NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Unlike the "Daily Express," whose editor, being an alien immigrant, advises England to refuse asylum to the deported Labour leaders of South Africa, the "Times," the "Daily News," the "Nation" and quite a number of journals "take a serious view" of the kidnappings and deportations of which a British Governor-General, has been guilty. It is clear that on as many grounds as constitutional reason can rest, the action of General Botha is as illegal as it can possibly be. Absolutely no justification can be sufficient for it, not even though it should be proved that but for his action the heavens would have fallen. Is expediency the only test though it should be proved that but for his action the people of this country are as indifferent as he is to their race and its traditions in other parts of the world; but even our business men, we imagine, will for once realise that blood is a little thicker than bonds.

That South Africa is an autonomous Dominion whose Executive is responsible to its citizens we must perform admittance. That the intervention of the Imperial veto on the proposed Amnesty Bill would be highly dangerous we are also willing to admit. But is there no check whatever reserved by the Crown in cases of clear breach of the Imperial tradition? And what danger can be greater than to permit a Dominion, ostensibly related to us, to drag our name in the mud? We believe not only that there exist checks, both within and without the Constitution; but we believe that in this instance they have deliberately not been exercised. And they have not been exercised for the simple reason that our present Cabinet had and has no desire to exercise them.

To be a nuisance to the Executive is not a criminal misdemeanour unless it take the form of a criminal act. And who dares claim, in view of the laws of South Africa, that the strikers in striking or the leaders in leading, were criminal or even civil delinquents? We say, and it is well known, that the offences for which they are being punished by ostracism were not offences within the law a month ago. We go further, and say that they are not offences that will be known in law a few months hence. From being permissible and criminal acts in which men might engage peacefully and without legal restraint they were suddenly by the absolute and arbitrary fiat of General Botha's Cabinet pronounced illegal and criminal to the degree of capital acts. No citizen worth the name of British is going to submit tamely to despotism of this kind. It was not to establish an Executive that could trample on the rights of the Flag that Englishmen have toiled to create an Empire. The Chicago-Cockney-Jew who runs the "Daily Express" may believe that the people of this country are as indifferent as he is to their race and its traditions in other parts of the world; but even our business men, we imagine, will for once realise that blood is a little thicker than bonds.

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to go as far as it dared in the direction General Botha's methods should be followed. For this reason, if for no other, it is useless of Mr. Keir Hardie to threaten to appeal to the King to veto the Amnesty Bill. Neither the Crown nor the Cabinet, however much importuned, will condone a series of measures of which, before and while they were in progress, both approved.

- A problem, however, of greater importance than the existence of the Empire is the bearing of General Botha's conduct on the whole question of Parliamentary government; for this concerns us here in England directly and not merely by association with the other Dominions of the Crown. The past hundred years ago by Macaulay when he wrote that "the conflict which commenced in the middle of the eighteenth century, which still remains undecided and in which our children and grandchildren will probably be called to act and to confirm our judgment that General Botha is one of the historic fools among governors. We will not even appeal to the King to veto the Amnesty Bill. Neither the Crown nor the Cabinet, however much importuned, will condone a series of measures of which, before and while they were in progress, both approved.

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vote against Syndicalism. What did the resolution, passed without a single dissentient, amount to? "It affirmed the necessity of joint action on trade union and independent political lines." Against Syndicalism as, in theory, the total repudiation of political action and the denial of the right of the State to exist, this resolution may have been decisive. We hope, in fact, it may prove to be. But against the actual kernel of truth in Syndicalism it is not only not a protest, but the resolution affirms it. What is the real and valuable factor in the congeries of myths associated with the name of Syndicalism? It is that as against Syndicalism which is the organised monopoly of capital, the trade unions must create an organised monopoly of labour. This is the kernel of truth, nothing but lumber and rubbish. But this kernel of truth is obviously incorporated in the resolution intended, so it was said, to defeat Syndicalism; it is even placed in its right position, namely, preceding the affirmation of the need for political action. We have no quarrel with this, but, on the contrary, have held the doctrine for many years. It is, however, an advance for the Labour Party to affirm it, since, for as many years the leaders of the party have been maintaining that political action alone was necessary to economic emancipation.

But let us be clear on the respective natures of the two forms of action henceforward to run together in harness. Trade Union action, it is evident, connotes primarily what on other occasions is called economic or industrial action. It implies, among other things, the formation of blackleg-proof unions, the federation and amalgamation of unions, the substitution of a better status for better wages as the main object of strikes, and the placing of the abolition of the wage-system as the great objective of the whole Labour movement. Further than this, by method it implies the creation of greater and greater power for the purpose of collective bargaining; and by effect it implies the attempt to draw into the present proletarian unions the sympathy, if not the actual membership, of the salariat and managerial staffs of each of the industries. Such in brief outline is the meaning of trade union or economic action. The "independent political action" referred to in the resolution is, however, both less easy to formulate and more difficult to grasp. Mr. MacDonald states that "what we have got to do is to lay down the position of the Labour Party and to stand for a plain and straightforward fight." But is it not rather late in the day to discover that this has hitherto never been done? The Labour Party has been in existence now for some twenty years; the I.L.P., indeed, comes of age this very year. Have they been so long with us and we have not known nor they themselves? But the truth is that with the best intentions in the world a political party cannot be independent unless its programme is one that cuts itself clean off from the programmes of the other parties; and hitherto the Labour Party programme has not been so distinct. Take, for parallel, the Irish Nationalist Party. No one would deny that the Irish Party has been independent—more independent, by far, than the Labour Party; and for this reason, that the Irish Party has based itself upon a programme which for many years was different in kind from the Irish programmes of the two other parties. In relation to Ireland, both the Liberals and the Unionists had this one thing in common, that both would maintain the Union—the one by coercion if necessary, the other by constitutional means if necessary; and, however, stood for the abolition of the Union and for Home Rule. It was thus independent in theory and therefore in fact. Now in relation to Labour, has the Labour Party had, or has it yet, a programme as cleanly cut from the programmes of the other Parties as was the Home Rule of the Irish Party? Clearly not; for against the two parties, one of which stands on the whole for the coercion of Labour, and the other of which stands on the whole for concessions to Labour, the Labour Party has had no distinctive reply and no real alternative; with the consequence that, protesting its independence all the time, it has all the time been driven to support the Liberal and Conservative plan of the lesser of two evils. We are compelled to conclude from this state of things that in fact as well as in protestation the Labour Party's programme is independent of the programmes of the other parties. And what may so differentiate it is clear: it is the formulation of the abolition of the wage-system as the sole object of the political as well as of the industrial Labour movement.

It must not be assumed that because the object of the two forms of action is the same, either the means or the methods must needs be the same. Trade Union action must naturally be confined mainly to trade unions; but to confine political action to the trade unions or even directly to associate political action with Trade Unionism is fatal to both and to society as well. It is contrary to public policy to declare that we would make it illegal—for trade unions to concern themselves as unions with politics at all. Can it be regarded as right that an organisation created to advance the welfare of its members exclusively should at the same time press its claims on the public policy? Well? The fact that Employers' Federations, Railway Directors and Chambers of Commerce habitually pay Parliamentary delegates to palm off as public opinion their own trade interested opinions is no justification for the tradesmen to pursue the same. Wherefrom we would make it illegal for the Labour Party to affirm it, since, for as many years the leaders of the party have been maintaining that political action alone was necessary to economic emancipation.

One or two remaining incidents of the Conference may be noted. The resolution in favour of Proportional Representation was lost by a two to one majority on a roll representing over two million voters. What the "Daily News" means by calling this result "inconclusive" we do not understand. Let us hope that the dull and stupid Society that advocated this "reform" will be as easily satisfied. During the course of the debate
on South Africa Mr. Wardle of the Railwaymen's Union uttered some sentiments which we find it hard to believe came from him. "No matter," he said, "what Government was in office, the real governors of South Africa would be the Beits, Ecksteins, etc." What! Economic power preceding and dominating political power? Incredulous, as we must be, to follow. "The events in South Africa, occurring on a nationalised railway service, were such as might induce railwaymen here to oppose nationalisation. Our unfortunate "Open Letter to Railwaymen," which has brought upon us the wrath of Mr. Thomas, said in effect no more than that. The "Times," we observe, asks Mr. Wardle if this conclusion of his is seriously meant. We should say it is. The municipal services, once the heavenly model to which we had been urged to look as the forerunner of the whole policy, have been rolled back into the hands of the trade unions. The London Insurance Committee has decided that though the present lock-out is none of the men's seeking and though, moreover, the unemployment caused by it adds insult to injury it adds insult and to insult it can add injury. Both we and our correspondent, Mr. Peter Fanning, drew attention to the fact while the Act was under discussion last week, sundry journals have not hesitated to criticise the elementary schools. The attempt to carry out the following resolution passed at the Representative Council Church at Dublin there would have been confirmed by every sense we possess as being the whole profession knows is untrue? There is no advantage to be gained that we can see by pretending that elementary education is in a good way when everybody who cares to examine it must conclude that it is in a bad way. And on the eve of the introduction of a comprehensive Education Bill, involving some millions of taxation, this policy is particularly silly. If the schools are so excellent, why spend more money on them? * * *

Our correspondent of last week, the Rev. Conrad Noel, ironically challenged us to produce the evidence that the English Church was a political creation. We need not waste our space upon the subject for if the "Establishment" is not sufficient evidence of the fact, there is all history to prove it. The subject has, however, been raised again by the appointment of a Commission to carry out the last few days. Without venturing now to discuss the case, it should be obvious to everybody that the political functions of the Church must be considered, and a consideration of our view, expressed last week, that for Mr. Murphy's walk-over in Dublin there would have been no building lock-out in London; and a further confirmation of the momentous view that the Insurance Act was designed for no other purpose than to be of the smallest benefit to its trade union contributors. To the impudent character of the builders' lock-out it is not we alone who bear witness. The "Times" is of the same opinion, namely, that the men "cannot and ought not to be expected to sign a document surrendering their liberty of action under penalty of a fine." And even the "Spectator" is doubtful. But it surely follows that if the lock-out has been engineered for vile or trivial reasons, the clause in the Act to be fairly expected to satisfy, the unemployment caused by it is of the kind that the Insurance Act should provide for. We know well enough that Sub-section I, Section 87 of Part II of that Act was left ambiguous on purpose to destroy both we and our correspondent, Mr. Peter Fanning, drew attention to the fact while the Act was under discussion. Everybody is equally aware that at the time our warnings were ignored and the trade unions were assured that the ambiguity of the clause was all in their favour. Well, is it? The London Insurance Committee has decided that though the present lock-out is none of the men's seeking and though, moreover, being men they could not fairly have avoided it, their consequent unemployment is nevertheless not statutory within the meaning of the clausule. The men have paid their contributions; they have done all that even the "Times" could expect of them; but they are to receive not a farthing in a contingency for which they were led to believe they had been making provision. We wonder how the trade union leaders who foisted the Act on their men now feel about it.

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At Maidstone on Monday last Mr. Pease, the Minister of Education, delivered one of his usual mendacious addresses on the subject of the State Education. It compared well, he said, with the condition of elementary education in any part of the world, and for this reason we ought to be proud of it. But what is the rest of the world to us if our own system is bad? And that nobody not paid to say the contrary and capable of judgment would deny. Mr. Pease declared that if only the critics of the elementary schools would visit the schools and see for themselves they would cease their complaints and unite in his chorus of praise. We do not speak for other critics, but we can say that we have visited scores of schools and not only seen for ourselves, but heard and examined for ourselves; with the worst accusations that can be brought have been confirmed by every sense we possess as well as by the evidence offered us by well-nigh every teacher we have spoken with. What is the use of Mr. Pease continuing to state that the whole profession knows is untrue? There is no advantage to be gained that we can see by pretending that elementary education is in a good way when everybody who cares to examine it must conclude that it is in a bad way. And on the eve of the introduction of a comprehensive Education Bill, involving some millions of taxation, this policy is particularly silly. If the schools are so excellent, why spend more money on them?
Current Cant.

"The great event of our time is the complete triumph of democracy."—W. B. YEATS.

"The 'Daily Citizen' is roused at last."—G. R. S. TAYLOR.

"Londoners have no General Botha to protect them."—Daily Sketch.

"It is a good Liberal principle to put the biggest burden on the broadest back."—Liberal Monthly.

"F. E. Smith... meteoric career... fascinating life story."—Daily Mirror.

"The cinema house acts as a day nursery."—Mrs. EALNS.

"Frank Harris, who knows more about Shakespeare than anybody else."—Daily Sketch.

"The Government have always condemned, very justly, the policy of tinkering with details."—The Nation.

"To G. K. Chesterton: Your new book of nonsense is all very well. But have a care. If you continue in this vein, there is a danger of your being taken seriously."—Daily Citizen.

"Marie Corelli is possessed of a high consciousness of her ethical mission and a ruthless observation for all sins and follies of the age."—Horace Samuel.

"Mr. Redmond delivered a very important speech yesterday, at Waterford. It was the speech of a statesman."—The Star.

"General Botha has not been long in deciding what to do with the men... We have too many active Socialists in this country already... sapping the vital interests of the country."—Daily Graphic.

"Think what you could do if you had three times the income you have now."—Advertisement in the "Church Times."

"They mistrust their angel husband who gets locked in an adver's trunk. Everybody is wrong, and there is no end of fun."—Vitagraph Advertisement.

"It is quite impossible to give an adequate idea of the lecture on the 'Tragic Theatre' given by Mr. W. B. Yeats... the eyes of a dreamer, tall and slight, a poet to his finger-tips, his musical voice and beautiful language seemed to fascinate his audience... He poured out interpretations of stupendous trains of thought from the depths of his soul, and a big, spacious free soul it is..."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who presided, plainly shared the affable and I believe a perfectly simple character to the words which he pronounced at the Church Times, and I believe a perfectly simple character to the words which he pronounced at the Church Times.

"It is a part of the Radical and Socialist delusion to believe that it is possible to have a cake and to eat it also."—Daily Express.

"You and I, John, and millions more, are glad we have a Government which is doing its best to care for the human machines."—Tom Brown, in the "Liberal Monthly."

"Traffic in Souls... heart-stirring, soul-searching cinema drama in six parts... 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d. Your duty to your daughters."—Advertisement in the "Evening News."

"Suffrage Week starts to-day. What are you going to do?"—Daily Herald.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

The Putiloff Works, practically a branch of the Schneider-Creusot firm, was established for the purpose of manufacturing armaments for the Russian Government, and most of the secrets of the parent company, which are naturally the secrets of the French army itself, were entrusted to it. A few days ago the "Echo de Paris" astonished Europe by declaring that the German firm of Krupp had endeavoured to secure a controlling interest in the Putiloff works—an ingenious manoeuvre which would have put the French secrets, not merely at the disposal of the Russian Government, as at present, but at the disposal also of the German Government.

An outcry followed; and the official denial were of so ambiguous a character that only the most subtle of minds could entertain doubts. There appeared to be negotiations, and the deal was checked in time. One semi-official denial confused the issue by dragging in the name of Messrs. Vickers, Maxim, who had established works at Tsarsin for the manufacture of arms; and the only unequivocal denial issued in the whole course of the unfortunate affair came from the English firm, which made it quite clear that it had had no share whatsoever in the Putiloff-Krupp-Schneider transaction.

I have been wondering, not why Krupp should have tried to secure a controlling interest in the Putiloff works—the object of that is quite evident—but why, in the first place, the name of Vickers, Maxim should have been dragged in, and why, in the second place, as countries become more and more professedly democratic, there should always be so many sordid financial scandals associated with them. Let me deal with these two points.

My opinion, so far as Messrs. Vickers, Maxim are concerned, is that a deliberate attempt has been made by some official, doubtless at the bidding of some financial interest, to discredit the English firm abroad, and indeed at home also; and I believe a perfectly simple reason can be given for this. In recent years the guns manufactured by Messrs. Vickers have approached and passed the standard of continental manufacturers. Schneider-Creusot guns beat us in the Boer War, for instance; but that was fourteen years ago. At present, I am told by expert authorities, the field gun (I think it is an 18-pounder) manufactured by Messrs. Vickers is superior to anything of the kind in the world. Hence the Tsarsin factory, and hence also the rising reputation of English-made armaments abroad. In the Editorial Notes in Your New Age from time to time, and also, I think, in the articles on Guild Socialism, emphasis was frequently laid on the necessity for maintaining a high standard of quality; for England, it was pointed out, if unable to compete quantitatively in the future with growing countries such as the United States, might at least be able to compete with them qualitatively. I hope I may be allowed to point this out again, and to adduce the Vickers firm as an instance of the triumph of quality in the face of very keen competition.

