a basis. It will not be necessary for us to consider this issue in detail.

I would merely ask, What would Collectivism do with Sir Christopher Wren? Would he be the head of a department or merely a subordinate? It is a pertinent question. For if he were at the head, he would not be able to exercise his powers of design because the whole of his time would be taken up by administrative work. Which profession has less understanding or sympathy with architecture than anyone else in the community? I can fully assume this to be so, for Mr. Webb, having been a member of the L.C.C. and having consistently supported the organisation of architecture upon bureaucratic lines, is presumably blind to the evils of organisation upon such a basis. It will not be necessary for us to consider this issue in detail.

There is no need to multiply instances of this kind. We may discuss the suggestion of endowing artists as being a merely futile proposal, that could only be made by such as are utterly ignorant both of art and of its relation to society. The difficulty of how the artist is to find his public or how the public is to find him is a problem which admits of no easy and cheap solution. If there is to be any art in the society of the future it can only be on the assumption that it is organic with the structure of society; as was the case in the past. Indeed this idea of endowing artists is an error in economic thinking in all respects analogous to the popular error of investing the national wealth which assumes it to be a veneer or decoration applied to a structure but which must be present from the moment of its first inception in the plan. If it is there, then the structure will be beautiful, though there is not a square inch of decoration, providing, of course, it is built of beautiful material; if it is not there then no subsequence addi-
and all have been led there by the hope of combating its materialistic tendencies—a hope which has always ended in disappointment.

Mention has already been made of the fact that William Morris, the greatest among those who have identified themselves with the cause of democracy, withdrew in later life from active participation in the movement. His criticisms of Collectivism bear witness to his disappointment at the way things were going. And if the genius, enthusiasm, energy and prestige of Morris were ineffectual, where can we look for hope?

The art has another of its roots in methods of production. The opposition of artists to machine production is not an idle prejudice, and some day society will have to admit this. On the contrary, it is born of experience, for the opposition to machinery is always greatest among those who have had most experience with it, even though circumstances may still compel them to make use of it. The great artist, as I have already said, stands at the apex of a pyramid. The foundations of that pyramid in the technical sense are to be found in the way the artist occupies to-day, he is powerless to create the actual handling of material that new ideas in design may be evolved. The great artist is indebted to a host of minor craftsmen who have evolved the separate details which his genius combines into a whole. It is thus that, in the same way that the poet is indebted to the people who have evolved the language in which he expresses himself. Take out of many a great painting what it owes to the costumer, the jeweller, the cabinet maker, etc., who gradually evolved all the detailed forms which give substance to the painter’s imagination, and how much of its charm would be lost. It is the same with the architect. He avails himself of forms which, in the artificial position he occupies to-day, he is powerless to create; but which were gradually evolved by generations of craftsmen who experimented with the actual material and found out how to extract aesthetic value from each. It is the absence of any such living traditions of craftsmanship which is the weakness of architecture to-day, and while the improvement which has been witnessed of late is directly traceable to the revival in craftsmanship, which the Arts and Crafts Movement did so much to promote, it is equally demonstrable that its subsequent relapse is due to the failure to carry the revival as it was found itself in economic difficulties. It would appear that artists and craftsmen cannot, without aid, save their souls. Experience proves it to be impossible for them to stand up against machine-made imitations of things in craft or machinery, and to keep things as they are. It is a vicious circle from which there is no escape. Machine production not only separates the artist from the craftsman, which is an unmixing evil, but it takes away the control of the salesman or financier; and so utterly destroys the independence of both artist and craftsman by placing them at the mercy of a class of men without social, intellectual, or aesthetic traditions.

I have heard Collectivists whose minds have been trained in the Webb tradition of finding solutions to problems by skilfully evading all the difficulties, argue that if art and craftsmanship is disappearing from modern society, it must be because society is arriving at a higher plane of social consciousness, inasmuch as art manifests itself in primitive societies, but not in latter day “civilised” communities. I don’t know whether intellectual decadence can go further, but if any holding such a theory read these words, I would merely point out that there is no ridding ourselves of the influence of art for good or for evil. The element of design in things can never be eliminated though we live in concrete cottages and wear drab uniforms. For even if all be of morpeth the theory, ugly or beautiful. Yet the tendency towards uniformity is not universal. At the other end of the industrial scale is the concomitant disease of novelty and fashion, which likewise owes its existence to the absence of artistic traditions. When art was healthy the changes were gradual, each phase being gradually evolved out of that which preceded it, and this gave stability to production. Now that art has been excluded as a thing which does not matter, we get violent shifts in fashion, exercising a disturbing influence, the evils of which it is difficult to over-estimate upon industry and society.

Economics.

As Treated of in “The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics.”

By William Marwick.

I.

There has been no reference as yet, so far as I have noticed, to “The Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics,” in the pages of The New Age. Of that comprehensive and exhaustive work, edited by James Hastings, D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, D.D., and other Scholars, and published by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, five volumes (half the work as originally planned) have already, up to 1912, appeared. Economic questions have their due place in this all-embracing work, and it is now possible to consider the contribution it has up to the present made to Economics. Of course in a work arranged on the principle of treating all subjects in alphabetical order, a subject like Economics, in all its bearings, will be found fully dealt with only in the completed work. But in the fifth volume there is an article on “Economics” by Stanley Horsfall Turner, M.A., D.Litt., Fellow of the Royal Economic Society, and Deputy Chief Inspector for Scotland to the National Health Insurance Commission, who also contributes an article on “The Fabian Society.”

In a work of this kind the point of view of the writers is mainly historical and critical. The writers are chosen as the most competent to give an up-to-date account of the state of knowledge and scientific opinion on their respective subjects, and while not suppressed, are subordinated, as a rule, to the general trend of opinion among experts on the topic under review. What we expect to find, and what we do find, in the article on “Economics,” is an impartial statement of the present condition of economic thought, so far as it can be compressed into about twelve pages of two columns each of closely printed type, supplemented by nearly a column of “Literature.”

There are nine sections of varying length according to subject-matter. On these I shall touch more or less briefly according to importance, and to save space I shall refer to them simply under their numbered headings.

I. The Connotation of the Term.—Remarkahg that “to Aristotle ‘Political Economy,’ which is now synonymous with Economics, would have appeared to be a contradiction in terms,” and that “even in the present usage of the word ‘economy,’ the prefixing of ‘political’ is apt to suggest the science of governing the people, and especially the finances of the State,” he goes on to say, “As the resources of the community are managed far more by the spontaneous activities of individuals and groups than by the direct intervention of Government, economics is concerned chiefly with the former.” The implicit Ethics of Economics is indicated in the following: “The economist, of all men, should most clearly understand that wealth is subse-
vient to a further purpose, and is not in itself the final goal of man's activity. Thus, while in one aspect it is true to say that Economics is the science of wealth, in another and more important aspect it is the study of man. While the motive of his consumption, is a necessary basis of his activities; but it is only in so far as it becomes subservient to man's interests that it is of importance in economic study."

This large admission of the Ethic implicit in Economics is followed by the statements that "as a Social Science, Economics is concerned with the intricate and complex actions and motives of man, and therefore it is closely related to Ethics, and "the relation is much closer in passing to approved Economics." The devotion by certain economists of this relationship and the creation of the fictitious "economic man," resulted for a long time in many of the most vital problems of social welfare being treated neither by Ethics nor by Economics. While the economic "good" and the moral are not identical, "labour problems which are claiming an increasing share of public attention cannot be regarded as adequately treated without due consideration of ethical factors." Economists, in fact, are deficient on the Ethic side of Economics.

"As a rule, if not universal, the fuller point of some moral injurious is likely to be ethically wrong, while that which is ethically good is likely to be economically advantageous." The more Economics and Ethics are treated neither by Ethics nor by Economics. While much recent writing from the ethical standpoint shows a sympathetic interest in social and economic questions, does it show sufficient grip of economics? I think not. But, on the other hand, there are writers on economics who are deficient on the ethical side, and who might study with much profit the group of articles on "Ethics and Morality" in the same fifth volume of this Encyclopaedia, which enables us to study inter-related subjects. There is nothing that calls for notice here in the "Fifth Volume," which is purely historic, save to note the statement that "to-day there is a perceptible shifting of the emphasis from the acquisition of wealth to the abolition of poverty, from production to distribution; and most recent tendency is the supplementation of the former by constant reference to the material and modern welfare of humanity."

Nor do "4. Economic Method" and "5. Economic Laws," which are both short sections, need notice, save to quote from "4." this statement, that "hitherto the economist has generally been compelled to settle his own psychological principles, since they were not sufficiently prepared for his use by the psychologist; but it seems probable that the future development of Experimental Psychology will have an important bearing upon deductive Economics."—as indicating the relation of Psychology to Economics. Perhaps it may be well to note also this in "5." that "Economic laws are, like those of physics, mere statements of the relations between phenomena expressed in the indicative mood, as contrasted with laws in the moral and juristic senses of the word," with which they are often confused, as when a proposal is condemned as violating economic laws. "7. Recent Development" is also of interest to the psychologist, as it points to the increasing interest in the psychological aspects of the distribution of wealth.

The Malthusian theory is followed up in "6. Ricardo strengthened this view in one way by his theory of rent, which showed the tendency to diminishing returns from increased applications of labour to land, and also that the surplus produce above the marginal of cultivation went to the owners of the soil. By a careless expression to the effect that wages could not rise above the level of necessaries, he also provided the basis for the Socialist doctrine which represented the margin of cultivation as the margin of necessary wages, generalised it to the whole of industrial life, and held that capitalists and land-owners swept off all surplus produce.

"Economic Consumption" and "Distribution of Income" are dealt with in separate articles by W. Mitchell, D.Sc., Prof. of Philosophy, Adelaide, S. Australia, in Vol. 4, the "Distribution of Wealth" being reserved for treatment under "Wealth." But in the article under review it is stated that "the subject of distribution of wealth is claiming fuller investigation, and the desire for raising the economic condition of the less fortunate members of the community is tending to overshadow all minor controversies." The importance of the work of Jevons and the Austrian school in re-stating the theory of the "Economic Good" is the side in the nation, and utility is recognised. The "conception of utility or psychic significance has affected not only the standpoint from which the distribution of wealth is regarded, but also many of the aspects of the production of wealth. The desire for raising the economic condition of the less material wealth and material welfare has made it necessary to take account of the disutility involved in excessive and uninteresting toil as a deduction from the material gain; and "the economic aim" is declared to be" the maximiser: "not of material goods, but of material welfare, and it is possible that the latter may be achieved by means which slightly injure the former." Increase in interest in occupation also makes for "welfare."