The other matter I have mentioned is, I know, more controversial; and I have already had friendly arguments with New Age correspondents as to the meaning of the word "democratic." It was contended previously, if I remember rightly, that "democratic," as meaning the government of the people by themselves through representative institutions was a misused word nowadays, and that there was no justification for applying it to such items as suits of clothes or lead pencils simply because these things were cheap. But I do not wish to quibble about this use of the word.
It has been the contention of a very brilliant and distinguished school of writers in England, a school associated chiefly, I think, with the names of Belloc and Chesterton, that this country is not democratically governed at all; that it is a plutocracy pure and simple; and that if Democracy, as they understand the word, were applied, the result would be very different. To this attitude I frankly object; for it is, in my view, political and not practical. It does not matter, for the purpose of this argument, how these people define democracy: the fact remains that the nation in general has a vague conception of what is meant by Democracy, and so have France, the United States, our overseas possessions, and Germany. In all these countries except the last, the people in general believe that their government is democratic; and they think it is democratic because they are entitled to choose representatives who are responsible to them. What the four million German Social Democrats mean when they speak of Democracy is clear enough. They realise that at present they are subject to the decrees of the Kaiser; the Ministers, nominally belonging to the Reichstag, are responsible to the Crown and not to the Chamber. All the political parties in France, the United States, Germany, and this country, recognise that this question of the responsibility of the Ministers is the great distinction between the one-man government of the German Empire and the popular government of the other countries enumerated. The people in such countries as Germany and Russia are under no illusions; they believe that they are being governed by their crowned heads. The people in the other countries, as I have repeatedly said, believe that they are governing themselves. Whether we think their beliefs justified or not is not the question: we are concerned only with these beliefs.

Now, France and the United States are notorious for their politico-financial scandals, and England is rapidly becoming so. We must all have heard of the influence of the financial interest on American politics—such influence, indeed, has never been denied; and the bribery of parties and the corruption of judges are commonplace. The Panama scandal in France was only one of several others which developed, not under the Emperors, but under the Third Republic and, it should be added, under the First Republic also. Our own unsavoury Marconi affair was admittedly a ‘mistake’ on a somewhat extensive scale; but lesser instances of corruption could be provided from our annals.

Let it be remarked that any financial scandals which have polluted the public life of England and France have arisen in relatively recent years—i.e., since we became democratic. Under the older monarchical systems in France and England the plutocrat had no chance, just as he has no chance in modern Germany—and modern Germany is as thoroughly monarchical as France was until the latter part of the eighteenth century, or England until the time of the first James. The liberty, equality, fraternity and brotherhood of man ushered in by the French Revolution, or the same things under other names introduced on the continent by the Commonwealth, brought with them the degradation of the aristocrat and the rise of the capi-

talist. And yet, I repeat, our colonists, and the French, the Americans, and the English people acknowledge their form of government to be democratic: they are proud to think it is.

Military Notes.
By Romney.

It will be interesting to learn what have been the results of the War Office’s great effort at advertising the Army. Personally, I do not see how it can hope for any conspicuous success. It is the efficacy of advertising that it brings before the public something that was not known before, and forces it upon their attention. The article thus forced must be at any rate passably good or good enough to avoid detection. Otherwise as soon as the novelty has passed, the advertising will be useless. Many rotten things achieve large sales by advertising because their bad effects, though real, are gradual and therefore not apparent, and are concealed by some immediate and striking, though delusive, pleasantness. In Tono-bungay, for example, drug No. 1 that rotted the kidney was counteracted by drug No. 2 that tickled the palate and made the recipient slightly drunk. But not all the advertising in the universe would persuade the public to make a breakfast food of tinctacks.

Such, however, is the task which an unfortunate War Office has set itself. If England were a country where the conditions of service in the British Army were not known; if soldiering were a novelty as Bile Beans or Quaker Oats or furnishing on the instalment system was at various stages of its career, then might it indeed be possible to attract recruits by blazoning the pages of the morning papers with misrepresentative advertisements. Such is, however, not the condition of affairs. It is no use telling Tom Robinson or William Jones that prosperous careers are open to them in the Regular Forces, when they can see with their own eyes time-expired soldiers of irreproachable character begging their bread about the streets. The prospects that offer in the army are known to every out-of-work man in the streets. The War Office has set itself a task which it is difficult to overcome.

If, therefore, the War Office wants recruits, it must obtain them by raising the terms of service—when they will appear fast enough—and not by vomiting a collection of lying advertisements which, if they procure us more soldiers, will only procure us discontented, because deceived, ones. Ensure every man who leaves the Army with a decent character employment in some official capacity, and you will find no need of advertising. Such is, however, not the condition of affairs. It is no use telling Tom Robinson or William Jones that prosperous careers are open to them in the Regular Forces, when they can see with their own eyes time-expired soldiers of irreproachable character begging their bread about the streets. The prospects that offer in the army are known to every out-of-work man in the streets. The War Office has set itself a task which it is difficult to overcome.

This is the only remedy. To keep a larger proportion of the active list until they have done twenty-one years’ service—an often advocated cure—would deplete the reserve and gain us more men in peace at the cost of losing a greater number on mobilisation. It is equally futile to attempt to teach men trades. In the first place, no trade can be properly learned from such theoretical tuition as will be forthcoming to men in the ranks. If you want to learn a trade, you have to practise it under its actual conditions. Besides, life in the Army, with its long spells of enforced leisure, its general vegetative-
The Civil Service, on the other hand, is able to offer just those conditions in which the soldier is capable of success. Punctuality in the execution of duty, an absence of demand for originality of any sort, reliability and discipline—all these are found, things being equal, more in the civilian than in the soldier. To employ the soldier in such posts is, therefore, common sense. If they were reserved for soldiers, no one would have any right to complain, for to place the civilian in the post at the soldier’s expense is only to refuse employment to men with claims upon the State for the sake of men with none. The amount of labour refused work is the same in either case. Besides, the civilian who is refused, being presumably younger and at the start of his career, may be supposed to be more able to obtain other emolument than the ex-soldier of thirty, incapacitated for industrial life in the manner which we have seen already.

To “open the army as a career” to rankers is an attractive proposal. It overlooks, however, the stern reality that British soldiers will not usually obey a genuine ranker officer. The class from which they are drawn possesses a superstitious reverence for a gentleman, and an unmitigated and not unjustified contempt for the “likes of” itself. Unless, therefore, this nation is spiritually born again—the which one cannot describe as other than a most improbable contingency—we shall not have for ever officers. We may pretend to have them; but the men who will be chosen for elevation will be the men who were destined for it all along. They will be gentlemen.

To raise the pay would probably be of little use. The standing advertisement against the Army is the out-of-work man who has left it. Raising the pay will scarcely benefit him, for the probabilities are that he would not save a penny of the increase against the day of his discharge.

Whilst on the subject of pay, however, it is as well to see that generous provision should be made for the wives and families of men killed on active service. This would not influence recruiting. Men who join the Army are not thinking of marriage. It would, however, influence the manner in which married soldiers expose themselves in the field, and so far the money would be well spent. It will always be a human temptation to play the coward. But when courage may mean the condemnation of one’s wife and children to misery and starvation, cowardice appears a duty.

So much for the Government’s advertisements. Before closing I should like to make a remark upon a correspondent’s complaint that I have been referring in disparaging terms to Isaacs, Montagu and Samuel. This he reproves as anti-Semitism. Well, I cannot help that. A journal like The New Age, which has shown itself at various times and places anti-Christian, anti-Mohammedan, anti-Modernist, anti-Buddhist, anti-Socialist, and anti-anti may claim a right to let its contributors be anti-Jew. The Jews have no special right to exemption. God may have made them His chosen people, but He did not make them, and I do not like them I shall say so. They must take the thickest with the thin, like all the others.

The Fate of Turkey and Islam.—II.

By Ali Fahmy Mohamed.

The third fact is that we Muslims, despite the candid teachings of the Koran: “No human will enjoy anything more than he deserves by merit, and the tradition of the Prophet”: “Do for this world as though you will live here eternally, and do for the next world as though you will die to-morrow”: despite such teachings we interpret our belief in fatality in such a way as to emphasise our “high destiny.” That we Mohammedans are always victorious, is a belief based on our past history. This belief, however, has two different sides: an unfavourable one, because we rely on our old glory and ancient greatness without attempting to do any good for the present or for the future; and because we are disgracing not only our-own, but our forerunners, who left us a glory which we do not maintain. The favourable side is that we never lose heart; we are ever hopeful—but what is the use of hoping unless we do something to accomplish our hopes?

The fourth fact is that the British Public, in the face of the sheer ignorance of the English Press of Muslim and Turkish affairs, can rely for its knowledge of Oriental affairs on the ridiculous, paradoxical and contradictory news and views expressed by that Press. We Mohammedans, who know our affairs better, and are certainly better entitled to speak for ourselves, though we approach the English Press polity and humbly, are refused publication. The supply of Oriental news is, in fact, a monopoly! Investors and enterprisers monopolise our own affairs in our own native lands, and when we come to Europe, and to England especially, we find others monopolising the English Press to speak on our behalf, and to state or to reflect our own minds and motives! And if we make a humble complaint, it is said that we do not know their own minds; go on lecturing them or nursing them.

At the time of the second Balkan war, I, among other Muslims, and Englishmen, was amazed to see that the most reliable and competent English politician and journalist, whose special dispatches to one of the biggest dailies were almost reproduced by many other papers, not only contradicted himself from day to day, but sometimes his contradictions in one and the same article were quite apparent to those who had any knowledge of the East. Let me give a proof of the sheer ignorance of the English Press of Oriental affairs. I read the following paragraphs in a paper having a “largest circulation in the world,” in a biography of the late Kiamel Pasha, and every statement he made is the contrary to the other: “Meanwhile, after a return to private life, Kiamel had been appointed Governor of Suez (sic). In that capacity it happened that he was again brought into touch with the English Royal House. When in November, 1911, the Medina, carrying King George and Queen Mary to India for the Great Durbar, reached Port Said, the Governor of Suez accompanied Ziu-el-Deen, son of the ex-Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive, Lord Kitchener, and other notable personages, on a visit to the Royal ship. Kiamel read (sic) a letter of welcome to his Majesty from the Sultan, to which the King made a reply.” To give the English reader an estimate of the amount of falsehood in this little paragraph, I need only state that Kiamel Pasha was appointed Governor of Suez in 1911, to which the King made a reply. To give the English reader an estimate of the amount of falsehood in this little paragraph, I need only state that Kiamel Pasha was appointed Governor of Suez in 1911, to which the King made a reply. To give the English reader an estimate of the amount of falsehood in this little paragraph, I need only state that Kiamel Pasha was appointed Governor of Suez in 1911, to which the King made a reply. To give the English reader an estimate of the amount of falsehood in this little paragraph, I need only state that Kiamel Pasha was appointed Governor of Suez in 1911, to which the King made a reply. To give the English reader an estimate of the amount of falsehood in this little paragraph, I need only state that Kiamel Pasha was appointed Governor of Suez in 1911, to which the King made a reply. To give the English reader an estimate of the amount of falsehood in this little paragraph, I need only state that Kiamel Pasha was appointed Governor of Suez in 1911, to which the King made a reply.
ex-Sultan of Morocco. The real fact is, that Suez, being an Egyptian port and Governorate, has its Egyptian Governor, Mohamed Bey Mahmud. The letter of the Sultan was read in a low voice by the Secretary of Prince Zia-el-Deen, who officially represented the Sultan. It was known of H.M. the Sultan, that he could read the letter himself because he does not know French, the official language of diplomacy. The late Kiamel Pasha was twice seen, in private audience, by H.M. King George, and invited to all the banquets, privately too, as an ex-Grand Vizier, and English friend. And this was merely because he happened to be in Egypt when King George passed through the Suez Canal. His Highness may be seen in the photo of the whole notable party sitting next to Queen Mary, while all others, including the King, are standing.

This is only a trifling example of the inaccuracy of the information of Oriental affairs given by the English Press. The other day another biggest paper stated that Bagdad was on the Caspian Sea. In like manner, to say that the wild fables and sensational legends given by writers like Washington Irving in his "Life of the Prophet" and "Successors of Mohamed," is tantamount to saying that "Guy Fawkes," with all its horrors, quackeries, and magical stones, its fables and legends, present Christianity. If there are people like Sir H. H. Johnston and Dr. Dillon, and the Balkan Committee, who have turned every stone to demonstrate their good wishes for Turkey and Islam, why do they not, before publishing their views in papers read by millions of innocent souls, turn some other stones, and seek real and true knowledge about Islam and its peoples? They call us fanatics; but it is in vain that we humbly implore them to give us any example, in our Press or in the voluminous records of our authors, of our fanaticism, or of our ignorance of the true and noble elements and instincts of Christianity and Christian progress.

The Two Czars at Reval and the Proclamation of the Ottoman Constitution.

"My friend and Ally," was the title with which Kaiser William II. addressed his host, the Sultan, when the former visited Palestine, and demonstrated his enthusiasm for the progress of Turkey and the cause of Islam. The Sultan, shortly after Prince Bismarck was reported to have said that the whole of Macedonia was not worth the muscles of a single German soldier; and after he, in his capacity as President and host of the Berlin Congress, and "Honest Broker," brought about a compromise between M. Doudi, the respective Plenipotentiaries of France and England; and healed the rupture caused by unexpected publication of the text of the Secret Cyprus Convention by the "Globe," which secured it by a round sum of money being granted to the translator of the fatal treaty. And lo! this was the sort of compromise brought about by the "Honest Broker"! That Tunis should be the lot of France; Bosnia-Herzegovina the lot of Austria; and Egypt the common share of England and France (though it was destined to become England's only). From that date began the gradual dismemberment of Turkey. It is not my intention to dwell here on the responsibility of England for it. By the Cyprus Convention, she was the Ally of Turkey, and it was her unjustifiable behaviour that alienated the Sultan's confidence and goodwill, and, consequently, led to the loss of her popularity in the East. As for Germany, she has, and had, nothing to care for in the East.

The second demonstration of Kaiser William II. in favour of and sympathy with, the Islamic world, was his visit to Tangier in 1906; and to put its practical result briefly, he was content to give up, in the Conference of Algeciras in 1907, after strenuous and vain negotiations and demonstrations, the whole of Morocco, as a "tasteful mouthful," to France, in lieu of a barren strip of land in the Congo and German East Africa.

The third demonstration was his Majesty's interview with the Czar of Russia at Reval, when it was reported that the two Czars agreed and arranged to introduce reforms in Macedonia and Armenia, by means of active intervention! At that time there were murmurs and rumours of the activities of the Young Turks. Nothing was known of H.I.M. the Sultan, and his capacity of everything. And, suddenly, Niazi Bey declared the revolution against the Hamidian Regime, fortified himself with his men, and other followers, on the hills of Resna; and was immediately followed by Ener Bey. The headquarters was at Salonica. They took all the money of the State Treasury; and Shamsa Pasha, who was a formidable opponent of them and an adherent of the ex-Sultan, was the first victim of the then bloodless revolution. The harassed despot, realising the danger of the situation, at once gave way: and the Constitution which Midhat Pasha drew up in 1876 was re-proclaimed on July 23, 1908. The event came as a surprise to both Turkey and Europe, and suddenly, the turbanned sheikhs and softis, the Rabbis and such like, were told that "Union and Progress." A Turkish officer, in uniform, walking calmly and heavily through the streets of Cairo, was the centre of all eyes—a little god! I attended the public meeting in the garden of Azabkiah (Hyde Park of Cairo) where there was a very large crowd of Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, and other Arabs and Ottomans, of all races and creeds. Speeches of the most enthusiastic kind were lavishly given, and I noticed especially a reasonable and sensible speech by the Editor of the "Al-Manar Magazine." After the crowd had dispersed, he began to tell us a history of the Committee of Union and Progress, of which, he said, he was a member. Later he became an avowed opponent of it and undertook, in person, a propaganda against it in Arabia, Mesopotamia, and India—to such extent that he was openly accused of advocating the cause of an Arab Caliphate and Arab independence of Turkey. He contented himself with assaulting his critics and accusers in an angry tone, without giving a candid explanation or refutation.