"Apart from this elaboration of the principles of utility and demand, which has exercised a larger influence upon recent Economics than is commonly realised, there have been a number of other changes of a more limited nature in economic theory. Marshall, e.g., has shown that the rent of land is not a thing by itself, but a leading species of a larger genus, and to the other species he gives the name of 'quasi-rent.' Of more importance is the modification of the doctrine of the pressure of population, that has become, partly through the influence of Socialist criticism, though chiefly by development from within, more closely associated with social reform. Of course it is to be understood that the social reform referred to is within the limits of the existing capitalist system. It remains to be seen how far, in its development, the socialistic movement will affect the psychology of the Englishman, in the articles on "Guilds" and "Socialism," any mention will be made of, and any sympathetic or hostile criticism given to, "National Guilds" and "Guild Socialism" as an advance on the older and now largely discredited theory of "State Socialism." One may be curious to see also whether there will be any recognition of the fact that "Social Reform" within the existing more or less anarchic capitalist system is at least as much discredited as State Socialism, not only by the criticism that has appeared in the columns of The New Age, but by the test of application to existing conditions.
Dickens and the Peerage.

Few writers, living or dead, have been subjected to such an orgy of dissection, critical examination and analysis, as has "Boz," yet for all that, one phase of the Master has hitherto escaped comment. What was the attitude of Dickens, the Democrat and Socialist (as Mr. Edwin Pugh has striven to show him) towards the Peerage? Was the hereditary principle, to him, a menace or a blessing? Did he regard the abolition—or even the reformation—of the House of Lords in the nature of a burning question of reform, like the Court of Chancery, the Poor Laws or the Yorkshire schools? The answer, following the hallowed ministerial formula, "is in the negative." That Dickens, the man, possessed that susceptibility to a title which is reckoned among the common characteristics of Englishmen, cannot well be disputed; Dickens, the novelist, however, exhibits another and equally characteristic phenomenon—that of accepting the existing order of things without protest, but with a smile.

His attitude resembles that of Gilbert in "Iolanthe," and more especially in the "Bab Ballads"—

"Duke Bailey, who wore, it will be remembered, "a pair of golden boots and silver underclothing," would have delighted the heart of Dickens. The remark of Captain Corcoran in "Pinafore"—

"Though related to a peer, I can hand and reef and steer/Or sing a selvagee." accurately expresses the root basis of Dickens' feeling in the matter. It is a less clearly defined and less consistent satire than that of Gilbert, but in each there is discernible that attitude of good-humoured toleration—the sense of it when an Earl has made a good speech on his own initiative, or a Marquis has refrained from blatant absurdity—which is at the back of the minds of most Englishmen, though they themselves perhaps are only dimly aware of it.

The Peerage, as an institution, does not, as a matter of fact, make any great show in the novels. Dickens does not regard the House of Lords as a national peril, because it has never occurred to him, as it has never occurred to most of us, to consider it seriously in that light. As a legislative body it receives no separate treatment. The House of Commons, with which Dickens was, of course, more familiar, bears the brunt of the attack on political shibboleths, and the House of Commons is surely the stronghold of democracy. It is true that in the case of the Circumlocution Office, the hereditary principle is satirised, but it should be remembered that nearly all the persons concerned were commoners. The youthful Barnacles are pleasant and courteous. Their incompetence, if any, is ascribed to the system, not to the individual.

There is much of indifference, too, in Dickens' view of the Peerage. He knew little of, and cared less for, lordly technicalities. Lord Frederick Verisopht—ostensibly a "younger son"—appears as often as not as "Lord Verisopht" (whereas our grandparents, punctilious in lordly matters, doubtless squirmed) ; Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle has, heaven knows why, a seat in the House of Lords.

These anomalies did not trouble Dickens—he would have given Lord Frederick a seat in the Upper House, if he had thought of it—or, to do him simple justice, do they trouble his readers. Lord Frederick is, perhaps, the feeblest character ever portrayed by Dickens. The chapters of "Nicholas Nickleby" dealing with his lordship and the preposterous Sir Mulberry Raffle, are except when lightened by the gracious presence of Mrs. Nickleby—Frankly boring; though such a sentiment be heresy in the reverent eyes of the Dickens Fellowship. Lord Decimus, on the other hand, though but a subsidiary vessel, hovering for the most part in the offing, is sketched with the sureness of touch that comes of ripened experience and a fastidious nature. The anecdote about the pears "Eton" and "Parliamentary," together with his distinguished behaviour at Mr. Merdle's party, place him above criticism. If he had been awarded twenty seats in the House of Lords we should not complain.

In "Pickwick," scions of noble families—appearing, it is true, but seldom and then only for a brief space—are one and all singled out for farcical treatment. Thus says Mr. Alfred Jingle: "Hush, pray—pink eyes—fancy dress—littleقو preciseness—Easing of Honourable Wilmot Snipe—great family—Snipes—very."

Lord Mutanhed and his mail-cart—"the neatest, sweetest, gracefulllest thing that ever wan upon wheels. Painted wed with a cream pickehold"—is conceived on similar lines, while the Honourable Mr. Cruston—who it will be remembered supplemented the information above quoted by observing, "with a real box for letters and all complete"—illustrates a curious hallucination peculiar to Dickens—in his earlier works at least—to the effect that persons in the lower grades, if one may be permitted the expression, of the aristocracy (honourables, baronets, and the like) had no other object in life but to prey upon those in the upper grades, who, for their part, generally displayed a marked tendency towards immobility.

The mysterious Lady Tollimnglollower—surely as impressive and solemn a name as that of Lord Frederick Verisopht is feeble to the last degree—seems profitable matter for inquiry. But the information is limited. We know that she was "beautiful," and had an "eldest daughter" (from which circumstance it may be reasonably deduced that there were others younger). Beyond that we know nothing. It is evident, however, even here, that Dickens is making use of a title simply to enhance the comic effect.

The present writer is, moreover, possessed of a haunting fear, amounting almost to instinct—that she was nothing more august than a "knights lady," whose husband had, like the spouse of Lady Tippins, been "knighed in mistake for somebody else," probably by George III.

This attitude of the novelist is discernible through all his works, but it shows in a diminishing degree after his return from his first visit to America. Possibly that surprise experienced in the Land of Enchantment, which found expression with its Norrises, Pawkinses, Chollops, Chokes and Pograms, not forgetting Dr. Ginery Dunkle, may have suggested to him some redeeming points in the Slavery and Oppression of the old country.

"Dombey and Son," the immediate successor, it will be remembered, to "Martin Chuzzlewit," contains a "portrait of a gentleman" grotesque to the verge of absurdity, but still a gentleman in the true and only sense of the word, and that gentleman is Cousin Feenix. There is nothing of the snob about Lord Feenix (his precise rank is undefined), no suspicion of bad manners or bad taste. To wear large cuffs and be innocently erratic in gait; to say the wrong thing without malicious intent; to be always putting one's foot in it—these are eccentricities not confined to the Peerage. But Dickens, with his somewhat theatrical instinct, realised that such more or less normal failings would gain in humorous effect if conferred upon a peer, and so he conferred them. A melodramatic villain who is not of titled rank labours under enormous disadvantages, and the same may be said of an idiot.

But Cousin Feenix remains, from first to last, a gentleman, as true a gentleman—and just as eccentric—as Mr. Toots and Captain Cuttle. His demeanour at the time of the Dombey crash is ample proof of this.

"I am devilish sorry," said Cousin Feenix, lifting his wristbands to his eyes in the simplest manner possible, and without the least concealment, "that the lovely and accomplished daughter of my friend Dombey,
and amiable wife of my friend Gay, should have had her sensitive nature so very much distressed and cut up.

I exceedingly lament that my friend Dombey should have got himself, in point of fact, into the devil's own lock, who has properly no part in this discussion, we find nebulous types such as Lord Boodle—representing blundering administration, and the Honourable Bob Stables, who stands for the tradition of intellectual vacuity popularly associated with the fact of noble birth.

On the other hand, the Lord Chancellor—Lord Eldon—though the figurehead of a system of circumlocution abhorrent to Dickens and to every thinking person of his time, is justly portrayed as a courteous gentleman, taking a kindly, if perfervidly, interest in his "warde." When writing "Martin Chuzzlewit," Dickens had had scarcely sufficient time to put off the old ideas. We find the final flickering of the early youthful, somewhat conventional, habit of disparagement as a matter of course.

"Lord Noblely," the "Duke," and the "Viscount," particularly the last-named, are quite inspiring persons, well endowed with the peculiar, largely fictitious graces of language and conduct which doting democracy attributes to the "aristocrat."

"Shakespeare's an infernal humbug, Pip," said the Viscount. "What's the good of Shakespeare, Pip? I never read him. What the devil is it all about, Pip? There's a lot of feet in Shakespeare's verse, but there aint no legs worth mentioning, Pip."

Then the "Duke," "Damme," said the Duke. "I appeal to Pip then. Come Pip. Bandy or not bandy. Speak out!" "Bandy, your Grace, by the Lord Harry," said I. "Ha! ha!" laughed the Duke, "to be sure she is. Bravo, Pip. Well said, Pip. I wish I may die if you're not a trump, Pip."

Nobley was, on the testimony of Mr. Wolf, "the best fellow in the world. It was only last week that Nobley said to me, By gad, Wolf, I've got a living to bestow, and if you had but been brought up at the University, strike me blind if I wouldn't have made a parson of you."

His lordship's remarks illustrate one of those not infrequent occasions where Dickens' melodramatic leaning rose superior to his sense of propriety in dialogue. An immense number, who, in uttering these principles, speak about "living to bestow," or wasting the precious moments over such a stilted concatenation of words as "if you had but been brought up at the University."

Last, but exceeding in bulk all who have gone before, and that in spite of the fact that he never once appears in the story, comes Lord Snigsworth. Dickens was never happier than in his mystical suggestion of this majestic creature, for ever stalking awfully in the background; and yet he too affords indirect proof that the novel had revised its earliest somewhat over-fanciful views of the "nobility." For Twemlow is cousin to his lordship, in which degree is not quite clear, seeing that in one place he is described as first, and in another as second cousin. But cousin he is, and in Twemlow, Dickens has given us another of those "gentlemen whom he is said to have been unable to depict. Lord Snigsworth himself, though not imbecile by any means, seems to have been an austere person. He kept a tight hand over his poor relations and had a profound contempt for them. Twemlow, we are told, "when he visits at Snigsworth Park, is placed under a kind of martial law, a particular peg being ordained for his hat, a particular chair for him to sit upon, particular subjects about which to talk with particular people, and particular exercises to perform, such as sounding of the Friar's Horn (to say Pictures), and abstaining from the choicest of the Family Wines, unless expressly invited to partake."

Thus it would seem that to the end Dickens was not quite able to disguise himself of the idea that the possession of a title must be taken to imply some mental or moral obliquity on the part of the possessor. This is, as has been pointed out, a national characteristic, based on an instinctive perception of a vague far-away humbug where "lords" are concerned, and Dickens was largely representative of the opinion of our looking both of his own and the present day. Such being the case, especially when it be remembered that in none of the novels, or, indeed, anywhere else, does he evince any sense of grievance at the existence of a titled class, it would be idle to brand him as a Socialist or even a Democrat as the word is understood nowadays. He is simply an Englishman with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

RUDOLF PICKTHALL.