The immediate effect on European politics of the revolution was that it frustrated the proposed arrangement of Reval, namely, the Kaiser and Czar would not interfere or intervene in Macedonia or Armenia. The Constitution by which reforms would be effected had been proclaimed, and received by all the inhabitants with enthusiastic acclamations. And as might have naturally been expected, the Young Turks, who were so harshly persecuted by the Hamidian Regime that was working in concert with Germany, were alienated from Germany, and unhesitatingly expressed their friendship, and demonstrated their enthusiasm in favour of England. The German Embassy, with Baron Marschall von Bieberstein installed, who played a most important rôle on the Bosphorus, and was virtually the Maire-du-Palais at Constantinople, was stoned by the masses in their excess of enthusiasm for the Constitution. Everybody practically believed it was Germany which obstructed that Constitution, the very idol of the people. The Austrian and Italian Ambassadors, E.H. Franzini, had departed in nearly like manner; while Sir G. Lowther, the newly appointed British Ambassador, became the most popular figure in Constantinople. Whenever he was recognised the masses cheered him in a frenzy of enthusiasm, the horses of his carriage were at the ex-Sultan, the carriage drawn by Ottoman patriots and Liberals. Never did England's honour and prestige stand higher than they did in those early days of the
Constitution. Even in Egypt, where there was already a strong Nationalist party very hostile to England, England was becoming so popular that there was talk of granting an Egyptian Constitution; and it was said that England would be the first friend—the natural friend and ally of Islam—for ever. And on August 6, 1908, Kiamel Pasha, the declared friend of England, was made Grand Vizier, to the detriment of everything German or Austrian.

Every stone was turned by both sides to demonstrate the cordial and traditional friendship between England and Turkey. H.M. King George V went so far as to cable to the ex-Sultan on November 13, 1908: “There is every reason to hope that under the able direction of your Majesty will be secured for your Majesty.” Meanwhile the Powers of the Triple Alliance, especially Germany (which was not accustomed to disgrace of the nature displayed in the treatment of her Ambassador received at the hands of an enthusiastic mob), determined to demonstrate their power and to assert their prestige. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who counted on the meeting of the two Czars at Reval to swallow up the whole of Macedonia, could not join in the Czar; for Russia was obliged not to interrupt the friendly relations between England and Turkey—and this is the real reason, the foundation of the alliance between Ferdinand and the House of Hapsburg, and, consequently, the Coalition of Austria hereupon declared the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and handed the Sanjuk of Novi-Bazar back to Turkey. Some days later, Prince Ferdinand proclaimed himself “Czar of the Bulgarians.”

Turkey, at that time, had a very strong and organised army in Macedonia, but she could not wage a war against the Dual Monarchy and Bulgaria—in addition to the then more than probable declaration of hostilities by Greece and other Balkan States. It is true that the British Government put the Fleet at Turkey’s disposal; but the British ironclads could do nothing in the wretched regions of Macedonia, and the only means left for Turkey was the commercial boycott of Austrian and German goods. Crete had revolted too and declared itself annexed to Greece, but England and France obstructed the whole arrangement. Great Britain wanted to try her strength with Turkey, but soon realised she could not be a match for her old mistress. Bulgaria was advised by Russia not to undertake any further aggressive acts, beyond the proclamation of its independence and the annexation of Eastern Rumelia. But how clever and useful are British diplomacy and British friendship when both are cordial! Never was Turkey, if left to herself, expected to secure any benefit from either of her new enemies.

For Turkey to declare war on Bulgaria for a mere shadow of nominal dependence, would have been vain, if not futile. For granting that Turkey would have entered Sofia on a “trip of pleasure,” the Powers would never have allowed her the benefit of victory; and Bulgaria would have remained, as she had been, practically independent. Similarly, there was no chance of securing any benefit by waging a war against the Dual Monarchy, in which Turkey might have been beaten. And so England, under the circumstances, rendered the best services and secured the best possible terms for Turkey—by means of compensation paid a round sum, and Austria compensated Turkey with two and a half millions sterling for the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia, the traditional foe of Turkey, would not recognise the annexation of those two provinces, and she represented to the Powers that Russia would do so within twenty-four hours; and Russia did so! Only it was after the Sultan acknowledged the state de facto, shortly after his intimidations in the Speech of the Throne inaugurating the Ottoman Parliament.

The Genesis of French Syndicalism and Some Unspoken Morals.


In the campaign of wanton misrepresentation and willful misunderstanding of which the mass of doctrines connected with the name of Syndicalism has, during the last few years, been the centre, one of the chief methods of discrediting the new idea has been that of re-writing, out of some convenient text-book, the history of the French labour movement, asserting repeatedly the failure of that movement, and calling the result an adequate criticism of Syndicalism. Other critics, innocent of even a text-book acquaintance with French Trade Unionism, are quite prepared, on the authority of a few penny pamphlets and the leading articles of the capital and financial press, to pass final judgment on the whole theory of Syndicalism as a prospect upon the future society. Both these methods are obviously inadequate: Syndicalism must be viewed both in the light of its historical development, and as a more or less finished vision of an idea. It is equally absurd to treat doctrines as if they had no history, and to confuse origin with validity. Yet I think every one of the English critics of Syndicalism, from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald up to Mr. Graham Wallas, has fallen into one or other of these errors. I except The New Age, which long ago, in a brilliant but all too brief article, set in the clearest light the real meaning and value of the Syndicalist idea. The New Age, however, has not developed its view on the historical side, and in these articles I propose to attempt that long-neglected task.

Up to a point, there was right on the side of those critics who attempted to pass judgment on Syndicalism in the light of the history of Labour in France. In this country, I believe that any view which bases its treatment solely on French Syndicalism, to the omission of its American form, is bound to be one-sided and inadequate. But since Syndicalism is essentially a product of the French genius, it begins properly as the name of the policy adopted by Trade Unionism in France, an understanding of French history is essential to a true appreciation of it. This, however, implies a very different treatment from that which the critics have adopted. Proceeding, for the most part, on a mere “text-book” acquaintance with the subject, their treatment of the French movement fatally isolates the development of the Trade Unions from the general history of the country. They seem to imagine that it is possible to understand and to explain all the problems of the working-class wholly without reference to the course of the national life or to the changes of the political environment. Or rather, they imagine nothing: they know that “Le Syndicalisme” is the French for Trade Unionism, and, without further thought, they take the easy path that leads to destruction. It is so much simpler to translate a few easily accessible facts from the French than to attempt the understanding and interpretation of a great national movement. But, if we bring ourselves over to the French Labour movement in its true perspective, as an integral part in the evolution of the national life, acting upon the national temperament, but also in turn acted upon by the changes and changes of the forces encircling it, the whole development of Syndicalism appears in new light. Therefore, and the other day, I was prepared to sift the wheat from the chaff, to realise what is truly central and vital in its theory and practice, and to explain the origin of those unessential elements which must have been inserted for fundamental doctrines.

The name “Le Syndicalisme,” or “Le Syndicalisme Révolutionnaire,” acquired its present connotation between 1902 and 1906, during the first period of the C.G.T.’s activity. “Le Syndicalisme,” which meant originally merely “Unionism,” whether of masters or
men, came to be applied to the new revolutionary force which then for the first time struck the public imagination. "Syndicalism" then, as a definite and identifiable theory, is about twelve years old. When we remember how vague the meaning of Socialism for a long time remained, we need not be surprised if so young a theory is not furnished with a complete answer to every question that may be asked by wise man, fool, or knave. But like Socialism, and far more definitely, Syndicalism is older than its name. It was rooted firmly in the Labour movement, and had developed most of its distinctive doctrines, long before the Press and the public began to agitate about its "menace." It is to the active and troubled life of the Federation of Bourses du Travail and to the work of their secretaries and inspirers, Fernand Pelloutier, that we should look in great part for the explanation of Syndicalist origins. This much is realised even by English critics; but they have one and all failed lamentably to make plain what were the forces at work behind the Bourses du Travail, and why the French movement took a direction so contrary to that of our own Trade Unions or to that of the German Gewerkschaften.

The history of France in the nineteenth century is, of course, punctuated by a series of political revolutions. To whatever deeper causes these may be traced, they have, in their own casual action, profoundly modified the history of the Labour movement. With every political revolution, in 1830, in 1848, and again with the Commune of 1871, comes a sharp break in the history of Labour industrial causes. Industrial action alone would have made Trade Unionism in France a later and a weaker growth than in England, which, during the industrial revolution and again in the Napoleonic wars, obtained the lead over the rest of Europe in commerce and industry; but since to these causes France added the solvent force of political revolution, industrial organisation could not be expected to develop either rapidly or securely. The Reform Bill agitation, Chartism and Ouvrierism barely ruffled the surface of Great Britain; France, at least in the industrial districts, was profoundly stirred by an undying revolutionary enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm flowed naturally into the channels of political activity, and neglected industrial organisation. Scattered industry remained a prevailing type in France, and no effort was made to organise the workers in such industries: where the town workers combined, they remained isolated in small local societies, proscribed by law and liable to instant suppression. A national Federation of Labour Exchanges, a Labour Exchange, a Chamber of Labour, designed to serve for Capital. It was to be a Labour Exchange, a centre for the Trade Unions of the district, and a sort of workmen's club. At Paris, the Bourse soon became a centre of revolutionary activity, and there was a good deal of the ill-directed violence that has characterised French trade disputes.

There was, however, another reason why at that stage of French political and industrial development, it was impossible to create a strong "National Federation of Trade Unions." In nearly every case, the Trade Union was a purely local body, including only the workers in a particular trade within a particular district. This localisation was due partly to the local character of French industry, but far more to the circumstances in which the Unions had arisen. Liable to instant suppression, unable to organise save in secret, continually coming into and going out of existence, the Unions had been quite impotent to pass the boundaries of their own localities, or to link up into any national bodies. The local "Syndicats" remained helpless and isolated in the midst of a hostile civilisation.

In 1887 a project long mooted by reformers of all schools at last bore fruit in the foundation of a trade union of the "Chambre Syndicale" type, with the object of consolidating the small independent bodies into a more united and powerful organisation. The first result, however, was to fling the Unions into the arms of the political Socialists. A national Federation of Trade Unions arose out of a conference of protest against the Act of 1884, and this fell almost at once into the hands of the Parti Ouvrier Francais and the Marxism of the time. It was impossible to create a strong and self-reliant movement. The one idea of Guesde and his friends was the "conquest of political power" by the creation of a strong Socialist Party in Parliament. Trade Unionism they regarded as either a complete substitute for the workers' efforts, or as a useful method of electioneering. They did their best to turn the Unions into purely political bodies, aiming at the political revolution by peaceful means, which, they held, alone could emancipate the workers. Naturally, a Trade Union organisation, conducted on such lines as a mere adjunct to the Parti Ouvrier Francais, made little progress. If political action was the only method, clearly Trade Unionism ought not to exist: to create an organisation nominally for political action out of an everyday possibility, therefore, in itself prevented the growth of strong Trade Unions. Moreover, reaction invariably followed revolution; and every revolution. The first Ministry of Waldeck-Rousseau was formed in 1881, and no effort was made to organise the workers in such industries: where the town workers combined, they remained isolated in small local societies, proscribed by law and liable to instant suppression. A national Federation of Labour Exchanges, a Labour Exchange, a Chamber of Labour, designed to serve for Capital. It was to be a Labour Exchange, a centre for the Trade Unions of the district, and a sort of workmen's club. At Paris, the Bourse soon became a centre of revolutionary activity, and there was trouble with the municipal authorities, who had subsidised, and been responsible for starting it. But the example of Paris was soon imitated, and Bourses began

has been due to the impossibility of maintaining efficient picketing by peaceful means. From this cause spring many forms of sabotage, the "chasse aux renards," etc.
to spring up in many of the large towns. To the surprise and chagrin of the municipalities, the Bourses, instead of peaceably serving the interests of Capital, invariably developed revolutionary characteristics, and in most countries became the first effective instrument of the trade union movement France had ever seen. In 1893 the Federation of Bourses du Travail was formed, and in 1894 this absorbed the National Federation of Trade Unions.

These facts are gravely retailed to the public by most writers on Syndicalism, but the attempt is hardly ever made to explain why the Bourses succeeded where the National Federation had failed, or to show how the Bourses have left their mark indelibly on the whole history of the labour movement. Yet to this fact is the whole point. It was out of the Bourses du Travail that Syndicalism, as a distinctive mass of doctrines, arose and developed. The National Federation attempted the impossible task of linking up a number of isolated local Unions into a general organisation, without any intermediate step. Such an attempt could not succeed: a national organisation must be based either on a number of strong national Trade Unions, or on a number of strong local Trade Councils, or on both. There is no such thing as a national organisation.

The French conditions at the time made local very much easier than national organisation, and the foundation of a number of Bourses du Travail came precisely at the opportune moment. At this stage, there entered actively into the Labour movement a man who became secretary and inspiring genius of the Federation of Bourses du Travail, saw at once how history could be made—and proceeded to make it. In his hands the number of Bourses grew from 34 in 1894 to 96 in 1902, and, of these, 83 were in the Federation. During this period of growth and prosperity, the doctrines of Syndicalism were developed, in the Congresses of the Federation and in the local Bourses, under the guidance and inspiration of Pelloutier. It is therefore essential to know something of his views.

Those critics who say that Syndicalism is merely a new name for Anarchism have seized on the essential element in the truth and exaggerated it till it has become foolish. Anarchism is the father of Syndicalism; but Trade Unionism is its mother, and it was in the fertile womb of Trade Unionism that, in the 'nineties, the Anarchist-Communist idea was inspired throughout by the old Anarchist-Communist idea of free association, in which the control of industry by free groups of workers played an integral part. This idea, which may be found writ large all through his "Histoire des Bourses du Travail," Pelloutier applied to the problem as he found it in the Trade Unions of his day, and there resulted a theory which was as new as any reasonable theory can be. This theory Pelloutier could put before the workers with more confidence because the Trade Unions were still few in number, and, therefore, included only a select and conscious body of workers, and because the political upheavals had familiarised men with Anarchistic ideas. The memory of the Commune was still fresh, and Anarchism was always taken root easily in a Latin soil.

It is, then, from the ideas which germinated in the Bourses du Travail during the 'nineties, and under Pelloutier's guidance grew into a definite theory of the new Society, that we must begin if we would understand the genesis of Syndicalism in France. Recently the leader of the Confédération Générale du Travail has often declared themselves averse from theorising about the future, and Syndicalism has become far more a theory of Direct Action in the present than a vision of the Producers' Commonwealth of to-morrow. But, in this early stage, there was one thing it spared: the Bourses drew up plans for the organisation of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and Pelloutier theorised to his heart's content.

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**The Cabinet Council.**

**By Conclavist.**

"Let there be no access to the Cardinals shut up in conclave. Let no one have the possibility of speaking to them secretly; nor let it be possible to receive anybody, save such as may be summoned by the consent of all present solely on matters pertaining to the election. Let no one have the power of sending messengers or writings to the cardinals, nor to any of the conclavists under pain of excommunication."

It is a well propagated clerical fiction that because Pope Gregory X in the 13th century drew up the above rule for the conduct of future conclaves at which his successors were to be elected, the Cardinals of the sacred college have strictly observed it from that time to the present.

Unfortunately for the clerical contention, and thanks to numerous conclavists and ambassadors accredited to the Vatican, those who are familiar with the history of the Papacy know for a certainty that the rule did not survive the life of its author, and that Papal elections, for centuries after Gregory, were often a mere bargaining between the cardinals in conclave and the civil or military powers outside. In the same way the British public are asked to believe, and strange to say, do believe, that the meetings of the British Cabinet are as secret as a conclave, and that what transpires at such Cabinet Councils is as sacred and sealed as the Con-}

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"Extraordinary Cabinet Meeting. Exclusive Information."

On turning to the pages of the "Gasser," I found this article with four startling headlines, thus:—

"Prolonged Duration of Sitting."

"Four Hours of Confab."

"Who has to Walk the Plank?"

Following this, the "Pale Male Gasser," pretended to give what it called "An authentic account of the violent scenes which had occurred between certain Ministers," and wound up its sensational report by asserting:—

"After such a deplorable scene it would be utterly impossible for certain members of the Cabinet to work longer together; therefore, the nation may prepare for a General Election in the very near future."