Present-Day Criticism.

A writer in the "Times" of January 15, reviewing the volume of Oxford Poetry recently also noticed in these columns, contrives to disregard with the opinion of our reviewer—that Professor Murray's preface contained no word likely to mislead young poets. The method of this contrivance is so childishly simple that, in another age, a laugh might be all that a critic would think it worth; for the little deception is no and in some sense an illegitimate and, in a manner, the case, especially when it be remembered that in none of the novels, or, indeed, anywhere else, does he evince any sense of grievance at the existence of a titled class, it would be idle to brand him as a Socialist or even a Democrat as the word is understood nowadays. He is simply an Englishman with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

RUDOLF PICKTHALL.

Present-Day Criticism.

A writer in the "Times" of January 15, reviewing the volume of Oxford Poetry recently also noticed in these columns, contrives to disregard with the opinion of our reviewer—that Professor Murray's preface contained no word likely to mislead young poets. The method of this contrivance is so childishly simple that, in another age, a laugh might be all that a critic would think it worth; for the little deception is no and in some sense an illegitimate and, in a manner, the case, especially when it be remembered that in none of the novels, or, indeed, anywhere else, does he evince any sense of grievance at the existence of a titled class, it would be idle to brand him as a Socialist or even a Democrat as the word is understood nowadays. He is simply an Englishman with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

RUDOLF PICKTHALL.

Present-Day Criticism.

A writer in the "Times" of January 15, reviewing the volume of Oxford Poetry recently also noticed in these columns, contrives to disregard with the opinion of our reviewer—that Professor Murray's preface contained no word likely to mislead young poets. The method of this contrivance is so childishly simple that, in another age, a laugh might be all that a critic would think it worth; for the little deception is no and in some sense an illegitimate and, in a manner, the case, especially when it be remembered that in none of the novels, or, indeed, anywhere else, does he evince any sense of grievance at the existence of a titled class, it would be idle to brand him as a Socialist or even a Democrat as the word is understood nowadays. He is simply an Englishman with a keen sense of the ridiculous.

RUDOLF PICKTHALL.
quality. Not only the drunkard as a potentially sober citizen, not only the swindler as a potentially honest man, but the drunkard in and through his drunkness, and the swindler rejoicing in his lies are symptoms and expressions of That Which Is, and the full understanding of them is of inestimable value. Of course, the full understanding of anything implies the understanding of its wrongness or wickedness; but it implies sympathy also, and the sympathy which we all feel, or seen others feel, a blind and unjust fury, the reaction will often produce something like love. This state of things is not such as has been held by extraordinarily good men, and has been to them a source of spiritual strength. Without making any such claim for my mystical realist, I would say emphatically that every one of Mr. Murray's development of a writer's morality lies in a totally different direction. To keep amid all temptations your thought sincere and your form exact is to be honest and high-minded in general, the first step is to be so in your own particular work.

And here behold how the writer in the "Times" renders this passage:

He [Professor Murray] puts the faith of the modern poet into the proposition that "the one cardinal sin in poetry is pretense, and that anything truly felt and exactly expressed has a kind of absolute and indestructible value, the sources being upon the word 'anything.'" This doctrine is, of course, far from a new one; it is the natural and inevitable doctrine of any age which succeeds one of moral inculcation. But we could wish that Professor Murray had not come to the aid of the theory, and the conclusions likely to be drawn from it, by an argument borrowed from mystican, falsely so called. "When St. Francis kissed the leper's sores, he did not do so to punish him. He did so, because, in reaction against his first disgust, he suddenly felt for the leper and his leprosy to be integral parts of the great will and love of God, and as such he loved them." There is no evidence that St. Francis loved the leprosy as well as the leper. He knew too much of the Gospel to stultify his Master's action in healing it; and his own words declare impossible of average comprehension and, moreover, destructive of persons who, half-comprehending it, will never come to good "though they were controlled by extraordinarily good men, and has been to them a source of spiritual strength. Without making any such claim for my mystical realist, I would say emphatically that every one of Mr. Murray's development of a writer's morality lies in a totally different direction. To keep amid all temptations your thought sincere and your form exact is to be honest and high-minded in general, the first step is to be so in your own particular work.

And here behold how the writer in the "Times" renders this passage:

He [Professor Murray] puts the faith of the modern poet into the proposition that "the one cardinal sin in poetry is pretense, and that anything truly felt and exactly expressed has a kind of absolute and indestructible value, the sources being upon the word 'anything.'" This doctrine is, of course, far from a new one; it is the natural and inevitable doctrine of any age which succeeds one of moral inculcation. But we could wish that Professor Murray had not come to the aid of the theory, and the conclusions likely to be drawn from it, by an argument borrowed from mystician, falsely so called. "When St. Francis kissed the leper's sores, he did not do so to punish him. He did so, because, in reaction against his first disgust, he suddenly felt for the leper and his leprosy to be integral parts of the great will and love of God, and as such he loved them." There is no evidence that St. Francis loved the leprosy as well as the leper. He knew too much of the Gospel to stultify his Master's action in healing it; and his own words declare impossible of average comprehension and, moreover, destructive of persons who, half-comprehending it, will never come to good "though they were controlled by extraordinarily good men, and has been to them a source of spiritual strength. Without making any such claim for my mystical realist, I would say emphatically that every one of Mr. Murray's development of a writer's morality lies in a totally different direction. To keep amid all temptations your thought sincere and your form exact is to be honest and high-minded in general, the first step is to be so in your own particular work.

And here behold how the writer in the "Times" renders this passage:

He [Professor Murray] puts the faith of the modern poet into the proposition that "the one cardinal sin in poetry is pretense, and that anything truly felt and exactly expressed has a kind of absolute and indestructible value, the sources being upon the word 'anything.'" This doctrine is, of course, far from a new one; it is the natural and inevitable doctrine of any age which succeeds one of moral inculcation. But we could wish that Professor Murray had not come to the aid of the theory, and the conclusions likely to be drawn from it, by an argument borrowed from mystician, falsely so called. "When St. Francis kissed the leper's sores, he did not do so to punish him. He did so, because, in reaction against his first disgust, he suddenly felt for the leper and his leprosy to be integral parts of the great will and love of God, and as such he loved them." There is no evidence that St. Francis loved the leprosy as well as the leper. He knew too much of the Gospel to stultify his Master's action in healing it; and his own words declare impossible of average comprehension and, moreover, destructive of persons who, half-comprehending it, will never come to good "though they were controlled by extraordinarily good men, and has been to them a source of spiritual strength. Without making any such claim for my mystical realist, I would say emphatically that every one of Mr. Murray's development of a writer's morality lies in a totally different direction. To keep amid all temptations your thought sincere and your form exact is to be honest and high-minded in general, the first step is to be so in your own particular work.
THE MUSIC LESSON. By Walter Sickert.
Readers and Writers.

AMERICAN NOTES.

DR. ROSSITER JOHNSON, who enjoys a certain literary reputation in the United States, has recently come forward as the apostle of American English. His arguments in favor of our having no right to criticise American writers as long as our own are guilty of slipshod English and bad grammar, he then proceeds to ran-sack Addison, Macaulay, Ruskin, Carlyle and others for careless sentences, and asks triumphantly whether Americans have ever done anything worse. After this, it is not surprising to hear Miss Marie Corelli quoted as proof that English writers do not know their own language!

Most of us remember, I suppose, the opening passage of "Vanity Fair": "While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, these drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour." "It would have been just as easy," says our American critic, "to make it compact and periodic by writing it thus: 'One sunshiny morning in June, while the present century was in its teens, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven at the rate of four miles an hour by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall.'" The feeling for style displayed by Dr. Rossiter Johnson indicates that his true sphere is the teaching of English composition in a Civil Service crammer's. Nevertheless he is a University lecturer, an editor and an author of some repute. Here perhaps we have the key to the problem of Americanese, that cross between American and English, that is so remarkable a feature of American reviews of the better class.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of American reviews of the better class is the length of space they devote to foreign literature. In fact, America is much richer in translations from European authors than England. For example, I do not know of an English edition of Francois de Cord, whose name has scarcely been heard in England, except for a brief reference made in these pages a couple of years ago, and the single performance by the Stage Society of his play "Les Fossiles," of which "The Coup d'aille." may be seen in the bookshop of New York in an English translation. At the same time it is true that America shows little discrimination in her literary importations, the good, the bad, and the indifferent all come in for the same measure of attention and enthusiasm. The worst instances I have seen have been authors introduced via England. The discovery of Brieux has to some extent been belittled by an epidemic of Tagore, whose verse is now appearing in provincial papers, with the guiltlessness of a trace of "literature." This state of affairs is obviously the result of the Tagore boom in the English Press, aggravated by the recent decision of the Nobel Prize Committee. It illustrates my statement that America is led by England, so far as the English language is concerned. All the more culpable, therefore, are our so-called critics who misuse their office.

To return to this indiscriminate cosmopolitanism already mentioned, I have before me an illustration in the Autumn number of "Poet Lore," a Boston review resembling "Poetry and Drama." A trace of "literature" and an unusually valuable contribution is a one-act play, "At the Chasm," by Jaroslav Vrchlicky, whose name Mr. Selver has made familiar in these columns. The translator, himself a Czech, has supplied a biographical sketch of Vrchlicky, and with unusual modesty in the circumstances, admits that the play is far from being a masterpiece. In fact, he states that "At the Chasm" must not be taken as a criterion of Vrchlicky's merit. Obviously one is tempted to ask why the editors have printed it. With the characteristics of American novelty, they have lost sight of the fact that it is better that Vrchlicky should be unknown than badly represented. The rest of the review, which, by the way, perpetuates the abominations of such "nu spelling" as "philosophy," "filology," etc., is without interest. Mr. Anton Hellmann writes of "Hauptmann and the Nietzschean Philosophy," introducing the following "Nietzscheans": "the Great Belgian Maurice Maeterlinck," Brieux, D'Annunzio, Echegaray and . . . . Sudermann, whose "Magda" is "many of the virtues of the beyond-man" (the Superman, presumably!)

Mr. Walter Lippmann's "A Preface to Politics" (New York, Mitchell Kennerley, $1.50) may be recommended to Guild Socialists, who can supply that factor in politics whose absence Mr. Lippmann calls his theme. The author has analysed the various reforms and policies advocated in the United States, and finds them all wanting in a critical philosophy. They are directed solely towards the removal of surface evils, they merely intend to re-arrange some details of the American economy, and, consequently, correspond to no fundamental need of the present time. Indirectly Mr. Lippmann glances at English conditions, but, of course, he is primarily concerned with his own country. English readers will be interested in the chapter summarising the proposals of the different American parties; all the fallacies are noted, and in Mr. Lippmann's resumé they constitute a monument of political futility. The only nostrum I miss in these pages is the Single Tax, a very flourishing plant in the United States, and, particularly the puritanical strain in American life which colours all legislative and political discussion. A worse example of inhumanity than the report of the Chicago Vice Commission it would be difficult to imagine. Our White Slave Sadists seem abstemious beside this debauch of suppression.

Having traced the influences that are deadening politics, and having shown the result in an increasing indifference on the part of the public to the manipulators of party creeds and formulae, Mr. Lippmann draws attention to the revolt against the routine leaders. The Socialists, like all other parties, tend to routine and easy relaxation. The rise of Syndicalism is a warning to the party leaders that their tactics are inadequate, as an expression of the demands of labour. "A leadership is required which will ride the forces of Syndicalism and use them for a constructive purpose." Mr. Lippmann adds: "The brilliant writer of the 'Notes of the Week' in the English New Age has shown how this might be done. He has fused the insight of the Syndicalist with the plans of the Collectivists under the name of Guild Socialism.

The author of "A Preface to Politics" anticipates the dissatisfaction which Mr. Lippmann mentions in his preface to "thinking." Nevertheless we have a right to ask from him something more affirmative than what he has given. He seems to desire for all the books, his "authorities" are numerous and strangely mixed, the "Daily Mail" rubbering shoulders.
with The New Age, Sorel and Tarde with Bernard Shaw and Graham Wallas. Mr. Lippmann quotes the "New Machiavelli" with the same seriousness as he quotes Nietzsche and Marx. He is, in fact, too Catholic. He stumbles as it were, upon Guild Socialism, but refuses to express an opinion upon it. The importance of deciding one's attitude towards the wage system is not evident either in his specific reference to The New Age, or in the exposition of his philosophy in general. Guild Socialism is "an instance of statesmanlike dealing with a new social force." This is non-committal, and at best only a half-truth. The forces with which Guild Socialism deals are, as I understand it, a great deal older and more profound than Mr. Lippmann appears to realise. The nature and extent of his misconception are seen in his statement that "The New Age went straight to the creative impulse of the Syndicalist movement." "A Preface to Politics" will be published in England this spring by Messrs. Fisher Unwin. E. A. B.

* * *

INDIAN NOTES.

Why so many tourists think it necessary to describe their commonplace trips to the show-places and their commonplace impressions, God only knows. Why Labour Members write their impressions, they and the Devil well know, and angels weep for it. But even Labour Members are divided into two classes, fools and knaves, and I do not for a moment suppose that Mr. Keir Hardie is any more than a great fool. So I find his silliness amusing, while Mr. MacDonald (how they know him and now!) does amuse me with his medley of pretence and idiocy, that is to say, humbug, charlatanry and chuckleheadedness.

As the brightest spark from Mr. Keir Hardie's anvil I quote this phrase from his "India": "Tilak possesses the regard of all the working men in the Poona district." Now who is Tilak? He is a man of the rarest kind in modern India—for he is a clever and incorruptible patriot. His learning and writings are world-famous; but the position that his magnetic personality gave him in Indian politics as the leader of all reform so frightened the Government, that by a most distasteful and disgraceful crime it has banished him from his country for the last five years. A worse instance of a packed jury, a trumped-up case and a corrupt judge, has never been known. There were seven Europeans—six Britishers and a Jew, away already five years of his life in Mandalay and he is now sixty-one years old. To think of him, the scholar and man of birth and letters, condemned to transportation like the meanest felon! To think of him, the scholar and man of birth and letters, condemned to transportation like the meanest felon! And these two, both of whom understood Mahatma, found Mr. Tilak not guilty, while the seven Europeans—six Britishers and a Jew, unanimously found him guilty. So the Parsee Judge, Davar, got his blood-money and Mr. Tilak has passed away already five years of his life in Mandalay and Yerowda; he is now sixty-one years old! To think of him, the scholar and man of birth and letters, condemned to transportation like the meanest felon! And his crime—the fearful words he wrote; I will put upon them the very worst construction that has ever been suggested of them—he declared that the causes of the bomb outrages must be looked for in the bad administration of the English. Thank God that the hope of the world is not in India, or such an abominable crime as the imprisonment of Tilak would have cursed it away past recovery.

Mr. Tilak will be released next June and everybody who cares at all for justice and for the honour of his country would do well to consider the affair. For Heaven's sake, let it not be left to the Labour Party and papers, for Mr. Tilak is no noisy "rebel," but a wise man seeking justice and his country's welfare.

To return to Mr. Hardie's working-men. O Mr. Hardie, where was you brought up? I do believe the man wants to see corduroys and pickaxes everywhere. If he were taken to heaven he would see the very angels with corduroys and pickaxes, and would return them as the "Working-Men of the Celestial District." Not that I wish to represent the working-men of Poona as angels. Far from it; they are of the earth they till, earthy, and of the sweat of the brow they eat sweate—far too earthy and sweate to understand the hopes and the pains of such a man as Mr. Tilak. Mr. Hardie, in his chuckleheaded way, has made just the mistake that was furthest from the truth. Mr. Tilak has the regard, nay, the respect and the honour of all scholarly, learned and patriotic gentlemen of the Aryon world, as the head and mouth of the best Indian nationalism; that he is also revered by the terrorists is a pity; that he is at all regarded by the Poona peasants is a fallacy, a chuckleheaded fallacy.

I think it is as well known as any literary fact, that of the two famous Indian epics, the Mahabharata, with its two hundred thousand verses, is four times so long as the Ramayana, with its forty-eight thousand. Read this then from the "Literary History of India," by Professor R. W. Fraser: "The Mahabharata," forsooth, "runs to 20,000 lines in eighteen sections, and the Ramayana to no less than 48,000 lines." There's a clerical error for you, if you like. Fancy Professor Fraser copying down the figures so carelessly and not knowing his error, and perpetuating his charlatanry with that unfortunate cliché. But this is no Ichabod! Prof. Fraser has no height to fall from. It is only a contortion in his local mud. For in his references to the Mahabharata he speaks of its "artificial battle-scenes," and "the epic with the standards of Christianity, in principle a religion of equality, is unable to comprehend caste; so, too, is the Frenchman who has always been a revolutionary and a socialist. But the aristocratic and conservative Englishman can appreciate it, and it has supplied one of the bases of his policy and inspired some of his methods of government." Oh! we're all revolutionaries and socialists nowadays, but are all our writings translated, as this is, by Sir William Meyer, C.I.E.? We understand these shly (!) rebels.

Now, would you like an instance of humbug? How will this do, from Joseph Chailley's "Administrative Problems of British India"? "Christianity, in principle a religion of equality, is unable to comprehend caste; so, too, is the Frenchman who has always been a revolutionary and a socialist. But the aristocratic and conservative Englishman can appreciate it, and it has supplied one of the bases of his policy and inspired some of his methods of government." Oh! we're all revolutionaries and socialists nowadays, but are all our writings translated, as this is, by Sir William Meyer, C.I.E.? We understand these shly (!) rebels.

And row a little sense, pitiful sense. I turn to Lord Curzon's well-known Guildhall speech in 1904, and I read: "In my opinion, India is a country where there will be much larger openings for the investment of capital in the future than has hitherto been the case, and where a great work of industrial and commercial exploitation lies before us." There you have the truth, naked and not ashamed, but God! how shameful. Industrial and commercial exploitation—are they, then, "the good we are doing India"? It is not often that one of the Anglo-Indian gang blurs out the truth, so, when it does come, I suppose we should be charmed. Isn't it jolly?
From "Multatuli."
(Translated from the Dutch by P. Selver.)

Two left-handed gloves do not make a pair of gloves. Two half truths do not make a whole truth. (2.)

A collection of timber, stone, lime, etc. is not always a building. A gathering of people is not always a society. (4.)

Many conspicuously good—or many conspicuously bad—people, assembled and united, represent so many factors which furnish an enormous product of good or bad. The sum of many mediocrities always remains equal to one mediocrity. (5.)

The sum-total of the judgments given by many incompetent persons guarantees no more prospect of accuracy than the judgment of one incompetent person.

Decision by the majority of votes is the privilege of the strongest in a friendly way. It means: For the members of the minority are mostly in bad. But the sum of many mediocrities always re- mains equal to one mediocrity. (5.)

The system leads accordingly, not so much to truth as to tranquillity. But merely for the moment, a pallia- tive. For the members of the minority are mostly in their own right, and are stronger, not so much through the conception of their right, as through greater close- ness and a keener stimulus to exertion. Whenever the minority expands into a majority, it loses in specific gravity what it gains in increase of numbers. It takes over all the faults of its vanquished opponents, who in their turn, derive virtue from defeat.

The result is sad. (7.)

I know very little. And that grieves me so, that I truly believe that I have a right to know more. And therefore I should so much like to be immortal.

"Exactly," say those who have made an erudite knowledge of immortality their profession, "that very desire is a proof of your immortality."

"Ah, but I have ardently desired many things which . . ."

"Perhaps they would not be good for you."

"That is possible. If I were only certain that immor- tality would be good for me." (17.)

One thing above all; the little word is, I use as an abbreviation for "might be perhaps, if I am not mis- taken and I put you on your guard against my aptness to see things crooked."

It is my duty to tell you this. But it is your duty to take care not to forget your own aptness to see crooked. (18.)

It does not cost me the least trouble to acknowledge a mistake or a misunderstanding, and to confess it happily. But that is pride, sure enough. (20.)

He who has erred much, may know the way best. People were there as well, and these the cavalier did not always beat with some founda-
tion, etc.—how comes it that the pupils who are on the highest class, those who must be looked upon as nearly finished products,—how comes it that these scholars are so exactly like the pupils of the lowest class, that they have not advanced by a hair's breadth? Not in the slightest measure riper for graduation?

There are many conspicuously good—or many conspicuously half truths (Translated from the Dutch by P. Selver.)

The people who sold plums, currants, and tallow-candles, saw his house (from afar, and chose another-

When a person breaks his leg, there is great festivity between the crawlers. (49.)

I tried on a hat, and said: It fits well. My little boy needed a hat, and wanted to have the same size. "Papa, you said it fitted well."

What a child! (50.)

He who apes my actions, is often my enemy, mostly annoying, and always a fool. (51.)

There are poets who make verses. (56.)

There are few books from which you cannot learn how not to write. (58.)

He who is satisfied with what he has done, has reasons for dissatisfaction with his satisfaction. (61.)

Jesus must have said much that is not in the Bible. There is a good deal by Jesus in the Bible which Jesus cannot have said. (64.)

Come, Mr. A, B, or C, be frank, do you think that it is worth while for the Creator, for Nature, or for what- ever had the kindness to call you into being, to preserve you for ever? Have you yourself never made anything that afterwards annoyed you, that got in your way, that took up room which could be used for something better. (151.)