Now I may say at once, without stopping to ask how or where the "Gasser" got its information, that not more than one fourth of its story is true, and even that is coloured or discoloured, by partisan bias, and by its well-known hostility to a certain Minister.

Fortunately for the interest of truth and the proper enlightenment of the public, I am in a position to present a reliable record of what actually occurred at this memorable Council. For a moment I was doubtful about the wisdom of placing it before the public, but
when I observed the scandalous falsehoods, unscurrupulous inventions and infamous slanders, which day by day are offered to the public as serious contributions to the right understanding of the momentous national proposition with which we are at the moment confronted, then, as one who thinks much of country than party, and less how to make it incumbent on us to make further, stronger and more sustained efforts to preserve the Empire intact. Permit me to review the position. For some years a dark and menacing shadow loomed up across the German Ocean; but its form was narrow and confined. We had little more than guarded the Channel and wait patiently till it dissipated itself. But now the centre of gravity has shifted, and instead of danger emerging from behind Heligoland, what we have to fear is to see it marching, or rather riding, across the Balkans into Asia.

Mr. Lloyd George: Rubbish.

Mr. Churchill: The Chancellor, with his narrow provincial mind, peculiar to his class and upbringing—cries "Rubbish." Everything is rubbish to those whose souls are centred in commercialism, who think that praying for profits is more patriotic than paying for national protection.

Mr. Lloyd George: What about rent?

Mr. Churchill: The Chancellor of the Exchequer? My class lives on rents. But if they do, they spend both it and themselves in the national service. But as I said before, I decline to engage in a contest with a pastmaster of sling-slang like the Chancellor.

Mr. Lloyd George: When I, Mr. Premier, expounded the policy of sixty per cent. margin of safety I considered that ample to meet all the possibilities of that day. But since that time we have been guilty of one of the most colossal blunders in all the history of our foreign policy. Thanks to the idiotic howling of the Chancellor's Nonconformist friends, we were misguided enough to let the cry: "The Turk out of Europe—bag and baggage": deter us from following our traditional policy of supporting Turkey. As a result, to-day, we see Germany firmly planted in Constantinople, Adrianople under German military control, a German prince on the throne of Persia, the Balkan States wasted and depressed, whilst Germany and Austria, with resources undepleted and forces increased, are making preparations for a descent by rail to the Bosphorus and thence to Asia.

What, then, are we to do? Transfer our naval force from the North Sea to the Mediterranean? No! A thousand times—No! It is our interest and our duty to construct an additional force, to give courage, confidence and assurance to Greece if necessary, or, to be prepared to receive Germany when she emerges from the Persian Gulf.

Mr. Lloyd George: Ha-ha-ha! Wonderful! Sublime! Mr. Churchill: The Chancellor laughs. Well—let him laugh. I know what I am saying is Sankskrit to him. But, fortunately for England and the Empire, his power does not extend beyond the body of Nonconformist manufacturers, who make cocoa and purvey coffee, and whose lace and mouthpiece he is.

And that, Sir, brings me to a consideration of our home affairs. What is our internal condition to-day? Never in all our past history has such a ferment existed amongst the people. We can, Sir, without difficulty trace this unrest, growing steadily in volume from year to year, from the moment the Chancellor first appeared in office.

From the destruction of the "Pлимсoll line" to the construction of the Insurance Act, we see the one idea animating the Chancellor in all his legislation—the working classes. Previously, when dealing with Labour troubles, both parties pursued a common, straightforward course. If we made concessions to Labour, we made them frankly. If we put down Labour by force, we were equally frank in its application. As you will remember, Sir, following your own example at Featherstone, I did not hesitate to shoot when the duty devolved upon me of suppressing a Labour revolt.

Well—Sir, Englishmen understand that method.
They fight or bargain with equal courage and candour. But—now! A new and loathsome method, foreign to our national instincts, has been introduced into the conduct of our affairs.

A pettifogging solicitor has introduced a system of pettifogging falsehood as the guiding principle in our conduct of government. By blatant scurrility hitherto unknown in our public life, he has attempted to inflame the hearts of the masses against the classes, whilst at the same moment, by a species of cunning and falsehood, by offers of benefits that would disgrace a thimble-rigger, he has succeeded, for the moment, but only for the moment, in stealing away the liberties of the masses.

"Ninelpence for fourpence," "Refreshing Fruits."
Bah! Was there ever a Bummer had the neck in a market-place to offer a crowd of country yokels such wares in exchange for their pence, as this man has offered Englishmen in exchange for freedom? He aimed at robbing the workers in securely before they discovered the fraud. We allowed him and his pimps, Masterman and Buxton, to rush the measure through without discussion. What's the result? The refashioning, it has ripened, and now fallen off: And to-day we see a hundred thousand men, in London alone, declining to taste it.

Ah! Mr. Premier, if you could only place your thumb on the pulse of the working classes and feel how it beats towards this Government, you would discover that not for a century at least has such whole-souled hatred been felt for any of our predecessors. Our future security, sir, lies in suppressing or getting rid of the Chancelloer. Whilst he was busy defacing the classes and bilingking the masses, he was also busy making investments in Marconis. Do you think, Sir, that political life can stand another disclosure like that? Even my name was dragged into that dirty episode. None of us escaped being humiliated by the meanness, lying and cunning which surrounded the whole sordid transaction.

I will conclude, Sir, by declaring, that so long as you entrust me with the naval defence of the Empire, the Empire shall be defended against all comers, whether they be grandees from the Fatherland or Methodists from Wales.

Mr. Asquith: Well, gentlemen, we have heard the First Lord. I do not wish, at the moment, to offer any observations upon his statements, so I will at once call upon Mr. Lloyd George.

Mr. Lloyd George: The Premier and Gentlemen. For several years past it has been quite a fashionable occupation amongst the party from whom the First Lord deserted, to spend their time, when not more indecently engaged, in slandering your humble servant. I am, according to them, a person of low origin, with low ideas, 'cute, cunning and unscrupulous. 'Tis true I was reared by a snob, but, he was a snob by occupation and not, like the First Lord, by nature. And then—I am a Nonconformist. But where would the First Lord be to-day if it was not for Nonconformity? It is due to Nonconformity that he sits in this Cabinet.

Mr. Churchill: Nonsense!

Mr. Lloyd George: I repeat it. The First Lord is beholden to Nonconformity for his present position. If it were not for their subscriptions, which maintain the Liberal Party, there would be no Liberal Government, and outside this Government, there is no other for the First Lord.

Now, Mr. Premier, are not those who maintain us in office entitled to some special consideration? Can we expect them to go on subscribing eternally their hundreds of thousands of pounds to the party funds, and still submit to their works, factories and machinery being taken from them? For my part I declare it is not. Labour is unable to bear more. Either by direct or indirect taxation, we have extracted the last fraction it can afford. What, then, are we to do? If we wish to ward off internal revolution, the situation will have to be eased in some direction. My suggestion is that the workers should contribute more liberally to the common fund, or they may find themselves shortly with nothing to contribute from.

Our friend Gladstone may defeat the workers with artillery in South Africa; and our colleague Birrell may beat the workers in Dublin with batons; but once attempt the use of either, on any large scale, in this country and we shall see the French Revolution reproduced in a few days.

I may be 'cute, I may be cunning, I may be a black-
Economics.

As Treated of in "The Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics."

By William Marwick.

I.

So far as we have gone in our examination of Mr. Turner's article on "Economics," we have found nothing in it that greatly distinguishes it from any ordinary Encyclopaedia article. E.g., in his article on "Economics" in Nelson's Encyclopedia, which gives on the whole a simpler and clearer account of the progress of economic thought, and deals rather more fully with Methods of Study and the Historical School. Mr. Turner's point of view is better seen in the two last sections of his article: "8. Problems of Economics," and "9. State Action for the promotion of material welfare," which between them occupy six pages, or half the article.

He proposes to explain "the essential features of the science at its present stage of development, dealing first with the more general principles upon which material welfare depends, and secondly with their application to particular policies for the furtherance of material welfare through the action of the State."

The primary requisites of material welfare are labour and natural agents; the secondary are capital and organisation. By secondary, the writer means that capital and organisation "become important at a later stage developed, and the development of the latter is substituted machinery, and for human muscular force steam and electricity. The "rapid adaptation of the world to man's requirements, by which natural forces are made to work for us, should, if rightly directed, result in furnishing us with a higher general level of living."

If rightly directed is an interesting qualification of the statement, and Mr. Turner goes on to say that goods "are only instruments that may contribute much or little to welfare and to the raising of the standard of living according to the manner in which they are divided and utilised, and to the number of people embraced in the community."

II.

He notes that the effectiveness of labour in production is greatly increased by the advance of science, and by the general raising of the skill and improved by the fact that the stock of appliances for production is growing faster than the population, a much larger quantity of the products of past effort, in the shape of machinery and other forms of capital being handed on to each succeeding generation. Co-operation, involving division of employment and both division and combination of labour, and localisation of industries in the places best suited to the particular branch of production are cited as commonplaces that are seldom directly dealt with, though the obvious changes by political boundaries and lines of latitude, and that the advantages of territorial division of labour are not essentially different in comparing two nations from what they are in comparing two towns or counties." (Cf. Ruskin's "Fors," L., I, Vol. I, p. 13). It follows from the idea of localisation that effectiveness of labour depends on the condition of the land—fertility, climate, formation and position—or other natural agent on which it operates. Labour is also affected by the choice of occupation that makes it less intensive due to improvement in the arts of agriculture. In an old country there may be too many people in competition with the area of land available, though the limit may be pushed back by various kinds of improvement. Where there is under-population, the admission of every immigrant tends to increase the productivity per head of the population, says Mr. Turner; but that will only be so when the immigrants are fitted by previous training, or by ability to learn to do the kind of work required, and have easy access to the agents of production.

In dealing with Consumption, Professor Mitchell says that "the amount of utility in wealth depends on the intensity and variety of the desire for whose satisfaction the wealth is consumed. This is the head under which all practical questions of consumption find their place." He distinguishes between desires that all seek to satisfy—the more or less necessary desires and other desires. It is in regard to the latter that "we see the complexity of the question that may be organised from our point of view of consumption. It is here that there is the nearest connection between Economics and Ethics. The moral idea of utility or value in this sense is that of a character having variety and depth of interests or desires, quite as much as one having these in unity or system and so in harmony. In economic progress there must be this variety and depth if the utility of wealth is to grow with its increase; and an obvious point is that many desires—most of the higher desires, intellectual, aesthetic, and social—are very little destructive of utility. The cost of creating them, e.g., by education, is therefore much the more important consideration. The most destructive desires need no learning."

Turning to "Distribution," which deals only with distribution of Income not of Wealth, and recognising that the capitalist system is comparatively recent, he says it is so-called, "not so much because capital has grown so huge and efficient, as because it is directed by an employing class." Then follows a very interesting statement on the relation of real and nominal capital to capitalism. "Real capital consists of all the fixed capital used and production and transport, e.g., factories, machinery, raw materials and the real wages of labour. But nominal capital—money in the wide sense—is not merely the measure of real wealth. It has become the pivot on which the whole industrial system is swung, and the means by which capitalism is carried out; for it enables the employer to turn the forces of nature, labour, and real capital in one direction or another." One could not wish for a better or
more succinct statement of the pivot of the capitalistic system, and of the power of the employer.

I have not room to deal with the interesting section on "The Shares"—to land or nature, to capital, and to labour and to enterprise respectively, and shall only quote the agent economic system of the writer with reference to the share of labour: "While it is the struggle between employer and employed that is most in evidence, the real struggle is deeper. As in all buying and selling we see competition in the haggling and barter, but behind, and entirely determining the average price, there is the more vital struggle of buyer with buyer and seller with seller, so it is in the labour market. This was wrongly expressed in the 'wage-fund' theory, which required a rise in the wages of one class of labour to be met by a fall of wages elsewhere. The theory was right in holding that the action of both the buyer and the seller of labour is limited; but the price is not capital but the price of the product. And it was also right in saying that the classes of labour are in mutual competition; but the force of each depends entirely upon its efficiency. This is partly obscured when the power of collective bargaining is strong in one class and weak in another, and it is to be hoped and expected that the lower grade will advance more rapidly than those requiring skill, intelligence and managing ability; but progress and competition will continue to make the great difference. They will continue to determine the supply of labour at the different grades, and thus to make the wages and salaries correspond with a difference in ability. It seems unjust that in any industrial group it is the most wearing and unpleasant labour that gets the smallest share of the product; but the unfairness cannot be charged to the system of distribution, so long as efficiency is taken as the test of desert. For it is no part of the system itself that competition must be greatest at the bottom and least at the top, and that the hardest and most monotonous labour should thus have to rank as the least efficient. A considerable part of the rise in the average wages of manual labour has been due to the rise in occupation."

A further defence of the present system is made in the short section on profit or the share to enterprise, which in the case of the individual is frequently little more than the salary of a hired manager at the same grade and may be less. The employer and his profit, which distinguishes the present system from its predecessors, has often been regarded as its defect; and Socialism (q.v.) is the view that this function should be undertaken by the State, and not by individuals. The discussion of this question is beyond the scope of this article; but it may be repeated on behalf of the present system that many of the current economic evils are wrongly charged against it.... The most serious defects lie in competition itself; but the defects are not all inevitable, and they prevent the very efficiency which the system is meant to bring out. The writer of the article on "Competition" concludes that "the competitive action is a form of economic activity which is unavoidable (italics mine) in modern industrial methods and conditions," and, in a note on the Literature, he adds, "it will be seen how gradually the need for regulations and restraints has come to be recognised in order to render the operation of competition equitable and salutary!"

But for the statement of the advantages and the disadvantages of the competitive or "free enterprise" or "economists now call it, I must refer the reader to the article itself.

Returning to the article on "Economics" we find that it deals with the problem of the distribution of income in the form of wages, rent, interest, and profits, as an application of the principles of value. The writer says that "in existing conditions there is no pretense to reward moral or even intellectual merit as such; what is rewarded is simply an economic service. Many are paid not for any work that they personally perform, but for the service of the factors of production which they own." In each trade the wages will be fixed by the value of the product of the marginal worker, and in this way it emerges that the importance of an occupation to society is no test of that wages that will be paid in it. But the writer regards any lasting economic system to place a most serious import the fact that the choice of a trade is not free. The people become distributed between different occupations in a rather unsatisfactory manner, and it would promote welfare if more people followed some, and fewer other occupations than at present. The reasons for this unsatisfactory distribution are briefly discussed. The principle of substitution as another factor tending to fix the limit of wages is then dealt with. "Each factor and sub-factor, however necessary in production, may find a substitute in some other factor or sub-factor; and in this fact there is found some justification for the hard and misleading saying that 'most men earn just about what they are worth,' that being calculated as their economic factor-worth. The wages are determined in saying that the classes of labour are in mutual competition; but the price is not capital but the price of the product. And it was also right in saying that the classes of labour are in mutual competition; but the force of each depends entirely upon its efficiency. This is partly obscured when the power of collective bargaining is strong in one class and weak in another, and it is to be hoped and expected that the lower grade will advance more rapidly than those requiring skill, intelligence and managing ability; but progress and competition will continue to make the great difference. They will continue to determine the supply of labour at the different grades, and thus to make the wages and salaries correspond with a difference in ability. It seems unjust that in any industrial group it is the most wearing and unpleasant labour that gets the smallest share of the product; but the unfairness cannot be charged to the system of distribution, so long as efficiency is taken as the test of desert. For it is no part of the system itself that competition must be greatest at the bottom and least at the top, and that the hardest and most monotonous labour should thus have to rank as the least efficient. A considerable part of the rise in the average wages of manual labour has been due to the rise in occupation."

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But for the statement of the advantages and the disadvantages of the competitive or "free enterprise" or "economists now call it, I must refer the reader to the article itself.
There is a kind of egotism by which a man is able to believe himself a very valiant and true-born repressor of human wrongs, while his taste is so intractable that really he is never anywhere save by whimsey. The humour of such a man is that he seriously premeditates all his acts, but from an individualistic, and not a universal point of view. It is not what is really good for people that employs him, but what he thinks may be good. He is your true Puritan, firm only in self-belief, and he will push to the death for what he desires, for this solid self-belief represents all his desires to him as the very right ones. But he will constantly violate real morality while slying the opponent of his individualistic belief. It is, for instance, characteristic of such that they take advantage of some public peccadillo in a personal enemy to triumph in their private cause—which were as though a knight, already equally armed with another, should profit by the arrival of a rabble.