Yes, you say, but perhaps we ascend. Life is prepara-
tion . . . we develop . . . light . . . songs of praise . . . angels and transfigured spirits . . . seeing closely, face to face. . .

Oh, are you so bent on that? I notice little of your preparation and development, of your training for hymns of praise,—which by the way, would bore me. But besides, if we consider ourselves too insignificant to be immortal in our present condition, if our insigni-
ficance is to change into the importance which shall justify our further existence in the training-school, prepara-
tion, etc.—how comes it that the pupils who are on the point of leaving school, the preparation-candidates of the highest class, those who must be looked upon as nearly finished products,—how comes it that these scholars are so exactly like the pupils of the lowest class, that they have not advanced by a hair's breadth? Not in the slightest measure riper for graduation?

There are few books from which you cannot learn how not to write. (58.)

He who is satisfied with what he has done, has reasons for dissatisfaction with his satisfaction. (61.)

Jesus must have said much that is not in the Bible. There is a good deal by Jesus in the Bible which Jesus cannot have said. (64.)

Come, Mr. A, B, or C, be frank, do you think that it is worth while for the Creator, for Nature, or for what- ever had the kindness to call you into being, to preserve you for ever? Have you yourself never made anything that afterwards annoyed you, that got in your way,
time had been sitting, biting, watching out and complaining of the degeneration of morals, suddenly in his turn imbibed a "first" principle from his sword. Anyhow, he ordered his adherents to walk along the road where the tradespeople had chosen the side-path, to address them in a friendly manner and to assure them of civil treatment. Their lives should be spared, and one currant more than the other. Moreover, the tallow candles would be weighed, and this is such great moment in local economy. Further, the cavalier promised to treat the plums in the same way as the currants, in accordance with some or other "first" principle of "not impeding trade."

The cavalier's tariff was indeed exemplary. He could have killed the people, and he only beat them. He had the power to tax tallow-candles and he weighed them. It lay in his hands to treat the currants and plums separately, and he treated them alike.

The man is dead. His sword is spoiled with rust. His house has fallen in. But the noble cavalier's spirit still haunts the inner court at the Hague, and has assumed the form of an old woman with a weighed tallow-candle in one hand and in the other some plums and currants . . . . which she treats alike.

Around her loins she wears a very threadbare frock of "first principles."—"Ideen," No. 319.

S. T. Latta.

If the reader has been in India he will perhaps know what is meant by "latta." The word denotes a malady or habit to which old women are subject; it evinces itself in the imitating of everything that is done in their presence. You laugh, they laugh. You cry, they cry. You make a gesture, they ape it. You throw some object to the ground—crash, there lies everything that was held in the poor sufferer's hand.

In the year 1892 there sat in the "Passar Tanabang" at Batavia an old woman who earned her living by blowing little figures out of gum and sugar. The poor creature was very handy, and in a trice could turn out little ships, chickens, flowers—everything that the youngsters like. For a few coins you could satisfy all sorts of whims. And she did not ask much. I had been told that the woman was "latta," and I made trial of it. I ordered something or other and threw away my cigar at the moment when she was about to present me with the requested object. She gave me, the ground, and excused herself with a vexed "Ampong toewan, nanti sa-bikim lahim" (Don't take it amiss, sir; I will make another one). When I and the other lookers-on began to laugh, she joined in with shrill laughter. To test how far the charity would extend, I threw something into the air and knocked it away in a horizontal direction. Immediately with her hand she struck her kettle of molten gum-sugar. Somewhat later the thought occurred to me that perhaps the ample compensation that was given to her by the Europeans on such occasions might have had something to do with her crazy behaviour. And so I caused the experiment to be repeated by a poor native, from whom she could expect no compensation. The result was the same.

It deserves to be noticed that no advantage of her malady, if it may be called, was taken by her fellows in race and rank. In a market-place of more civilised Europe, the poor worker's whole business would doubtless have gone literally to pieces. In a market-place of more than five years of age. It is more than likely that, unless the milk-supply were enormously increased, adults would have to go entirely without milk should the nation suddenly awake to its duty towards its children," set me investigating. According to the Board of Agriculture's Census of Production, the total amount of milk produced in Great Britain was 1,280,000,000 gallons. Of this quantity, however, only 70 per cent. was sold by the farmers as milk; and a further deduction has to be made for the milk used by butter, cheese, and margarine manufacturers. After making this deduction, the Board of Agriculture states: "The total quantity of whole milk actually sold off the

Views and Reviews.

It is well to remind ourselves from time to time how much better private enterprise caters for the wants of the people than any system of associated effort that has been tried and at no time could such a reminder be more appropriate than at the moment when we are congratulating ourselves on having had the most prosperous year of trade in our history. So long ago as the publication of the "Fabian Essays," Mr. G. B. Shaw said: ""The [the working classes] are starving in the midst of plenty of jewels, velvets, laces, equipages, and race-horses; but not in the midst of plenty of food. In the things that are wanted for the welfare of the people we are abjectly poor." There has been, of course, a great improvement since that time; the gramophone and the cinema have been invented, the streets even of suburbs are lit with electric light, and, therefore, everything is much better than it was. But it is interesting to speculate what would happen if what the economists call "effective demand" were better distributed. Mr. Arthur Kitson uses, as an illustration of the evil of the money monopoly, the following hypothesis: "Supposing to-morrow morning every one of the thirteen millions who are said to be on the verge of starvation awoke to find himself in possession of a five-shilling piece. What would happen? There would be an immediate demand for food, for clothing, for the necessities of life—such as has not been known for years. The retailers would at once order from the wholesalers, and the wholesalers from the manufacturers; the grocers, the butchers, the fishmongers, the bakers, the brewers, the shipper, which would start the whole industrial machine at full speed again." There is no need to confine the hypothesis to the thirteen millions always on the verge of starvation; we may enlarge it to include the whole thirty-nine millions of men, women, and children whose average wage, according to Mr. Chiozza Money, was, in 1908, 2.15, 3d. per week, without diminishing the truth of the prophecy.

For example, a casual remark in Mrs. Pemberry Reeves' book, "The Real Meal, or a Wreck," had the effect that "it is worth a moment's speculation as to whether the whole milk supply of England is sufficient to ensure a quart of milk a day to each English child under five years of age. It is more than likely that, unless the milk-supply were enormously increased, adults would have to go entirely without milk should the nation suddenly awake to its duty towards its children," set me investigating. According to the Board of Agriculture's Census of Production, the total amount of milk produced in Great Britain was 1,280,000,000 gallons. Of this quantity, however, only 70 per cent. was sold by the farmers as milk; and a further deduction has to be made for the milk used by butter, cheese, and margarine manufacturers. After making this deduction, the Board of Agriculture states: "The total quantity of whole milk actually sold off the
farms for consumption was therefore, in round figures, about 800,000,000 gallons in 1908. The population of Great Britain, in the middle of 1808 was only about a quarter of a million short of 40,000,000 (the exact number was 39,728,113). The total output of milk for the year was therefore equal to 20 gallons per head of the population, which is less than half a pint a day. Sufficient milk is produced to allow every child under five, or even under ten years of age to have a quart of milk a day; but the quantity that would remain for adults would be infinitesimal. For the children under five would consume 330 million gallons (in round figures), and the children under ten would consume 682,500,000 gallons, leaving only 177,500,000 gallons for the 33 millions of people over the age of ten in England and Wales. Milk, we know, is the perfect food for children, it produces cotton goods to the value of 582,000,000 pounds, which is worth of cotton goods reserved for home consumption. But it does represent very exactly a phase of Christianity, the eloquence of after-dinner speakers, and I believe, that the cotton industry pays dividends, which also is a matter for the expression of legitimate pride. Besides, our export trade is a very important item of our national greatness; and our cotton industry exports as much as £20,000,000 worth of cotton goods per annum. The £20,000,000 worth of cotton goods reserved for home consumption averages about 10s. per head per annum. It would be possible to infer that the English people are so well supplied with cotton goods that it does not cost more than 10s. per head per annum to renew their stock; but such an inference ought not to be made except by a pupil at one of our "special" schools. The demand is modest enough, for it includes nothing more than 10s. per head per annum. It would be more than £20 a year, will tell every intelligent reader all that he needs to know. It is quite certain that no form of associated effort known to mankind could have supplied the wants of the people as private enterprise has done.

A. E. R.

Some Fallacies of Liberal Protestantism.

This is a significant book. We cannot, indeed, imagine anyone, going through the mysterious Victorian trial known as "a struggle with his opinions," coming away from it with a very clear head or strengthened spirit. But it does represent very exactly a phase of Christianity in decay. Reading it is like picking up and examining a shell fired by the rearguard of a defeated army.

Mr. Fawkes is apparently an adherent of Liberal Protestantism, who has found peace in the joining of two things which would mean a call for about £5,000,000 worth of woollen and worsted goods, or practically double the amount now used by our home population. Demand is not "effective demand," of course; so we gather our rags about us, and thank our stars that private enterprise supplies woollen goods to us of the average value of 25s. per head per annum.

Mr. Fawkes might go on, for example, that an effective demand for three pairs of boots or shoes per annum by each of the inhabitants of the 7,000,000 houses in England and Wales that are not assessed to Inhabited House Duty would mean a production and sale of 109,000,000 pairs. The average wage of boot-makers is less than £1 a week; and Leicester needs a new industry to provide work for its unemployed! It would be interesting, also, to compare Dr. Kay's description of the houses of Manchester (published in 1832, and quoted in the "Quarterly Review" for December, 1836) with that of the Manchester Citizens' Association, published about 1904; and to notice that private enterprise had supplied the housing needs of the people so well in 1832 that practically no change has been observed since. Elements of this criticism of the fact that, of the 9,000,000 houses in the United Kingdom, 7,000,000 are not assessed to Inhabited House Duty, because their value is less than £20 a year, will tell every intelligent reader all that he needs to know. It is quite certain that no form of associated effort known to mankind could have supplied the wants of the people as private enterprise has done.

A. E. R.

"Essays in Modernism." By the Rev. A. Fawkes. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d.)
to emerge a character far more in touch with Rome's essential hatred of normal human experience, her enmity to the body politic and social, her mischievous and perverted 'other-worldliness,' than with any of the other systems of the Christian Church. The Liberal Protestant attempts a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment. The Christ of Harnack and the school is no closer to the facts than was the Christ of Renan. His creators have attained their result by a deliberate neglect of those essential passages of the Gospel which depict Christ pouring contempt upon the tides of blood and of human affection, and preaching to his elect a complete withdrawal from, or weary tolerance of, the social and political system of a world he dreamed of as under the shadow of dissolution. Of the Christologists of to-day, the Schweitzer and Loisy are probably the most learned, and certainly the most desirous of comprehensiveness and fairness of emphasis, and their Christ is far closer to the antisocial exalté of essential Catholicism than to the mid-Victorian young man (a pupil of Green, one imagines) of the Liberal Protestant. Rome, indeed, we claim, shut her doors upon Loisy, Tyrrell, and the rest, because she had recognised just as she recognised in the case of Luther how incompatible is the spirit of Christ with the exercise of reason, and so much withdraws from or weary tolerance of, the social and political system of a world he dreamed of as under the shadow of dissolution. Of the Christologists of to-day, the Schweitzer and Loisy are probably the most learned, and certainly the most desirous of comprehensiveness and fairness of emphasis, and their Christ is far closer to the antisocial exalté of essential Catholicism than to the mid-Victorian young man (a pupil of Green, one imagines) of the Liberal Protestant.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.

In the history of the race the Reformation was, of course, a vastly important and vastly beneficial movement; but essentially (though not consciously) the Reformation was anti-Christian and sceptical, a scepticism from the value of normal human experience and of the supremacy of reason; and it is important and beneficial to us of to-day exactly on that account. As a reconciliation between his reason and his sentiment, the practice of His teaching with hope for, or service of, this world of here and now.
Pastiche.

THE HOLY WAR.

(Certain secretaries, many of whom have made or are making huge fortunes by the most godless methods of modern industry, yet find it no matter of shame to testify against war, of which their own lust is but one of the chief causes, and this in the Name of that God of whose lordship they place their trust in, and the manner of their power over Society is the practical denial.)

In the dark night, the black hours of the Spirit, Thus saith the Lord:

I move in the souls of men, and My coming bringeth Not peace, but a sword.

Many have called on Peace—(vainly, while thus the earth
Pales and withers in evil arms, a dull-fend'd clasp for girth)—
Have striven—(fools in their striving)—to slip by the watch of day, cheat,
With a sacred word turned lie, the resistless laws that beat,
Waves on, on Life's ocean the ships of men's doom back to My feet.

To left, to right, behind ye, 0 men, the waves lie in wait; they take,
Head off, beat back vain courses, dash down folly, break
And fling these broken away! Ah! sentinels of My sea,
Vast multitude with one name WAR. Ye have 0 men, therefore I set ye about With these My Guards. Hearken their hoarse-throat sound of His Peace, the blows, the warrior's breast,
Have their place in, and the manner of their power over, causes, and this in the Name of that God of whose lordship, the practical denial.

Head off, beat back vain courses, dash down folly, break
And fling these broken away! Ah! sentinels of My sea,
Vast multitude with one name WAR. Ye have 0 men, therefore I set ye about With these My Guards. Hearken their hoarse-throat shout!

Let slaves, no sons of Mine, pray the vain prayer for peace,
Whine for My highest gift. . . too slack to question the occasion Set as price of the gift, or rejoice in My lordly force. Fools! one path there is—till this ye tread never shall conceal My angels from beating ye back with swords of terrible light
From the paths your mad whims choose, the paths of Death and Night.

Peace? 'tis the Christ in Heaven. There waiting, there let It rest.

For in your house of Evil the Best is not the best, Salvation is to him who strives with warring thought.
War, 'neath the lowering clouds. Satan 'tis who crieth "Peace."

That word, if any nourish it here, 'tis a snake in his breast;
Thus, taking My Name in vain, and setting it up in Hell,
He is damned and cast out from My Face. It is not well
That this, Christ of My Heaven, be an idol in your hell.
For Christ, that is Peace in Heaven, is war and a sword upon earth.

He is the Outlaw King; He claims, He strives for His ground;
He was from morn to night, from night to morn the sound.
The god-like sound of His War, the blows, the warrior's mirth,
Breathes on the rampart of Ill; in the ears of the brave, the good,
An iron wave, musical—a song—to his spirit, food.

His course is straight as a bolt hurled from My fist.
Your courses are muddy streams thro' the waste; they twist
This way and that. He points you the way, the course straight as a die.

But ye fear or would sleep, ye slaves, ye grovel and whine, and Peace? Who prays for peace? Up, then, arm for the fight;
Serve your Lord on the earth; strive till His right be might.
Cast the usurper forth. Seek that peace My Truth shall afford.

What coward crieth for peace? He shall have no peace, save the Peace of the Save the Peace of...
Let us quote from Mr. John Bridges' poem:

A calamitous year has now run to its close,
What the next one may be only Providence knows;
Against odd diets' poem we see the soul of England;
In Mr. John Bridges' effusion we see the spirit of modern Jingo Imperialism in all its frenzied partisanship. We hasten, even at this last, to avoid the word "poem" as Mr. John himself modestly admits that his brother's what-shall-we-call-it is of a superior quality to his own.

HISTORICAL IMPRESSIONS. (No. 4.)

Austen Harrison, a future famous poet, tried of having his manuscripts returned with a bare printed statement of the Editor's regrets, determines to pay him a visit in his sanctum, and for that purpose borrows from Mr. Frank Harris (borrises with a deposit) a suit of armour, and confiscates a repeating pistol from one of his landlady's boarders.

Then he hires a taxi and drives to the "English Review," 17-21, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, donning the armour and helmet during the journey.

On arrival he gets out and enters the offices, leaving the taxi-driver too flabbergasted to ask for his fare. He finds no difficulty in overcoming all opposition to his project. The door, which he opens to discover Mr. Austin Harrison seated comfortably chewing a pistachio nut, and endeavouring to recover facially from the strain of a never-ending fear of meeting his father, or Sir Alfred Mond.

Mr. Bags locks the door on the inside as Mr. Harrison swallows the pistachio in a gulp of astonishment.

Mr. Bags: Can't you think of anything less uncomfortable? Suppose I go out in this suit of armour and shoot myself in the street? Mr. A. H.: You must find some new pose, and advertise it. Try writing without adjectives, or put asterisks instead of verbs. Get some woman to leave you a million, and have a law suit with her relatives. Wear knickerbockers, and recite odes in front of the Mansion House, and refuse to go away when the policeman tries to remove you. Dress in rags, and sell matches in the Strand, reading your lyrics aloud, and, when anyone interrupts you, say: Aristophanes, Euripides, Pindar, Pythagoras! All in one breath.

Mr. A. H.: If you can find out where Gaby Deslys is staying, and go straight and do it before her bedroom door, it's a bargain. But leave your address and a note to your landlady to deliver all MS. to me. Mr. A. H.: You must find some new pose, and advertise it. Try writing without adjectives, or put asterisks instead of verbs. Get some woman to leave you a million, and have a law suit with her relatives. Wear knickerbockers, and recite odes in front of the Mansion House, and refuse to go away when the policeman tries to remove you. Dress in rags, and sell matches in the Strand, reading your lyrics aloud, and, when anyone interrupts you, say: Aristophanes, Euripides, Pindar, Pythagoras! All in one breath.

Mr. Bags: Can't you think of anything less uncomfortable? Suppose I go out in this suit of armour and shoot myself in the street?

Mr. A. H.: How's that? Will you accept that now?
By John Francis Hope.

In spite of my admiration for Mr. Norman McKinnell's acting, I fail to go to Mrs. Hope Merrick's "Mary-Girl." The published accounts of its origin and nature were sufficient to inform me that Mrs. Hope Merrick knew nothing about drama. About nine years ago she read an item of news in a daily paper, over a short story about it, and at last "dramatised" it, as she would say, to show the effect of wet-nursing. In plain English, the Mrs. Merrick's "Mary-Girl.

In the nature of the subject, the play could have no relation to drama. Wet-nursing is comparatively rare, much rarer than artificial feeding; and its influence on the domestic life of the people is probably commensurable with the radical change in habits caused by the use of electricity for cooking purposes. In plain English, the influence is negligible. With the woman's instinct for deduction, Mrs. Merrick took a particular fact, and tried to show its consequences; she prepared what is called a "psychological" study. But even if this were accurately done, it would have no value as drama, or as art of any kind; the fact has no philosophical validity as a universal, nor has it any social significance as a generalisation. It interprets nothing of social importance, and, as drama, is a social art, the play has no relation to drama.

I have been writing for some time now about the divorce of drama from the life of the people. How can I complete this divorce is may be understood from the fact that not one dramatic critic whose report I have read based his criticism on this foundation. Each and all of them were more concerned to argue that the Puritan husband would not strike his wife because she refused to do the washing; or that his wife would not go on the streets because her husband struck her. But these details of deduction matter nothing if the fact from which they are deduced is unimportant, is irrelevant to our national life. Let the details be corrected to perfection, the significance of the play is not thereby heightened; in its most general form, the problem was stated and answered years ago by the people in the proverb: "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil." Mr. Merrick's "Mary-Girl" has an existence independent of another, I have been told that Modjeska recited the Polish numerals from one to a hundred with surprising dramatic effect. Obviously she was not interpreting dramatic literature; she was taking advantage of the conventional methods of utterance to stimulate feeling in her audience. The appeal was not dramatic, for drama, like all articulate arts, appeals to the imagination; it was more nearly akin to music with its physiological stimulus that so rarely rises to consciousness in articulated form.

Eliminate the motif of wet-nursing from Mrs. Merrick's play, substitute any other that you like (avarice will do), and the play would remain the same. The woman might still be transported from her husband's cottage to the home of a noble, subjected for a time to the influence of luxury, and returned, a changed being, to the house of her husband. This simple idea of divorce would suffice for three acts; and the crisis of the play, the quarrel between the husband and wife, would occur naturally in the third act. Whatever the subject or motive of the play, the construction would make it seem dramatic to all those people who do not recognise the necessary connection between subject and treatment. But technical formulæ are; the test of a drama is not, primarily, its construction (Shakespeare would have been badly out of such a test), but its significance, either for the present or the future.

Taking such a view of drama, I can cheerfully denounce all attempts to "dramatise" our national life. Let the details be corrected to perfection, the significance of the play is not thereby heightened; in its most general form, the problem was stated and answered years ago by the people in the proverb: "Set a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil." Mr. Merrick's "Mary-Girl" has an existence independent of another. I have been told that Modjeska recited the Polish numerals from one to a hundred with surprising dramatic effect. Obviously she was not interpreting dramatic literature; she was taking advantage of the conventional methods of utterance to stimulate feeling in her audience. The appeal was not dramatic, for drama, like all articulate arts, appeals to...
moral and method, thereby to make common the conveniences and economies discovered and invented by individual genius. In Shakespeare's time, we needed the assertion of the individual; now we need the expression and direction of the social tendency towards the civilisation that has been so long delayed.

Art.

Nietzsche, Culture and Plutocracy.

By Anthony M. Ladovici.

Behold them, these superfluous men! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise. Culture do they call their theft—and with them turneth everything to sickness and sore travail.—ZARATHUSTRA, I, xi.