This type of man is not a romanticist, since he is never unconscious of a nature, and therefore is never to be brought to consciousness by a sudden stroke from the real. He does not act by blind judgment but by pre-arranged judgment. His only ideal is the success of his latest scheme. For his nature, may be only accidentally, temporarily and externally in contact with reality; and when reality tests him, he feels as insulted as a woman hearing truth, and rides haughtily away on a prejudice. He, thus, may be seen on one and the same day as a Social Darwinist and, as well, a champion of women driven by economic pressure to prostitution. When reality hits him with the fact that, while a single house lacks domestic help, women have no excuse for prostitution, he will vanish, angry with the truth and seeking to destroy it. And still he will continue to denounce the new feminism and industrial women blacklegs. In all matters his taste is ungoverned and he is maddened by the opposition of reason, so that he finds himself in many successive factions; but this device is never removed from his banner—Humanity! So that, one way or another, he gains many a season of popular esteem, for all the world, of course, is humanity.

* * *

While National Guilds are developing, I am busy listing a number of things which women will have to request from the State and the Guilds free of all charge. For under this system, the pretence of women's economic independence will be absolute. The house will be blacklegs, no unemployed, no cheap labour and no shoddy production, the future woman-worker will need to be as competent as a man—as was the condition of women when they were once as many as eight women members of one of these guilds; but even if there should be twice eight in a future guild, this number would still leave a great many women economically dependent on men, and still possessed by the wicked old inclination to make a show beyond their husband's income. To moderate, if not abolish, the grosser and more socially destructive evils between women I propose, firstly, that all amusements made free to women. The Theatre Guild, for instance, must be subsidised by all the other guilds; and, while women must be franded, men must pay in order that the artists shall need to strive for their patronage. All methods of travel must be free to women and under one class of accommodation. There need be small fear of abuse from such a privilege; for the investment of social life and manners consequent upon the redistribution of wealth and leisure will re-establish innumerable pleasures long forgotten in the two struggles, for bread and for love. Men of wit everywhere will vie for their hands, with each other to make their districts seats of culture, and women will once more study the art of entertaining. The gadabout will find herself unknown and unwelcome and regarded in her true vulgarity.

**Tesserae.**

By Beatrice Hastings.

I shall seem exorbitant in asking free dress for women; but it must come, in the interests of culture. We must make obsolete the barbaric female whose pride is in yards of material too costly for her neighbours. It need not be supposed that women would instantly rush upon velvets and brocade for cooking-aprons. And if some were to do so, women of taste would equalise matters by choosing ball-gowns of butter-cloth. A wealthy woman does not deliberately wear unsuitable costumes even though she may be expected to do so. Free dress would mean an immediate spread of good taste—and a universal censorship as, in many matters, like water-waste for instance, we have it now. It is monstrous that any woman should be obliged to dress disadvantageously.

I take it that future feminine education will include dress-making and designing, and, from the youngest classes, all kinds of needlework; and that shops of ready-made clothes will vanish with the horde of modistes who have for so long made expensive and extravagant guys of us. Women will learn from proper study of their figures, features and colouring, that no one will ever so considerate as themselves of their beauties and defects; and they will discover that a frock must be often worn before it can look like anything but "Our New Model" or "This Season's Novelty." A woman should have at least twelve gowns for alternate wear and take no notice of any fashion but what suits her.

The barbaric female aforesaid will throw up her hands at a vision of herself of seeing ten thousand women for her share of dress; but, on the contrary, she will not have the very foolish fight to do. Remember, there will be no shoddy goods, no ten thousands of sweating odiments. The bargain-faced fiend will disappear, and women will shop by post without the least fear of being swindled, as comfortably as any duchess with Jay's patterns on her knee. The only contest will be one of taste in choosing and fashioning the materials; and, on this subject, very few women have ever dreamed of studying texture.* * * *

One needs to be blind, deaf and heartless to find England a pleasant land. This morning was resplendent with frost and sun on wood and valley. It seemed a time to hear faery poems, and I ran out very gladly. But my distant neighbour's dog roused the country for a half a mile round with vexed and venemous hate of its chain. And I saw a frozen little creature going to school with a slice of sodden pudding for her lunch. And there came up from his work in an icy hollow old churl whose back was level as that of an ox; his head was bent almost to his crooked knees, and he carried a load of heath to sell for litter. "Me knee," he was saying to a fellow, "yes, I bin forced to set down ever so many times and rub un." He certainly pays two shillings a week for rent, for there is no hut but here cheaper than this. I have it from a woman who occasionally works for me. As a rule the women has to find for eight persons on eighteen shillings a week, with no rent and insurance. I employ her, a married woman, against all principles, because she has a grown daughter who is strong enough to mind the younger children, but who will never be fit for service. What a far worse case has lately come to my ears of a starving cottagelad just below! The father, with many other labourers, was dismissed at Christmas; and his wife goes out for a day's work when she can get it, in fear lest on her return she may find him a suicide. There is a furnished mansion near by which one may rent for four hundred pounds a month!

I slipped into that word churl, for we are all very antiquated about here, all except the Quality, who are so novel in their notions as to have forgotten that even a churl used to be. On a pine walk I met a young woman who dropped me a bob-curtesy but I had thought was obsolete eight centuries ago. The vision of her in the wood reminds me how beautiful I was thinking this country to be, but which is so damned.
STUDY. By John P. Flanagan.
Readers and Writers.

Matthew Arnold was of the opinion that French translations of Russian authors were better than the English ones, and this may have been true for the period when his essay on Tolstoi was written. Professor George Saintsbury, writing at a later date, expresses the same view. "I endeavoured," quotes Sir Oracle, "to read my Russians as much as possible in French translation rather than English, for in the latter language Russian never seems to 'go' well." This will not do for the later nineteenth century, the particular period of which the Professor was writing, and a statement of this sort rather shakes my faith in his judgment, not only on Russian literature, but on English and French to boot.

These reflections occur to me as I look at my first book for the year 1914. It is "Anthologie des Poètes Russes," a volume of translations by Jean Chuzewille (published at 3-59. Paris, Georges Crès and Cie). There is a preface by V. Brussov, who, as a prominent figure among the modern Russian poets, must be listened to not impatiently. Let me say at once that of this book, which deals adequately with the period of which the Professor was 'writing, and a state-

ment of this sort rather shakes my faith in his judgment, not only on Russian literature, but on English and French to boot.

Although this book is a particularly favourable specimen of French translating, I am left unconvinced of the superiority of the French language as a medium for Russian. Take this distich from a characteristic poem by Balmont:

Je constitué la singularité délicate du lent idiome russe.

It is clear that Brezina has not made to preserve the rhymes of the originals (a rare thing, this, with French translators), give the impression of original, if rather exotic poems.

Concerning Balmont, by the way, there is a singular story (not told in this volume) of an attempt at suicide which he made at the age of twenty by throwing himself out of a window. I understand that Balmont himself considers his later intellectual activity due to this little incident. The idea is novel, albeit a trifle risky, but I recommend it to the earnest consideration of some of our scribes. There are plenty of windows available for experimental purposes. The chief difficulty is the pavement below.

The awestruck readers of the "Sphere" are informed by "C. K. S.," in what he, with dangerous irony calls a 'Literary Letter,' that he has been reading Heine! Yes, he has been glancing through Mr. John Payne's version (although he has known the originals all his life) and he does not like it at all. He quotes, with some amusement:

The air is cool and it darkles,
And couth the stern sonnets;

The crest of the cliff wall sparkles
In the sun's setting shine.

"The fun of it is," he observes, "that thousands of boys and girls just beginning to learn German have translated it better." For the "Sphere," I presume. The fun, however, becomes more fast and furious when "C. K. S." turns emendator, thus:—"Surely the obvious rendering of Im Abendsonnenschein is 'In evening rose sunshine,' which would have completed the verse adequately, or In evening sunshine ?" It would be interesting to hear "C. K. S." explain "in evening rose sunshine," and it would be equally interesting to hear him scan "in evening sunshine." I fear his life, as far as Heine is concerned, has been sadly misspent. I am far from approving of Mr. John Payne's rendering of the evening rose sunshine, and it would be equally interesting to hear "C. K. S." winds up in this didactic strain:—"The fact is," he murmurs solemnly, with the air of a man who is imparting a deep and deadly secret, "that the competent translator of Heine, if he ever arrives, will be a poet possessed of the same calibre as the original." The amazing penetration of the man! How does he think of such things?

I have received a copy of "Česká Lyra" which, edited by Fr. S. Procházka, has now appeared in a second and enlarged edition. The size is increased by nearly 120 pages, bringing the volume up to close on 600 pages. The nature of the increase is also noteworthy, for it includes poems by J. S. Machar, Antonin Sova (both these poets celebrate their 50th year this month), Otakar Fischer, and J. Karásek ze Lvovic, among the poets of established reputation who were not represented in the first edition, together with a fair sprinkling of names which have been heard more recently. Of these I am favourably impressed by the verses of R. Bojko. It is clear that Brezina has not been writing in vain.

In its present form this anthology must be regarded as the best existing collection of Czech lyric poetry. The only other which can be compared with it is the "Nová Česká Poesie." But this book is confined mainly to the modernists, while Fr. S. Procházka's collection embraces all the poetical creeds of Bohemian literature, from the early 19th century till to-day. And those who do not realise how active the Czech poets have been during that time would be astonished at this beautifully bound and printed volume, with its numerous portraits.

As a sample of the poetry above mentioned I submit the following two poems by Otakar Theer, as the work of a writer to whom I look for something that will continue the achievements of the older generation. I believe I have already spoken of the general difficulties of translating from Czech, and as everybody understands the particular difficulties of translating lyric poetry, I shall say nothing further on this score.

TEMPEST.

Roar, spring-tide tempest! Bellow, din,
Thy thousand hoofs shall shatter!

Roar on in sorrow, headstrong grief—
Thy woe is a goodly matter.
Spur on the clouds and trample the wood,
Cantar over the river.
Dazzingly every buffet of thine
In my every vein shall quiver.
As brothers we sink to watery depths
From heaven at our sorrow’s lashing.
Drenching and redening, leap by leap,
Brothers akin we are dashing—
And we know not whither and why.

WATER.
Sweet and enticing
As women’s souls,
Lace-faomed, O billow,
Thy surfong rolls.
Blurter, O billow,
Tangle my heart
In the swiftness and lure of thy singing!
Fierce in the mountains,
Soft as a sigh.
Drab shores of the city
Thou ripphest by.
Bear thou away
The mire and the clay,
With the burden and plague of their clinging.
I kneel and thou givest
Baptism’s dower.
Grief now I master,
Strong with thy power.
Yonder I fare,
To solitude’s lair,
To the land of my phantasty’s bringing.

"Briefe der Liebe," compiled by Camill Hoffmann (Bong and Co. M. 2) is, in spite of the title, a book with quite a number of interesting pages. My chief quarrel with those responsible is the absurdly sentimental appearance of it. The whole volume fairly simpers—externally, that is. It is bound in pink, and by paying quite a number of interesting pages. My chief quarrel of us would become freer and better than would be possible singly—then, excelsior? Will you venture to share

All this, of course, is very painful, and if the whole book were on the same plane, I should not be discussing it here. Fortunately, a good part of the contents cannot be considered as consisting of love-letters, pure and simple (if, indeed, these adjectives can be appropriately employed in such a case). A love-letter, in itself, has about as much interest for the world at large as a testimonial for a patent medicine, and its publication naturally arouses the same disapproval. But when Moltke, for instance, adopts a didactic tone in writing to his betrothed, we can read without an uneasy feeling that we are peeping at intimacies through a key-hole. The same is true of Bismarck, whose letters to his betrothed, we can read without an uneasy feeling; no, we are peeping at intimacies through a key-hole. The same is true of Lichtenberg, amusing, now and then a trifle indecorous, but hardly sentimental. The diverting correspondence between Marie Bashkirtseff and Guy de Maupassant is also here, together with the letter in which Nietzsche proposed marriage to a young Dutch lady. This is how it begins:—

Geneva, April 21, 1876.

My dear young Lady,—
You are writing something for me this evening, and I will write something for you as well. Summon all your heart’s courage, in order not to take alarm at the question which I will put to you: Will you be my wife? I love you and feel as if you already belonged to me. I love you and feel as if you already belonged to me. Not a word about the suddenness of my affection! It is, at least, devoid of anything culpable, and therefore requires no explanation. The only thing I should like to know is whether your feelings are the same as mine—that we have never been strangers to each other, not for one moment? Do you not also think that by

It then appears that chiefly as a result of this diatribe, 84 papers noticed the book, and nearly all in favourable terms. But in spite of this, and although about 300 review copies were distributed, only 93 purchasers were found. "This can only be explained," concludes our courageous and irate publisher, "by two assumptions: Firstly, he must have become too dusty and superficial to be afraid of a novel in four volumes. Secondly, book-buyers have, from a literary point of view, grown devoid of literature, and thus we are afraid of its influence. Of course, there are plenty of Ullstein volumes about.

I must say, I cannot join in the sneer against the Ullstein-volumes. They provide about the same class of reading as English sevenpennies of the better kind. I must confess to having occasionally had recourse to them, and I considered the entertainment from such a book as "Kubinke," by Georg Hermann, or the amusement (of rather a different kind) from Fritz Mauthner’s "Der letzte Deutsche von Blutina" was well worth the shilling I invested. And herein lies the point of the whole thing—an economic one. Herr Diedrichs publishes Reymont’s novel in four volumes at a price equivalent to half a crown unbound, or three and six bound. In other words, the prospective buyer risks at least ten shillings on the work of a Polish novelist. Now I happen to know that Reymont’s book is a work of considerable value; moreover, I have some acquaintance with Polish peasants at first hand, so that, in my case, the personal interest is all in the book’s favour. Yet I grieve to say that I am still without a copy, nor none am I like to have. How much less likely then, is the book to be bought by even enlightened Germans, whose interest in the Poles and their works would certainly not run to ten marks? The nation whose idea of complete disorder is expressed in the phrase "eine polnische Wirtschaft!" is not likely to scramble for early
The Abandoned Guide.

A MULTITUDE of people were roaming aimlessly about in a deep, dark, gloomy valley. How they got there, whether it was by their own will or through some unknown misfortune, is impossible to tell. Yet there they were, strayed and scattered in all directions like a flock of lost sheep. They knew somewhere beyond they were cheer and sunshine, and each one looked for his way out. Sometimes they called to one another; but so thick was the darkness that reigned in that valley that they neither saw nor heard, although they were often so close that they felt each other's breath.

However, it happened on a day that they all came by chance to the same spot. It was a great moment to them—a moment of joy and surprise—when they looked into each other's faces and discovered, for the first time, that they were all of the same kin, had suffered the same perplexity and dilemma, and were in search of the same thing—a way out of the dark, sterile valley into which they had strayed. They, therefore, sat down upon the ground and began to deliberate as to what to do, which road it would be best for them to follow. For there were roads innumerable, and as a cloud of darkness hung over them all, it was not an easy matter to tell which was the best one.

As they were thus earnestly engaged there came up to them an individual who kindly offered himself as their guide. He claimed to be thoroughly acquainted with all the obscure ways and alleys of the place, and to be the best one.

He led them on. Bravely he led them, talking loudly all the time of the broad highway soon to be attained, and of the bright and beautiful land that he would take them to—the land of sunshine and green fields and pleasant meadows. And the people rejoiced, forward instead of forward, and the light they hoped to attain was as far away from them as ever.

Meanwhile provisions grew scarcer still, and the old and infirm, as well as babes in arms, died in great numbers on the way. Then the people came to the conclusion that their guide should lead them to the store-houses as he promised.

But their guide was nowhere to be seen. The people wondered where he had disappeared. Some thought he was here; some there; and immediately there began a thorough search for him. Shouts were raised, trumpets blown, and scouts were sent out in all directions.

At last, after the lapse of a considerable time, he was discovered lying comfortably stretched under a hedge, fast asleep. In vain they tried to wake him; he was sunk too deep in his slumber, and kept snoring loudly all the time. Then, despairing of ever seeing him open his eyes, they sat down in a circle upon the ground, and took counsel together.