In his notes on "Readers and Writers," "R. H. C.," raises an interesting point by referring to "Nietzsche's theory of the supervision of culture upon the modern wealthy classes," and denying the possibility of such a transformation through the "apparent endorsement" of my "apartment endorsement." Now I confess without any further preamble that I was unaware that Nietzsche had ever expounded such a theory; consequently I could not well have endorsed it. Still, the question is an interesting one, and cannot help but repay examination, while in its bearings it is by no means foreign to the domain of art. The whole matter turns upon Nietzsche's and our own estimate of wealth itself. It is always a difficult undertaking, particularly in England—for her history shows that she is incapable of much intellectual cleanliness—to uphold an institution, such as against the Englishmen or Continentals who have corrupted or besmirched it. Point to a sufficient number of unhappy marriages, and the ordinary man in the street speedily acknowledges that marriage is a damnable institution. Recall a sufficient number of instances in which Monarchy has proved disastrous, and again he all too speedily admits that Monarchy is devil's work. Speak of the failures of aristocracies, spiritual or temporal, and he becomes deaf to anything you can say in favour of an aristocracy of the future. Finally, describe the abuse of wealth in European civilisation of the last century, and in all civilisations like it, and wealth becomes to his mind something which nothing can dignify or cleanse. By a method of this kind, a few incompetent and heavy-fingered generations would amply suffice to sweep all valuable institutions from the face of the civilised world for centuries; for there is nothing, however great or desirable, that incompetence is unable to compromise and render odious; and the substitutes which incompetence then devises are never better than the proscribed institutions, simply because the class of men, together with their guiding values, which were responsible for the decline in the proscribed institutions, always remain in power after these institutions have vanished, and it was they—the men themselves with their particular valuations, who were chiefly responsible for all the trouble.

Is that quite clear? The consistent and continual condemnation of institutions as such, can thus, in many cases, be the most retrograde step of all; because if the fault does not necessarily lie with the institution, and this is swept away, the fault perforce remains; but it remains among a people who are mistakenly convinced and satisfied that they have made a step forward. Take the example of marriage! I suppose that it is in such ill-favour that there arises a general movement to sweep it away. Is it to be supposed that, if this movement succeeded, any real benefit would have accrued to mankind? Suppose the failure of modern marriage be the outcome of the loss by man of certain essential virtues, certain capacities for lasting out, for sticking to his guns, for acting conscientiously over a long period of time, for treating the sex relation without romantic stupidity or idealistic distortion? Is it to be supposed that the mere abolition of marriage in an institution would then put man right? Of course not! And yet this is the principle upon which many valuable institutions are daily being called into question and abolished.

Wealth is one of these institutions. Nobody who has given the matter any thought at all, has any reference to the score of how sacred, holy, and beneficent a power wealth can be. Nobody who has investigated the problem deeply could, with any claim to honesty, condemn wealth as an institution. A thorough scrutiny of our civilisation does not lead to a condemnation of wealth; it leads to a condemnation of the values and of the men behind wealth; and it soon must become clear to the scientific and dispassionate student, that any attempt at tampering merely with wealth as an institution, though it may have the appearance of redressing some wrongs, can end only in leaving things worse than, or at best, the same as, they actually are. Personally, I cannot help regarding all tamperings with institutions, as such, as surface reforms, or merely surface changes, unless the values and the men behind them are dragged into a still fiercer searchlight and tested for their worth. I would always say, look after your men and their values and your institutions will look after themselves. That is why I have difficulty in listening patiently to anyone who condemns aristocracy, marriage, academism, or wealth. I feel that he wishes to leave mankind alone, though he detests the havoc mankind has made of its institutions. I feel that he is superficial, and—shall I say it?—intellectually unclean. It is for this reason, too, that I find many attempts to reform technique or in expression in the arts, when I know all the time that something much deeper than such surface reforms or rearrangements must be effected before the sickness of art can be cured.

But to return to wealth! Once the lofty duties associated inevitably by all noble minds with wealth and property are fully comprehended, nothing appears more sublime than the combination of a wise administrator and his possessions. But, on the other hand, nothing appears more dangerous, more pernicious, than the combination of power with an incapable or incompetent administrator. (See Nietzsche "Human, all too Human." Part II. Aph. 310.) Now it is not difficult to account for the nausea which the mere mention of the word riches tends to provoke in the stomachs of most of us nowadays. For many generations, in Europe, we have seen little else than the combination of wealth with the unwise administrator; nay, but for a few isolated examples, which can be culled with labour from the pages of our histories, we have precious little evidence of wealth beneficently administered at all. On the one hand we have seen riches prostituted to base and inferior ends, and on the other—that is to say, on the so-called virtuous side—all we have seen is a species of conscience money, reeking of incompetence, self-contempt, and odious misgivings, doled out by unfeeling and brutal fists in the form of charity.

What we have seen is a community of shop-keepers wielding a power they never had any business to acquire; and the very thought of that power has thus grown full of bitterness for us. We have seen nothing in all the history of the greedy spirit, that if the fault does not necessarily lie with the institution, and this is swept away, the fault perforce remains; but it remains among a people who are mistakenly convinced and satisfied that they have made a step forward. Take the example of marriage! I suppose that it is in such ill-favour that there arises a general movement to sweep it away. Is it to be supposed that, if this movement succeeded, any real benefit would have accrued to mankind? Suppose the failure of modern marriage be the outcome of the loss by man of certain
by means of the values and abuses inseparable from such a community. Their horizon is limited; Hedonism is their religion; mankind is their footstool, vulgarity is their culture, and display is their reward. These people constitute our plutocracy.

Nietzsche was well aware of their worth. He was not mistaken about their qualities, or their potentialities. "Our rich people," he said, "they are the poorest! The real purpose of all wealth has been forgotten." ("Will to Power," Vol I, Aph. 61.) He knew also where they were to be found—in the modern Commercial State, in the New Idol. "Behold them, these superfluous men!" he says. "They heap up riches and grow poorer thereby. Power do they seek, and above all, the lever of power, much treasure of gold—these children of impotence! Behold them, these superfluous men! Sick are they always: they vomit forth their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another who cannot even digest themselves!" ("Zarathustra," Part I. XI.)

To say that Nietzsche thought the superintervention of culture upon the poorest and wealthiest classes a possible ideal, is, therefore, I think, to misunderstand his estimate of these classes. I was half aware that such a misunderstanding might arise; for in reference to Nietzsche's distinction between the present exploitation of workmen and the exploiters, and the exploiters of workmen by aristocrats for higher and nobler purposes, I affixed a translator's note on page 306 of the "Will to Power," Vol. II., warning the reader against confounding Nietzsche's aristocracy with our present plutocratic and industrial State. With all his contempt for the modern plutocracy, however, his estimate of wealth as an institution should not be confused. Nietzsche knew better than anyone the value of meditation, leisure, contemplation, and, above all, of a good school. He knew, moreover, how inseparable these privileges are from a certain modicum of wealth. He knew how bodily riches, like spiritual riches, are the outcome of accumulation and garnering over several generations, and how necessary material wealth is in order that such a process of storing may be possible, in a family line in a family tree. In this sense he speaks of the rich and the leisurely as the actual valuers. ("Joyful Wisdom." Aph. 87.) In this sense, too, he speaks of "wealth as the origin of a nobility of race." In the passage beginning: "They are the lowest of all men," he adds, "it permits the choice of the most beautiful women and the engagement of the best teachers; it allows a man cleanliness, time for physical exercises, and, above all, immunity from dulling physical labour." ("Beyond Good and Evil," Aph. 470)—in this passage, I say, he is speaking of wealth as an institution, not to be assailed, but to be cleansed of those who pollute it. But I cannot see that he contemplated any such transformation as the supervision of culture upon which we know as the plutocracy of modern times. On the contrary! The whole of his outcry for a transvaluation of the values which make this plutocracy possible, which have brought this plutocracy into power, shows how radically he was opposed to the "poorest." According to Nietzsche, the Socialist, like those who would abolish aristocracy, the family, the academy, and all such institutions, desired no such transvaluation of values. Hence the Socialist was superfluous. He left mankind as it was with all the ills that had produced the modern plutocrat, and contented himself with an attack on the institution of wealth itself. Nietzsche says, keep wealth; keep the distinctions of property; because when these distinctions are backed by the right ideas they lead to nothing but after all, their values, and then you will cease from seeing any need of an attack upon wealth. I trust that I have now satisfied "R. H. C." that in endorsing Nietzsche's cosmogony, I am in no way endorsing a hope or an ideal based upon a ridiculously unjustifiable estimate of the potentialities of the modern plutocrat.

ECONOMIC MISCEGENATION OR WHAT?

Sir,—In the concluding paragraph of "Notes of the Week," in your issue of December 4 last, you introduce an excellent phrase, economic miscegenation, with reference to the new burning question of Indian coolies in South Africa. You explain the phrase as meaning the "intermixture of standards of living, with bastard results." The idea evidently is that, when one country admits from another country people who can afford to sell their labour at a lesser price than its own people can, it is equivalent to forcing its own people to reduce their wages, i.e., cutting short their scale of living, with the necessary danger to national health and vigour. Now, if a country, instead of allowing men to come in, allows articles to be imported under a lowest article in a country, in the country itself, is there not the same evil of economic miscegenation? In the context in which you have employed the phrase, an alien worker goes into another country and undersells its people. In the example now suggested, he remains at home but sends the products of his labour so to undersell. The effect on both sides is the same—viz., competition prejudicial to the interests of the host. If the first kind of economic miscegenation deserves to be guarded against, is not the latter equally so?

An Indian.
UNIONS AS Guilds.

Sir,—From a perusal of the Guild articles I gather that the writers consider that the abolition of the wage system must be preceded by the formation of a guild possessing a complete monopoly of its labour. I would like to suggest that it is unnecessary for a trade union to wait for this consummation before deciding to attack the wage system. Many unions, particularly those that employ their own workers, have already in a sufficiently strong position to demand that the employers shall cease to pay "wages" to the individual members of the union whom they employ, but shall, in lieu thereof, make a periodical payment to the union itself. Even if the employer at first retained his power to dismiss his workers at will, and to extract profits from the undertaking as before, such an arrangement would still be of inestimable value to the union concerned, as a first step towards its conversion into a guild. If the union were to make weekly or other periodical payments to its members, irrespective of whether they were in or out of employment, the members would obviously cease to be the slaves of the employer. FRED MILLOR.

THE NATIONAL GUILDS.

Sir,—Now that our articles are about to be published in book-form, permit us to announce in your columns that we shall be happy to receive, and to the best of our ability to reply to, questions from your readers on the whole subject. Both the questions and our answers may, at your discretion, be published in your columns, where, indeed, we believe they are best suited.

Correspondence should be addressed to "Guildsmen" care of THE NEW AGE.

THE GUILD WRITERS.

+ + +

FANATICAL FEMINISTS.

Sir,—I think it must have been on a very imperfect report of an address to the Warrington Liberal Club that led you to call the speaker "one of the most fanatically suicidal feminists." I enclose you a copy of her address, which you will see is written in language that is perfectly courteous butSeed) to the Commissary General in Cape Town, the

my astonishment that the parcel contained perfectly new, unsold, official envelopes.

I at once returned to the office, and told the clerk that he had made a mistake, the contents of the package being quite new.

"Oh, no, orderly!" he replied. "It's all right. They have all got to be burned!"

"If that's the case, sir, I wish you would burn them yourself. I don't think it is any part of my duty to destroy such stuff."

"There is no harm in it, I assure you. Let me explain. This morning the store-ship 'Whyte' has been signalled coming up the bay, and she has on board a fresh supply of stationery, and this will have to be cleared out to make room for it. It has to be done every quarter. They send me enough stuff at once to supply this office for two years. But if I failed to send my indent to Pall Mall every quarter, asking for a fresh supply, they would simply raise hell, and every mailboat would bring me letters demanding to know what was wrong with my office? So, like a good fellow, get rid of the stuff."

I carried the packages out, one after the other and burned them. They contained envelopes of all sizes, foolscap and notepaper of all sizes, blacklead pencils and pen-holders by the gross, pen-nibs, and gross packets of red and black ink in powder. And, as long as I was in that office, this burning was a regular quarterly operation.

In addition to the above I had on one occasion what I may call a special bonus. Amongst the impedimenta which the Government of 1885 inflicted upon the Bechuanaand Expedition, besides Gatling guns that wouldn't shoot and ammunition that wouldn't carry, there were all the usual stock of unnecessary stationery. This hampering rubbish was first carried six thousand miles by sea to Cape Town, from Cape Town to Kimberley by rail, and from Kimberley to Mafeking by bullock wagon, and after Sir Charles Warren had disposed of his business the stuff came back to Cape Town without ever having been touched.

"Now, orderly," said the chief clerk in the Commissary Office, "here's a job for you. Take your time over it, but destroy all this damned stuff."

So for weeks afterwards I was tearing up books, ledgers, a thousand and one different kinds of "forms," and burning the whole lot.

During the time I was engaged in this work of destruction the god who ruled in Pall Mall discovered a discrepancy of 1/2d. in the financial statement of our office. For the twelve months that followed this awful discovery, the mere cost of postage on the correspondence which it occasioned and the salaries of the clerks who dealt with the matter must have exceeded the amount in dispute by thousands of times.

In the meantime I had burned probably a hundred pounds' worth of virgin stationery. And the Government contractor who supplied it died a millionaire.

+ + +

NATIONAL UNION OF CLERKS.

Sir,—I have only to say, with reference to Mr. Goodspeed's letter, that the resolution to which he refers as being unanimously carried dealt only with the employment of temporary clerks by the Imperial Post Office. I had no knowledge whatever to any of the other charges made by Mr. Hester. That particular practice has always been recognized by the National Union of Clerks as highly unsatisfactory. It had been adopted to meet special emergencies, and it has already been entirely abandoned so far as the Union is concerned.

This explanation will, I think, make it clear that my letter was a quite accurate reply to Mr. Hester.

FRED HUGHES, Asst. General Secretary.

The National Union of Clerks,
186-188, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.

+ + +

HOW GOVERNMENT CONTRACTORS ARE ENRICHED.

Sir,—One morning in 1886, when I was employed as orderly to the Clerk-in-Chief, in Cape Town, the principal clerk called me into his office, and, pointing to three shelves, packed with brown-paper parcels, said: "Orderly, take these parcels, one by one, out into the coal-yard and burn them."

I took down the first package, which appeared to weigh about 28 lbs., and carried it into the centre of the reserve coal-yard. I then set it on fire, and by the time the red tape, and discovered to my astonishment that the parcel contained perfectly new, unsold, official envelopes.

I at once returned to the office, and told the clerk that he had made a mistake, the contents of the package being quite new.

"Oh, no, orderly!" he replied. "It's all right. They have all got to be burned!"

"If that's the case, sir, I wish you would burn them yourself. I don't think it is any part of my duty to destroy such stuff."

"There is no harm in it, I assure you. Let me explain. This morning the store-ship 'Whyte' has been signalled coming up the bay, and she has on board a fresh supply of stationery, and this will have to be cleared out to make room for it. It has to be done every quarter. They send me enough stuff at once to supply this office for two years. But if I failed to send my indent to Pall Mall every quarter, asking for a fresh supply, they would simply raise hell, and every mailboat would bring me letters demanding to know what was wrong with my office? So, like a good fellow, get rid of the stuff."

I carried the packages out, one after the other and burned them. They contained envelopes of all sizes, foolscap and notepaper of all sizes, blacklead pencils and pen-holders by the gross, pen-nibs, and gross packets of red and black ink in powder. And, as long as I was in that office, this burning was a regular quarterly operation.

In addition to the above I had on one occasion what I may call a special bonus. Amongst the impedimenta which the Government of 1885 inflicted upon the Bechuanaand Expedition, besides Gatling guns that wouldn't shoot and ammunition that wouldn't carry, there were all the usual stock of unnecessary stationery. This hampering rubbish was first carried six thousand miles by sea to Cape Town, from Cape Town to Kimberley by rail, and from Kimberley to Mafeking by bullock wagon, and after Sir Charles Warren had disposed of his business the stuff came back to Cape Town without ever having been touched.

"Now, orderly," said the chief clerk in the Commissary Office, "here's a job for you. Take your time over it, but destroy all this damned stuff."

So for weeks afterwards I was tearing up books, ledgers, a thousand and one different kinds of "forms," and burning the whole lot.

During the time I was engaged in this work of destruction the god who ruled in Pall Mall discovered a discrepancy of 1/2d. in the financial statement of our office. For the twelve months that followed this awful discovery, the mere cost of postage on the correspondence which it occasioned and the salaries of the clerks who dealt with the matter must have exceeded the amount in dispute by thousands of times.

In the meantime I had burned probably a hundred pounds' worth of virgin stationery. And the Government contractor who supplied it died a millionaire.

+ + +

PETER FANNING.

"THE NEW AGE" AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—I owe you and your readers an apology for having caused such a disturbance. I had no need to take a holiday again. Two or three little matters of some importance have boiled over in my absence—one, in particular, with damage, I am afraid. Mr. Laurie Magnus,
M.A. (which I shall be forgiven for translating in this instance as Mainly Assine), has been accusing The New Age of anti-Semitism. He brought the charge in the "Jewish World," from which it was copied by the "Jewish Chronicle," basing it on a letter that he had written to the editor, and adding: "I must be a loss to know, for he confesses that he never reads The New Age and never has read it. Mr. Joseph Finn has replied, denying the charge, and adding a further editorial reply to Mr. Kitson, which he says was not only "more" but also "better written than any apologia written by a Jew," but "points out the errors of that gas-bag, Mr. Fred Henderson, into an attempt to rehabilitate the waning predominance of political action. He even suggests that the Guilds, as a suggestion of what may be anticipated."

"Sir,--May I ask certain of your correspondents an important question: Are they in favour of blacklegging? If they are, may God have mercy upon them! If they are not, let them cease from troubling you and your readers with letters in advertisement of one who is a non-unionist simply because he will not comply with the ordinary conditions of membership of our trade unions."

"SIR,--The compiler of "Current Cant" is surely astute in claiming as prey W. B. Yeats for his dictum that "real artists are not emotional."

"SIR,--The outrageous impudence and the bumptiousness were due to the manner, rather than to the matter. I need not refer him to the last line of the review with which he said: "I did not "fail" to reproduce the original metre—so it means a difficult matter. I merely thought it wise to modify it a little."

"SIR,--As I do not know how to situate the situation, I do not trouble about the professional ethics on either side."
BRITISH MUSIC.

Sir,—Who are your anonymous contributors? I am sorry they don’t like my name. I like it. My name, however, is my business, and I am pleased to say it is well known in the world of music, as my works are both many and varied, as all the world knows. However, at last I see where I have made a mistake. Mr. Evans is the judge we have been looking for! He knows how music ought to be written, along with other scribes of his kidney; but he cannot, poor dear, write a bar of it himself. But I now see clearly I am mistaken, and after this year I shall push no more native music; let be what may, I shall check and jowl with quasi-musical maniacs and stand for the classics! Although my subscription list this year is better than ever for my concerts (I grumble and other moderns, but they are never played sufficiently. They are worth all the trouble you have to take over them—if you have intelligence! I do expose the gross injustices which abound in England against our music, there is so much discord among us, to see the lion and the lamb lying down together. Mr. Sickert is unfortunate in helping Mr. Fry to destroy the only deserved reputation he (Mr. Fry) ever possessed.  

HAROLD GILMAN.

WHILE OR WILE.

Sir,—The real question seems to me rather different from that which your correspondents are considering. The source of the is in white is one difficult point. In German, we der, which we spell while, means time, and wilen is to pass time, tarry, letter, etc. So here is fair reason to spell the word under consideration while. But if we have decided to spell well, there is equally good reason for spelling our word while. On the other hand, the German for “while away,” is “erschwechen,” to scare away with a scarecrow, to make shy, which suggests the idea connected with while, which meant apparently to do a magic on.

My recollection is that, when I used to play poker, we said that “someone was gone,” meaning that he has failed to put into the pool, that he had made himself scarce, not that he was timid. So the trail looks rather mixed at present.

M. B. OXON.

MODERN SCULPTURE.

Sir,—Thank you for finding room for my letter. The Servian’s name is, however, Ivan Mestrovic. Possibly, my bad writing was responsible for the slip.

E. R. COLLINS.

CATALOGUE No. 401, JUST OUT.

This NEW CATALOGUE of PUBLISHERS’ REMAINDERS contains many EXCELLENT BOOKS now offered at REDUCED PRICES FOR THE FIRST TIME.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, Ltd., Booksellers, 265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

All Books are in new condition as when originally published. No secondhand books kept.

CARICATURES

BY "TOM-TIT" of "The New Age"

(Jan Jumoza de Rosciwezki).

Uniform with "The New Age" Volumes.

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

Exhibition of Caricatures

BY TOM-TITT

At the DORÉ GALLERIES

From Jan. 22nd until Feb. 11th.

DRAWING AND PAINTING — SICKERT and GOSSE.

Rowlandson House, 146, Hampstead Road, N.W. Day & Evening modes.

A FAIR PRICE Given for Old Gold, Silver, and Platinum, Old Coins, War Medals, Diamonds, Silver Plate, Jewellery, China, etc., AND COLLN MONEY Exchanged by Maseune Escuyer, 47, Lime Street, Liverpool.

FREE SALVATION FOR ALL.


FRESH FISH DAILY at JOSEPH’S, 158, King Street, Hammersmith.
ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.