At the end of their deliberations they resolved to leave their guide behind, and to continue the journey themselves.

Ere long one of their companions, a young and spirited fellow, who marched ahead, pointed out to them a bright streak of light in the distance, which was the first rays of the rising sun reflected in the Eastern sky—for they unwittingly decided to go towards the East, quite the opposite direction to that in which their leader guided them. Some people were dazzled and could not look straight before them; for they had not seen the light of the sun ever since their sojourn in that dark, murky valley. However, their sight soon grew accustomed to the brilliance of the rays; and, encouraged and inspired by the young and fervid amongst them, they marched merrily onwards, in the direction of the East.

When the guide at last awoke and found himself alone, he experienced a mixed feeling both of wrath and shame, and cursed himself for having fallen into such a devious and dark, murky valley. However, their sight soon grew accustomed to the brilliance of the rays; and, encouraged and inspired by the young and fervid amongst them, they marched merrily onwards, in the direction of the East.

SOL DAVIS.
Views and Reviews.

There is a passage in Disraeli's "Coningsby," describing the effect that the Young England movement had on the minds of its contemporaries, from which I quote the following extract.

"Well, I don't know what it is," said Mr. Melton, "but I think it is the idea that all the young fellows who have just come out. Beau is a little bit himself. I had some idea of giving my mind to it, they made such a fuss about it atEveringham; but it requires a devilish deal of history, I believe, and all that sort of thing."

So far as the New Art is concerned, I admit that I am in a similarly blank state of mind; and not even Dr. John Weichsel's essay on "Cosmism and Anthropomorphism" can implant an idea of what all the bother is about. The New Art seems to require a devilish deal of philosophy and mathematics, and, if I am not mistaken, of ethnology; indeed, it seems to require a knowledge of everything but Art. I know practically nothing of the plastic arts and, if I am not mistaken, of ethnology, and all that sort of thing."

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This does not mean that the phenomenon should at all resemble the thing seen; it seems that there are other things to see besides the thing seen which are more like the thing seen than is the thing seen, just as Turner's boat was more like a boat than a boat itself was. For the second postulate is "a man, spiritually free from social conventions." Man always has been spiritually free from social conventions; what the New Artist means is that man must be conventionally free from social conventions. The young Prometheus has discovered that "the-churchman, the creature are no more typical embodiments of social life . . . . All the painful efforts of poet-laureates [it should be poet-laureates, but that does not matter] will not invest royalty, constitutionalism, militarism, education, aristocracy, church-loyalty, caste-fidelity, class-servility, group-ambition and property-greed with the halo of art, which is not a mercenary's glaring embellishment and luminous display of his wares, but a natural, intensely human atmosphere born of racial being."

Avid of life and love, insatiate vagabond,
With quest too furious for the Graal he would have won,
He flung himself at the eternal sky, as one
Wrenching his chains but impotent to burst the bend.

It is conceivable that they would not be painting "in the old-fashioned manner of last Thursday," that they would not be superseded by the New Artists. It is a very serious thing to throw away "a racial universalism"; more particularly when the capitalists are buying up the attributes of the universe faster than any one wants to be paid for them; and I hope that some one will reprove very severely the Post-Cubists for their imprudence. For the consequence of "setting out to hide the mystic seed of the creative 'innere Notwendigkeit' beneath the conglomerated ensemble of 'entmaterialisierte'" is that "the whole of one's time must even be shunned to combat successfully the pollution of materiality in art. Hence, the total absence of limitations in a tabula rasa offers the most unobstructed field for imaginative ramification. A panel all white is the ultimate end of this art, in white, which Kandinsky's psychology lauds as a 'symbol of a world whose all colours, all material properties and substances have vanished . . . . which sounds, inwardly, as non-song so that no ear is not dead but full of possibilities—which may suddenly be comprehended.'"

That was the great mistake of the Post-Cubists; they were suddenly comprehended, "last Thursday," in Mr. Dyson's phrase; and they are now dead and buried, and "Anthropomorphism" is their epitaph.

The New Art makes three postulates: (1) an infinite world of experience; (2) a man, spiritually free from social conventions; (3) an art free because devoid of concrete limitations. The first of these is called "Cosmism," and the second "Anthropomorphism." Amongst other things, it gives us some mixed metaphors; "towering billows of social unrest fence their echoes into our mind," is one example. All these mixed metaphors engender a mental sensitivity: a man's eye is not on one point in space, on one moment of time. [It never could, but that does not matter.] All space, all time, all phenomena, all experience are to the modern man the crossing and interwoven lines that make one wondrous carpet of modern intellect. What we are to do with this "carpet of modern intellect" (the phrase is admirably descriptive of the woolliness of the modern mind), Dr. Weichsel does not tell us clearly; but it seems that postulate No. 1, Cosmism, means that the New Artist is against the Government. After reading of Giordano Bruno, Rousseau, Stirner, and Nietzsche, he becomes a New Prometheus, the Superman, the creature far too bright and good for human nature's daily food. In a word, he becomes inflated. Having become inflated, he rises above this mundane sphere. "Racial objectivity is the only legitimate sphere for supermanhood." As Cezanne put it: "No objects but objectivity"; not the thing itself, but the thing in itself, "the noumenon must shine through the phenomenon," says Dr. Weichsel.

This does not mean that the phenomenon should at all resemble the thing seen; it seems that there are other things to see besides the thing seen which are more like the thing seen than is the thing seen, just as Turner's boat was more like a boat than a boat itself was. For the second postulate is "a man, spiritually free from social conventions." Man always has been spiritually free from social conventions; what the New Artist means is that man must be conventionally free from social conventions. The young Prometheus has discovered that "the-churchman, the creature are no more typical embodiments of social life . . . . All the painful efforts of poet-laureates [it should be poet-laureates, but that does not matter] will not invest royalty, constitutionalism, militarism, education, aristocracy, church-loyalty, caste-fidelity, class-servility, group-ambition and property-greed with the halo of art, which is not a mercenary's glaring embellishment and luminous display of his wares, but a natural, intensely human atmosphere born of racial being."

To arrive at racial being, it seems that the New Artist has to prove mathematically that all quantities are equal to each other, thus annihilating the principle of quantity; so bang goes another abstraction. "By treating all plastic entities in terms of their logical limits, raising them to the power of zero, it became possible, as we saw, to de-materialise all realities alike, and then triumphantly to claim the discovery of ultimate oneness." This must be essential primitiveness, for even the Bushman can count up to ten ; but having discovered oneness by the simple process of eliminating any-more-ness, what happens? "It is up to the New Artist to build a reality which is endlessly wider than logical insight. He must live up to his raciality, which is at the basis of his art-conception. With undidelicity he must grasp life, which speaks to him, as it did, in a mighty synthesis, to Cezanne and [Van Gogh] in terms of movement, magnitude, mass, strength, attitude, will-direction, revelation, light, glimpse, vibration, whisper, rhythm and harmony—besides innumerable other racial tongues."

Having done this, what sort of pictures will he paint, what sort of statues will he carve; above all, what sort of books will he write? "The free artist will hear them [the racial tongues denominated above] and reveal their message." If this means that he will become intelligible, it means that he will either adopt one of the social conventions he has discarded, or will invent a new one. The plastic arts are themselves a social convention, a convention by means of which plastic artists convey to their fellows intelligible or unintelligible impressions of reality. It would seem, then, that all this stripping naked of oneself, all this 'de-materialisation of realities' is useless unless we reduce plastic art to plasticity; in which case, plastic art and the plastic artist will both be dematerialised, and plasticity will be the universal form of the plastic arts. The New Art, then, will be philosophy, deriving individuality from a concept; and the artists will have committed suicide.

A. E. R.
REVIEWS.

Women of the Cell and Cloister. By Ethel Holt-Wheeler. (Methuen. 8s. net.)

This is a volume of short studies (mainly biographical) of St. Mary of Egypt, St. Brigid of Ireland, Heloise, St. Clare, Dame Juliana of Norwich, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Teresa, and the Mère Angélique. The studies are sympathetic enough, perhaps too sympathetic; for Miss Wheeler does not attempt to estimate the value to civilisation of the peculiar lives of these women. She says that "Teresa emphatically about understanding them also," she writes, "careful about being attentive at their prayers, and thoughts lest they should lose the little pleasure and ought to have been abolished, the solitary life. For pathetic; for Miss Wheeler does not attempt to cover how little they understand the way by which they may arrive at union, because they suppose all the spiritual defect of the solitary life, as here represented, is vanity; these communities, reformed or unreformed, were as cities set on a hill, they could not be hid; nor could Stylites on his pillar. Of the necessity of solitude as a condition of spiritual experience, there have not, but it is by no means obvious that that solitude is the theatrical one of a monastery or nunnery or hermit's cell. Perhaps, even, it does not imply any external change as being necessary to the world but, not of the world, to be a state of mind not actually to be attained by any artificial retirement. Nietzsche says, for example: 'The desert, the bye, of which even now I spoke, into which the strong and independently-constituted spirits retire to know different it looks from the desert, as our educated classes imagine it. For, as the case may be, they themselves are the desert, these educated classes. And certain it is that all stage players of the spirit have ever found it unbearable. For them it is not far removed enough, not Syrian enough, not stage-desert enough. Camels, it is true, are not absent from it; but this is the only respect in which it resembles a real desert. Perchance, that desert consists in a self-willed obscurity, in a going out of the way, that they are in a hornet's nest of newspapers, influence; in a little office, an every-day something which more hides than exposes; in an occasional intercourse with harmless, gladsmoke, little 'fooles and beastes,' the sight of which refreshes; in some mountains as one's company—yet not mountains dead, but provided with eyes (with lakes, to wit): at times even in a room in some crowded everybody hotel where one is sure to be mistaken and may safely converse with everybody else. This is a 'desert' in this sense. Of beauty, it is lonely enough! If Heraclitus retired into the courtyards and colonades of the gigantic Artemis-temple, that 'desert,' I admit, was rather more dignified. Why are such temples wanting to us? (Peradventure, they are not wanting to us: I am just thinking of my finest study, the Piazza di San Marco: spring pre-supposed, as also forenoon, the hours between ten and twelve)." Therein is the condemnation of the cell and cloister, even of those founded for the spiritual defect, for it is not a case of fancying that these women have added practically anything to human knowledge. "Canst thou by searching find out God"? asked Job; and that Teresa got as far as that is something to her credit. "She expressly states," says Miss Wheeler, "that the withdrawal from the bodily objects is only to be attempted by a soul that has made very great progress, for until then, it is clear that the Creator must be sought for through His creatures. . . . We are not angels, for we have a body; and to seek to make ourselves angels while we are on the earth, and the more on the earth as I was, is an act of folly." But here is no justification of the sequestered life, of making a profession of piety. The desire for mystical experience is seen to be really only a form of voluptuousness, and its artificial induction renders it ridiculously extremely doubtful. What is self-induced may be self-satisfying, but has little or no relation to the lives of others. For the things of the Spirit come not by searching, but by revelation; and it savours of presumption that anyone should offer himself as a candidate for the union with the world. The other aspect is well stated by Browning's Bishop Blougram—

Do you know, I have often had a dream (Work it up in your next month's article) Of man's poor spirit in its progress still
Losing true life for ever and a day
Through ever trying to be and ever being
In the evolution of successive spheres,
Before its actual sphere and place of life,
Half-way into the next, which having reached,
It shoots with corresponding foolcry.
Half-way into the next still, on and off!
As when a traveller, bound from north to south,
Scotts fur in Russia—what's its use in France?
In France spurs flannel—where's its need in Spain?
In Spain drops cloth—too cumbrous for Algiers.
Linen goes next, and last the skin itself,
a superflity at Timbuktoo.
When, through his journey, was the fool at ease?

Let it be remembered that one of Matthew Arnold's bishops said that "were it not for the practical difficulties attending its exercise, virtue would be hardly distinguishable from a form of sensuality," and we see that the recluses, men or women, have by their very seclusion attempted to get the reward without the exercise of virtue. "The ingenuity of man," says Emerson, "has always been dedicated to the solution of one problem—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless; to get a one end, without an other end." We do not doubt that these women were compensated for their austerities, but the value of their self-satisfaction to the race is not apparent; nor does Miss Wheeler attempt to make it so.

Omar in London. By Karma Cheek. (Truslove and Hanson. 18s.)

Herein all Eastern gorgeousness of description is changed for the grey dawns and dingy roofs of London. The parodist seems to have been averse from modifying the philosophy of the Rubiāyāt; or, more likely, he wished to indicate that Khayyām is Khayyām (and all Omar's disciples are self-elected Khayyāms!) all the world over. However, the mere adaptation of scenery to the modern business world may appear to ordinary readers scarcely sufficient show of originality, although what there is may amuse or exasperate devotees.

Life in a Booth, and Something More. By Mark Melford. (Hendersons. 1s. net.)

Mr. Mark Melford was mistaken. A full description of life in a booth would have had value for us, even if written as forcibly, and with such contempt for the human race, as some of the concluding chapters of this book. But his opinions of God belong to that pre-historic period of thought known as the Victorian age, and are nothing but the carping of a Secularist at the doctrine of special Providence. Mr. Melford's career was of such a nature as to develop to the extreme the qualities and defects pertaining to individuality; everlastingly dependent on his own resources, he seemed to have come to the conclusion that nothing counts but one's own assertiveness and contempt for the only principle discoverable in social life is the principle of every man for himself. If we suggest that the range of his observation was unfortunately limited, and that his deductions were unnecessarily prejudiced, we have said all that is necessary in general criticism of
Mr. Melford's work. His attack on Mr. Stoll, or rather, on Mr. Stoll's official, is correctly placed in the city to the country for consolation, but Nature does not admonish him with the infinite condescension of "so hot a little man"; he heard the distant "click-a-clack" of the old mill, and "ventures to reduce it to not be done."

"so hot a little man" he said. This is the chorus of the "romance":

The click-a-clack-a-click-a-clack-a-click-a-clack-
The ceaseless click-a-clacking of the wheel,
The click-a-clack-a-click-a-clack-a-click-a-clack-a-clack-a-clack-

The passing of the souls beneath the wheel.

We venture to say that is precisely how it should not be done.

The Sailors Whom Nelson Led. By Edward Fraser. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

Mr. Fraser has compiled, from the accounts of officers and men who fought in them, descriptions of the battles which Nelson directed. The result is not to be commended to people with sensitive nerves or vivid imaginations. Emerson said of the English that "they fundamentally believe that the best stratagem in naval war is to lay your ship close alongside of the enemy's ship, and bring all your guns to bear on him, until he or you go to the bottom." These were Nelson's tactics, and, at the battle of Trafalgar "the extraordinary and unprecedented circumstance occurred of four ships of the line being on board each other in the battle, forming as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way."

Imagine these four ships, with their gun-muzzles touching each other's sides, blowing holes in each other, and, at the same time, standing ready to help each other to put out the fire caused by the explosion; men slaughtering each other by the score every minute, so that the cock-pit was "like a butcher's shambles," from which Nelson's chaplain fled in horror here printed, and say, if you can, that war is glorious.

Mr. Fraser has gathered up, in the form of a personal narrative, rather, on Mr. Stoll's official, is correctly placed in the city to the country for consolation, but Nature does not admonish him with the infinite condescension of "so hot a little man"; he heard the distant "click-a-clack" of the old mill, and "ventures to reduce it to not be done."
regarded. Up and down the hills I was shuffled, bruised by the drops and made giddy by the transpositions. At every pace, we pushed against the streams of ascending and returning pilgrims, the ascending jostling their hands in prayer, the returning obscure in their shavenness, often turning to cry out some name of their god. The god of Tirumala is an incarnation of Sir Krishna, the Dark, himself, so that the favourite call was “Govin-da, the Cowherd—and is he not also Christ?” and to my amazement, I, and I do declare, our “Little boy blue.” Still we went on, up hill and down dale, over the six hills, through wild valleys and beneath the tapering peaks, bruised by the drops and made giddy by the transgression. Up and down the hills, I was jostling with four branching alleys surrounding the great temple with its high stone walls, over which I could see the top of the mighty standard of massive gold which rises beside the god. On a mound to one side of the village was the Maha—–the same all the world over), and thereby I performed a sea-change into something rich and strange, for in fact he was never sober again from that first sad day of separation until he received his congé two months later. That man belong to my caste—we both are born to suffer. Again, I was once horrified to find in my cookery accounts the awful words, “Puppies—two annas; Warm Sally—three annas. This bloody mystery was cleared upon investigation; the “puppies,” were the fruit “papayas,” while Warm Sally lost her virginity and became—vermicelli.

As I have now so far digressed, I will leave the festival for a time and mention a very irritating matter. Coming up the hill, I observed that the more educated pilgrims were divided whether I was the District Magistrate or, horror of horrors, a Theosophist. Do you know what a Theosophist has come to mean in India? It signifies one who talks without knowing what he says, a foreigner who, despite of these protestations, gives himself up to the vice which every nation calls by another’s name. Now, to be accused of this is unpleasant, but, as some European Theosophists in India (I do not, of course, say all) condemn the practice, every European who may converse equally with a Brahmin, or eat his food, and discuss from his standpoint, is sure to be suspected by some one as a “Theosophist.” Now, my journey up the hills to a Hindu festival, where no Englishman but me and barely furnished, but it sufficed, and, like Brahma, Indian food (perforce, for I had given my word to the abbot that I would eat no flesh there; and Indian food is delightful, especially that prepared for the abbot—abbits being the same all the world over); for these two reasons, many an honest man shot looks of hatred and contempt at me as a Theosophist.

I cannot then have reason to love Mrs. Besant, though, to be sure, I am not so pettily-minded as to have a hatred for her—she is too insignificant for that. However, my contempt for her and her brood is made piquant by the pleasant memory of my one and only visit to Adyar.

It was as I came eastwards from Malabar, where both Hindu wisdom and Hindu religion still flourish, and I had just realised how little Hinduism owed to Mafro whom all I know, from Max Müller (to whom little honour), and to the result of both, the modern Theosophists (to whom honour shall stay unknown for my part). But I wished to buy a translation which the Theosophists alone had in stock. When I told a Brahmin trader, who, in his manner as I remembered hearing a Salvation Army man, murmured to the treasurer, “That man belong to my caste—we both are born to suffer”—antipathy once more, I was seized with a racking headache, due, not to the air of the place, but to its atmosphere. I hastened to name my books, when I could get past the “Besant” show-cases and the “Besant” pages in the catalogues; to pay for them and to depart; sickened, but more or less content. It was not till long after, when I had returned to South India, that I was able to know how the conduct of the Theosophists and their “practices” was to plague my travels.

However when, as a Babu would say, “Memory brings light of other days around me,” I recall my association with the “President” and can hear for the moment the shame she has brought us in the East. So, wishing all success to the unfortunate devils of the left knee, I declare my amused contempt of the whole Besant gang, and hope never again to compel my unhappy pen to mention their existence.

Now I can return to Tirumala!

(To be concluded.)
Votes for Dogs!

Sir,—As an upholder of all advanced causes, I know you will be glad to receive from me this verbatim report of my speech at the first public meeting organised by “The Dogs and Dingoes Suffrage League.” The meeting was held at the famous London Mark and attracted a great deal of attention. Punctually at 2:15 I mounted the dog-kennel to the prolonged “bow-wows” of the assembled members. The general public seemed at first inclined to be rebuffed, but after several of me had been severely bitten this attitude became much less marked and the meeting was, on the whole, a successful one until near the end, when a certain lack of harmony, engineered by the baser elements in the crowd, made itself felt. But of this more anon. And, talking of crowds, may I just add here that we hope, when possible, to sway our audiences by kindness, but that, of course, we do not mean to stand any opposition arising from stupidity or ulterior motive—and it is notorious that no opposition arises from any other cause. On this point the rules of the League are very strict. Members are enjoined to listen courteously to anyone who agrees with them (though polite people will allow members to speak all the time), but furiously to bite anyone who should dare to disagree. Only thus can purity be obtained. With these few introductory remarks I will leave you to peruse my speech.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am here to-night on a matter of elementary justice, and anyone who doesn’t agree with me will be bitten. Bow-wow! All I ask is: When are dogs to be righted? The position of our Society is perfectly plain. We stand for one dog, one vote. As it must be abundantly clear to every honest person that the opposition to our movement is dishonestly able and degraded, and that there are no arguments at all on the other side, it is really quite unnecessary to go into the propriety of the question, but just to show you how dignified and logical our position is, I will put before you as concisely as I can the reasons which have prompted us in forming “The Dogs and Dingoes Suffrage League.” Bow-wow! Well, ladies and gentlemen, let me begin first of all by pointing out to you that the very best reason why dogs should have the vote is that they want it. How do I know that? I do not know anything else. Why do they behave with such embarrassing freedom in strange houses?—because they feel disgraced. Thirdly, they have no sentimental regard for their fellows. Why does no dog bother long about any other dog?—because it is only interested in itself. Perhaps you are not aware that the national motto we have chosen for dogs is this: “He hard, my brethren.” Yes, all dogs are super-dogs. Dare we then keep them any longer in subjection? No, a resounding no! I appeal to everyone present for an answer—and if those in the corner don’t stop laughing he’ll be bitten.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, now that we have disposed of these points I will mention some of the benefits that will accrue from dogs exercising the franchise. To begin with, the stigma of the dog licence will be removed. Is this horrible insult to continue any longer—this hideous reminder of the Yellow Ticket? Are not dogs the heirs of the ages? Why should they be liable to the exigencies of a tax, a name-plate, and an owner? There is no reason why. We mean to bring brightness to many a weary and enslaved heart. For, after all, what is the present life of dogs? It is mere trouble and sorrow. They have nothing to live for, no aims, no hopes. What can be more offensive than the hopelessness of their lives? They have no conception of their wants. They have a wider freedom, a more definite object. Let them go out into the world, let them discuss upon the house-tops, let them convince us by the sweet power of reason. Bow-wow! But enough of this rhetoric. I will appeal to you on the ground that dogs are the artists of the future. If only Queen Victoria were moved. Is this horrible insult to continue any longer? I appeal to everyone present for an answer—and if those in the corner don’t stop laughing he’ll be bitten.

You may well hang your heads. You have been tried and found wanting. But the dog days are upon us. That noble army will be the regeneration of mankind. They will sit in the places of honour. We will have them at Westminster, in the Stock Exchange, in cinematograph theatres, and in massage establishments. And let me tell you that all this is the beginning of the White Slave Traffic. Specially trained dogs will scent the Artists of the future. If only Queen Victoria were...
still alive how she would weep to think that she could once have been hostile to our movement. I know for certain that everyone who is dead is on our side—they must be. All the great poets and martyrs of the past any in spirit, with their glorious representatives of to-day.

But, indeed, the whole universe awaits expectantly for the dawn. Already it lightens in the East—and I give that lady over there due warning that she will be bitten if she gives any more trouble! All are on this side, and such as aren’t are the mere dregs of humanity. It as is useless to argue with those who are too dishonest to agree with us, and as it is impossible to disagree with us if you are honest, we don’t intend to give any more reasons for our actions. But anyone who dares to say that they differ from us will have to acc-}

count for their opinions. It will be no good quibbling. We are out for purity in public life and morality in the home. We follow the Dog. We know everything about everybody’s opinions, and if they aren’t what we know them to be you’ll be bitten. Moreover, 99 per cent. of you are suffering from certain contagious diseases and the other one per cent. soon will be. Symptoms are no criterion at all. Statistics can prove anything—but we know, Ladies and gentlemen, I put the resolution to the meeting, “Dogs must, shall, and will have the vote,” and have great pleasure in announcing it carried—and no one had better contradict me. I declare the meeting closed. Bow-wow!

Now, sir, I think you will agree with me that this speech was all it should have been, and that the proceedings should then have terminated. But I am sorry to say that several people at the back of the crowd began shouting out: “Any questions allowed?” and that this cry, in spite of our vigorous “bow-wow,” was taken up by the whole body of listeners in a nasty, mean spirit. At first I took no notice of the clamour, but after an instant’s consideration it occurred to me that I could turn the matter to my advantage. I again met the dog-kennel, from which I had descended, and holding up my hand, spoke as follows:

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am perfectly willing to answer all questions provided only that they are sensible and in good taste. Will the lady or gentleman who wishes to ask the first question kindly hold up her or his hand.”

A youth near the front immediately took advantage of my good nature to call out, “Mister, won’t this ere ‘bow-wow’ yer always a bow-wowing of?”

A ripple of suppressed laughter greeted this illiterate observation. I saw that it was a critical moment. I had to do something drastic. Leaning down, I said in my most persuasive voice: “Will you kindly come close up and repeat your question?” He did so, rather sheepishly. “Now, my friend,” said I, “you want to know why I’m always saying bow-wow. My answer is simple. As you don’t seem to like bow-wow I am quite prepared to do this instead”; and bending forward I bit him on the nose. Rather neat, I think. The fellow went away yelping, while I and my companions bow-wowed to our hearts’ content. It was an adroit move.

The next questioner (who declined to come close up) was an old gentleman who wanted to know how dogs were to be registered and whether there would be any plural voting. He was obviously one of those cranks who are for ever worrying about other people’s affairs. But he was easily disposed of. I merely looked sternly in the face for about a minute and then bawled in a tone of thunder, “You are wasting our time, sir; I expressly stated that I could only answer sensible ques-

The third questioner, a lady of uncertain age, anxiously inquired whether female dogs must be mar-

ried before they could obtain a vote. There was a brief and painful silence. Then in a voice charged with emotion I replied, “Madame, you are a frivolite; your levity is idle, ill-timed, and vicious—be gone!”

The fourth questioner, who announced himself as an ex-Nonconformist clergyman who had been converted to Rationalism, wanted to know whether in the new state of affairs dogs would be granted peerages, be-

cause, if so, he would like to read me a parody of a hymn which he had written and which appeared to him very apt to the occasion. Without more ado, he immediately began, “Dirty dogs their titles take”—but it was too much for my forbearance.

“Wretch, do you then admit to Atheism!” I cried.

“Out of my sight, scoffer, before I give you over to these dogs whom you have so foolishly libelled and whose dirt is as driven snow to the blackness of your soul!”

The fifth questioner, a fine gentleman in a fur coat, hoped that there would be some property qualification, “because otherwise,” added he, “I must protest.” My answer was short and brilliant. “If you start pro-

testing,” said I, “you’ll be bitten. Haven’t you yet learnt that dog the other way round spells god? Bow-

wow!”

Roars of bow-wows from the members greeted this sally, and I was just on the point of descending once more when an impertinent looking working man thrust himself forward and threw a paper into my hand, headed, “Down with Dogs!” For an instant I was paralysed with indignation, but, collecting all my wits, I read it through aloud. It was as follows:—

Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow,
If dogs should get the vote,
Then what about the cow
And what about the goat?

And can you tell me, sir,
Must all dogs have a wife,
Or are there votes for cows
That lead a double life?

And will it come about
That each dog qualifies,
Or will you sort them out
According as to size.

Because some dogs are small
And other dogs are big,
And that’s not true at all
About the usual pig.

So may I then suggest,
If dogs must franchise be,
It might perhaps be best
To charge a trifling fee.

And then as dogs don’t own,
And never earn a wage
You merely would postpone
The vote from age to age.

If not, I do foretell
A most wild and mad roar
Turning the land to Hell.

Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow.

As I read this unspeakable outrage to my deepest feelings I went cold all over and would have fainted had I not realised that by so doing I would have fallen heavily to the ground. Instead, I gazed haughtily at the fellow and would have bitten him if I had not trusted his look. He was obviously a cantankerous and pugnacious cad, and he positively laughed in my face. But let me inform him through the medium of your columns that I’ll give him back his “bow-wows” in such a way as to make him quail. Bow-wow, bow-wow!rier. I care

Sir, I will add but one word more. It may be true that this fellow is going about London saying that it was he who broke up our meeting, it may be true that he is congratulating himself upon his ability to make other people look fads, it may be true that he is now a popular hero—as I say, all these things may be so. I care not. But I take this opportunity of telling him to his face that he is only a maggot—and a mangy maggot at that.

And so, in the full blood of victory, let me sign myself by the war-cry of our League, by that cry which we first hear in our morning dreams and which we last hear as we sink to our nightly slumber, by that resounding cry.

Bow-wow.
Pastiche.

LINES TO HULME.

Dear Hulme, your Nasmyth hammer tackles
The "new pornomtery" in vain.
The nut is void, the weevil cackles
The old pornography again.

A PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED CURE

Valerie turned up just when I had become resigned to her absence, and I wasn’t a bit surprised when she asked for corned beef for breakfast. Nobody keeps corned beef! All everywhere and got, of course, but it didn’t seem worth it all, because naturally she couldn’t eat it. I couldn’t imagine why she had come. It is nearer to me. She mostly comes to leave something off her mind, and when it’s left she has a pressing engagement. Sometimes, with all her charm- ingness, Valerie falls rather heavily. She made me once ill in the waist seam after her getting a telegram. I very nearly thought she was a bore! However, I spread out the furniture and made all comfortable and pretended to be about the very newest new duck of a man. But she said it was a Cure, and I would come, she was literally at death’s door! So I said all right, and we went up to get ready. If there was a tribe to spare it in the waist seam, but Valerie wouldn’t let it out. It’s all because she started by being so advanced that she used to show she didn’t care for anybody who was always round her and calling herself dressed, and now she’s re-acting and very very of all bourgeoisie with a wasp. But I went the length of wearing a large appetizer in women’s petticoats, which was a lie, but she got into it, though I think it’s disgraceful not to be able to breathe without creaking. However, we got to the steamer all right, just in time for dinner, and a week played the part. The old charlatan himself served Valerie with the peas and a pomegranate, and she was very effective. After coffee he called round. We all introduced the first part of the Cure which was revolving chairs, and we went round and round and nobody dared to be at the table. I was afraid it was a little - that awful man. He kept on saying that Old Neptune had met his match at last, and prodding us jokingly when Constantinople hove in sight. I was glad to see him. The Archbishop was quite upset and said "Ah! it’s the day when they tell the humble position of my parents, and I have had to struggle to impose on ’em any more, do you good? You’re simply going all to pot with pomp. And then he turned into the Archbishop, and said it was his day to inspect the infant school. And for yards round the school was all gravel and fat, stamped down by hundreds of little feet, and the Archbishop said, "Ah! it’s the day when they tell the children how they were born, and the slime was horrible, and the Archbishop slipped about, and said: "Fancy, I have lived all my sixty years without knowing for certain — all I know is hearsay, and to think of the Infant Mind demanding Enlightenment—but I should have thought that Miss Parkins’ information could be very little more reliable than mine.

Alice Morning.

HISTORICAL IMPRESSIONS.—No. V.

MR. JOHN BURNS WRESTLES WITH THE SPIRIT OF HIS GRANDMOTHER.

Scene: The library of the Rt. Hon. John Burns, L.C.C., M.P., at 37, Lavender Gardens, Battersea, S.W.

The wall space is almost entirely covered with shelves filled with books. The chief decorations are portraits of the Rt. Hon. gentleman, in various pugnacious and democratic attitudes, haranguing visible and invisible powers. Mr. John Burns is now walking round the room, contemplating his greatness. The only fly in the ointment is the casual expression let fall, no doubt in a moment of irritation, by his grandmother: "Your brains be mediocre, John, and you’ve got ‘em in a flow of worrds." Though it is now years ago, the sentence rakes still, and it is with a view to persuading the stubborn spirit of his grandmother that the idea of writing his autobiography. He has found it very soothing to recapitulate, viva voce, the achievements of his life, and, as a preliminary to writing, he is now holding his 33rd rehearsal.

Mr. John Burns (walking up and down): I sit down to write my autobiography, impelled by the incessant requisitions of thousands of friends and admirers and the importunate clamour of publishers, not only here, but in America and abroad. Notwithstanding these ubiquitous demands, the old charlatan vanished, and when I leave me untouched, I should not have acceded to the universal wish, being as I am engrossed by the exacting and multifarious duties of the world, and not felt that the record of my life might stimulate and revivify laudable ambition and courage among the youth of this and other countries. With these brief prelatory remarks I begin. (He squares his shoulders and expands his chest, as he feels that the spirit of his grandmother is watching him.) Unlike the majority of the great men of Great Britain, I was born in London, thus redeeming the poor reputation, in this respect, of the greatest city in the world. The house in which I first opened my eyes to the light unfortunately no longer exists, having succumbed to the improvements in artisans’ dwellings, of which I am proud to have been one of the chief causes. I can remember nothing of the first four years of my life, but no doubt, even then, I caused him round the waist from the back because he was growing so tall and then I feared he would pierce the ceiling, and I thought the king shouldn’t think it funny, but she didn’t seem to notice because we were the Quality. So when he had jumped enough he said: Back to the steamer! and we went round the world into a little seven passage which was a drawbridge, and there were two huge females promenading the deck in white drill skirts and white coates with enormous boiled cabbage leaves for a sort of polonaise. You must have seen, he said, they didn’t seem to notice it any more, and she inked over Dame Kinz’s baby to be the Abyssinian Page at her feet and smoked cigarettes and ate sweets and drank coffee. I said I thought the Cure was over. But she said it wasn’t that Cure any more, it was Emancipation. And the Emanci- pator advised her to stand on her head in the middle of Bond Street. I couldn’t do it, she said. Well, in your own drawing-room, he said. No, I couldn’t do it. It’s absolutely impossible. I believe it is, he said, and was just going off, when she said: I don’t believe the celestial Rishes would applaud for standing on her head in Bond Street. Never said they would, he said, I said they’d never see one doing such a thing, they’ve got the right sort of eyes, and we wouldn’t have Krishna destroying by means of illusion. Now, tell me, what would happen to all your soulful visiting-list if you did a somersault in your drawing-room? They’d cut me, of course, she said. Of course! and you wouldn’t be able to impose on ’em any more, do you good! You’re simply going all to pot with pomp. And then he turned into the Archbishop, and said it was his day to inspect the infant school. And for yards round the school was all gravel and fat, stamped down by hundreds of little feet, and the Archbishop said, "Ah! it’s the day when they tell the children how they were born, and the slime was horrible, and the Archbishop slipped about, and said: "Fancy, I have lived all my sixty years without knowing for certain — all I know is hearsay, and to think of the Infant Mind demanding Enlightenment—but I should have thought that Miss Parkins’ information could be very little more reliable than mine.
After a moment this fades. He suddenly feels that his grandmother is watching him, and begins to pace up and down. At school I learned all they could teach, and if there are no records of my exceptional ability being noticed, it was too stupid to perceive it. (He stops, half expecting this to have annihilated his grandmother, but she seems to be quite oblivious of it, so he continues with rising anger.) I showed early that I was marked out to be a leader of men, for I soon obtained complete control of the household. (His grandmother seems to smile, and he resumes his pacing.) Even at that age my friends and relations were astonished by my advanced and vigorous opinions. Many of the ideas which have since made reputations for others were first propagated during these years by me, without my having received the credit due to me, owing to the inconceivable narrowness and ignorance of those in the circle in which I was moved, who were not aware of the value of even my most casual utterance, and consequently failed to note them. (After having launched this bolt at his grandmother, he walks to the end of the room, thinking for the thousandth time how "The Rt. Hon. John Burns, M.P.", will look on the title-page; he derives some satisfaction from this for a few minutes, then his fatal grandmother disturbs his mind again. The phrase, "a great flow of words," rings in his brain. Her curiously twisted face and bright eyes seem to look through him with a penetrating expression."

The following passage is from the article "LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

**FANATICAL FEMINISTS.**

Sir,—I have to acknowledge the courtesy of Dr. Eder in sending me a complete report of the lecture at the National [not Wallsend] Liberal Club, and to admit that the report from which I quoted was inadequate and misleading. I am happy, after reading the address in full, to confirm his impression that the lecturer was no "fanatical feminist," but, on the contrary, a fair-minded exponent of Feminism, with a very lively sense of its fatal weaknesses. As for the distinction your correspondent makes between the economic and the psychological relations between the two sexes, the latter, to my mind, are common to us all, our psychological relations are almost wholly personal and beyond calculation or control.

**THE GOLD SUPPLY OF SOUTH AFRICA.**

Sir,—Your doubt last week of the bona-fides of the gold estimate of the South African Chamber of Mines has been confirmed this week by a well-informed correspondent of the "Times," who writes that "the object of the report is to impress upon the Government the necessity of reforms, with a view to the reduction of the costs of gold production." The only means by which the Government can assist the mine-owners in reducing costs is in making labour cheaper; and the step advocated by the "Times" is to allow natives to be superintended by native foremen in place of the white men so employed. Whatever the effect on the gold production may be, the effect on the demand for white labour is obvious. South Africa will cease to be a white man's land.

**COLONIAL LABOUR.**

Sir,—A convinced and even ardent Guild Socialist, it is not a pleasant task for me to call attention to the state of labour matters in regions where the conditions are less hopeful than in New Zealand. But I think it as well to see if the experience gained in many years' life on the land in New Zealand may not throw some small pleasure on the situation in South Africa. I think I am right in saying that among the country people of New Zealand there are strong, if seldom expressed, opinions that we particularly had made or were making the country, that many of us had put up with all sorts of discomforts, privations, and even dangers in bringing the land into use, that through us the whole production of the country was carried on, that, in fact, we were the people, and that true independence would die without us.

For us the local town was merely an agglomeration of doubtfully useful parasites—"asphalters" who loaned in effeminacy, blacked boots, and men who, unable perhaps even to sit a horse, yet enjoyed high wages, regular working hours, and all the demoralising comforts of a pampered civilisation—evil people, moreover, who could and did easily combine to the detriment of the hopelessly scattered country folk.

Sir,—A small bag this week, and a doubtful one at that. In the "Athenaeum" a review of Mr. G. D. H. Cole's recent work on "The World of Labour," mentioning the fact that "Mr. Cole thinks highly of the New Age and its series of articles on Guild Socialism." The "Athenaeum," however, prefers "Justice," "the most typical paper of advanced thinkers in the Labour movement." Well, well, like all the current "Railway Review" appears the second of a series of excellent articles on "The Conquest of Power," meaning by that the conquest of economic power. The writer, whoever he may be, has been a careful student of The New Age, for though he does not mention this fact, he uses your phrases—blackleg-proof unions, strike for status, economic power, etc., etc. The conclusion to which the writer comes is so similar to that of The New Age as to have to congratulate both The New Age and the "Railway Review." It is as follows:—"The first constructive effort of the workers lies in obtaining a monopoly of labour and exercising it in bargaining with the present owners and controllers of industry." It is to be hoped that the series, when completed, may be published in pamphlet form.

**TILAK.**

Sir,—Perhaps some of your readers would like to add a postscript to what your contributor "C. E. B." so admirably says of Tilak.

Shortly after his sentence, the Government promised to revoke it if he would refrain from political action. He replied that he would refrain for six years, but that after that he should use his freedom as he chose. He was left in prison.

FREDERICK KETTLE.
JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

Sir,—In your issue, January 22, "A. C. L." asks: "What is the main feature of the new spirit of the New Age towards Anti-Semitism?"

Jew does not mean merely a person of the Jewish race. It is the great issue of art tempting the ability to select the right leaders (an ability for which the Church needs to be a living force in a living age of living men now just as ever, and that He is continuously leading them into all Truth by divers portions and in divers manners.

In this XXth Century it manifestly is fatal to Christian progress to regard with suspicion the results of pious scholarship. It is an error now need of a vigilant watching of sixteenth-century Erasmus to be repeated, to wit, "By identifying the new learning with heresy you make orthodoxy synonymous with ignorance." The National Church needs to be a living force in a living age of living men for, as Burke said of the State, so, the Church, without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation.

Those who acknowledge Jesus the Christ as the Supreme Authority and Guide, and enter more and more into His life and making progress toward the harmonising truths He represents. It is not that one Branch of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, which is the blessed company of all faithful people, is making conquest of the others, but that Jesus the Christ is making conquest of us all.

We all surely need to think of human souls rather than of human privileges, and to show a united Christian front, sinking all mere non-essentials around one common Holy Table at the foot of the one Cross.

THEODORE F. BROCKLEHURST.

MR. PENTY ON ART.

Sir,—I hope your readers have observed that there is now an electric tram-line between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. It sounds rather odd.

V. P.

NIETZSCHE AND THE NATIONAL GUILD SYSTEM.

Sir,—With reference to "R. H. C.'s" question concerning aphorism 753 of Nietzsche's Will to Power, may I be allowed to point out that the comparison between an idea of this sort and the System of National Guilds must be considered in relation to this doctrine. As no such transvaluation seems to belong to the National Guild System, and as the supporters of this system still believe in the old values is to say, in the people and its Supreme Authority and Guide, and enter more and more into His life and making progress toward the harmonising truths He represents. It is not that one Branch of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, which is the blessed company of all faithful people, is making conquest of the others, but that Jesus the Christ is making conquest of us all.

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Sir,—With reference to "R. H. C.'s" question concerning aphorism 753 of Nietzsche's Will to Power, may I be allowed to point out that it is not quite true that the greatest literature is religious literature, the greatest art religious sculpture, the greatest painting religious painting, the greatest architecture religious architecture? Think of it for a minute or two! Is that not possibly Mr. Penty's trick to bring "Christian" in the title of his book, and at the same time imply that in it his statement by pleading that he is not at liberty to discuss the matter! This is merely an attempt to discredit what cannot be disproved.

I am glad to know that the system, which would have disgraced any normal profiteer, has been abolished by the Union, but I shall not be satisfied until some one is responsible for introducing it has been abolished by the Union also. The N.U.C. can never discover while such a spirit hampers it.

C. B. HESTER.

THE HOLY LAND.

Sir,—I hope your readers have observed that there is now an electric tram-line between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. It sounds rather odd.

V. P.
leaders" as a "value," new or old. If for people we say Ludovici lived to express it, they twist and distort and misread, but it is equally clear - that the Nietzscheans cannot read. One has only to read the very passage quoted by Mr. Ludovici, and afterwards attributes to Nietzsche, but the plutocracy, that and only. "Wealth," he says, "necessarily creates an aristocracy," because it admits "wealth as an institution" that Nietzsche affirmed it necessarily creates an aristocracy. When not engaged in re-writing Nietzsche to suit the creeds he attributes to Nietzsche, Mr. Ludovici slips naturally enough into the doctrine he denies his Master. To my challenge to refer me to a plutocrat who has acquired culture in consequence of his wealth, he pleads that our plutocracy are still nouveaux riches. In other words, they have not yet had the time to create from among themselves the aristocracy Mr. Ludovici and his Master clearly expect of them. And, again, he states that material wealth is a necessary condition of the "process of storing" which ultimately becomes culture; and actually quotes Nietzsche once more to the effect that "the rich and the leisurely are the actual vulgarity." I do not think I need labour my case any further once Mr. Ludovici has so kindly made it for me. Out of his own mouth and by his own quotations from Nietzsche he has clearly established my contention that Nietzsche looked for "the supervision of culture upon the modern wealthy classes."

R. H. C.

**BRITISH MUSIC**

Sir,—Mr. Holbrooke is angry, and, forsaking his favourite medium of the postcard, has filled one of your columns with personal abuse. Touché, mon cher Holbrooke! His chief grievances seem to be that I once earned a living in the City, and that my beard needs trimming. I cannot recall the past, but will bow to Beau Holbrooke's present ruling and be operated on this week. I much regret that the neglect of this duty should have obscured so much of my meaning to him. It is true that I once hailed him as a composer of promise, and that he once played some of my father's music. He connects the two facts, but omits to state their correct order. It is the result of Mr. Holbrooke's efforts that brought us into contact. That this should have affected the selection of his subsequent programmes is a matter between Mr. Holbrooke and his artistic conscience. He accuses me of going with the mob, and following the creeds he attributes to Nietzsche, Mr. Ludovici himself slips naturally enough into the doctrine he denies his Master. To no challenge to refer me to a plutocrat who has acquired culture in consequence of his wealth, he pleads that our plutocracy are still nouveaux riches. In other words, they have not yet had the time to create from among themselves the aristocracy Mr. Ludovici and his Master clearly expect of them. And, again, he states that material wealth is a necessary condition of the "process of storing" which ultimately becomes culture; and actually quotes Nietzsche once more to the effect that "the rich and the leisurely are the actual vulgarity." I do not think I need labour my case any further once Mr. Ludovici has so kindly made it for me. Out of his own mouth and by his own quotations from Nietzsche he has clearly established my contention that Nietzsche looked for "the supervision of culture upon the modern wealthy classes."

R. H. C.

**THE DIVINE MYSTERY:**

A Reading in the History of Christianity down to the Time of Christ.

By ALLEN UPWARD.

FIRST NOTICES.

"An adequate criticism would have to be written by a synod of specialists. The 'Myth' of the title is used primarily in the dramatic sense. The plot of this miracle-play Mr. Upward essays to map out, with that daring imagination which fascinated us in The New Word."—William Archer, Daily News and Leader.

"The Call to Believe. A bold and original thinker of encyclopedic learning. He has a keen sense for the music of words, and he writes with a scholarly grace."—Harry Jones, Daily Chronicle.

"This author is a focus. He has seen how the things put together. I believe Allen Upward to be one of the devoutest men of the age. The Divine Mystery necessitates a new translation of the Bible."—Ezra Pound.

"A work of conspicuous ability marked by vigorous thought and bold generalisations. His mastery of the details is remarkable."—Westminster Gazette.

"The work is very learned."—Scotsman.

"An example of Mr. Allen Upward's graceful style, as again revealed in The Divine Mystery."—Liverpool Courier.

"It confirms our impression of him as a thinker of the first order. Mr. Upward's work is a valuable contribution towards the coming synthesis in which faiths and sciences will be built into a great unity."—Light.

Mr. Upward reluctantly draws attention to the fact that he is once more obliged, like Ruskin and Spencer, to become his own publisher; and he must rely on the good will of his readers for aid in the circulation of this work.

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Mr. Upward makes it his especial request that every reader will apply for a copy to be provided in any Public Library which he is tax’d to support.

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the outsider. He congratulated me on my successes. Fortunately he did not remember my half-crown on Holbrooke.

If all this is irrelevant, Mr. Holbrooke set the example. To return to our mutrons (apt word)—so long as British composers insist on the distinction between "music" and "British music," they can scarcely complain if they are taken at their word and regarded as parochial. I do not deny that some of them compose very effectively. I complain that they originate so little. I have tried to introduce their music abroad. For instance, the Société des Concerts Français here, in which I was interested from its foundation, had a twofold character in Paris, the British Concert Society. Our London audiences were introduced to what was to them a new and varied idiom in music. The verdict of Paris was: "Is this familiar?" If you have not nothing new, why cross the Channel?" Many of the foreign musicians who have been feted here have asked for British works which would enable them to repay their debt of hospitality, but the suggestion has generally come to nothing, owing to the dearth of music clearly differentiated from that of which an ample supply exists everywhere. This is not new. It is the history of two centuries of British music—two centuries during which this country has contributed nothing to the development of music.

Debussy, Ravel, Strauss, Scriabine, Stravinsky, all these men are originators of new ideas. They each have a pronounced musical profile. Above all, they develop. Mr. Holbrooke claims that our composers can "stand honourably alongside Strauss." But can they stand happily alongside anyone? Every now and then there is a flutter of musical independence which optimists like myself only too gladly regard as showing great promise. Mr. Holbrooke was a case in point. But, whatever the cause, the effect is soon exhausted, and development arrested. Look at Stravinsky—a younger man than Holbrooke. The three works by which he is known in this country are "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Petrushka," and "Le Sacre du Printemps," each of which shows a remarkable advance on its predecessor, with the result that one now looks forward with a livelier interest to a new work by Stravinsky than to one by Holbrooke. Hence these tears. I readily believe—in fact I know—that we have composers capable of producing works as effective and as original in their way as "L'Oiseau de Feu," which promised greater independence than it actually displayed. But that is the point at which our composers usually stop, as Holbrooke and many others have stopped, while Stravinsky has grown prodigiously and is still growing. That is the difference, and no whines about a fictitious lack of opportunity will remove it.

Mr. Holbrooke suggests that, as I am not a composer, my opinion does not count. So to threadbare an argument one can only reply with an equally ancient but still apposite jest: I have never laid an egg, but I will back my opinion of one against that of any hen.

EDWIN EVANS.

Sir,—Mr. Holbrooke's charge against Mr. Evans of being anti-British in his appreciation of music ought not to go unanswered when one has the opportunity will remove it.

Mr. Holbrooke suggests that, as I am not a composer, my opinion does not count. So to threadbare an argument one can only reply with an equally ancient but still apposite jest: I have never laid an egg, but I will back my opinion of one against that of any hen.

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